# WOMAN'S WORLD.

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS.

the fault of the age is a mad endeavor to leap to heights that were made to plant to forestal, and outwit Time. for

we force our ross, before their season, To bloom and blossom for us to wear; and then we wonder and ask the reason why perfect buds are so few and rare. we want wealth-not as reward but

dower;
And the strength that is wasted in use-less fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

one of the best resolutions you can the is to utilize the days, or, rather, moments comprising the days, wise manner. It is wonderful that can be accomplished if we do not

mental improvement if you are for mental improvement if you are health. A half hour given each day regding will astonish you at the end nths with the number of humes completed. Bifteen minutes before breakfast, 15

Pitteen minutes before breakfast, 15 minutes after dinner, will not be missed by you if you make your resolution to take them every day.

You will find you have just as much time as you had before you began this system, for you have been frittering away more than those 15 minutes morning and nights without being conscious

I knew a busy, young, self-supportresolution, and it was amazing to see one progress she made in one year's from the daily paper if you have notime. With only 20 minutes each day thing else at hand, just for practice, devoted to this one purpose, she sur-

WORLD PATTERN DEPARTMENT

2397-A CHARMING LITTLE GOWN FOR A SMALL LADY.

for the assistance of the home sewer. It is quite without adornment save

for the pointed yoke front and back, which is most becoming. The neck and

sleeves are finished prettily with narrow bands of cloth or a trimming fabric,

and the sleeve may be in short puff style, if desired. For a more fashion-

mere or serge. If of cloth, the dress may be trimmed with narrow velvet

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tern wanted. If the pattern is bust measure only mark 82, 34, or what-

ever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, etc. If a skirt,

give waist and length measure When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches"

or "years." The price of each pattern is 10 cents. Do not send

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2397—Sizes, 1.2, 1, 2, 4 and 6 years

The price of the pattern is 10 cents.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT TORONTO WORLD.

A dress which can be developed in a washing fabric or cloth is sketched

passed many professional musicians in her ability to read difficult music at a

If your life is an indoor one, on acclimb; burst of strength or a thought most count of your occupation, snatch 5 min-utes after rising and 10 before retiring for physical exercises. Any book on physical culture will illustrate a few to wait for the thing worth havnoon at the day's dim flesh, and for the general benefit of the whole system.

If, on the contrary, your work is of an exhausting nature, take a half-hour or even 15 minutes some time during the day and sit or lie down and relax your whole system. Do this as regularly as you eat your dinner or comb your hair. Immense benefit to your whole being, mental and physical, will result.

Think of nothing-the most difficult thing to do, but do it; or merely ima-gine yourself a plant growing in the soil and a sweet summer rain is drop-

ping upon you, washing and refreshing You will rise, indeed, refreshed for your occupation. With the exception of a time set apart for thinking of no-

what can be accomplished if we do not fritter away time—that most precious possession which belongs to all men equally, and upon which no trust or syndicate can obtain a "corner".

No matter what regular occupation nay employ you daily, there are moments which can be used for recreations. With the exception of a time set apart for thinking of nothing, teach yourself to always think of something worth while the remainder of the day. Many people going to and from their daily occupation, and, indeed, scores of people who have no occupation, fall into a habit of shiftless thinking on the street or thinking of nothing to a time set apart for thinking of nothing, teach yourself to always think of something worth while the remainder of the day. domestic service?

The old nonsense about the degradation of housework should be scattered to the winds, and trained skillwoman's highest work, ought to car-ry a distinction greater than any other degree would confer. thinking on the street, or in public con-veyances, or in idle moments else-where. The mind roams about like a lost leaf in the wind, resting nowhere. Study the faces you see and try and form some idea of the characters of their owners. Notice ears, noses, for table room, good board and laundry free, and there are very few school teachers, stenographers or shop mouths, eyes, chins. Observe how few beautiful mouths and ears you will find ompared with other features. It is an interesting use of your mental powers,

this study of faces, and will teach you sympathy if nothing more. If you find yourself without faces to study, then memorize verses, phrases or numbers, to retain your memory. Learn Then, if you are musical, arrange to numbers, to retain your memory. Learn dve 20 minutes every day to sight to recall the numbers of a dozen or a score of your acquaintances' homes, instead of always referring to an adinstead of always referring to an address book.

