

PURSUIT OF A MOVING PICTURE JOB

Experience of An Art Student Who Heard of An Easy Way to Earn \$5 a Day.

A girl art student was riding in a Broadway car when she overheard a plump woman who sat beside her say enthusiastically:

"It's \$5 a day, and all you have to do is run. If I were out of work I'd try it myself."

Five dollars a day for almost any kind of job, not better work seemed good to the art student just then. She did not have to listen hard to catch most of the information which the plump woman proceeded to pour forth to the young woman who sat on her other side and the consequence was that in a few minutes she had determined to act for moving pictures for one month and earn \$120 before the autumn season began.

Two blocks before she reached her corner she screwed up courage to ask the plump woman where such work might be obtained.

"I couldn't help overhearing a part of what you've been saying," she explained, "and \$5 a day for this next month would mean so much toward my studies."

The plump woman was cordial to the point of enthusiasm.

"Your studies? Oh, you're an art student. I love to hear of girls who are striving for the great things of life being willing to turn a penny any way they can. Now this piece of high mighthead, indicating her friend, "thinks it's beneath her to earn \$5 a day in a way that's as easy as rolling off a log; she'd rather starve. And I went to the trouble of procuring these addresses for her. You're welcome to copy them if you want to."

The art student did so, thanked the plump woman warmly, and alighted seven blocks beyond her stopping place, filled with hope and determination.

"Why not?" she said in response to her chum's horrified exclamation that evening.

"Think of having your picture shown in cheap theatres all over the city," gasped the chum.

"You don't suppose I would be recognizable?" she retorted.

"At all events," she said, "my own mother couldn't have recognized me in some of the comic ones. And of course I shall ask for character work."

The next morning, selecting the address nearest to her, the art student made her way thither. In the outside office a clerk inscribed her name and address in a large book.

"Experience?" he inquired.

"I have never acted for moving pictures before."

"I mean your theatrical experience," he returned patiently, pen still poised.

"I am an art student, not an actress," she began.

The clerk promptly drew a line through her name and put down his pen.

"We use none but professionals," he said in a tone of finality.

"But I have acted in college theatricals, always in important parts," she protested.

The clerk smiled and turned back through the pages of the book, so that she could see that they were filled with names, addresses and descriptions.

"So many dozens of professionals out of work register with us that it would scarcely pay us to try amateurs," he said.

The art student was not to be discouraged by one setback.

"All companies cannot be so particular," she argued to herself, "or the plump woman would have known."

One of the addresses on her list was so far from the centre of things that she had to consult both guide book and map to locate it. It was not likely they could get real actors away from there, she thought hopefully, and that afternoon she boarded an elevated train for the long trip.

The girl in the office told her that the manager was out on a run, and invited her to wait. Her return, so she went into the hall and took a seat beside a smartly dressed young woman with light hair worn in an elaborate coiffure, who was also waiting. The latter at once entered into a friendly conversation and the art student learned with surprise that this elegant creature was on the same errand as herself, to ask for work at \$5 a day.

Nasal Discharge Proves Catarrh is Active.

THE PURE BALSAMIC ESSENCES OF CATARRHOZONE AFFORD SUREST AND QUICKEST CURE.

Catarrhozone is certain to cure because its healing vapor is carried with the breath direct to the seat of the chest, nose or throat trouble. Being composed of the purest balsams and pine essences, it immediately allays irritations, facilitates the ejection of mucus, soothes and stimulates the lungs and bronchial tubes. The marvel of the age in curing winter illness—that's what thousands say about Catarrhozone. There is nothing so sure to cure, and to those in fear of changeable weather—those who easily catch cold—those who work among lung-chilling surroundings, or where dust impure air, fog, or damp can affect them—let them get Catarrhozone and use it several times daily—it will cure every time.

BAD CASE CURED IN TWO DAYS.

