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THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LIMITED,

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

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessing Fuesler

Reflections

From the gorgeous chrysanthe-mums which Ratzgenhauer had sent her, Marian's eyes wandered to the mirror before which she sat in the theatre's stuffy dressing room.

The reflection of her features, in the glass startled her. Her face, bar-barically rouged, sent a sense of shock spinning through her blood. It brought a long-forgotten memory bounding into her brain, a memory of a certain escapade of hers when she was a mite of a girl. She had bought a bit of cheap rouge at a near-by shop, and later, before her mirror, she had rubbed it liberally upon her cheeks. In the midst of the act her mother's voice, sad and sweet with reproach had sounded back of her. Her puritanical little mother's gentle chiding had made an everlasting impression upon her.

It came back to her now, as she sat regarding her image in the mirror of the dressing room. It came like the subtle, sombre ghost of a dead event. A muffled sob sang through her lips. Hot tears etched grotesque paths down her made-up cheeks. She buried her face in her hands, torn by surging sorrow.

Weeping, she felt the presence of her mother as she had rarely felt it since her death years ago. To-night it was a living presence. Invisible arms seemed to reach out and fold her sobbing body to an unseen breast.

From the theatre came the sound of applause. Footsteps sounded on the side the closed door of the dressing room. Marian dashed the tears grimly from her eyes, and fell sharply to rubbing the make-up from her face. The ingenue came dashing in.

"You're all right, Winthrop," exclaimed the latter. "You did just fine. Here, grab some of this cold cream of mine. You'll never get that stuff off without it. Here, dig into it," and she pushed a box of cold cream toward Marian, who offered her thanks and did as she was bidden.

Marian was forgotten and left to her own devices by the descent of other women of the company, who came trooping in to make ready for the next act. From the stage came the heavy sounds of the scene shifters, dragging ponderous properties, hither and yon. When the curtain rose for the next act, Marian was again left to herself, her companions slipping forth into the wings to await their cues to enter.

As she dressed for the street, Marian felt like a different, a strangely altered and transformed being. She was oppressed by the feeling, somehow, that she no longer belonged to herself. She had become a thing to be gaped and stared at, there in the cruel glare of the pitiless footlights, to be laughed and snickered at by silly schoolgirls, to be eyed by cheap and common crowds.

A sweeping sense of humiliation, of mortification, of almost contempt of herself rushed upon her. It was a sensation she had never known, never dreamed of. Yet here it was, surrounding her like evil, malevolent vapors permeating her being, on the



Hot tears etched grotesque paths down her made-up cheeks.

night of her debut, the night she had looked forward to with dreams and yearning. There had been hours when she had literally ached to be an actress, moments of intense longing when she would have given her soul to be a popular star. Yet already she felt sick of the tawdriness, the shallowness, the commonness of her lot.

She drove her hat pins into place, wrapped the twine around her box of flowers, and started for the door. Ratzgenhauer had not been around. She wondered whether he had seen her work, what he thought of it. Incidentally, she told herself she didn't care. The reaction of a dull lassitude, after being keyed up to the high tension caused by her first appearance on the professional stage, possessed her. She emerged dully from the stage door and hurried to the street car line.

To-morrow—Marian Begins to be Advertised.

In the Sanctuary.



I went to church the other day, a thing we all should do; I heard the pastor preach and pray, and felt as good as new. Fine music echoed through the kirk, whenever the gifted choir and organist got down to work; they all showed vim and fire. And when a deacon passed the plate, at closing of a tune, I saw full many a pious sinner dig up a piecemeal. Old rusty pennies were the prize the deacon drew that morn, and I could see his ancient eyes flash forth in angry scorn. The preacher looks down from his perch on jim crow sports. I ween; they take their pennies to the church where dollars should be seen. All honor to the widow's mite, the poor man's hard earned cent; they're pleasing to the Master's sight when in his cause they're spent; but it must give him fourteen pains, repeated fourteen times, when lightwads reach down in their jeans and dig up pewter dimes. That's why the good old deacon groans, t's why his spirit faints; he takes in just a pair of bones from seven hundred saints.

Personal.

Mr. W. D. Reid and family are passengers by the incoming express due this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Job took passage by the Carthaginian on Saturday for England.

Mr. James Grieve left by the Carthaginian on Saturday on a visit to Scotland.

