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THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LIMITED,

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

Divorced Life

Helen Hesson Fugate

Whisperings in Bohemia

A youth in a shabby mackintosh entered the cafe with a temporarily engaged vaudeville starlet. He recognized Stokes and started with a smile toward his table, knowing the other to be a good spender on occasions when he was in funds. "You dear old Indian!" he cried, seizing Stokes' hand. "Meet Miss La Vere," he added, introducing his companion, who in private life was Myrtle Murphy. "Miss La Vere," he added impressively, "You've seen her in vaudeville."

"Delighted," responded Stokes, seizing her hand, garnished with imitation pearls and diamonds. He introduced the newcomers to Marian, and insisted on their joining them at his table.

Meanwhile the Bohemian cafe had swung into its nightly stride. A retired minister had begun declaiming earnestly to a group at a neighboring table on the merits of the I. W. W. and the need of an industrial revolution. An organizer for the shirt waist makers' union was noisily rebuking a waiter. A disheveled person who looked as though he might have been a cubist painter was trying with whispered zeal to elicit a promise to wed from a giggling creature with a char-

mense exterior and a claret interior. From one table, begirt with red faces, came loud laughter and occasional profanity. At another table a plump woman in a flaming hat of red and a faded suit of velvet, began hawking out the words of song the musicians were playing, while her escort patted her hand and cried: "Bravo!"

Presently Stokes and Miss La Vere's escort, whom she kept calling "Van," exuded themselves to cross to the table for a brief chat with an acquaintance. Miss La Vere took occasion, as soon as the men were out of hearing, to lean toward Marian with a confidential air. "Been long in the big town?" she asked.

"Not very," answered Marian inquiringly. "Why?"

"You don't look like you'd been here very long. You look different from our old-timers, somehow. You've got the real stuff in your cheeks, instead of the fake stuff on them. You don't look all in like most of us. But that isn't what I started out to say," she smiled. "How well

do you know this man Stokes?" "We're neighbors, that is all," replied Marian. "This is the first time I ever went anywhere with him. What do you mean by your question?" "Maybe I hadn't out to say anything," continued the other in a low voice. "But from what I hear of him he isn't any good. Van says he's got a record that stretches from coast to coast. Van says he'd pick pockets at a revival meeting. You can't prove it by me, but from what I hear Stokes is so crooked that he'd make a streak of lightning look like the shortest distance between two points. I understand he's served everything from gold bricks on a silver platter to time in Leavenworth. He's a jailbird right."



"Nothing is impossible in New York," was the sage answer.

"Well!" gasped Marian, as soon as she could find her tongue.

"I kinda thought you didn't know," pursued Lola. "I hope you're not sore at me for spilling. Van says Stokes has reformed. Maybe he has; but it's best to keep your hand on your watch and to watch his hands."

"I'm certainly much obliged to you for telling me all this," Marian managed to say. "But it does seem almost impossible."

"Nothing is impossible in New York," was the sage answer. "The honestest they look the crookedest they usually are."

(To-morrow—Stokes makes a Confession.)

Spain.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At-Goed Old Swinsh."

Spain is a large protuberance at the southwest end of Europe, which has been prominent in history and the coroners' reports for something over 2,000 years.

Spain is one of the countries whose greatness can be described much more easily by an historian than by a prophet. There was a time when Spain was the most powerful nation in the world and gave England a nervous chill whenever its flag appeared in the English channel. Spain has also produced wonderful cathedrals, palaces and painters and enough romance to keep a hundred moving picture theatres busy for several centuries. But Spain isn't in these lines of business to-day. She closed them out at a great sacrifice several hundred

years ago, and to-day the only way she can get into the headlines is through her king, Alfonso XIII, who is a good automobile driver, bomb dodger, vote getter and all-round sport.

