

SPECIAL!

Just at the right time, when the Summer is coming, and you are preparing for your holiday—we have made a special arrangement with our Camera Suppliers, and now we can supply you with a Camera at the American Price.

No. 2 Buster Brown Camera, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Picture	\$2.00	No. 2 Ansco Camera, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 Picture	\$6.50	The Ansco Junior Camera, 2 1/4 x 4 1/4 Picture	\$12.00
No. 2A Folding Buster Brown, 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 Picture	\$8.00	No. 3A Ansco Camera, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 Picture	\$7.25	A Carbine Camera, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Picture	\$10.00
No. 3A Folding Buster Brown, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 Post-card	\$10.00	No. 3 Ansco Camera, 4 x 5 Picture	\$7.00	No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 Picture	\$12.00
No. 1 Ansco Camera, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 Picture	\$5.00	The Ansco Vest Pocket, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Picture	\$7.50	No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak, Post-card Picture, with Leather Carrying Case	\$27.00

Roll Films to fit all sizes of Cameras supplied at regular Market Price.

Phone 768. THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LIMITED. Corner Bates' Hill and Henr Street, St. John's, Nfld

The Aching Void.

By RUTH CAMERON.

"There's such an aching void between the girl I want to be and the girl I succeeded in being," a dear little letter friend writes me, "that I get completely discouraged. I don't believe there's any good in me."

Dear little letter friend, don't get discouraged. Don't think there isn't any good in you. For by your way of woe you have proved just the opposite.

"There's such an aching void," you say, "between the girl you are and the girl you want to be." Little letter friend, let me tell you something. So long as that void aches you're all right. It's when it stops aching that you will have reason to be displeased at yourself.

The pangs we feel at our failure to fulfill our ideals are the growing pains of the soul. They are not a sign of disease, but of health. The sick soul is the self-satisfied soul.

Except for a saint, there must always be a void between the reality and the ideal of conduct. In the morning we face the day with shining morning face and high courage. We are sure we are going to be kind and tactful in our speech; we are going to control that hasty temper; we are going to overcome that turbulent desire to have our own way in every-

Red Cameron

Siam.

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Sivash."

Siam is a patch of hot, moist ground a little smaller than Texas which lies so far away that there is considerable dispute as to whether it is west or east of the United States.

Very little is known and hardly anything suspected concerning Siam in this country. Going over our regular stock of knowledge we find that Siam is related to China, is governed by a king named Chulalongkorn, and that its principal products are white elephants and twins. Referring to the encyclopedia we discover with sorrow that Chulalongkorn has died and that his son Chulalongkorn Vajiravudh, is running the country, creating consternation and despair among thousands of schoolboys who do not like geography any too well any way.

The encyclopedia also ignores the celebrated Siamese twins and pays no attention to the blonde elephants. These corrections leave practically everyone on the ground floor, with plenty of building room as far as knowledge of Siam is concerned.

Siam began to edge into Eastern history for the first time about 1,500 years ago. It was discovered by the Portuguese 350 years ago. Its real discoverer was P. T. Barnum, who

opened the flood gates of interest throughout America concerning Siam by means of his celebrated menagerie and doubled the tourist business in two years.

Siam lies in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, about 6,000 miles west of San Francisco, and contains 6,000,000 small brown inhabitants, who make their living by raising rice and opium and cutting lumber. They are strictly vegetarians in their building, living in reed and bamboo huts. Bangkok, the capital, has much cleaner streets than Chicago, but this is because most of them are composed of water. Water is the favorite road-making material in Siam, and the children of the country teach the ducklings how to swim. The automobile is not a great success in the outlying districts, where the tourist travels with a canoe, an axe and ten pounds of quinine.

Siam has 600 miles of railway and some moving picture shows. It is a better educated country than Venezuela, but women are not taught to read which accounts for the fact that there is no department store advertising in the country. The Siamese are very musical, using the Cubist system and repelling invaders with great courage by playing at them. We can learn much from Siam, but how to do so without investing in steam-er fare remains a great puzzle to most of us.

The 8th Wonder of the World.

COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY, June 1st, AND ALL THE WEEK

Thomas A. Edison's Genuine Talking Pictures.

THEY TALK! THEY LAUGH! THEY SING!
The World's most marvellous entertainment, introducing the latest and greatest achievement of the Wizard Edison. Not the usual Moving Pictures, but Laughing, Talking, Singing Motion Pictures, making the pictured actors real.

Comedy, Drama, Vaudeville, Minstrelsy, Comic Opera, Grand Opera—One Show every afternoon. One Show every night.

---CASINO THEATRE ONE WEEK ONLY---

Seats Thursday Atlantic Bookstore. Admission, 20c., 30c., 50c. Matinee, 10c., 20c., 30c., except Wednesday.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hesson Fuesler

Memories of Former Home-Comings

The early twilight had descended when Marian got aboard the street car, after bidding Mrs. and Miss Van Dine good-bye, and promising to be at their home at 3.30 the coming Friday. The Van Dines made their way to a waiting automobile, inviting Marian to accompany them. Marian declined, ashamed to let them know where she lived. She pleaded the necessity of doing some telephoning; and, before proceeding to the street car, she entered a telephone booth, called up the boarding house, and was told that she might have her old room again.

Had it not been for the fortunate meeting with the Van Dines, on the train, Marian would have returned to the city with a heart full of misgivings, with the prayer that she might defer longer the hour of reckoning with the forces of circumstances that lie crouched, like an evil army, in the pathway of a woman who has her own way to make, yet who does not possess the tools which enable an individual to carve her way to economic safety.