B. F. C. Sports.

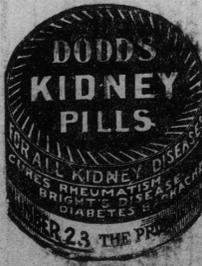
On Wednesday afternoon the annual sports of Bishop Feild College will be held on St. George's Field and the event promises to be most successful. The football fives have been drawn as follows:—

St. Bon's vs. Star.
Saints vs. Collegians.
C. E. I. vs. B. I. S.
Feildians vs. Casuals.

St. Bon's Alumni.

A meeting of the Committee of St. Bon's Association was held yesterday to make arrangements for the breakfast and entertainment at the College on July 14th. It was decided that if the weather be fine the buildings will be illuminated and a concert held on the grounds, otherwise the programme will be carried out indoors. Great enthusiasm is being displayed, and it is expected that the coming celebration will be a most fitting one in every particular.

The latest beaded and spangled materials are of feather weight. Many an evening dress has a mere whisp of tulle for a bodice.



Corpus Christi Procession.

The annual procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in celebration of the Feast of Corpus Christi, took place at the R. C. Cathedral grounds yesterday under most favourable conditions.

Thousands of people were present, and the ceremony was a most impressive one. Those taking part in the procession were: the school children, the sodalities, and representatives of the adult and juvenile Total Abstinence Societies, Mechanics, Knights of Columbus, B. I. S. and Holy Name, with the C. C. C. and both bands of the T. A. Society in attendance. After Vespers were sung at the Cathedral the procession moved slowly towards the Presentation Convent the route being lined by the C. C. C. who were present in full strength under command of Lt-Col. Conroy. The Host was carried by His Lordship Bishop Power, attended by Rt. Rev. Mons. Roche, V.G., Rev. Drs. Greene and Kitchen, Fathers McDermott, Pippy, Finn, Sears, Sheehan and Conway and the altar boys. On reaching the altar erected at the Presentation Convent Benediction was imparted by His Lordship Bishop Power who was assisted by Rev. Dr. Kitchen and Fr. McDermott. The singing of the children and choir was excellent as was also the music rendered by the bands. The ceremony concluded with Benediction at the Cathedral at 5 p. m.

Obituary.

MR. J. L. ROSS.

We regret to note the passing of Mr. Joseph L. Ross, our well known and veteran farmer. The sad event occurred at his late home Quidi Vidi Road, after a brief, though tedious illness. Some few weeks ago Mr. Ross was returning from the Nova Scotia coast, where he purchased a stock of cattle, when he figured in a train wreck near Come by Chance and was in the car that capsized. He was seriously hurt internally and despite the skill of his attending physicians succumbed to his injuries. Deceased came to this country thirty-three years ago from Margaree, C.B., and by his own industry and perseverance built up a successful farming business. He is survived by two sons and seven daughters. The Telegram extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

Kyle Delayed.

The Reid Nfld. Co. received a wireless from Capt. Parsons, of the Kyle, last night, saying that the ship was at Spotted Islands awaiting a change of wind before proceeding further north. The Kyle left Spotted Islands at 8:20 a.m. yesterday, but was forced to return owing to the ice conditions. Quite a number of passengers for northern points are on board, and will be seriously inconvenienced if the ship is compelled to return.

Will Clear Coal Areas.

Mr. Thomas Thorburn, of the Department of Agriculture and Mines, leaves by this evening's express with a staff of men to clear the Howley coal outcrops at Grand Lake, Codroy and other places on the West Coast. Many of the seams have become covered with a growth of bush and sedge, the removal of which will greatly aid Prof. Dunstan, who will arrive shortly to inquire into our mineral possibilities.

Figured Swiss is seen again among the plainer tailored wists.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE FOR RHEUM, ETC.

AT THE NICKEL—NOTHING BUT THE BEST IN MOTION PICTURES.

For MONDAY and TUESDAY:—

HIS LIFE FOR HIS EMPEROR!

A drama—in the days of Napoleon—all-star Vitagraph cast—a thriller.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPIES—An exciting and gripping war story. See the great chase scenes. Produced in England.

THE DUKE'S DILEMMA—A splendid Edison comedy. RETRIBUTION—A story—big in its appeal and touching in its tender heart-interest.