Commit the words of songs to meming weman who had only a rudiment- ory—even if you do not sing—it will ary knowledge of music to make this make you popular with people who do

jutely necessary to send back all the presents, even to the ring, in the case of a broken engagement, and one won-ders how a girl would have the desire to keep anything that would re-mind her of such an unhappy experience, or how she could keep gifts that were the expression of love when that love is dead. One does lose sight of romance oc-

carionally in this prosaic twentieth century world of ours, but there are still traces of it, and surely every atof romance in anyone's nature should rise against the mercenary de sire to retain presents merely cause of their intrinsic value.

forces to become weak and slip-shod from lack of direction. Make the most of the odd ends of

yourself with little cost and no loss.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

JUST ABOUT THINGS.

It seems never to occur to some

women that there is such a thing as privacy, and that, no matter how in-

One sometimes wonders why some

of the really superior women who are earning their own living at some oc-cupation which they consider "re-

spectable," as underpaid labor in shops

as dressmakers or milliner's appren-tices, or stenographers, or any other

or factories, long, nerve-racking hours

of the numerous avocations which are

considered "lady-like"-why do not some of these women go into the

much more respectable profession of

making, which should be regarded as

The cook or housemaid who is earn-

girls who at the end of a month have

An engaged girl asks if it is abso-

\$20 absolutely clear of all expenses.

tended for her.

I know an American woman who eloped with her husband the day before she had expected to marry an-other man. She took the diamond from the ring which the illted one had given her and had it made into a

IN SOCIETY

Mrs. W. J. McMurtry will not receive o-day, but will receive on the fourth hursday of this month and not again

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Powell announce the engagement of their eldest daugh-ter, Ethel Lillian, to Mr. Owen Arthur Smily, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smily of Avenue-road. The wedding will take place in May.

Mrs. G. A. Powell and Miss Powell of 69 Howland-avenue will receive on Friday, March 15, for the last time this

Miss Helen Ivey, who has been visit-ing Mrs. John D. Ivey, left yesterday for her home in London. Mr. Ernie Bisset leaves to-day for The Welland," St. Catharines.

The Women's Literary Society of Mc-Master University will hold their open meeting on Friday, March 22, in Castle

Memorial Hall, when they will give readings from Tennyson's "Princess," n which about sixteen young ladies will ake part. The meeting is open to all. The meeting of the Grace Hospital Alumnae will be held at the hospital to-day at 3 o'clock.

A program of music by Russian comosers that has been arranged by the executive committee, will occupy the members of the Women's Musical Club this morning. Moizkowski, Rubinstein. Rachmaninoff and Tschaikowski selec-

tions will be given, the performers being Mrs. Harold Clark and Miss Williamson. Miss Martha Fudger, Miss Hilda Boulton, Mrs. TenEyck. Miss Lora Newman and the Misses Fudger. Miss FitzGibbon and her mother, Mrs.

Chamberlain, are at The Welland, St. Catharines. The Countess De Ruffleu of Paris is

the guest of Mme. Rochereau de la Sararrival at Buchanan Lodge. Mrs. Ambrose Small will be the hostess of a luncheon on Saturday, given in honor of the Countess Ruffleu

able little gown, the Empire waist gatherings may be added, the pattern nioved from St. George-street to 35 being perforated for these. A nainsook, lawn, or linen may serve, or a cash- Cecil-street.

Miss Lucy Ruttan of Port Arthur is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, at the Priory.

Mr. and Mrs. George Major, from Niagara Falls, are in town. Mrs. Herring has left town to spend a nonth in Montreal and Quebec.

