

Of Interest to Women

Rejane.

Last week Rejane, the inimitable Rejane, the incomparable Rejane the greatest comedienne of the age, as she was heralded, visited Toronto, and one must confess that her visit was a distinct disappointment.

Even the least conscientious student of French felt that she could not afford to miss seeing and hearing an actress who ranks second only to Sarah Bernhardt, in the minds of French critics, and so, it was with much expectation, that one wandered down to the Princess Theater to see Rejane.

A Frenchwoman had told us that "Zaza" was the least objectionable of her plays, and that it would be impossible for any young woman to sit through "Ma Cousine" or "Saphro."

With this remark in mind, it was "Zaza" we went to see, and incidentally, one might remark that, if "Ma Cousine" and "Saphro" were any more than "Zaza," they must have been very bad indeed.

We knew that "Zaza," in English, was not considered exactly moral, but "Zaza," in French, was horrible. Rejane managed to emphasize the immorality of it, somehow, and it was distinctly an unpleasant production. Coarse and common as Zaza must be, you felt instinctively that Rejane made her coarser and more common.

The French actress is not at all pretty. Indeed, in the first act, before she put on her "make-up," she is distinctly homely. Almost her sole claim to beauty is a pair of very large, expressive eyes.

Her command of facial expression and her power of gesture are very unusual, and, even when one's limited knowledge of French did not enable one to follow the conversation with accuracy, you could understand a great deal by her pantomime.

Rejane is undoubtedly an actress of unusual ability, though her emotional powers are by no means equal to her ability as a comedienne, but why does she play such very immoral plays.

You come away from "Zaza" as you come away from so many modern plays with a very bad taste in your mouth.

It is significant that for the first half of the week of Rejane's engagement, Ibsen's "Ghosts" held the boards. Londoners need no explanation as to the character of this play. I did not myself see it, but newspaper comments were sufficient to tell its character, and the wonders again "Why?"

Are there no more sweet, clean and wholesome plays produced? Only the other day I overheard someone remark: "One almost longs for the old melodrama where they had the good, old-fashioned murders and burglaries; where the villain tied the heroine to the railroad tracks and the hero rescued her just before the lightning express went whizzing past; anything but this eternal sex problem."

Everyone appears to echo this sigh. "Anything but the eternal sex problem!" It seems to me that it is a sign of decadence in this twentieth century that these plays are produced by the most eminent actors of every country, and that the people flock to them.

You hear people say, "It is no wonder these plays are popular in France. France is a decadent country, anyway."

That may be true. The French themselves frankly confess that they are decadent, but "problem plays" are

Why Do Women Worry?

Always an Evidence of Failing Health and Lack of Nerve Force.

People don't willingly fall into a condition of brooding and worry. Worry is a disease that creeps in when the sustaining power of the body fails to maintain a reserve of mental vigor. Hence the root of these fretful worrying tendencies is really an insufficient supply of nourishment in the blood.

This blood plays havoc with the stomach, kills digestion, and so impairs the nervous system that every organ of the body suffers; that is why worry is so deadly and destructive to health.

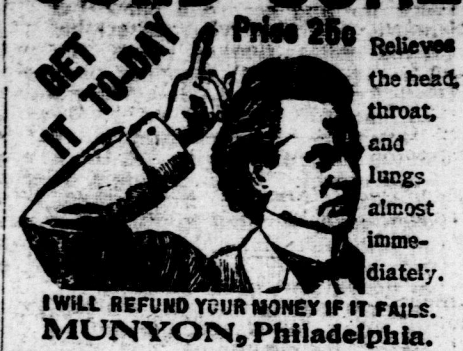
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A Few Facts.

Far has never been so popular with women of all ages, except the very young girl. Big tricores, or touques, are the simplest sort of treatment, with marabout feathers, or stiff gardenias in shaded colors.

Exquisite rose-strewn organdies are in evidence for stylish evening frocks. In some the roses are nothing but tiny prim buds, in others great nodding heads.

China silk, embroidered with shirazi designs in wash silk, makes mighty pretty blouses, which are more serviceable than any other kind, of white silk waists, because they can be washed and washed.

New lounging robes are luxurious affairs of a heavy silk stuff called "matelasse." One made of lavender was lined and embroidered with white, and held in at the waist by a lavender silk cord.



IN A TRAM CAR.
Lady (with smelly basket of fish-Dessay you'd rather have a gentleman sitting a-side of you?)
Gilded Youth (who has been edging away—Yes, I would.)
Lady—Same crew—London Punch.

LOVE IN ALL ITS ASPECTS

Madame, in the Chicago Tribune Discovers Entertaining on "Love."

