The World's Daily Home Magazine for Women

Edited by..... Irene Currie Love

Fight Hard Against Letting The World Make You Bitter

No matter how roughly life may treat you, fight desperately hard against allowing yourself to grow hard and bitter.

A woman's sweetness and gentleness are her greatest charms, and her strongest weapons. To be hard and bitter and cynical is to lose all lovableness.

You may have the hardest kind of luck; everything may go wrong; but as long as you are brave and sweet over it you will at least have the sympathy of your friends.

If your misfortunes turn you crabbed and bitter, no one will feel one bit sorry for you.

A cynical woman turns all the milk of human kindness into vinegar. According to her creed there is nothing good and nothing true. She ascribes false motives to every kindness.

To be sweet-tempered, to take things bravely and cheerfully, and not to take offence at every fancied slight, should be the aim of every girl who desires to make herself popular.

Half the time when you take offence the cause lies in your own imagination.

I am not advising you to be poor-spirited and to allow yourself to be imposed upon, but merely to use your common-sense and look well into a thing before you fly off the handle and look upon yourself as insulted.

I know a young woman who is always imagine herself slighted. Sometimes she is offended at me for hours, and I have not the least idea what at.

She is not a very pleasant companion when in that mood, and I always leave her alone. After a while she emerges from her cloud of sulkiness, looking rather ashamed of herself but it does not prevent her from doing the same thing the next time she fancies she has cause.

Woman is supposed to be lovable and gentle. That is one reason why men seek her. A restful, sweet-natured woman can leave an entire household.

Don't try to make sharp, sarcastic speeches. Sarcasm on the lips of a young girl is not attractive.

You may think it clever and smart to say sharp things, but men won't think any the better of you for uttering them.

Never try to be funny at the expense of other people. A woman cannot be too sweet and charitable in her views of life and people.

If you say unkind things about other girls, men will only think you are jealous, and will take the side of the person you are reviling.

If you can't bring yourself to be charitable, keep quiet and don't say anything.

Remember always, "Least said soonest mended."

People grow extremely weary of the person who never sees the nice side of things or of people.

If everyone is down on you and you have no friends, the fault is yours alone, you may be quite sure of that.

The sunny-hearted, sweet-tempered people are the ones who hold their friends. Bitterness and gloom will drive everyone away from you.

Sweetness and gentleness are the qualities that make a girl most lovable.

Imitation Jewelry.

What we might call "brummagen" jewelry is the rule nowadays rather than an exceptional vulgarity, as it would once have been called. The art nouveau designers of bijouteries are responsible, for in their anxiety to exploit their novel and very beautiful and artistic designs they have used the imitation gems in their workmanship, realizing that the very oddity of their design precluded its long use, for naturally the fastidious woman of fashion tired of it. And, too, beautiful and very costly jewels would, if it were not for their use of the imitation, be constantly undergoing the process of transformation in the effort to keep up the ever-shifting fashion in artistic workmanship. However, the term false or imitation jewelry is never used; stones are "reconstructed," or they are "mechanical." There are several places in Paris which deal entirely in this kind of jewelry. They look to the casual passer-by like the most serious and high-class kind of shop, and there is no sign to intimate that the few pieces of jewelry discreetly shown are not real. Their prices are by no means cheap, for their designs are costly and beautiful, and all the small diamonds used in the settings are true stones.

The Beauty Mania.

The fad for grooming and improving the skin and hair has grown to such proportions that it's a positive craze. It's two-thirds absurd, and seven-eighths productive of disastrous results. I hope my equation works out right mathematically! Whether the work is done at home according to directions given in beauty recipes, or is accomplished in a high-priced establishment where all sorts of new fangled treatments are in vogue the effect is unmistakable. Too much massage takes the life out of the skin and gives it a fragile and pulpy look. Sometimes it makes the cheeks baggy at the jaws. When the wrong sort of skin food is used, open pores result and the texture of the skin is spoiled. In the same way the overmarcelled head comes to resemble a hairdresser's block, and the figure too tightly laced loses all its natural grace. The beauty maniac succeeds in turning herself from an ordinarily good looking woman into a fright, and ages herself by ten years. One trouble is that women take one another's prescriptions and use them indiscriminately, altho the same cream or lotion is not suited to all skins. In this matter, as in all others pertaining to the body, what is good for one may be injurious to another.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Sandys, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Denison, during the winter, returned to Chatham yesterday.