Mrs. and Miss Reid, Montreal, and their guest, Miss McGregor, St. John's, have left town

The tenth annual meeting of the United Empire Loyalist Association will be held in the Canadian Institute. 198 College-street, this evening at 8 o'clock.

Jook's Cotton Root Compound

### **Buchanan's Wife**

The Story of a Woman Who Dared to Wrest to Herself the Love and Happiness That Were Donled Her by Gruel Circumstances.

By Dustus Miles Forman and Published by Permission of Harper & Bros., New York and London.

timate your relations with any person may be, that person has a natural and laudable desire for privacy, which you should respect. Herbert Buchanan came out from the house and stood for a moment regarding the two with that peculiar, The woman who walks into her daughter's room without knocking at the door, who reads a letter, even a child's letter, without asking pernervous twitching of the eyebrows, which was habitual with him and which gave him the appearance of being constantly annoyed. mission, who asks impertinent questions of her husband or her son, is just as guilty of violating every canon of good taste and good breeding as if she determed to a conversation not introduction.

"Stambolof is telling me stories," explained old Arabella Crowley. "French stories, too. I shouldn't have believed him capable of them."
Buchanan made the brief, mirth-

less sound which passed with him for

laughter.
"Stambolof," he said, "if you are becoming a chatterbox, I'm done with you, All is over between us. The reason Stambolof and I have become me of these women go into the such cronies in so short a time." he such cronies in so short a time." he such cronies in so short a time." he said to Mrs. Crowley, "is that we have in common an Illimitable capacity for The old nonsense about the degration of housework should be scatted to the winds, and trained, skill-labor in that profession of home-labor in that profession of home-labor without a word.

ing without a word. And in the small hours we part on the best of terms. If he has become a gossip I shall cut my throat. Life will have no further joys for me. I don't take on new friends easily."

And that was very true. Buchanan did not make friends easily. It might fairly be said that he did not make them at all, for his few silent even-iogs with Stambolof counted for nothown reward, and when we are educated sufficiently to realize this, perhaps we'll be able to get proper service in our households. Buchanan went thru life alone. He was not a brute or a beast. Arabella Was not a brute or a beast. Arabella Crowley had wronged him there as did every one else. He was an unfortunate product of the atroclous mismating to which the human race is addicted. His father had been a Scots-Welsh scientist, a cold man, harsh and ascetic, who had married, as such are wont to do, a young Italian girl all smiles and softness and song and instability. The Italian died as genuine-ity crushed as if by the weight of a glacier, but before she died she had the misfortune to bring into the world a son. And this son grew up to manhood with two natures warring within him. Unhappily, the Scottish-Welsh was uppermost and outermost. None ever knew that there was a desperately shy sweetness inside the man. No one could have known. In-deed, by the time he married, it was

all but dead. There may have been women who could, even then, have given her and had it made into a saved it, had they known—nursed and scarf pin for her husband, and he called and petted it into health—but wore it! She told me the story in Beatrix Buchanan was drinking bitfront of him, and I never had any re-spect for either of them again. torness and eating sorrow just then, so that the last of the Italian blood then, Possible!" Send them all back; it's the only turned chill, and Buchanan became monest thing to do. what he was, a silent misanthrope, a gloom-enfolded dreamer of dreams, a recluse the gates to whose heart and soul were closed and barred-'No Trespassing' writ large across them. Still, as has been said, old Arabella wronged him. He was not a brute. He had come of a long line of gentlemen, and the ordinary instincts of his class were his laws. He never ill-treated his wife, save perhaps in marrying

his wife, save perhaps in marrying her, and there, it is probable, he had some desperate hope of snatching happiness in the face of his God; but he was often impatient with her, and sometimes more cruel than he realized. Without doubt he did his best, poor as that was: Fate had been against him from the first.