Love, let us say, is like food. In its essence it is higher than food from the beginning. Its materialisms are less gross; its purposes and functions are less selfish; you can eat night and day solid; but you cannot love a minute without some one else and without reckoning with something outside yourself.

Put, after all, love, like food, is a need of nature; and as the nature of the one that loves so is the nature of love. The need of a material nature if the one who loves is material.

The need of a selfish nature if the one who loves is selfish. The need of an unselfish nature if the one who loves is unselfish. The need of a spiritual nature if the one who loves is spiritual.

Food to Nero at his ceaseless feasts is gross physicalities. Food to the communicant at the blessed sacrament is worship, religion, duty.

Food, again, to the dog is a bone munched in greedy solitude. Food to the bon vivant is an elaborately garnished table, all sorts of spoons and forks and glasses, an elegant sequence of viands, each with fastidious niceties of flavor and aspect; graceful service, a throng of convivial guests; dainty requirements in dress, punctilio of etiquette; brilliant chatter, a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

Nobody at this petite dinner party thinks of food being necessary to the body. Instead, they think, "What an artistic gown!" "How handsome the table looks!" "Isn't everybody gay and witty tonight?" "What an exquisitely flavored quail!"

From the grossness of materialism the interest has drifted off to the esthetic and social incidentals and accessories which have become ends in themselves.

From the greedy solitude of the cur growling at any intruders on his bone the enjoyment has become largely dependent on the exhilarating presence of the many.

So with love, which is grossly crude in its beginnings and as it develops penetrates into every aspect of our complex natures and flowers into something grander and greater and loftier than affection, which in the beginning is self-centered, then jealousy fixed on one heart, and finally gloriously

vision, self-abnegation, altruism. It is the need of an unselfish nature. It is the love realized by poets and painters and worshipped by the world. It is love no longer in its poverty, a hold little beggar seeking, asking, needing the richest of others.

It is love in its wealth and prosperity requiring nothing, giving all. And the grander its wealth, the more lordly its bounty, the more freely it dispenses good gifts.

This is the love that suffereth long and is kind. This is the love that never faileth. This is the love that casteth out all fear.

This is the love whose happiness is happiness found for the loved one, happy trying to bring that one success and the roses of life; happy soothing away and smoothing away, that one's sorrows; happy creating and multiplying over and over again that one's pleasures; happy delighting in the life of that one; happy forgetting itself in the remembrance of another; happy losing itself in finding another.

It is a Midas of love turning all that it touches into the beautiful rich gold of giving. The comfort it might fain receive it imports. The good cheer it might fain receive it diffuses.

The sustaining power it might fain feel it bestows. All that it has it values only for what it can confer upon another.

As this love develops it transcends jealousies—jealousies are selfishness; they are the desire to get and hold, and not to give and impart.

It knows no levers, quarrels, deceptions, intrigues, "managing and trying to manage."

It is candid, deep and calm, liberal, free, having no need of ought to lend, spice and variety, knowing no monotony, being its own piquancy, piquancy, its own fascination, excitement, and events, its own happiness, its own enthusiasm, its own victory.

This is so even although our coquette forever saunters about Cupid's palaces and has never dwelt within their lovely walls, may try to pursue otherwise.

After love has known all the loveliest, purest, sweetest pleasures of lavishing her richness on one, it begins to understand the sweeter and deeper, exquisite joys of lavishing them upon the many.

If love forgets self in remembering one other, it obliterates self in remembering the many. If love loses self in giving to one other it effaces self in giving to the many.

This impersonal love that flows forth grandly to every heart lying in its pathway. This impersonal love that finds an object worthy of devotion in every human being.

This impersonal love that gives to the outcast as it gives to the idol of its heart. This impersonal love that shines alike on the just and the unjust like the sun in the heaven.

This impersonal love that has the world for its loved one. This impersonal love that shines on its loved one and every like them in the heaven, with neither probability nor possibility of return.

This impersonal love that makes itself one with the world. This love let us name Love. This love let us praise. This love let us cherish. This love is the need of a spiritual nature.

Nero's banquet halls are deserted. The feast is the blindest sacrament. The feaster is a worshiper.

"Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?"
Bennie Smithers' papa found him in a hollow stump.
All curled up just like a kitten in the coziest hump.
Bennie Smithers brags about it, that is how I know.
Bennie Smithers' father told him, so, of course, it is so.

Nettie Mason was a fairy (my, but now she's fat). Wouldn't hardly believe to see her such a thing as that.
But her mamma told us about it (was the kind that sings).
"Course it's so, her mamma said so, says with a stare.
Didn't dare to let us see them, said she would some day.
"Fraid the wind would fly to Nettie, and she'd fly away."
Norah Flynn was in a cabbage boughten for six pence.
Norah Flynn's own mother said it, she sure.
Didn't expect to find a baby couldn't (like her eyes).
In the middle of a cabbage—must have been a surprise.
Who you spoke 'twas came from heaven? Come to think, it's not so 'prising that they let him go.

