

A Column Which is Supposed To Be Of Interest To Women

Herein are Related Facts and Fancies Concerning the Activities of Individuals and Organizations, the Home, Fashions and Other Matters.

NEWS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

We are always pleased to receive any news of Women's Societies, fashion notes, new or tried recipes, etc., which may be of interest to our readers and we will publish same when suitable. All communications for these columns to have name and address (not for publication), and to be addressed to the Editor, Women's Column, The St. John Standard, St. John.

MARGUERITE'S WEEKLY CHAT.

Feetness.

It may be well for some of us to stop and think about this virtue. Are we polite or are we merely not actually rude? When you go through a swinging door, do you stop and see if someone is behind you, and do you say: "Thank you," audibly to the really polite person who holds open the door for you. Are you early at the theatre, so that you can see all the play, or are you considerate enough to dislike spoiling other people's views of the pictures? When an elderly person talks to you, do you really listen with interest, or do you say yes, and no, and get away at the earliest opportunity. It is impossible to think of manners without going to the root of the matter, which is of course consideration for others—a grace which is too often lost sight of in these days of hurry and good works. Old fashioned politeness and respect for our elders are too few things to be pushed aside even by Red Cross work, or missionary zeal.

Turning to Good Account Edinburgh's Waste Paper.

A systematic collection of waste paper is made by Edinburgh Corporation, and all the material is brought to the depot at Powderhall, where it is arranged and sorted out by women workers, and then pressed into bales and made ready for dispatching to the paper mills. In a recent month the collection of wastepaper, when sold, realized as much as \$220.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is an extremely warm-hearted woman. It is told of her that long before the war, learning that a young artist, a violinist was desperately ill in hospital surroundings, the queen went to her and being herself a fine violinist, played all the girl's favorite music, repeating the visit daily until death made her visit unnecessary.

Many Mansions.

The Father's house has many rooms and each is fair: By silent stair: But he keeps house, and makes it home: Whichever way the children come.—E. C. K.

Women at Lloyd's.

A new departure was taken recently in respect of signing policies at Lloyd's, says the Daily Express. In the old days the matter of securing the signatures of the various underwriting syndicates took weeks and sometimes months to carry out, but all this will now be altered, as premises have been opened at Great Winchester street, and a staff of women will do their best to show what the sex can do when it invades the precincts of the city office sacred to man. Brokers will have a distinguishing number, and as soon as the underwriters have initiated the slips accepting

Tricks, these will be taken to the bureau with the policies and signatures attached at once. About thirty of the more prominent syndicates have expressed their willingness to support the venture, and no doubt if success awaits the undertaking others will follow.

Care of the Tooth Brush.

The care of the toothbrush is not sufficiently observed. In our houses, a writer very properly remarks, they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the stationary wash bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least about twice a week—in some antiseptic solution, strong salt water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being too good and readily provided cleaners. Tooth washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered.

Furnished a Good Grip.

"The cave-dweller would set a woman by the hair and drag her to his

FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER BOWELS

Spend 10 cents! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated.

Can't harm you! Best cathartic for men, women and children.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel bully. Take Cascarets tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fit. Mothers can give a whole Cascaret to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND.

Single—Wm. Crawford, \$10; L. Thompson, \$5; Mrs. W. O. Slipp, \$5. Monthly—Sydney Francis (two months), \$4; V. J. Woodrow, \$1; Mrs. Thos. Ferguson, \$1; R. Balmain, \$5c; A. E. Murray (two months), \$5c; Mrs. John Robson (two months), \$5c; A. C. Evans (two months), \$5c; W. H. Fuller (three months), \$1; Mrs. Thos. McKenna (two months), \$1; R. McDonald, \$5c; John Carlson, \$5c; T. Mitchell (two months), \$1; Samuel Fox (three months), \$5c; Mrs. Michael Hayes (two months), \$5c; C. A. Owens (two months), \$10; A. B. Hood (three months), \$3; Dr. G. G. Melvin, \$5; J. H. G., \$2; A. B. McIntosh, \$1; T. C. D., (three months), \$15; David S. Betts, \$1; Dr. N. R. Colter, \$1; E. T. C. Knowles, \$15; F. H. Brennan, \$2; F. McGowan (two months), \$4; E. L. Jarvis, \$2; W. G. Sancton, \$1; Taylor & Swenney, \$2; R. P. Church, \$2; Edgar H. Fairweather, \$5; L. A. Conlon, \$2; W. T. McShane (two months), \$1; R. C. Elkin, \$20; W. M. Ryan, \$1; City of St. John, \$1,000; D. G. Lingley, \$5; W. J. Ambrose, \$10; Mrs. W. J. Ambrose, \$5; Wm. H. Bell (two months), \$4; Mrs. L. R. Webb, \$5c; H. M. Lattimer (two months), \$1.

