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THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LIMITED,

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

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessing Fuesle

She Meets a Lonely Artist

Wild, enchanting dreams of New York glimmered persistently through Marian's mind. Already, before retiring, she had begun packing her trunk. The money which had been telegraphed her would take her to the City of Cities, provide her with a few new clothes, and leave her a little to go on.

The thought of New York stirred her with a subtle, magnetic appeal. It drew forth from her subconsciousness her almost forgotten memories of vivid hopes of travel, social conquest, fine feathers, gallant friends, and luxuries. The money-need of the past months and the desperation of her plight since securing her divorce, had made sordid thoughts command her attention almost entirely. But now the extravagant dreams and visions of earlier days were brought trooping back by the thought of going to New York.

Her day was loaded down with packing, with preparations for the journey. Late in the afternoon she boarded a street car. Her heart bounded. Without a single misgiving she took a last look at the familiar streets and houses past which the car was hurrying. Downtown, the roar of traffic gave her a hint of the big, sonorous chant of the many-voiced city toward which the train would soon be bearing her. Ahead she saw life, excitement, change, romance.

Out through the tangle of switches the train was soon picking its way, and on through the city's grimy outskirts. The quiet hum of the steel Pullman stirred and stimulated her spirits. She had never felt more free, more completely through with the domestic strife into which marriage had plunged her. The world was swiftly widening between her and all that was past. Her heart beat faster and faster. Life and freedom, like a gleaming bounding sea, beckoned with open arms.

Later, when Marian started for the diner, she was conscious that more than one of the passengers lifted their eyes to look at her as she passed them. She recalled how she had met the Van Dines on the train at the time of her last journey. She wondered what would befall her now. She was eager for a chat with a stranger. A year ago the mere thought would have shocked her.

The diner was crowded. Rather than wait, she allowed herself to be shown to a seat opposite an interesting looking man of perhaps thirty.

Mrs. Bleeker: "Jane, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?"
Jane (recently engaged): "Yes, mum; can't you smell it?"

The Gatlin Treatment

EST. 1900.
or Drink or Drug Habit

The results accomplished by the Gatlin Treatment have caused the establishment of Institutes throughout the world for the cure of the liquor and drug habits. This great treatment removes the craving for stimulants, tones up the entire system, placing the patients in the same or better mental and physical condition as before the habit was formed.

The Gatlin Treatment is administered without hypodermic injections, contains no powerful nerve-racking drugs, nothing in any way harmful, is quick, certain and lasting in its effects. Through its efficiency thousands of men and women have been permanently cured.

Special treatment will be furnished those who prefer taking treatment at home. For complete information sent in plain envelope, address—

GATLIN INSTITUTE Ltd.,
41 Longard Road,
HALIFAX, N.S.
may 13, 1914

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE S

She found herself looking at his careless, rippling hair, his dark eyes, his rugged nose and sensitive mouth. Several times his dreamy eyes dwelt upon her and she was flattered.

"Will you forgive me if I talk to you?" he said with pleasant frankness.

"Why should you want to?" she asked naively.

"Because I am unmercifully lonely," he answered with a boyish, fetching shrug of his shoulders. "I am neither a masher bent on telling you that I have fallen in love with you at first sight, nor a confidence man with spurious jewels to sell. I'm just lonely for a few pleasant words with someone, preferably with a beautiful lady."

With candid ease the man talked engagingly about himself. He was an artist, he said, had returned but recently from Paris, was toiling like a Trojan at his easel for a public, alas,



The artist's wonderful views of Rome, Venice and Paris sent Marian's thoughts flying over seas.

which preferred chromos to approximations of real art. He berated the provinciality of American cities, and raved about Vienna, glorified Rome and Venice and Paris. He sent Marian's thoughts flying overseas, made her see things, widened her horizon with his flow of words.

"I belong over there," he said. "Things are so different here, except

perhaps New York. I am out of place. America is cold, it does not understand. But America is young yet," he smiled indulgently.

Marian was enchanted. An artist! Her heart went out to him in his loneliness.

To-morrow—A New Kind of Artistic Temperament.

"Jim" Larkin to Leave The City of Dublin.

London, Eng., June 20 — "Jim" Larkin, the Irish strike agitator who failed in his attempt to raise the "fiery cross" in England, has resigned the leadership of the Irish Transport workers and it is reported that he will leave Dublin. The Irish Union has not prospered since Larkin led it to defeat. Its members have summoned a special meeting for next Sunday to "consider a very grave crisis."

Only "Climbers" Dress Loudly.

London, June 19.—That the English aristocracy and American women identified with it do not follow the extravagant fashions which the national convention of women's clubs, in Chicago characterized as "immodest, uncomfortable and unattractive" is the emphatic assertion of leading dressmakers, including Miss Enos, who dresses Mrs. Walter Hines Page, the Duchess of Marlborough, and other American women prominent in society.

"It is only the women who are unknown socially who aim to attract attention by extravagant dress," said Miss Enos. "Those who are known invariably seek to avoid anything unduly conspicuous in their dress."