Even in externals he was oddly re-pellent. He was not quite an ugly man; given a different nature, he might have been rather handsome, but his natural gloom, and the almost wholly inactive life he led, had left him sallow and lean—lean almost to the point of emaciation; and, as has been said, he had a nervous habit of twitching his eyebrows constantly when he spoke, as if he were angry. He was of middle height, with dark eyes, which were too restless and shifting, and straight black hair. He had, shortly before this time, let his mustache and beard grow, the latter trimmed to a short point, and the ef-

fect was unpleasing—rather absurdly Mephistophelian. Altogether, the impression which he made upon those about him was of a hard man, unsympathetic to the joys or sorrows of others, self-centred. gloomy, and melancholic, with that odd touch of malice which is found in cripples, or all who are deformed. And this was a fairly accurate portrait of the man. He was, in truth, all these things—and little else. What take into consideration, was the combination of forces which had made him what he was. The world seldom does that; but in this case it happens to be of some importance, because it throws at least a faint gleam of light on the thing Buchanan did during the night which followed Harry Faring's

FARING. Faring's train was very late indeed -there had been an accident on the line, it appeared—so late that, by the time he arrived at the Lodge, one was dressing for dinner, and there was only the butler to greet him and make his hostess' excuses.

He dressed at once, with that un-usual quickness whic his characteristic of all men who spend much of their lives in travel, and who have, perforce, to make hasty toilets, and, when he had finished it, left his room, thinking that he would have time for a cigaret on the terrace before the other guests were down. head of the stairs he halted suddenly for some one was approaching along the dimly lighted upper hall, and, odd-ly, he knew by the very sound of her movement, before he raised his eyes, who the woman was.

Mrs. Buchanan saw him at the same moment, and stopped dead. She said, "Harry—Harry!" twice, in a strange little voice, and then came very slow-Ald, Lynch of Quebec and Billy Allan of Ottawa have been matched to meet at Montreal some time this month. The Weight is 117 pounds at 6 o'clock on the Herry," she said, as one who does not heed what she is saying. And Faring

said, stupidly:
"Yes!—Yes! isn't it?" Inwardly he was filled with a hot anger at himself for that his hand, which held hers, shook and jumped and could not be steaded. And he was full of a dismayed amazement, too, that her pre-scree should so rob him of his self-control—so set him to throbbing and tingling. He had thought himself

# The Aftermath of Stock-Taking IN SQUARE PIANOS

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volue at..... BARROMORE, NEW YORK-7 light rosewood case, octagon legs lyre, overstrung scale. A ver plane, and will give good say

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reserved case, overstrung scale, tine base; a thoroughly well mad and will give good satisfaction. GREAT UNION PIANO CO., NEW

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It cannot be impressed too often the ur closed stiffly and the woman's hand dropped to her side. At last he said, looking her in the eyes there in that half-light:
'Why did you ask me here, Betty?
You—shouldn't have. It would have een better for-both of us if you

"I know, Harry, I know," she said, in a whisper, touching his arm. "Oh, I know Harry— Well, it wasn't my fault. Herbert insisted." "Buchanan!" cried the man. "Bu-charan wanted me to come here? Im-

"You don't know him, Harry," she said, with a little, weary head-shake. vanted to watch us here together. Oh, he's more malicious than you could understand! It amuses him to torture things to torture me, for

Faring turned his head away that he might not see her face.

'He'd best not—go too far,' said
he, under his breath. 'He'd best not
do that. I've been living a good deal among people who—aren't very civil-ized. Betty. I expect it has made a

hadn't."