Mrs. Charles B. Doherty, announces the engagement of her daughter, Ethel Margaret, to Frederick Joseph Foy. The marriage will take place June 4.

The wedding of Miss Essy Case, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Case, Spadina-road, to Captain Chas. Straubenzie, R.C.D., son of the late Colonel Straubenzie, will take place on Wednesday, June 5.

Among the many interesting weddings announced to take place next month is that of Miss Eva May Acheson, daughter of Mr. William Acheson of Goderich, and Mr. Philip Holt Horton, of the staff of the Bank of Montreal, Brockville, Ont.

Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy of East Dover announce the engagement of their daughter, Maude Agnes, to M. W. F. Morgan Dean of the Crown Bank, Woodstock, second son of Rev. Francis Morgan Dean, M.A., T.C.D.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Neilson announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Louise, to Mr. Roy L. Harrison of Quebec, formerly of Grimsby.

World Pattern Department

1859—Ladies' Jumper.
Closed at Back.
Paris Pattern No. 1859.
All Seams Allowed.

Another development of the jumper idea is shown in this pretty over waist. Made of white messaline laced with silk cords, it is worn over a net or lace guimpe waist having full puff sleeves. Altho more appropriate to silk than any other material, it could also be made in linen with a skirt to match and the guimpe waist contrasting.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the jumper needs 2 yards of material 20 inches wide, or 1 1-4 yards 36 inches wide, or 1 1-8 yards 42 inches wide; 4 yards of cord.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Pattern Department
Toronto World
Send the above pattern to
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Size Wanted—(Give age of Child's, or Miss' Pattern.)

DEATH OF G. F. MARTER ILLNESS FROM DIABETES

Former Conservative Leader in Legislature Succumbs to Diabetes.

George F. Marter, ex-M.L.A., at one time leader of the Conservative opposition in the Ontario legislature, and well known as a temperance leader in the province, died early yesterday morning at his home, 12 Elm Grove-avenue. Mr. Marter had been confined to his bed for some time with diabetes and his death was not unexpected.

All the members of his family were present at his bedside.

The late Mr. Marter was a member of Dunn-avenue Methodist Church, and a public service will be held for him in the church.

The funeral will take place on Monday next. A private service for the

family will be held at 10 a.m. at the residence, conducted by the deceased's pastor, Rev. W. H. Hincks. At 10.30 the body will be removed to Dunn-avenue Methodist Church, where the public service will be held at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. W. H. Hincks will conduct the service, in which Rev. J. A. Rankin, D.D., Rev. Dr. German and Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., of Brampton, will take part.

There will be six pallbearers, two being from the Dominion Alliance, two from the Y.M.C.A., and two from the church.

The service will be over by 3 o'clock, after which the remains will be taken to Mount Pleasant Cemetery for interment.

Born in 1840.

The late George Frederick Marter was the eldest son of the late Dr. Peter Marter of England and his wife, Augusta, daughter of Hon. Harris Hatch of St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

George F. Marter's father came from Nova Scotia to Brantford and at the latter town, on June 6, 1840, the late Mr. Marter was born.

He was educated in the Brantford Grammar School and early in life engaged in business as a merchant, during which time he became one of the prominent business men of his town and district and took an active part in municipal affairs, holding a seat in the council of Waterford, and for some years the position of clerk for the Township of Wyndham.