"While my customers generally demand the very best materials, there is a tendency toward simplicity, and the ultra extravagant styles of which the women of Chicago complain are not taken into consideration at all by the best dressed women."

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

Feature Holiday Programme at the Nickel.

THE SECRET FORMULA--2 REELS.

Produced in two parts—free from impossible situations—yet replete with tremendous force—this drama teems with exciting episodes—the scenes are positively enthralling.

LOVE THAT TURNED—A strong Western drama.

SIGHTSEEING IN JAPAN—Delightful travelogue.

RINGLES AT THE CABARET—Hilarious comedy.

MUSIC!

SONGS!

EFFECTS.

Friday—THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE—in Two Reels.

Trying to Understand.

By RUTH CAMERON.

"O ne ought neither to laugh nor carp at, exalt nor curse, a human being's actions, but only to try to understand them." — Spinoza.

We were talking about a very nervous, exasperating woman the other day. We had been comparing notes on her maddening little ways which made her as difficult to live with as if she had been possessed of actual vices, as the world usually employs that word.

We had waxed quite indignant over the matter, when the woman who is the worst sufferer from the annoying one brought us to a standstill by saying, "Oh, well, I guess we ought to be sorry for her instead of scolding about her. She must suffer, herself, and besides I don't know but what I would have been worse if I had been born with her disposition."

That is a thought worth pausing over, isn't it?

I believe I have said something along the same line more than once before, but I can't make it too emphatic. I can't try too hard to make you take it into your life as a practical, working conviction, that we have no right to judge the actions of others because we cannot tell what we might have been or done if we had been handicapped as they were.

The most ludicrous, the most exasperating, the most degraded actions of every human being have definite

causes. To criticize these actions, to be angry at their authors, without fully understanding these causes is absurd. Suppose your washerwoman fails to bring back your clean clothes on time and you suspect that she has been using your last week's pay to get drunk upon, what is your feeling? Probably that of annoyance at the inconvenience, and hot indignation at her. But what right have you to be indignant?

What do you do to understand of the deadly monotony of her life, the cravings of her ill-fed body, and the weakness of her enfeebled mind?

If you could realize what these things mean you might be indignant, if you still wanted to be. But would you? Probably not.

Suppose the woman next door childishly resigns from the mission society because her meeting was not well attended. Have you a right to laugh at her? Not unless you can thoroughly enter into the conditions which caused such an act, the narrowness of outlook, the pettiness of soul, the lack of better standards of conduct; and can still want to laugh.

Of course no one can say absolutely that another human being is or is not making the best he possibly could out of his equipment. That must be

left to the Infinite Intelligence. The part of the finite intelligence is to return to Spinoza, "not to laugh or carp at, exalt nor curse, but only to try to understand."

And with that effort will surely come the divine gift of sympathy and we shall no longer be eager to judge.

Yessie Cameron

Fads and Fashions.

Rose coloring are seen everywhere. Checked parasols are among the newest.

The separate blouse is immensely popular. Yolk-of-egg yellow is one of the new shades.

Stockings must match the color of the frock.

In plain colored dresses the sash is very important.

The more extreme new bathing suits have paniers.

Tub dresses are made with straight gored skirts.

Colored handkerchief linen dresses are in great demand.

Heavier textured satins are coming in for evening wear.

The latest fashions for dresses are simpler than hitherto.

Burnt banana and green apple are among the new colors.

Parasols to match ones costumes are a feature of the season.

Tartan is one of the most striking things seen on hats.

Taffeta suits are wonderfully convenient for semi-dress affairs.

Imported golfing is very much used for women's sports coats.

With the tailored suit the waist is almost always a simple blouse.

Young girls' white linen frocks are sometimes scalloped in color.

A fish-tail skirt gets its name from the way it is cut—in points.

New automobile veils have one edge lighter coloured than the other.

The season's handbags are made to harmonize with summer frocks.

White organdies are trimmed with ruchings of dark blue taffeta.

Many of the summer silks are actually lighter than cotton materials.

\$30 In Cash.

1. \$10 will be forwarded to the person sending us the largest number of words obtained from the words "Stafford's Liniment."

2. \$10 for the largest number obtained from the words "Stafford's Prescription A."

3. \$10 for the largest number obtained from the words "Stafford's Phoratox Cough Cure."

You will have a chance to win the \$30 if you follow out the conditions below:

Conditions—All answers must be accompanied by either of the following:

1. The outside green wrapper obtained from a bottle of Stafford's Liniment.

2. The words "Trial size" cut from the yellow cardboard box of Stafford's Prescription "A."

3. The word Phoratox from the white cardboard box of Stafford's Phoratox Cough Cure.

Either of these three things will do, so as to make your guess a bone fide one.

If you are not able to obtain either of these three preparations in your district, you can forward us (together with your answer) one of the following amounts:

20 cents for Stafford's Liniment.
20 cents for Stafford's Prescription "A."
30 cents for Stafford's Phoratox Cough Cure.

On receipt of same we will forward the preparations you require by parcel post and your answer will be kept until the 30th day of July (1914) when we will publish the names of the winners.