"I was unfortunate enough to catch a bad cold from sitting in a draught in my bare head," writes Miss Nora E. Jenkinson, well known in Bangor, Maine, Me., "An acute condition of catarrh developed in my nostrils, and for three days my eyes and nose ran most copiously. The usual remedies entirely failed to relieve. I read in The Mirror newspaper about Catarrhozone, and sent to Smith Bros' drug store for a dollar outfit. In two days Catarrhozone cleared out my nostrils, cured the sneezing, coughing, and all traces of catarrh."

Large size (Catarrhozone), sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price \$1.00; smaller sizes 50c. and 25c. Beware of imitations, and substitutes, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

WINTER ECZEMA

CURED BY ZAM-BUK.

Mrs. P. W. Drummond, of Theford Mines, Que., writes: "Every fall, as soon as cold weather set in, my little daughter's face and hands would be covered with rough watery patches which bore long turned into scabs by sores. These would itch and smart terribly, and would remain on her face from fall until spring. This happened for three years, and we could get nothing which did her any good, until a short time ago I started using Zam-Buk, and now, after using half a box of same the sores have entirely disappeared, leaving her skin as smooth and clear as it could possibly be."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for eczema, abrasions, ringworm, blood-poison, scalp sores, chapped hands, cold sores, and all skin diseases and injuries. 50c. a box, all stores.

and splashed through a stream with the rest of the company, while the photographer, his machine mounted upon an auto, kept abreast of them and immortalized the event.

"What shall we wear tomorrow?" she asked, dishevelled but happy she accepted another \$5 bill.

"There won't be any more group work this week," the manager replied. "We have only indoor scenes for two or three persons on. But phone on Saturday and we'll let you know about next week."

She rode home with some of the other women and heard a great deal about the uncertainty of extra work. In the first office at which the girl applied the next morning a tall handsome woman was protesting almost tearfully to a mild-mannered man who looked more like an artist than a manager.

"I have always been considered a very fine emotional actress," she said. "But my dear madam can't you see?" he replied. "That was on the stage where your voice and the lights and colors and music all help out with the effect. It is quite another thing to be emotional under the green light of the moving picture studio. You have not even the help of a sympathetic audience but must act to an utterly unresponsive machine."

When she had gone he turned to the girl with a weary smile.

"Just as though we were not searching everywhere for a fine emotional actress," he said. "Have you ever taken strong emotional work?"

"Oh, the market is over-run in that line. Every vaudeville actor out of a job wants to do a funny stunt. The great demand is for good emotional actors."

Then he looked regretfully at the smart appearing little actress.

"It's a big lawn party scene we have on, you'd be splendid if you were only dark," he remarked.

"Would one more blonde spoil your picture?" she asked.

"One more?" he said. "I'm sorry you did not understand that. Blondea don't photograph well enough for our work. I'm afraid you won't be able to get employment in this line anywhere."

Thus the actress learned an important point in moving picture work which her friends had failed to mention, and the art student found her self accepted, while the woman who had seemed to outshine her was discarded as hopeless.

That evening she and her chum worked feverishly trying to fashion something resembling a dress out of the best of their joint wardrobes afforded, and she was rather proud of her appearance when she reached the studio the next morning carrying her makeup materials in a silver chateaubain bag. A large auto coach stood before the door and the manager called to her from a window to climb right in. The coach was already half filled with passengers—all of them dark, she noted—who greeted her cordially. Other dark-haired men and women in gala array arrived and a little before four o'clock a hour the coach rolled away with the manager in the front seat.

On the lawn of an old fashioned estate which the first half of the day the art student found herself forming one of the ensemble of a lawn scene.

"Remember to keep talking," the manager called to them, "and when you shake hands with a friend say, 'I'm tired to death; I wonder if we'll have to rehearse all morning.' What you say shows in the pictures more than you might imagine."

The art student marvelled at the ease with which the actors invented light talk among themselves and repeated trivialities with renewed sprightliness as the rehearsal was repeated and again. Finally the scene was acted twice over while the films were exposed, and before noon the coach was rolling back to the studio where each received a full day's pay for the morning's work.