THE PATHE WEEKLY—Current events the world over.

Miss Etta Gardner, ragtime songs; P. J. McCarthy-J. F. Ross, real picture-music and effects; W. McCarthy, ballads.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW—Interesting, Educating and Amusing.

SATURDAY AND FOLLOWING WEEK.

HALF PRICE SALE

READY-TO-WEAR MILLINERY.



LATEST STYLES.

This Season's Importations of Ladies' READY-TO-WEAR MILLINERY to go

AT HALF PRICE.

Stock must be cleared regardless of cost to make room for other goods. HATS in perfect condition.

S. MILLEY.

Special Announcement.

We have just placed upon the market a new one cent Cigarette which is called the

Black Fox Cigarette.

This new Cigarette is manufactured from a high grade leaf and has a delightful flavor which impresses every user of its remarkable quality at the popular price

5 for 5 cents 10 for 10 cents.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Black Fox Cigarettes send us a \$1.00 note during the next 20 days, and we'll mail you a box of 100 Black Fox Cigarettes by return.

Imperial Tobacco Co. (Newfoundland) Ltd.

West End Cemetery.

Editor Evening Telegram:— Dear Sir,—I would like to call the attention of the Protestant people of St. John's to the disgraceful condition of the West End Cemetery. How they can allow their sacred property to get in such a deplorable state is beyond me, the paths are full of weeds, trees untrimmed, grass uncut, stones at all angles, the fences and gates, such as they are, falling down, in fact, one part of the fence about forty yards along Waterford Bridge Road has been down for two months or more, and no attempt has been made to re-erect it, everything has a very neglected look, and not what one would expect from such a body of people.

I would suggest that the Board of Control pay a visit to the grounds, and I feel sure if there is a spark of shame in them, matters will be improved immediately. If funds are lacking a scheme might be started to collect from each member of the churches interested a small sum, say fifty cents, which all would gladly pay, an active caretaker might be appointed one with no personal interests outside the graveyard who would devote his whole time to the welfare of the property, and with a good helper should be able to get the place in first class shape, and keep it so, and see that flowers are not removed by parties so inclined.

No other country in the world would stand for such a state of affairs as exists at present in the cemetery in question, and its up to the management to wake up and do their duty. Thanking you for space, I remain,

etc. OBSERVER.

Norwegian Fishery.

The figures received to date are:— 1914 79,800,000 1913 72,900,000 1912 97,500,000

Here and There.

EXPRESS DIE. — The incoming express is due in the city at 3:30 p.m. to-day.

WEATHER.—It is calm and fine along the line of railway to-day, with the temperature ranging from 39 to 40 above.

LEAVES FOR MONTREAL. — Mr. B. Stafford leaves shortly for Montreal where he hopes to introduce his investment in the market at that city.

CLUTHA SAILS.—The barque Clutha, Capt. Hallyburd, sailed for Pernambuco to-day, taking 6,200 packages of codfish from the Monroe Export Co.

BOWRINGS' BOATS. The Prospero left Westville early this morning, going north. The Portia left Burgeo at 10:20 a.m. to-day.

WILL LOSE LICENSES.—We have been informed that some young men of the city will lose their motor licenses on account of reasons best known to the police authorities.

ERRATUM.—For Mrs. Delovpitz, \$2.00, in the New Gower Street list of subscribers to Disaster Fund, published a few weeks ago, please read: Mrs. Duhamity, \$2.00.

GOT TWO MONTHS.—The watchman of the Rapewalk, who was convicted and remanded for stealing ropes and twines, the property of the Colonial Cordage Company, came up to-day for sentence and got two months without the option of a fine.

WILL SPEAK TO-NIGHT. — Rev. Gordon Hatcher, B.A., B.D., who has just returned from Montreal after a very successful college course, will speak at the Literary Meeting of the Wesley Church Epworth League to-night. Something special may be expected.

Many materials all sheer, are used in any one cotton dress. The effect is sometimes good and sometimes bad.

The new jerseys and sweaters are preferred to coats by some sporting women, as they have nothing to fly open and catch.

Very slender women who wear topless corsets are using a corsetcover which ties on without buttons and has no bones.

A charming girle effect on a hand-made ballet dress was given simply by rows of shirring at the waist line.