He afterwards removed to Muskoka, where he resided for many years as one of the leading townsmen of Gravenhurst, which he represented as reeve until his ability sent him to the Ontario legislature in 1886, as the representative of the electorate of Muskoka.

Elected Conservative Leader.

Here in the Ontario house he found a chance to expand, and on the elevation of Sir William R. Meredith to the bench in 1894, he was unanimously chosen to succeed him as leader of the Conservative opposition. He had previously removed to Toronto and had been returned for North Toronto at the general election of 1894, defeating his opponent, Joseph Tait, by a majority of 805.

Altho qualified to successfully fill the position of leader of the Ontario Conservative party, and possessing the confidence of all, Mr. Marter did not find the office particularly congenial, as he was not one to condemn measures because they emanated from the treasury benches of the Liberals or to approve of others because fathered by his own party.

Post Was Irksome.

His broad-minded views and his high standard of principle allowed him to dispassionately view the faults as well as the virtues of both sides of the house, and his sense of fair play and desire for real legislation in the interests of all the people were not to him reconcilable with his office, so he resigned from the post on April 2, 1896.

Attacked Government House.

He still continued an active worker and able speaker in the Conservative interests, and his plain and unostentatious tastes and ideas were frequently embodied in his views and attempted legislation, one of which was a motion he made to do away with the ceremonial institution of a government house in Toronto, as a superfluity of vice-regal representation.

For several years past Mr. Marter was president of the Canadian branch of the London and Lancashire Insurance Co., which position he occupied at his death.

He was prominent in the Masonic order and was a member of the Foresters. As a churchman there are few who have contributed more and done as much for the Methodist denomination as the late Mr. Marter. He was an indefatigable helper for all the many sides of good works carried on by the Methodist Church, and it was due largely to his untiring efforts that some of the auxiliary organizations are so useful to-day.

Staunch on Temperance.

Mr. Marter has always been known as a staunch temperance man, and one who did not leave his temperance principles behind him when he entered parliament.

Indeed, the first attempt to secure provincial prohibition thru the Ontario legislature was when Mr. Marter, then in opposition, introduced what was known as "The Marter Bill." This was an act which provided for abolition of the bar-room thruout the province.

When in 1902 he was elected as first vice-president of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance, and upon the elevation of J. J. Maclaren to the bench, he succeeded him as chairman of the executive committee. This position he kept during the trying and strenuous period of the Ontario referendum, and to his unflagging energetic work at that time the enormous majority for prohibition was in no small measure due.

At the annual convention of the alliance in 1903 he was elected as president, succeeding the late Rev. W. A. McKay, D.D. He had since been re-elected at each succeeding annual convention.

Perhaps the most trying period thru which the alliance has ever passed was that of the last general provincial election and to the wise generalship and steadying influence of G. F. Marter the alliance owes in a large measure the strong position which it occupies to-day.

The strength and true greatness of the man were never more clearly evident than at the last annual convention. This gathering was one of the largest ever held in the Province of Ontario, composed as it was of men of varied opinion and many prejudices. The control of such a gathering was no small task; nevertheless, under the tactful yet firm guidance of Mr. Marter the whole proceedings passed off without a hitch, and with the most remarkable unanimity and good feeling. It was a triumph of kindly, wise leadership.

"There is no doubt," said Dr. Chown, in speaking of the late Mr. Marter, "that the temperance people of Canada never gave to anyone the implicit trust and confidence for sincere motive which they did to Mr. Marter, who they considered had sacrificed politics to the higher cause of temperance for the people."

May Change Their Plans.

OTTAWA, May 10.—The 43rd Regiment propose to change the venue of their annual trip, and go this year to Hamilton. The proposal is meeting with much favor in the regiment, and Captain R. J. Birdwhistle is getting the rates and particulars.

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A Name For a New City

The World wants to present the twin Canadian cities of Port Arthur and Fort William with a single name for that splendid new emporium of greater Canada that now sits on the vigorous northern shore of the greatest lake on the globe.