Spain has about 200,000 square miles which makes it about as large as New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. But these states have accumulated a population of over thirty million people in the last century while in the last 2,000 years Spain has worn out and used up so many Spaniards that her total population to-day is less than 20,000,000, and not many of these have time to learn to read and write after they have scraped up enough to pay the grocer. This teaches us that peace, even complicated with politics, is a boon compared with that peculiar form of pugnacity which compels a nation to go to war every time one of its royal family gets peevish at some one in another kingdom.

Spain once owned all of South America and much of this continent. However, the Spaniard is not a kind-hearted ruler, and the wear and tear on the people of the Spanish colonies was terrific. One of the popular forms of charity and welfare work for the past century has been that of chasing Spain out of its colonies. The United States finished the long job sixteen years ago, and the death rate in Cuba and the Philippines has gone down 70 per cent. as a result.

Spain has always been a very proud nation. It now has no army to speak of, no wealth, no battleships and no great prosperity, but it still has its pride. Pride is the principal product of Spain, but it doesn't sell well.

Spain's greatest citizens have been Columbus, an Italian, who discovered America under Spanish auspices, and Cervantes who wrote "Don Quixote."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad so I could not work and it hurt me a breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on my chest, cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

Rosway, Digby Co., N. S.

Charles Comiskey.

Red McShee says: Chicago's baseball lights that base-balled like a skat, er bites s h e q rather not have had. Take Charles Comiskey—he's just fine; he didn't help the city none — he puts the town in bed. And baseball took its black eye, too, because o' things he used to do before he got the can. But ol' Chi needn't wall so foud; she still has reason to be proud, she boasts one A 1 man.

The sport world knows no other guy who shows up in the public eye like Char. Comiskey shows. His White Sox team can lead or trail, his turntills show no decreased kale which ever way it goes. Comiskey's popularity has got a drawin' power, you see, an' he deserves support. The coin he makes he don't board—he plays it back across the board to elevate the sport.

His reputation hasn't got a single mark or speck or spot—it's pure the full per cent. You'll always find ol' Char. the same an' to this good ol' U. S. game he's one swell ornament. He eats an' sleeps an' dreams baseball in winter, summer, spring an' fall an' boasts for all he's worth. His 'arnstorm trips have won him fame. They've made folks like the one best game the whole world round the earth.

The Daily Chit-Chat.

By RUTH CAMERON.



We were all pleased the other morning to see a touring car stopping in front of the house next door.

"It is Mrs. L's cousin," we announced to each other with neighborly interest. "He has come to take her autoing."

"And why didn't you go?" we inquired.

"Well, I did want to," sighed Mrs. L., "but you know I had planned to put up my grape jelly to-day, so I really couldn't."

"Couldn't the jelly have waited until to-morrow?" we ventured to ask.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. L., "but I'd planned it for to-day, so I didn't like to put it off."

And yet such opportunities come to

Mrs. L. not more than once or twice a year.

What a terrible thing slavery is. Whether the master be another human being or one's possessions or one's fears or—as in this case—one's plans.

"He who every morning plans the transactions of the day and follows out that plan carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life," says Victor Hugo.

I most thoroughly agree as to the advisability of such a course, so long, and only so long, as he allows the thread to guide him and not to drag him; so long, and only so long, as he knows when he will gain most by not following out that plan.

A well-known English essayist who believes that the greatest good can be gotten out of life by having some definite program for the day, nevertheless has the sense to point out that to treat our programs with exactly the right amount of deference, to live with not too much and not too little elasticity, is scarcely the simple matter it may appear to the inexperienced.

He evidently had met people like Mrs. L. for he goes on to say, "I know men whose lives are a burden to themselves and a distressing burden to their relatives and friends because they would worship a daily program as a fetish. 'Oh, no! I have heard the martyred wife exclaim, 'Arthur

always takes the dog out at eight o'clock, and begins to read at a quarter to nine. So it's quite out of the question that we should, etc., etc.' And the note of absolute finality in that plaintive voice reveals the unsuspected tragedy of a career."