She would have been filled with painful memories of the tilts for jobs she had already gone through. She would have laughed ironically at the boasts she had made to her former husband, in fretful moments, that she could take care of herself, little divining what the actual undertaking would mean.

But instead of feeling thus, Marian made her way to the car with light steps and a lighter heart. Pleasant, professional, and no doubt profitable work had been tossed her way by a curious and delightful trick of fate. Looking into the future, she could already see herself teaching many wealthy girls, possibly in an artistic studio of her own, building an enviable reputation, making a big and useful place for herself in the world.

As the trolley car darted on with many a pause, Marian's thoughts reverted to former home-comings, as she gazed at the familiar details of

the city. She had taken several little journeys during her wedded life. To-day she contrasted her feelings with those on her way home on previous occasions. Hitherto she had always come home with satisfaction. Home! Despite its defects and shortcomings, despite the temperamental gulf between her and Frank, there had always been the feeling of possession as to her home, the subconscious feeling that it lay within her power to raise it higher and higher, even though only little by little, toward the perfect home of which she had dreamed.

To-day, as she looked back upon her lost fight, she regretted that she had not had the strength to fight on, and win. Strength of will and purpose, the strength that overrides odds and obstacles, haps and mishaps, was the force that makes for success. She knew it now. With overwhelming envy, she felt her thoughts leap out toward those who have that strength to execute, and fight, and persist with dogged determination which alone can overcome defeat in the face of odds.

To what divorced woman do these regrets not come—in their lonely, fearful, tired hours? Better to endure anything, they reflect, than to have launched forth into the uncharted seas of wretched life after the leaving years. Dazed after their act, they question its wisdom, lose faith in themselves, and stand trembling in the snarl of circumstances that grip them.

But again, Marian's thoughts reverted to her new-found opportunity, and she swiftly shook off her mood of depression. "I left Frank with my eyes wide open," she said to herself. "I'd do it again if I were in the same position. I'm glad I made a fresh start. I'm going to fight—and win."

Had she waited ten years longer, she knew she could never have executed the revolt. The bravery of youth would have been gone. She was glad she had acted.

Continued to-morrow.

Track Meets.

Red McGhee says:



Red McGhee

A lot o' people every year get all toggled up an' go to hear grand opera singers shout. Some really 'preciate it, too, but on the dead there's doggone few know what it's all about. Some how, it strikes me that's the way the field an' track meet crowds to-day turn out to foot an' cheer. Not many really know the stunts—so much is goin' on at once it puts 'em in the clear.

Some watch the weight men practicing an' never know a bloomin' thing about the hurdle race. Or else they watch the pole vault guys while some one cops the mile run prize right there before their face. An' if they try to keep a score, it only balls 'em up the more—the half points get their goat. They cheer an' yell allright enough an' make a fairly decent bluff at knowin' what to note.

Of course the megaphone brigade yells out each record that is made an' keeps the crowd in touch. Some never hear an' those that do don't un-

derstand it when they're through; so that don't help so much. Some folks can tell who won the day by watchin' as the crowds go 'way to see who makes the noise. But most o' 'em to get it straight forget it for the night an' wait for mornin' paper boys.

Announcement.

D. J. Furlong wishes to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has opened a custom establishment in connection with the Cleaning and Pressing in the store lately occupied by N. W. Kavanagh, 7 New Gower Street, and is now prepared to receive orders for any garment in the tailoring line; also wishes his friends to notice that he is giving a very special offer to anyone having suit length to be made up. Every garment will receive the best of attention. Call now and see our goods and select your pattern. Workmanship guaranteed. All goods well shrunk before making.

D. J. FURLONG,

may23,14. 7, New Gower Street.

Large Lenses, medium size Lenses and small Lenses, in fact all kinds of Lenses, excepting the cheap kind, are fitted according to the individual needs by R. H. TRAPNELL, Eyesight Specialist.—ap4,14

Stop Off Right Here

AT

BOWRING'S

TO SEE THE

Ladies' and Misses'

Mackintoshes

and

Raglans.

Newest Shades and Designs to Choose from.

Prices ranging from

\$3.00 up to 10.00 & 12.00.

DON'T BE WITHOUT ONE.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited.

Manufacturers' Announcement.

Owing to our goods giving perfect satisfaction, prompt delivery, personal supervision and no retail stores, our list of customers is growing rapidly. We are sole makers of "Surface Oak" Furniture in Newfoundland. Sideboards, Bureaus, Extension Tables, Lounges, Couches, Upholstered and Morris Chairs, Parlour Suites, etc.

Sole Makers "Oxford" Coppered Wire Springs

and the only weavers of Woven Wire Springs in the country.

Makers of a select line of Mattresses in Felts, Cottons, Wools, Hair, Excelsior, etc., in all grades and at prices to suit the trade.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

The Jewell Furniture and Mattress Mfg. Co.,

Vail Building, Water Street, St. John's.
WHOLESALE ONLY.

may2,ed,tf

Homestead Tea

s carefully
Selected.

The quality is uniform—rich—aromatic, in fact a well balanced tea that cannot fail to please the most exacting tea drinker.

HOMESTEAD TEA,

40c. lb.

For 5 lb. parcels 10 per cent discount.

Ex S. S. Digby:

New Cabbage.

California Oranges.

IRISH BUTTER—

"Enniskean" Brand, 1lb. blocks. Fresh supplies arriving weekly.

New Sultana Raisins, 12c lb

Evaporated Apples, 13c lb.

Jacobs' Cream Crackers,

1/2 lb. box, 25c. lb.

Libby's Whole Strawber-ries in glass, 35c.

California Fruits in tins.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.