To secure such a name we offer a prize of $25 to be awarded on July 1 next by a committee of impartial men. We want a name that sounds well, and, if possible, fits so great a position.

In the meantime The World trusts that these two cities will work together in spirit and in harmony; that they will unite into one municipality based on public ownership, and that, in the making of a great national and commercial centre, petty jealousies or small interests will not be allowed to interfere. The men who make a great city become themselves great men.

This new city will be one of the great cities on the North American continent. That it has a vigorous climate only means that it will have vigorous business methods and an absence of any of that distemper that sometimes gnaws the soul in more torrid parts.

It will be a new and better Chicago, and the centre of enormous iron industries to supply the new and greater west.

What shall be the name of this new and great Queen of the Canadian Lakes? If you think you have it, fill in the blank below:

Let the new city be called
.....
Name .....
Address.....

The World's Serial Story.

Buchanan's Wife

By Dustus Forman. Published by Arrangement With Harper & Brothers

The man got slowly to his feet. His face was very white and it writhed. He did not speak, but his hand moved again unsteadily towards one of his pockets. Then Faring took him by the throat and shook him. He was angry, in that still, dangerous rage which comes, under great provocation, to a certain type of man. He shook the under-gardener as if the man were a little child, and beat him with his free hand until his arms were tired. Then he flung him away, and the man fell half across the rustic seat and lay there still.

"And now," he said, "you will go. You will put your belongings together—if you have any belongings—and leave this place within the half-hour. If you are found here at the end of that time the men will lock you up in the stable, and I will send for an officer to arrest you." He turned about to where his wife stood with her hands over her face, and he said: "Come, Betty. Come into the house."

She dropped her hands, facing him in the gathering twilight.

"You have heard, Harry?" said she.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, yes."

"Then," said she, "I can fight no longer. This is the end of everything. I have fought hard, Harry." She looked towards the man who crouched before them, lying across the rustic bench. "It makes no difference what happens now," she said, as if to herself. "This is the end."

She turned away very wearily, and they went up thru the roses and into the house.

VII.

TWO GUILTY SOULS TOGETHER.

They went thru the long dining-room heedless of the table spread and laid for dinner, heedless of the servants who stared at them and at each ohter, agape with curiosity, and they went at once without question or hesitation up to Beatrix's own room.

The last of the day came in thru the row of westward windows and filled the place with a soft glow which was neither light nor darkness—an odorous, fragrant twilight out of which deep shadows grew and gloomed towards the far corners.

The woman moved towards an open window and stood there for a moment, staring out into the golden west. Oddly, one of her strange, little, whimsical fancies came upon her. She nodded to the splendid sky.

"It was only a cloud," she said. "After all, our throne was only a cloud. I might have known." She turned and faced her husband. "I do not know how much you heard, Harry," she said, quite without emotion. "Enough, anyhow, so that you must hear it all now. That little, gray, mad tramp who is dying of consumption is Herbert Buchanan. Herbert Buchanan is still living."

Faring put out a hand quickly and held himself by a chair.

"Say it again, please," he asked.

"Herbert Buchanan is still alive," she said, patiently. "That little tramp who cannot remember, is he. He is dying of consumption, but he is still alive."

Faring raised his hand a little way from the chairback and made as if he would speak, but his lips only whispered incoherently.

The woman took a quick breath. "I don't want you to misunderstand," she said. "I don't wish you to be—to be sorry for me—to think that I deserve pity, or—I want to put you right at the beginning. It is all due to me—what we have—what has been done. When I came home from Paris, when I saw that body which you thought was Herbert's, I knew it was not he. I lied deliberately."

"Betty!" cried the man, shaking. "Betty!"

"Yes, I lied," she said. "I wanted our happiness. I wanted your happiness, Harry. Of course you will not believe me—no one would; but it was that I thought of first and last and thru it all, your happiness. I wanted to make your life beautiful because I loved you, and I had never brought you anything but suffering.