"If you have anything which resembles today's finery but which will stand up to rough usage wear it tomorrow," the manager said. "The lawn party gets into a chase and, I believe, splashes through a stream."

The art student went home excited. "What was your makeup?" asked her chum.

The art student stood aghast.

"I forgot all about it," she confessed. "Why, none of them were made up," she added as she thought the matter over.

"Perhaps they consider it an honor to have their pictures shown all over the city," her chum remarked. "But if I were you I'd disguise myself a bit for that chase tomorrow."

The art student kept the matter in mind. When she met one of the other women on the elevated train the next morning she spoke to her about it.

"Make up? Where did you ever make up for picture work?" exclaimed the other.

"I have never done this work before," the student began.

"I guess you haven't, if you talk of making up," she returned the other.

"Why child, just consider how hard the lines of the face take in any photograph, and these moving pictures are magnified 500 times when thrown up on the screen. Any makeup on the face would stand out in lumps and patches. It couldn't be put on skillfully enough to hide it."

"But how do they get their character parts?" asked the student.

"By thinning persons that look the parts; an old man for picture work must be a real old man, a fat woman a real fat woman. Oh, there are lots to choose from."

Evidently one must pocket one's pride if one would pocket \$5 a day. The art student did so. That morning she ran madly down a quiet country road, climbed over a stone wall

might as well run around every morning early," she added. "There's always a chance that they will have a big scene on and be able to use you."

The art student lingered with the subtleties to watch the rehearsal, and learned that this firm devoted itself principally to reproducing scenes from popular musical comedies and spectacular plays, and provided all its own costumes. For the first time she saw the ghastly green light in which moving pictures are taken and she realized what the manager of the stock company meant when he spoke of the difficulty of rising to emotional heights on the moving picture stage.

"Nothing today. Come tomorrow, early," the manager said in the same cordial tone when she appeared the next morning at 8.30.

After she had heard it every morning for a week she grew to expect nothing else. It was a shock to her when one day the manager eyed her critically as though he saw her for the first time, and said he would give her a trial. His tone suggested some thing important, and for the next half hour she had cozy visions of herself in some emotional role winning approval by her newly acquired wealth and facial expression. The dreamer increased in rosieness while she donned an old time garb in the woman's dressing room.

In the end she found herself one of a street mob in the scene of the French Revolution, and after hours of careful drilling she ran and shouted, part of a throng made ghastly by the green light.

In the meantime she had phoned regularly to the studio where she was first employed, and had travelled as far as Brooklyn to visit other studios. She had watched performances on several stages where the scenery was painted in black and white and acquired a speaking acquaintance with many of the women who sought to "act in pictures."

"It's about the same as getting or the real stage," one of them told her. "If your type strikes the manager as just what he needs for a certain part and you make good in it you'll become one of his standbys and thing be emotional under the green light of the moving picture studio. You have not even the help of a sympathetic audience but must act to an utterly unresponsive machine."

By the end of the month, when the art class was about to open, the student had earned \$29 as a return for all her exertions.

"And there were my carfairs," she counted up, "and I spoiled one pair of shoes splashing through that stream."

"And your face spoiled with wrinkles from practising that wretched facial expression," her chum added.

The art student went to the mirror and made a critical survey.

For good emotion it will take at least the remainder of the \$20 to purchase enough cold cream and massage to take them out, she sighed finally. "But what I should like to know is where did that plump woman get her information?"

OBITUARY

Mrs. Charles Lovering.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles A. Lovering, Hulton, were pained to learn of her death on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 24. Mrs. Lovering was formerly Miss Lillian Gibson, and was born in Moncton 52 years ago.

In 1878 she moved to Hulton, where one year later she was married to Charles A. Lovering. Two daughters were born, Miss Cora, and Mrs. Hope Wise, who are left with their father to mourn. Mrs. Lovering was a member of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Laura Giles.