Ladies! during the busy days of moving and house cleaning, do not worry about your sewing but come to the "Practise Boys' Hall on Tuesday, April 25th, where we will have our sale aprons, dust caps, boys' suits, blouses, children's dresses and underwear at the lowest possible prices. Also serve an up-to-date supper for a quarter (25c) from five to eight p.m. The proceeds of this sale is to buy

home," commented the best man at the wedding.

Blue Cross.

A blue cross on a white ground stands for help for animals, as the Red Cross does for people. The windows of the old Oak Hall are full of potted plants in full bloom and the window showing the Blue Cross emblem is particularly lovely. Mr. W. Pederson is giving a percentage on the sale of flowers. Tuesday Miss Catherine McAvity was in charge of this fragrant spring show, assisted by Miss Will Lockhart and Mrs. MacKelgan. Yesterday Miss Dorothy Bizzari, assisted by Miss Helen McAvity, Miss Gertrude Phillips and Miss Catherine McAvity sold the flowers and report good sales. The whole enterprise is under the direction of Miss Violet Whitaker. To help dumb animals is a privilege and buying a flower is a pleasure, so anyone can assist this good work by making a purchase.

PERSONAL.

Dear Uncle Dick:

I have been reading the Children's Corner for some time, and would like to join the Corner if there is room, as there are so many nice and helpful letters. I am sending in the answers to the Flower Competition and hope I will be successful. I like reading very much, and have read a great number of your books. I must close now. Your niece, Yula Dennison.

An Interesting Letter.

Dear Uncle Dick:—I have been very interested in reading the Children's Corner, and would try some of the competitions. I go to school and like it fine, am in the third reader. Have two miles to walk to school. My pets are the cat and dog, and a little colt. I have six cousins, enlisted for overseas service, and wish I were old enough to go to guess my letter is long enough, so will close with best wishes. Yours truly, Harold M. Gaunce.

Try Every Contest.

I thought I would try the contest again this week. I do not try the contest every week, for I suppose you don't want every one to try in the contest every week. I go to school every day, and I am in grade five. I am very interested in "Uncle Wiggly" stories. I have two kittens, one is tortoiseshell, the other is gray. I think I will close now. With love, Minnie Estabrooks.

Like the Corner Very Much.

Dear Uncle Dick:—This is the first time I have wrote to you. I like the Corner awful well, I like the Uncle Wiggly stories too. I found quite a few names out of the word "interesting." I guess I will close with good wishes to you and the Corner. Your niece, Olive R. Willis.

SEATS NOW SELLING FOR "THE WHITE FEATHER."

The seat sale for the entire engagement of "The White Feather" at the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, opens at the box office this morning, and as scarcely anything but "The White Feather" is being talked about just now, the chances are there won't be even standing room when this wonderful play comes to town. The play tells of a battle of wits between the British war office and a band of German spies, who are laying their schemes for a submarine raid on the British coast. "The White Feather" is described as the play of the day, the hour, the very instant, containing a delightful love story, tremendous surprises, countless thrills, wholesome comedy and the vital punch which has made it the success of three continents—England, America and Australia. William A. Brady, Ltd., whose productions are so well known here, is sponsor for "The White Feather," and Mr. Brady is sending here the entire original New York cast, including Albert Brown.

SCHOONER BADLY DAMAGED.

The British schooner Alcaz from Fort Medway, N. S., passed City Island Tuesday and reported that 45 miles east of Cape Cod Saturday morning, April 15, during a heavy gale, she lost 35,000 feet of lumber and a small boat and broke her main boom. The cabin became filled with water, the hull was damaged and the vessel is leaking.

STEAMER ST. ANDREWS.

The steamer St. Andrews, Capt. William Grant, began on the St. Croix route this week from Calais to Eastport, making three round trips a week, with stops at Robinson and St. Andrews. Steamers now arrive from Boston on Tuesday and Saturday for a short time when the summer schedule of three round trips a week will commence.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

"Fruit-a-tives" Cleans, Purifies, Enriches.