"I was sure that he was dead," she cried, and for the first time her voice began to show the strain under which she wrought. "Something inside me said so day and night. I was absolutely convinced of it. I was as sure as I was that he had deliberately gone away of his own accord that dreadful night. I was right about that, too. He did go of his own accord. I tell you that I knew he was dead, but I had to have proof or I could not marry you. So I—the chance came—a miraculous chance—an unbelievable chance—and I took it and tricked you. It seemed the only way.

"Oh," she cried, "I cannot make you understand how sure I was of his death. I thought it was God telling me in His own way so that I might be happy. Maybe it was. Maybe He did it so that He could laugh at me later as He has done. And so now, Harry, you know what I am—how unspeakably low I have groveled. I tried to make you happy. I tried to steal happiness for us both, and, instead, I have utterly wrecked us. Cast me off, Harry and have done with me. There is nothing else for you to do."

"Wait! Wait!" he said, covering his face. "Wait! Let me think. Give me a moment to think. I don't—I can't think connectedly. Give me a moment." He began to walk up and down the room, his hands clasping and unclasping behind him in a way that he had. And the woman, standing by her window, watched him in a sort of apathy. A great surge of love and of passionate tenderness rose in her with an unbearable longing to soothe and comfort and protect, but her brain answered to it coldly, as if from an unfathomable distance. It seemed to her that she was dead and watching the sufferings of a man whom, alive, she had loved. The passion of the living woman came very faintly to her like songs heard from far away. The living woman she thought must be sorely rent and tortured to see her man so in agony, but for herself she was beyond pain—beyond all feeling save a thin, faint pity that life should be a thing so bitter.

Faring halted in his walk, and dropped into a near-by chair. He sat down, steadying himself by the arms of the chair, as if he were very tired or weak. And he made a little, pointing gesture.

"Please go on," he said. "And won't you sit down?" There was nothing to be told from his tone, and, as he sat, his face was in shadow, so that told nothing either.

"No," said the woman. "I would rather stand, thank you. And there's not very much more to say, is there?" she said. "You know it all now, really. The rest is only filling in. I have lied and cheated and tricked you. I have wrecked your life. There is nothing more to be said. The fact that I did it in the hope of making you happy is worth nothing now. What I tried to do I failed in. So the motive is worth nothing." A sudden fit of dry sobbing clutched her. "Oh, Harry, Harry!" she cried out. "I did it for love's sake. Can't you see that I did it for love's sake? I had been so starved of love all my life, and you had, too. I wanted happiness for you and me so. I so longed for it, ached for it! And then—then when that telegram came—when I thought that Herbert's body had been found, I was— Ah, I cannot speak of that. The temptation was so cruelly strong. That very scar, Harry, that they made so much of. Herbert did have a scar on the inside of his arm—the same arm, but it was a different sort, quite different. I made up my mind all at once in the few minutes when they left me alone with that wretched unknown body. My hopes had been so high—so heavenly high! I wasn't strong enough to give them up and go back to the old, interminable waiting. Often I've told you that there was something weak in me, that my sense of right and wrong was muddled somehow. You laughed, but it was true—oh, very true! Do you want to know how true? Listen, then. If I had all this to live thru again I should do it over again just as I have done it. I should take the same frightful risks for the same great gain or loss. I expect I'm very, very wicked. Oh yes, of course I'm that; but I'd do it. I'm not even sorry that I did it, tho I would very willingly die by torture to save you one little moment of the pain you are suffering now. I'm as vile a thing as you like, my dear, but I've loved you more deeply than any other woman ever loved anyone, I think."

For a moment she covered her face with her hands, but the man in his shadows did not move or speak.