part—savage of me. I don't think I could—quite bear seeing you ill-treated Don't let him go too far." And then again, for a little space, neither of the two spoke. "Shall we go on down?" Mrs. Buchanan said, finally. "We're earlier than the others. They won't be down for a quarter of an hour, I should think." Faring turned, without speaking, and they went down into the

empty drawing-room, where a footman was making lights, and crossed the room and stepped out thru an open window upon the terrace. It was not yet dark. The dusk was beginning to gather, and, out over the eader sea to the west, streaks of pale light, rose and gold and green and lavender, still remained above the horizon. It was a warm evening, with a soft, fitful breeze, with summer odors, with cheeping of birds and in-

sects. There was a savor of smoke in the air above the clean, keen savor of the sea. Mrs. Buchanan stood by the balustrade of the terrace, lax, her hands hanging at her sides, her face turned to that thin, pale wash of colors in the western sky, but the man watched her face and saw how the joy of life had gone out of it—saw the darkness beneath her eyes, and the droop of her mouth that had never drooped in other days. And, because he had loved her so long, an agony gripped him. watching, and a fierce, burning rage at the man who had made her what

she was.
"Oh. Betty!" he cried, and some of that agony and burning rage

### A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

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"I was doctoring for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week I was able to walk with very little

mayed amazement, too, that her prescrice stoud so rob him of his self-control—so set him to throbbing and tingling. He had thought himself very strong.

Then, for a moment, neither of them, it appeared, could think of anything

necessity of using pure goods.

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must have been in his tone, for the woman turned with a quick breath that was like a sob. "Don't!" she said, sharply, "Harry, don't! You-mustn't make it any-harder for me. Listen, Harry, you n ust help me all you can in these next few days. I shall need it. I need it now, for I'm not very well, and I'm nervous and overwrought, and it's going to be very difficult to talk and laugh with these people who are here, and to pretend that nothing is wrong. It's a terrible thing that you and I should be here together with that— with my husband watching us and grinning and chuckling to himself over my distress, but it's got to be gone my distress, but it's got to be gone thru with. Oh, I was a fool to let you come—to send for you—Harry, can't you see? I—wanted so to see you, and, when he demanded that I ask you, when he— No, please, don't say anything! Only this—help me all you can. We mustn't have any more talks like this. We mustn't tell the truth again. We must lie, Harry. truth again. We must lie, Harry, lie and grin and make jokes, and never let any one know—that—our—hearts are—breaking. Help me, Harry!"

She was very near to sobbing then-Faring strained his hands together behind him, and shut his teeth. He loved her very dearly, and this sort of thing was not easy to bear. He turned away and walked to the other end of the long terrace, and Beatrix Buchanan, in spite of the nervous spasm which was shaking her—well nigh overpowering her-watched him go, watched with a sort of flerce pride the set of his head—thrust forward, in a way he had when under stress, with the strong cords of his neck straining at his collar-watched the brown hands,, so fast clinched behind his back that the fingers had gone white. And when at last he turned and came towards her, she saw his face and she drew a quick, little sigh of relief, as one who, after strain and danger, sees safety and rest approaching. For she knew that he was very strong and sure and unwavering, and that she could lean upon him to the utter-

Indeed, he looked like a man upor whom a woman might lean. Strength was the first impression one gained upon meeting him-quiet, indomitable, unpretentious strength. Possibly this was in part because he was an unusually silent young man. Strong men are never talkative. More probably it was the odd squareness of head and face, which seemed made up en-tirely of straight lines—straight brows, straight high nose, close-shutting nouth, square-cleft chin; that and the brows, very calmly upon the world, Removed to No. 80 Yonge-street, quite without expression. They told Telephone Main 4361.

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nothing-like Stambolof's eyes. Indeed, but for the Russian's grizzled mustache and "mouche," which hid his mouth, the two men would have been strangel yalike, for they had the same type. Young Faring must have been, at this time, about one and thirty, but he looked older, for his face was exceedingly tanned and burn-ed and weather-beaten, so that it was darker in tone than his fair hair. Here again he was like Stambolof, for wind and weather had wrought upon him, in less measure, of course, what tragedy had wrought upon the elder The two might almost passed for brothers.

(To be continued.)

level, unwinking gaze of his eyes New York Central Lines Ticket which looked out, deep set under their Office.

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