The folly of going to such an extreme is surely as great as the folly of the map who will never make any definite and systematic plans.

The wise men and women are those who have definite programs for their time, but who always remember that the program exists for them, not they for the program.

Where Responsibility Lies

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office, its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modernly and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland.

Little Brain Waves.

Its a very wise father that knows as much as his son.

What some people don't know they are always talking about.

The bread-and-butter miss has grown rare; the whiskey-and-soda miss is taking her place.

Six months after marriage a woman begins to feel a kindly interest in the man she could have married, but didn't.

He is a lucky man who succeeds in reaching years of discretion without permitting his indiscretions to be found out.

Men frequently flatter women just to make them happy. When a woman flatters a man she expects him to pay for it.

If you want to be on good terms with women, knock at the door of their vanity, and you will always find them at home.

There are only two people in the wide world who do not laugh at a love letter—the person who writes it and the person to whom it is addressed.

Men do not seem to derive any special comfort from donning a new tie or fancy waistcoat when stocks fall, or their livers are out of order, but there is no time when a woman cannot be distinctly cheered by something new to wear.

Full Stocks To-Day.

P. E. I. Potatoes.
Val. Oranges.
Cal. Oranges.
Ripe Tomatoes.
Table Plums.
Table Apricots.
New Rhubarb.
Tasmanian
Table Apples.
Cal. Table Apples.
Green Cabbage.

Soper & Moore

Household Notes

Be sure to boil soda in the coffee pot once a week.

White laces should be laid away in blue or yellow paper.

Oranges, bananas and figs cut up together make a very delicious dessert.

Lace, continually cleaned with gasoline or naphtha will turn yellow quickly.

Good lard is much better than butter for basting roasted meat and for frying.

Bread will cut thinner and in more even slices if you turn the loaf upside down.

To smooth an iron, plunge it while hot into cold water with a little soap in it.

Eucalyptus oil will remove grease, including machine oil, from any fabric without injury.

To keep lemons, put them in a stone jar of clean, dry sand, so that they do not touch.

Every kitchen should have among its supplies a saw for trimming meat and some fading needles.

A pretty and novel idea is to serve hot biscuits, folded in napkin, in little sweet grass baskets.

Silk dresses should always be reinforced with silk under the arms, where the most wear comes.

It will save fine hose if a piece of velvet is glued inside the heel the moment the shoe begins to rub.

A tiny piece of garlic laid on the lettuce half an hour before serving will give a slight savory flavor.

The cloudy look on a piano can be removed by a cloth dipped in soap and water and wrung very dry.

ENGLISH ICING SUGAR, 6 cents lb.

Corned Beef, 2 lb. tin . . . 40c.
Corned Beef, 1 lb. tin . . . 25c.
Bird's Custard Powder . . . 25c. pkt.
Maconchies Pickles . . . 10c. pkt.
Potato Flour . . . 10c. pkt.
Corn Flour . . . 8c. lb.
Root Beer Extract . . . 15c. btl.
Knox's Gelatine . . . 16c. pkt.
Desiccated Coconut . . . 17c. lb.
Custard Powder, 1 lb. tin . . . 19c.
Water Glass for preserving eggs, large tin . . . 25c.
3 lb. tin Park & Beans . . . 12c.

By S.S. Chiltern Range:
50 half chests
DANAWALLA TEA,
the favourite 40c. Tea.
10 p.c. discount off 5 lb. lot.

Blackberry Jam.

Peach Jam.

Pineapple Jam.

Fruit Salad in tins.

French Peas in glass.

Pistachio Kernels.

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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.

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Fresh Tomatoes.
Cal. Oranges, Bananas.
P. E. I. Potatoes.
New York Cabbage.
New York Corned Beef.
Foster's Wrinkled Peas,
10c. carton
Moir's Tange Kisses,
5 lb. boxes.

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

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