Fruit Juice is Nature's own remedy. "FRUIT-A-TIVES," the famous fruit medicine, keeps the blood pure and rich because it keeps the whole system free of impurities.

"Fruit-a-tives" improves the Skin Action; enables the stomach to digest food properly; makes the bowels move regularly; and relieves the strain on the Kidneys.

By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" rids the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply. 50c. a box, 4 for 2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Children's Corner

Letters Received by Uncle Dick From His Boys and Girls

TODAY'S LITTLE JOKE.

"Uncle," said young Joe, "I bet I can do something you can't."
"Well, what is it?" smiled Uncle.
"Grow," replied the youngster, triumphantly.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MAIL BAG.

Always Plenty of Room.

Dear Uncle Dick:—I have been reading the Children's Corner for some time, and would like to join the Corner if there is room, as there are so many nice and helpful letters. I am sending in the answers to the Flower Competition and hope I will be successful. I like reading very much, and have read a great number of your books. I must close now. Your niece, Yula Dennison.

An Interesting Letter.

Dear Uncle Dick:—I have been very interested in reading the Children's Corner, and would try some of the competitions. I go to school and like it fine, am in the third reader. Have two miles to walk to school. My pets are the cat and dog, and a little colt. I have six cousins, enlisted for overseas service, and wish I were old enough to go to guess my letter is long enough, so will close with best wishes. Yours truly, Harold M. Gaunce.

Try Every Contest.

I thought I would try the contest again this week. I do not try the contest every week, for I suppose you don't want every one to try in the contest every week. I go to school every day, and I am in grade five. I am very interested in "Uncle Wiggly" stories. I have two kittens, one is tortoiseshell, the other is gray. I think I will close now. With love, Minnie Estabrooks.

Like the Corner Very Much.

Dear Uncle Dick:—This is the first time I have wrote to you. I like the Corner awful well, I like the Uncle Wiggly stories too. I found quite a few names out of the word "interesting." I guess I will close with good wishes to you and the Corner. Your niece, Olive R. Willis.

SEATS NOW SELLING FOR "THE WHITE FEATHER."

The seat sale for the entire engagement of "The White Feather" at the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, opens at the box office this morning, and as scarcely anything but "The White Feather" is being talked about just now, the chances are there won't be even standing room when this wonderful play comes to town. The play tells of a battle of wits between the British war office and a band of German spies, who are laying their schemes for a submarine raid on the British coast. "The White Feather" is described as the play of the day, the hour, the very instant, containing a delightful love story, tremendous surprises, countless thrills, wholesome comedy and the vital punch which has made it the success of three continents—England, America and Australia. William A. Brady, Ltd., whose productions are so well known here, is sponsor for "The White Feather," and Mr. Brady is sending here the entire original New York cast, including Albert Brown.

SCHOONER BADLY DAMAGED.

The British schooner Alcaz from Fort Medway, N. S., passed City Island Tuesday and reported that 45 miles east of Cape Cod Saturday morning, April 15, during a heavy gale, she lost 35,000 feet of lumber and a small boat and broke her main boom. The cabin became filled with water, the hull was damaged and the vessel is leaking.

STEAMER ST. ANDREWS.

The steamer St. Andrews, Capt. William Grant, began on the St. Croix route this week from Calais to Eastport, making three round trips a week, with stops at Robinson and St. Andrews. Steamers now arrive from Boston on Tuesday and Saturday for a short time when the summer schedule of three round trips a week will commence.

News of The St. John Theatres Told in The Right Way

Who's Who and What's What in the Picture Game and on the Stage—Film Favorites and What They Say and Do.

IMPERIAL.

Yesterday the Imperial gave us one of those fine Metro productions featuring Hamilton Revelle and Lois Meredith. "An Enemy to Society," one of the handsomest men on the stage, as he is called, takes the part of Steven Adams, a sort of modern Robin Hood, who steals from the rich to give to the poor. There is one rather amusing scene on board ship where "Adams" cheats "Janissary," a very rich merchant, out of a large sum of money at cards, afterwards handing the check over to Janissary's ward for a model tenement house. The story is partly on the lines of "Alias Jimmie Valentine," in that it is the influence of "Decima" (Lois Meredith), who turns Adams from a sneak thief to the straight path and also in that he returns to do evil that good may come. Steven Adams is called at one time "the finest crook in the world," a very characteristic speech coming from a gang of thieves. The story has some good surprises and the methods used by gamblers and thieves are shown as most ingenious. Certainly people in picture plays all seem to live in beautiful palaces, the home of Janissary being a very grand mansion indeed.