"What more?" she said, after a moment, very wearily. "Oh yes. Then the other day you went away, and within an hour he came shambling in thru the lane. I knew him almost at once. At first it seemed simplest and best that I should kill myself, but there was a chance that I might be able to keep the truth from you, and so long as there was the littlest chance I was determined to fight. It was the other man who wrecked me, the one you nearly killed a little while ago. Somehow he knows, I don't know just how. Perhaps he knew Herbert before Herbert had the illness or accident that left him what he is now. Anyhow, the man knows. He was trying to get money from me as the price of his silence when you came upon us a half-hour ago. And that is truly all. I cannot go into greater detail now. Don't ask me, please." The fit of sobbing threatened again to seize her, but she crushed it back. She pressed her hands very hard over her breast as if something hurt her there. Then she turned to the man who sat still in his shadows and took a step nearer.

"And now, Harry, it is all over and done with," she said, and she managed a little white smile. "I've fought hard—oh, harder than you will ever know!—and I've lost, absolutely, disastrously. I know only too well what you think of such things as I have done. I know only too well how high you set honor and truth over everything else. Curse me, Harry, for wrecking your life. Tell me, if you wish, how vile and contemptible I am in your eyes and then I will go. Only—only—oh, Harry, do it quickly! Be quick, for I cannot bear much more than I have borne. I shall break down in a moment. Be quick, Harry! quick, quick!" She began to shake, and she swayed a little on her feet.

The light out of the western sky was by this time almost gone, and the shadows were darkening to gloom. Out of them she heard Faring stir in his chair, stir and draw a great, deep breath. Quite suddenly he rose before her. She could not see his face, but he moved forward. Then he put out the arms which had for three months bounded her world and his, and took her into them. She gave a little, sharp cry, which she thought was a scream, and she knew that he had forgotten how strong he was and was hurting her. Then for an unmeasured space she knew nothing more, because she had fainted quite away, and was hanging lax and heavy against Faring's breast, where she had thought never to lie again.

Long afterwards, when she had come to her senses, the two clung together in the dark, and Beatrix wept, weakly, easily, like a little child.

"It is impossible, impossible," she said. "Oh, Harry, I am mad or you are mad, or this is not real at all. Think what I have done. Think! I have utterly ruined your life and mine—ruined it hideously, yet you hold me in your arms. One of us is mad, or both."

"Both, if you like," said he. "I do not know. I know only that I can't seem to care. What you did, Betty, you did for love's sake. Maybe we are wrecked—ruined. Oh yes, I suppose so. But in any case we're wrecked together, and I can't seem to care very much what happens so long as it leaves you and me together. Maybe I've something the matter with my morals, too, as you say you have."

"Together!" said the woman, in a whisper, and, as they sat in the gloom, pushed herself a little apart from him with her two hands. "Together, Harry! Why, you—you don't realize. He's alive. Herbert Buchanan is alive! He's my—husband." She began to shiver again.

"I don't care," said Faring, stubbornly, "if you have forty husbands alive. I won't give you up. I won't go away from you, and if you should try to go away from me I'd lock you up and keep the key. I won't lose you now. I can't."

She gave a great cry.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she said, "do you mean that? Do you truly mean that? You'd stick to me in spite of everything? You wouldn't cast me off now that you know what I've done?"

"Try to leave me and see," said the man, and at the little note of fierceness in his tone she cried out again and pressed closer to him in the dark. He drew her up until her face lay in the hollow of his throat as they used to sit.

"Oh, my dear," said he, "shall you be the only one whose love is great enough to override law? Shall you shame me by loving the more?—Law, principle, honor? I cannot make their call ring very loudly. Love's so much the bigger thing. In the beginning, perhaps. I don't know. Now we've gone much too far to give each other up for any earthly reason or scruple. Neither of us could live, I think, without the other."

"It's horribly, hideously wrong," she said.

"Oh yes," said he, "it's wrong. I know, but it's inevitable. We can't stop now. We're two guilty souls, Betty, clinging together in the dark, but cling together we must for all time, whatever comes."

To Be Continued.

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"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial." 96

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address, The Samaria Remedy Co., 99 Jordan Chambers, Jordan-street, Toronto.

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