

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP,
SOFTENING WATER,
REMOVING PAINT,
DISINFECTING SINKS,
CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

with Welsh Rarebit.

The Original & Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.



REAL REST FOR THE WEARY

There is nothing more necessary for perfect health than a good Mattress in the Home.

The "KELLARIC" is built by Hand, Layer upon Layer, of Clean selected Cotton. Not Lumpy or Uneven, but a Soft Downy Even Surface, insuring Restful Sleep.

The "KELLARIC" has a Laced Opening at the End of the Mattress which allows Inspection. Then our "MONEY BACK" Guarantee goes with every Mattress.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Box Springs and Mattresses in Canada.

Address all Correspondence to Dept. "C."

BERLIN BEDDING CO., Limited
BERLIN TORONTO

The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

The Actress with the Dustcloth.

I PAUSED before the door of the suite where I had met Margaret Anglin, one year before. Someone opened it in surprise. Someone holding a dustcloth in one hand. She had not heard me knock. She came to shake the fragments of dust from the cloth in the corridor of the King Edward Hotel.

"She will come and sit in this chair, and perhaps lean her elbow on this table. Which will never never do." Hence my gymnastics with the dustcloth."

So Charlotte Walker had reasoned, when the voice over the phone had told her there was a dreadful interviewer in the reception room. And I had gone up to 821, just as soon as I had poked a few strands of hair back under my hat, and dabbed a bit of fluff on my nose. That was not long enough to allow for a careful dusting of the table, however. I ran right into the dustcloth.

"I have some of the dearest little cakes in there,"—pointing somewhere in the region of the King Street elevators—"and I'd be perfectly delighted if you would have tea with me."

How could I? I had sipped my third cup that afternoon, about five minutes before, but the vision of those cakes was alluring. And her voice was so mellow and velvety and "singy," it simply turned my good resolutions all topsy turvy—almost. But I summoned up a storehouse of courage, and told the truth.

"Well, I'm not very keen on it, myself, being an American, but I thought you English people here in Canada are accustomed to that kind of thing, and I'd love to pour tea for you."

Her sweet, open countenance chased away any wandering bits of pessimism, which might have flitted through my mind, and all at once, my resolve to be very diplomatic and blase, fell into nothingness with a crash. Sincerity simply exuded from Charlotte Walker, in every move, and there enshrouded her the greatest and most unusual cloak of modernism, perfect frankness.

Her blonde hair peeped into her eyes in fascinating little curls, and her mouth formed itself into perpetual smiles of optimism. She has a way of looking at one, which seems to challenge any unworthy thought, and send it skulking into the fields of shamefacedness. And wonder, of wonders, she is utterly and irreparably devoid of egotism.

"They surely said dreadful things about me in New York," she remarked, as naturally as if she were commenting on the colour of the smoke which hung over the Bay. "They said I was an absurdity in this play, and that I 'sang' the words in imitation of an English actress. Strange, when I went on the road, I sent the managers back the greatest part of ten and twelve thousand dollars a week. And in this civilized age of art and learning, money counts. Let me tell you, if you ever write a play and place it, don't, I implore you, allow each of a dozen critic-assassins to dig his theatrical poinard into it. If you do, you won't recognize your effort on opening night, the press will hurl nasty epithets at you, and you will become, in the language of the mimic land, a DUB."

She was most enthusiastic in her plea for individuality and maintained that, to have it, one must be a regular insurgent, to learn the role of which she sits in daily observation of the tactics of her clever husband, Eugene Walter. He who made righteous Boston gasp when it learned the truth in "The Easiest Way."

I left her in an hour, with the music of her last words singing in my ears, "Put on your pretty clothes, bring five of your friends to-night, and I'll give you a box. And next time, I hope you'll let me pour you some tea."

"Rebecca," the Precocious.

EDITH TALIAFERRO is no longer known as a sister of Mabel, who created the name part of "Polly of the Circus." Edith has made good, by her

own right, and is going abroad, next season, with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and all the accessories. Which makes her fourth season in the role of the little country girl.

If you were to see Edith walking along Yonge, Sparks or Catherine Streets, you would never recognize her as the little girl in the old-fashioned dress, who climbs out of the window, on a stormy night and runs away in the dark. She looks quite grown-up in her chic grey suit and summery poke bonnet. And the loose veil even adds to the grown-upness. But the same wistful little face looks at you from behind the veil, as made the old stage coachman climb down off his box and unlock the door of Aunt Miranda's big brick house. It is the face of a girl who has the correct idea about this thing called the mimic sphere, and who still believes that the public can be induced to attend a sound, clean performance if they have the chance. Miss Taliaferro has exemplified this, because she has remained successfully in



EDITH TALIAFERRO,
starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

the simple, sweet little play, "Rebecca," for three seasons.

I had the appointment with Miss Taliaferro, in her dressing room, before the play. There she was, sitting in the dearest little pink kimono, her hair tied up tight behind her ears, her fingers travelling from the cream jars to her cheeks. On the wall were hung the tiny dresses she uses for the part, and the much despised straw hat. And everywhere were dolls, great and small, ugly and beautiful. They looked quite in keeping with the rest of the room, and the diminutive occupant.

"People will not let me grow up," she said, between dabs. "They send me dolls and dolls and then some more. For a while, I took to giving them away, but now I want them again, so I am going to keep all that I have sent to me. It is a good way to amuse the babies that come back to see me, after matinees. Mothers bring them back, and how they enjoy looking at all the funny things on my dressing table."

The ornament which occupied the stellar position on Miss Taliaferro's dressing-table was a large photograph of her sister Mabel, so well remembered for her excellent work in "Polly of the Circus." The sisters look much alike, in feature and size. But Mabel has blue eyes and fair hair, and Edith hair as black as the wings of a raven and eyes like sloes. Both have an equally large following, and hundreds of little kiddies attend every matinee and laugh and weep with Polly or Rebecca.

Gossip of the Players.

BILLIE BURKE has just been with us. This season finds Billie about six years younger, and all her admiring matinee girls say she is more adorable than ever in the title role of "The Runaway."

ADELE RITCHIE, more commonly recognized as "The Dresden China Prima Donna," is a connoisseur on cats. Her most recent purchase is an Angora beauty, for which, according to her clever press agent, she paid a thousand dollars. The feline has a French maid.