A well managed picture is the party at a gambler's house where revelry is going on and yet the scenes are kept free from vulgarity. Hamilton Revelle is surely good looking and I hear we are to see him in quite another character later. Lois Meredith is a dainty little actress, looking prettier in her street clothes than in fairs, I thought. She cries real tears in one scene which seems to be almost a common accomplishment in these motion picture days.

The delayed Paramount travel pictures were also shown yesterday and they comprised some very fine views of Rio de Janeiro which made me regret to go to Rio, really down to Rio, some day before I'm old. The city looked most beautiful and interestingly different from northern cities. Buenos Aires was also shown with quite wonderful horse races where millions are won and lost by betting. The Universal Weekly and Zeppelin raids on England, pictures of Welsh flag day with girls in the quaint costumes selling Welsh emblems, troops at Hendon, hospital supplies for the war department, a fine big bear named John L. Sullivan, and the armor-plated Dinosaur being hauled through New York streets in an argument against preparedness (and a mighty poor argument, too).

While her admirers were applauding Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Pippin," she was hard at work in "The Eternal Grind" where she appears as a factory girl.

The Standard editor of these columns had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Louis B. Mayer, now of New York City, who is in St. John visiting his parents. Mr. Mayer is one of the directors of the Metro Pictures Limited, and left last night for Boston. He had some very interesting things to tell about the stars of Metro and there will be more and more good pictures for us to enjoy later.

Signor Manetta is able to sing again and got his usual fine reception. The blending of the two voices in the final duet was very delightful.

The author, who is using a New York publisher for selling the motion picture rights of a 400-word story which he sold to the magazine ten years ago for \$250, reserving the dramatic and book-publishing rights,

CLARA FAIRWEATHER.

MATINEE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT Today 2.15 at 8.15

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" And That Grand SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEAT SALE OPENS TODAY FOR "THE WHITE FEATHER"

A New Matinee Idol Appears Upon the Film Horizon

HAMILTON REVELLE English AT IMPERIAL Adonis at IMPERIAL

"AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY"

THE MANETTA DUO IN SONG

EXTRA! We Will Show SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVELOGUES

ALSO UNIVERSAL ANIMATED WEEKLY

THE UNIQUE THEATRE

takes great pleasure in presenting THOS. H. INCE'S late success—"THE MATING," having as its star the celebrated beauty of the screen, Miss Bessie Barriscale, who won such laurels in "The Cup of Life" and other well-known productions. Miss Barriscale is conceded to be one of the most popular emotional actresses on the screen, and in "THE MATING," a five-part Mutual masterpiece, she is seen as an ambitious school-girl who is socially neglected. Her work is very commendable and the interest of the story is well sustained by her efforts. "THE MATING" deviates somewhat from the themes of most plays, being unique in both plot and dramatic effect.

THE COMEDY is a delightfully amusing Falstaff number—"AMBITIOUS, AWKWARD ANDY"—the most prominent characters being impersonated by Mr. Walter Hies and Mr. Riley Chamberlain.

THIS PROGRAM is a representative one, selected for the Easteride, and will surely please.

USUAL MATINEES—Special Performances Good Friday. SEND THE CHILDREN Saturday afternoon.

Selected Features for Easter Time

AMERICAN SOCIOLOGICAL-DRAMA IN TWO ACTS: "THE DAY OF RECKONING" VIVIAN RICH starred in a play of moral worth and interest. How a betrayer was himself betrayed and justice won out.

THE BEAUTIES OF MONTEREY, CAL. Pretty palmied city visited by the Mutual Traveler.

A COMEDY OF A FLIVVER, A GIRL AND A JUDGE—"MAUD MULLER MODERNIZED" DAINY LADIES SINGING PRETTY SONGS AND TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC! "OVERALLS" THE CLARE SISTERS Good Friday—Special Matinee and Evening Performances

The Broad

"Which Way?"

