

Continued—A LIST OF LANDSCAPE AND SEASCAPE PHOTOGRAPHS.

No. 254—MASONIC TEMPLE, ST. JOHN'S.
No. 255—CABOT TOWER, ST. JOHN'S.
No. 256—RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN'S.
No. 258—POST OFFICE.
No. 259—SNOW SCENE, THORNLEA.
No. 260—SNOW SCENE, NEAR NEVILLE'S.
No. 261—SNOW SCENE, THORNLEA.
No. 262—ENTRANCE TO AVALON HOUSE.

No. 263—SNOW SCENE, ASYLUM GROUNDS.
No. 264—SNOW SCENE, AVALON GROUNDS.
No. 265—SILVER THAW.
No. 266—TOPSAIL FALLS.
No. 267—TOPSAIL FROM BOWRING'S.
No. 268—TOPSAIL BEACH.
No. 269—TOPSAIL FALLS.
No. 271—TOPSAIL, SHOWING BELL ISLAND.

No. 272—TOPSAIL, SHOWING THE HEAD.
No. 273—TOPSAIL, SHOWING BELL ISLAND.
No. 274—EAST END OF ST. JOHN'S.
No. 276—ST. JOHN'S FROM MT. SCIO.
No. 277—ST. JOHN'S, SHOWING STATION.
No. 278—ST. JOHN'S, WEST END.
No. 279—EXTREME WEST, ST. JOHN'S.
No. 281—GEORGE STREET CHURCH.

No. 282—ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.
No. 283—GOWER STREET CHURCH (Side).
No. 284—GOWER STREET CHURCH (Front).
No. 285—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
No. 286—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.
No. 287—HARBOR GRACE R. C. CHURCH.
No. 288—CARBONAR METHODIST CHURCH.
No. 289—ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

The Photos sell for 30c. each unmounted, and 50c. each mounted. Order by number. Prints of all Photographs may be seen at any time.

(To be continued.)

Phone 768.

THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LIMITED,

Corner Bates' Hill and Henry Street, St. John's, Nfld

Divorced Life

Helen Hesong Fuesle

The Call of New York

Within two hours after Marian had filed her telegrams soliciting loans, Ann Stewart had wired her \$50. Late in the afternoon thirty dollars came romping over the wires from her brother in the West.

Having cashed the telegraphic money orders at the downtown headquarters of the telegraph company, Marian drew a deep breath of grateful and profound relief. She shuddered at vague thoughts of what might have happened to her had she not been able to fall back upon friend or relative.

She hurried back to her boarding house, sought out the landlady, paid her bill, and ate her dinner in high spirits. The eighty dollars she had managed to borrow seemed to her, under the circumstances, like a veritable queen's ransom.

Returning to her room, she dashed off letters to Ann and her brother, bubbling with gratitude, and tacked on the promise to repay the loans at an early date.

"Money!" she reflected, hurrying forth to post the letters. "It's the most necessary thing in the world."

A feverish, passionate desire to make money invaded her. She would have to find a way. She would scheme and plot, use her wit and brain. Others had money. Why couldn't she? With envious eye she glanced at automobiles that fled past her, hurrying on to theatres or downtown cafes. She rebelled against the world's crazy apportionment of money. She renewed and renewed her decision to acquire it.

Aimlessly, she found herself halting and boarding a street car for downtown. Events since the day of her divorce had battered to pieces her former objections to a young woman being abroad at night. She laughed to herself as she thought of the conventions which once had bound her so fast. She laughed at woman's easy obedience to man-made and man-enforced habits.

"Ha," said she to herself, resentfully. "We women let men doll, and baby, and rule and patronize us, and then we wonder why we can't get out into the world and make a living once we decide to live our own lives."