"Rastus, he was in a melon, so says Mamma. Looked to be like a melon, so you see, it's true.
Once there was a stork went flying, that's when he found me.
All a-sleeping in a lily, 'way off on a sea.
Close up to his neck I coddled, then how we did cry.
"Course, I remember all about it—first, we went up high.
Where the shiny stars are scattered over all the night.
And I wasn't any scared, not the leastest when we flew low near the houses, I be—
gan to fear.
He would take me to a stranger, not to mamma dear.
But my really-true mamma soon he cover you up tight tight to her, and
What if he had got mistaken and given me to you?"
—Cora Lapham Hazard.

SUITABLE GOWNS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Why Not Look as Well and as Charming at Your Work as Possible?

One of the cleverest women living is a mite of a creature, whose husband isn't blessed with much of this world's goods, and so she does her own housework, calling in a woman to do the washing and the heavy parts of the work. Her cleverness lies, not so much in the way she does the work—though that merits a big word of praise—as in the way she dresses.

Never once in the time they've been married (some two years now) has her husband seen her go about her work in an old wrapper, with her hair done up in curl papers and a snuggie artistically bedecking her forehead.

It's a definite part of her creed to be suitably dressed for work and put on the clothes she wears about the house in as trim a way as she knows. She's a real belle as regards tying up her hair, who's dusts or bakes. She does make a picturesque pretense of it, but lets all the soft pretty fluff about her face.

"It's not much trouble, so wash my hair if it gets dusty," she says, "and I'm not going to make an old tramp out of myself before my time."

All her working dresses are made with skirts that just "escape" with sleeves that clip in buttoned cuffs (so



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AN ARTISTIC LITTLE DEN

How an Amateur Photographer Arranged a Dainty Room.

Imagine a small room with walls of a grayish blue cartridge paper, a cream-colored ceiling, black plate rail, and you have the foundation for this most artistic den.

It had been a question to dispose of the hundreds of good, bad and indifferent prints which had accumulated, and which were very dear to the photographer's heart. He had books filled, records of many summer and winter outings, but there were still countless prints unclassified. So this method was devised.

There were the pictures of college days. These were mounted on a piece of paper matching the wall paper. They were arranged according to fancy, trimmed irregularly—oblong, square, round—as best suited the subject. These made two or three panels, and were fastened to the wall by narrow strips of black molding.

The prints of the Yellowstone camping party and western scenes made other panels. Home scenes—interiors—were mounted together. Other groups were added until the room walls were lined. The effect was good. One corner was devoted to park views, one to city scenes. Then on the plate rail the photographer placed enlargements of specially good negatives, some of them simply framed in black, some in "passerelle" or "passe-partout" frames.

For a screen this amateur photographer made a frame five feet high, containing three panels two feet wide, joined by hinges. These he covered with grayish blue cartridge paper, fastened on with brass tacks. On these panels he put exclusively blue prints. One panel contained baby pictures of his boy up to 2 years old, the next panel up to 4 years old, and the third a faithful record of this child's life up to the age of 6, for this father had taken the boy's picture every month since his birth.

It is needless to say that this room was the admiration of all friends, who devoutly loved to sit there when talking. The furniture was all simple, known as mission style, in black finish; also the work of this clever amateur's dexterous hands.

Of all the "showers" given to recent brides, these two have the advantage of being practical and so inexpensive that the purses of the guests are not heavily taxed.

The first was a "glass and jar" shower. Each guest was asked to bring a jar of fruit, pickles, marmalade, bottle of catsup, chili sauce or tumbler of jelly or preserves and with it a rhyme or sentiment suitable for the occasion. This tribute-to-be was delighted with this "contribution" to her emergency closet.

The second shower was exceedingly clever. It was a wash rag, soap and bath towel shower. The packages were deposited in a clothes basket and a soiled clothes hamper, which were decorated with white ribbon. There was soap of all kinds and varieties. News was there such a collection of vases, cloths, hand crocheted, bag shapes, flannel, dainty hemstitched squares, all tied in tissue paper with ribbons.

A dainty luncheon was served at both these affairs. The bride-elect's chair was ornamented with a huge bow of white ribbon and the seat-covers were tiny slippers filled with heart-shaped bon-bons.

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY. The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means battles of wit; never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Farnes's Vegetable Pills, which as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

Divorce is a blessing when love is dead. Unasked for advice is like a caller at noon.



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