Mrs. Laura Giles, wife of Frank Giles, and a daughter of the late Hon. John Robertson, and sister-in-law of Mrs. D. D. Robertson, Hulton, died recently in England. Mr. Giles was one of the contractors of the European and North American Railway from Sheldice to St. John, now the I. C. R.

James F. Perkins.

The death of a plethoric Thursday night at his residence, No. 114 Douglas avenue, after a brief illness, of James Franklin Perkins, a well known resident of this city, and by one son, Harry F. Perkins, N. Y. A sister is Mrs. Ida F. Towle, of Roxbury, Boston.

Mrs. Ellen McGilivray.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen McGilivray, of this city, died yesterday morning from her late residence, Sandy Point Road, to Holy Trinity church, where

after a few weeks visit to Boston. Joseph Bell, who has been sick in the St. Basil Hospital with typhoid fever, returned home on Saturday and is able to be out.

Mary Price returned home on Wednesday from a visit to Carleton. Lethia White is recovering rapidly from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Miss Reama Evans returned on Saturday from a few weeks visit to Boston.

C. A. Estey and F. L. Dixon returned on Monday after a few days hunting trip up the Salmon River. Mrs. MacLaren, of St. John and Mrs. Baird, who have been visiting Mrs. MacLaren's son, returned to their home on Monday.

EXCELLENT SERVICE.

The Grand Trunk Pacific are in receipt of letter from a prominent traveller in Eastern Canada, who has just returned from a trip to the West, and which included a journey on the

GOOD GIN!

How it can be Recognized.

Canadian Red Cross Gin is produced by the transformation of grain into sugar, which, after fermentation, is combined with Juniper Berries and when distilled becomes the famous

"RED CROSS" GIN

Red Cross Gin is submitted to the rigorous inspection of the excise officers, seven in number, who are present at all the various stages of its manufacture from the weighing of the grain, following the various operations of distillation, the rendering into alcohol, the aging in bonded warehouses, until "Red Cross" Gin is distributed in its officially sealed bottles.

There is no other food product in the world so carefully and constantly inspected. The public therefore possess the absolute guarantee of the age, purity and maturity of "Red Cross" Gin when imported Gins cannot offer the slightest guarantee, as they are submitted to no official inspection before exportation, and are not tested as to quality, purity and healthfulness on their importation here.

How can the Consumer hesitate between Canadian Gin and Imported Gin? We shall leave the public judge.

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One of the Stills used in the production of "Red Cross" Gin at the Berthierville Distillery.



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The cigar with a reputation.

This reputation is, that "La Maritana" is always the same—and that a man can always depend on it for a thoroughly satisfying smoke. What more could be said for a cigar?

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High grade J. R. C. PIPES

requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Interment took place in the new Catholic cemetery. Relatives acted as pallbearers.

George Quigley.

The remains of George Quigley were interred in Cedar Hill cemetery yesterday afternoon following funeral services which were conducted at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Cohen, 6 Britain street, by Revs. J. H. A. Anderson and P. S. Porter. Mr. Quigley died in Amherst a week ago.

Grand Falls News.

Grand Falls, Oct. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Holland Brewer of St. John are spending a few days in town this week.

Sylvia Martin, who has been sick with the typhoid fever in the St. Basil Hospital, returned home Saturday and is able to be around again.

Mrs. William Airle and Mrs. A. J. Martin returned home on Friday.

FUNERALS

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Design. Use outline stitches and whip over the stitches. This will give a solid cord effect that is particularly good. It is always best to do the French knots last, especially when they overlap the knot, as in this case. Pad the tiny circles that are in a ring inside the border and work solid. Use French knots in the little ovals that form the border, also. When working the leaves, pad and work solid, slanting the stitches toward the middle vein. Another quick method to begin at the pointed end of a leaf, is to start the needle in toward the vein, catch the thread under the point, as you do in buttonholing, and bring up the thread with the point edge to the center line. Continue this stitch on the left side, then the right side.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP BRAND. CEETEE UNDERWEAR. PURE WOOL. ON EVERY GARMENT.