A blazing theatrical sign-board smote her gaze. Streams of pedestrians were entering the theatre's lobby. Motor cars were drawing up to the



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Long before the curtain fell, to shut out the brief vision of New York and its marvelous life, and to thrust Marian back into the awkward, overgrown, shabby village which had held nothing for her but defeat and woe, she had registered her determination to be up and away.

New York! She would flee from this drab and indifferent environment, would cast herself into the sparkling life of the big city on the Hudson. There, if anywhere, fluttered opportunity. She would go to New York!

(To-morrow—She Meets a Lonely Artist.)

and killing him when he attempted to reach for his revolver. Justice Walsh congratulated the police in their quick work in bringing all the murderers to justice within a month after committing of the crime.

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy for the sufferer and also thankfulness for personal escape. Another thought should be whether one is personally and sufficiently protected? An insurance policy with Percie Johnson would provide for you this desired security and at small expense. Have you enough insurance?

When Better TEA is offered for 40c. lb. the Name will still be "HOMESTEAD."

In selling Homestead Tea, quality and purity are our watchwords, and remember, better tea means more cups to the pound.

Cheap teas have that heavy muddy taste that will spoil any meal, no matter how elaborately it may be served.

HOMESTEAD TEA, 40c lb. For 5 lb. parcels, 10 per cent. discount.

Ex s.s. Florizel:
Fresh Tomatoes.
Cal. Oranges, Bananas.
P. E. I. Potatoes.
New York Cabbage.
New York Corned Beef.
Foster's Wrinkled Peas.
Moir's Tango Kisses.
5 lb. boxes.

Local Rhubarb.
New Timothy Hay Seed.
8c. lb.
Fruit Pulp, 10 lb. tins.

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

To-Day THE NICKEL Management Presents

A 3 PART—3 FEATURE OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.

"Springtime of Life."

A Pathe Freres Film D'Art—An absolutely flawless production—Exquisite photography, with superb dramatic work—A photograph that will hold your attention from first to last—Thrilling situations—Great climaxes.

THE PATHE WEEKLY—Interesting current events.

MUSICAL:

Joseph E. Ross, at the Traps; P. J. McCarthy, Picture Music; Miss Etta Gardner, Novelty Singing; W. McCarthy, Ballads.

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2.

EVERY NIGHT AT 7.

PERFECTION IN PICTURES.

Cable News.

Special to the Evening Telegram.

QUEBEC, June 22.

The resting place of the Empress is one mile and a quarter south of the place where Capt. Kendall says she was hit and one mile northeast of the point at which the chief officer of the collier Stovstad contends the collision happened. The location of the wreck was explained by Capt. Gagnon, of the Dominion Marine Department who buoyed it. The taking of evidence was interrupted twice to-day because members of the Commission and lawyers for the Government, C.P.R. and Stovstad had to attend a reception given to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught in the Court House, and the luncheon given to the Governor-General by Mr. Justice Lemieux and the Quebec District Judges. This morning an effort was made to get further details about the Stovstad from chief officer Tuftenes, who had filed his scrap and deck log books. It was discovered that like the engine room log, a number of important facts referred to had been written up after an interval of some hours, and the officer was hurried off to Montreal for the memoranda he made at the time the orders were issued. One important fact came out, however, and that was that the first officer who was in charge of the collier immediately before the collision, was not told by his third officer Saxe that he had put the helm hard apart when the ship failed to respond to the port helm order. The cause of the tremendous rush of water in the punctured hull of the Empress was again obviously the motive for questions asked by Lord Mersey of William Moir, a night watchman on the Empress, who was examined as to how many port holes were left open. This witness could supply no definite information though the presumption was left that the night being fine and the river calm, many of them were not closed, and that when the list of the ship grew great, the flow of water through the hole in the hull was augmented by the rush through the cabin port holes.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! Oh the days gone by!

The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;

The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail

As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;

When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,

And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped

By the honeysuckle tangles where the water lilies dipped,

And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the bring

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truants wayward cry

And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;

The childish faith, in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything—

When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh,

In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

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