(Continued from yesterday.)
"Let be," said I to myself, turning away, "let be. I am as I am, and shall be henceforth in very truth as I am, blacksmith—and content so to be—absolutely content."

"At eight of me Charman burst out laughing, the which, though I had expected it, angered me nevertheless. "Why, Peter?" he exclaimed, "you look like—"

"A very low fellow!" said I, "say a village blacksmith who has been at his abominations."

"If you only had rings in your ears, and a scarf round your head, you would be the image of a Spanish brigand—or like the man Minna whose exploits The Gazette is full of—a Spanish general, I think."

"A guerrilla leader," said I, taking my place at the table, "and a singularly cold-blooded villain—indeed I think it probable that we much resemble one another; is it any wonder that I am shunned by my kind—avoided by the ignorant and regarded askance by the rest?"

"Why Peter?" said Charman, "rings in your ears, and a scarf round your head, you would be the image of a Spanish brigand—or like the man Minna whose exploits The Gazette is full of—a Spanish general, I think."

"I mean that the country folk here about go out of their way to avoid crossing my path—not that I suppose they ever heard of Minna, but because of my looks."

"Your looks?"
"They think me possessed of the Evil Eye, or some such folly—may I cut you a piece of bread?"

"Oh, Peter?"
"And, who—hang himself if you—'Appetizer' repeated indignantly, 'say the devil of his name!'"

"Oh, Peter, how foolish of them!"
"And how excusable! considering their ignorance and superstition," said I.

"I mean, in the man of man, woman, or child; they (especially women and children) share, in common with dogs and horses, that divine attribute which, for want of a better name, we call 'instinct,' whereby they love or hate for the mere tone of a voice, the glance of an eye, the motion of a hand, and the love or hate once given, the prejudice for or against, is seldom wholly overcome."

"Indeed," said Charman, "I believe in first impressions."

"Being a woman," said I, "I believe in a woman's."

"Being a woman," she nodded; "and the instinct of dog and child and woman has often proved true in the end."

"Surely instinct is always true!" said I—"I thank you for another piece of bread, but, strangely enough, dogs generally make friends with me very readily, and the few children to whom I've spoken have neither screamed nor run away from me. Still, as I said before, I am aware that my looks are scarcely calculated to gain the love of man, woman, or child; not that it matters greatly, seeing that I am able to hold very high converse with either."

"There is one woman, Peter, to whom you have talked by the hour together—"

"And who is doubtless a weary enough of it all—more especially of Epictetus and Trojan Helen."

"Two lumps of sugar, Peter?"
"Thank you, women! very like flowers," I began.

"That is a very profane remark, sir!—more especially coming from one who has studied and known woman-kind so deeply!"

"Is it so very chasty, indeed I am allowed to waste their sweet smiles on the desert air?"

"And philosophical blacksmiths, Peter?"

"More so if they be poor blacksmiths."
"I said 'philosophical,' Peter."

"You probably find your situation horribly lonely here?" I went on after a pause.

"Yes; it's nice and lonely, Peter."
"And, undoubtedly, this cottage is very poor and mean, and—oh—humble?" Charman smiled and shook his head.

"But then, Charman Brown is a very humble person, sir."
"And you haven't even the luxury of a mirror to dress your hair by?"

"No, no," said I humbly, "indeed I was thinking—"

"Well, Peter?"
"That it was very—beautiful!"
"Why, you told me that last night—come, what do you think of it this morning?"

"With those leaves in it—it is even more so!"
Charman laughed, and, rising, swept me a stately courtesy.

"After all, sir, we find there be exceptions to every rule!"
"You mean?"

"Even blacksmiths!"
And in a while, having finished my breakfast, I rose, and taking my hat, bade Charman "Good morning," and so came to the door. But on the threshold I turned and looked back at her. She had risen, and stood leaning with one hand on the table; now in the other she held the breadknife, and her eyes were upon mine.

And lo! wonder of wonders! once again, but this time sudden and swift—up from the round, full column of her throat, up over cheek and brow there rushed that vivid tide of color; her eyes grew suddenly deep and soft, and then were hidden 'neath her lashes—and, in that same moment, the knife slipped from her grasp, and falling, point downwards, stood quivering in the floor between us—an ugly thing that gleamed evilly.

Was this an omen—a sign vouchsafed of that which dark and terrible, was, even then, marching to meet us upon this Broad Highway? O Blind, and more than blind!