In the event of two or more persons sending in the same number of words (and those being the highest ones) the one that we receive the first will win the prize.

The names of the Judges of this competition will be published at the same time as we publish the names of the winners.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We are constantly receiving a numerous quantity of our Liniment circulars for the above competition, these do not count. It is the outside green wrapper that you must send us and not the inside circular.

Address all communications to DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, 111 St. John's, Nfld.

Quebec Man is Held For Sister's Death.

Richmond, Que., June 16. — The coroner's jury investigating the death of Mrs. J. B. Viger, who died after partaking of what she thought was gin but proved to be carbolic acid, ordered the arrest of the victim's brother, Narcisse Pénitain, in order that he may be examined as to his sanity.

The belief is that Pénitain, who is not over bright, was responsible for placing poison in the bottle of gin. No motive was revealed in the evidence. In examination Labadie, the brother-in-law, admitted having had trouble with Pénitain, but declared that it was not of the slightest consequence. In view of the feeble mind of Pénitain, however, this grievance may have been magnified.

Detective Samson, of Montreal, worked on the case and it was largely on information that he was able to place before the jury that the order for Pénitain's arrest was issued.

For some time the accused lived with his sister, the victim of the tragedy, and appeared to be attached to her.

The crime for which he is held took place on Sunday afternoon, May 31st, when after Pénitain, Mrs. Viger and Labadie each drank a glass of gin. Mrs. Viger fell over unconscious and died in half an hour.

Labadie detected a peculiar taste to the gin and did not drink it. The autopsy showed that Mrs. Viger's death was caused by carbolic acid poisoning.

"Cut in and win."—Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE S

Little Boy Given New Pair of Feet.

Washington, June 19.—With feet that were formerly "clubbed" and turned under, and which are now quite normal, little William Averill, a five-year-old boy, whose home is near Oxford, N.C., has left the emergency hospital after having undergone an operation, which has proved one of the greatest triumphs of modern surgery ever won in Washington. Some nine weeks ago, Billy came to the hospital with his feet pathetically deformed and nearly useless as to locomotion. Despite this sad condition the lad bore the bloom of perfect health on his cheeks and was bubbling with high spirits. For several days he was given the freedom of the hospital before he was put to bed and prepared for the operation.

Finally, everything ready, he was taken to the operating room and put under anæsthetics. Then began one of the most delicate, though heroic operations ever performed with a surgeon's knife.

Swiftly and surely Dr. Sands went to work on one foot and then the other, cutting ligaments here, separating tendons and readjusting little bones there, and all but amputating the unconscious little child's feet. Then both members were readjusted, given the necessary antiseptic treatment and then carefully wrapped in great plaster casts which extended to the knees.

Again the limp little form was put to bed, and it was not many hours before the lad recovered from the anæsthetic.

The patient resumed his cheerfulness in time and the process of healing was rapid. Finally, he was allowed to move about in bed, and each day he became more active and desirous to get beyond the narrow environs to which he was restricted.

A little less than five weeks after the operation had been performed, the plaster casts had been removed and lo! something akin to a miracle had been wrought! Two little feet, once considered hopelessly deformed, had been transformed into normal organs.

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A Medicine That Prolongs Life

It builds up a run-down system. Creates a new lease of life. Drives out everything that causes disease; purifies and cleanses your whole machinery. Rheumatism, kidney and liver trouble is removed. You are made over again. You will eat and feel better. Now is the time to take a tonic. Just you try it. Sold at all drug stores.

Sexes are Equal in Divorce Court.

London, June 18.—The findings of the recent Royal Commission on Divorce, so far as both majority and minority reports agreed, have been incorporated in a bill introduced into parliament by Lord Gorell, former president of the divorce court. The most radical departure is a provision that the sexes shall be on an equality before the divorce court.

Under the existing law a wife must prove both misconduct and cruelty on the part of her husband, while a husband need only prove misconduct in order to get a divorce. The new clause provides that any married person may dissolve marriage upon proving that the other party there-to has committed adultery.

The bill also provides that a judicial separation may be granted on the ground of habitual drunkenness which includes intoxication by drugs.

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. Chown, 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,
7 New Gower Street,
may 24.

Big Feeling.

How trying is that naughty girl who's all swollen up with self content each blessed minute; whip arrogantly stares you down, and d seems to say: "I own the town, and all that's in it!"

Hestralois! the village streets and doubtless thinks the folks he meets are him adoring; he might come down two pegs or three if he could hear them bitterly his folly scoring. No man should swagger till he's shown he occupies a place alone, won by his labours; till he has gained such great renown he has excuse for looking down upon his neighbours. And men who win that sort of thing have too much sense to strut, by jing, they're meek and humble; they know that those who swell around with eyes too high to see the ground will some day stumble. Not wealth or fame or boundless power should swell our bosoms for an hour—we are but mortals; the sexton gets us all at last, and when our little jaunt is past, the gray world chorales. One stiff that's buried in the mold is just as stark and just as cold as any other; the big man, planted, has no edge upon the pauper by the hedge, his little brother.

Dr. J. Furlong

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