

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOWNS ON WOODBINE LAWN

Society Women Average \$1,000 Apiece for Clothes for the Week—Of Racegoers Twenty-Five Per Cent Like Racing and Go for That Alone, While Forty-Five Per Cent Are Attracted by Chance to Bet.

A recent issue of the Toronto Star Weekly says:

"Confound it! here's another race! exclaimed a smartly dressed young society woman at the Woodbine as the start was made for the King's Plate. Just think of it! There is a lady who has gone to all the trouble of attending the Woodbine, and to all the expense of getting herself suitably attired in this case even more than suitably—for it. There is the principal race—that for the plate donated by our gracious sovereign for the encouragement of that sport which (according to immemorial Jorrockes) 'improves the breed of horses and enables Brits to lick the world'—about to run, and 'Confound it! there's another race!' is the expression of bewilderment with which our fair racegoer resents the fact that people's eyes and ears should be distracted, even for a brief space, from her own prattling got-up-to-kill little self."

He remarks suggests a question: Why do all the people—somewhere about sixty-five thousand in the course of the seven days—go to the races? The Star Weekly put this question, in the first place, to a prominent society lady here. "I should think," she replied, "that something like fifteen per cent of the people who go to the Woodbine go because it is a society function."

Am sure that this is true nine times out of ten of what we may call society women in Toronto. One in ten may be interested in the racing, or want to have a little flutter. But either nine go because it is the correct thing, because they want to be seen and because they want to see other people and other people's dresses. For most women it is costumes, not the sport, which constitute the attraction at the Woodbine. We have many people in Toronto who have quite a reputation for good dressing. I should think that, almost by common consent, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. John Macdonald, Lady Evelyn Ward, Mrs. D. W. Alexander and Mrs. R. J. Christie are considered the six best dressed women in Toronto. But there are quite a few others whose habit of dressing well is a liberal education to the feminine mind, as well as a treat to masculine (and doubtless also to masculine) eyes.

A Lavish Display.

"And the Woodbine affords an opportunity for a lavish display of new clothes—that is why some women make a point of going every day. What do the clothes cost? Well I will tell you the approximate cost of the clothes a friend of mine meant to wear. I believe that the weather interfered with her plans on at least one day, but this is what she had arranged. First Saturday, a five hundred dollar dress; Monday, a hundred and fifty dollar tailor-made; Tuesday (the luncheon day), another five hundred dollar dress; Wednesday, the tailor-made was to do duty again, the only day on which she meant to wear a dress she had worn before; Thursday, a hundred-dollar silk tailor-made; Friday, a two hundred dollar dress; and for the second Saturday, a three hundred dollar dress. Her five hats cost, in round figures, two hundred dollars—an average of forty dollars a hat. Another hundred dollars would just cover the cost of her shoes and stockings. So that her dresses, hats, shoes and stockings alone—and her lingerie was on the same elaborate scale—came to two thousand and fifty dollars. But that is an extreme case. Very few people, indeed, spend, or are able to spend, as much, or anything like as much, as that. I should think that a thousand dollars is about the amount which the average well-off society woman spends on dressing for the week."

HEALTH AWAITS GOOD DIGESTION

When the Stomach Is Wrong the Whole Body Suffers—How To Keep It Healthy.

Indigestion is one of the most distressing maladies afflicting mankind. The stomach is unable to perform the work nature calls upon it to do, and the result is extreme pain after eating, nausea, heartburn, painful fluttering of the heart, sick headache, and often a feeling of food even though the sufferer is half-starved. People with poor digestion are prone to try all sorts of experiments to aid the process of digestion, and there is only one in which the trouble can be actually cured, and that is through the blood. That is why the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They make the rich red blood that strengthens the stomach and its nerves, thus enabling it to do its work. The process is simple, but the result means a good appetite, and increased health and pleasure in life. Dr. R. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., offers ample proof of this. He says: "For several years I was a sufferer from indigestion, and the torture I suffered after meals was often almost unbearable. Often I would go without a meal rather than undergo the suffering that followed. Accompanying the trouble I had headaches, dizziness, and often a feeling of nausea. All the time I was taking one medicine after another in the hope of getting relief, but without avail. Finally I read of the case of a similar sufferer cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I took the Pills steadily for about six weeks with the result that I was fully cured, and could eat anything I cared for. I may add that I have not since had any return of the trouble."

If you are suffering from indigestion do not waste time experimenting, but begin to cure yourself today with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which go right to the root of the trouble through the blood. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Woodbine, so far as the items I have mentioned are concerned.

Getting Hats "Cheap."

People spend a good deal on millinery for the races. We have an aristocratic milliner, and we have got aristocratic in our taste in millinery. A friend of mine was wearing what she called a "cheap" hat one day. She had given thirty dollars for it. It was an autumn hat from New York and had a few feathers in it, and not much else. It had been originally priced at a hundred and twenty-five dollars. So she was enchanted with her bargain. What is the total cost of all the dresses worn at the Woodbine on any one day? It would be difficult to guess that. But suppose we say the Toronto society women with their women friends from other places, present on the first day, number five hundred—a liberal estimate. Some suppose that the cost of the dresses is a hundred dollars each. Then we have fifty thousand dollars in dresses walking about at one and the same time. Yes, it must all be good for the dress-makers. But you see why I say that of the people at the Woodbine fifteen per cent go because it is a society function. Of course, in that percentage I am including a number of men who are no lovers or judges of racing."

Lovers of Racing.

Twenty-five per cent of the people, said a well-known sportsman, "go to the Woodbine from genuine love of the sport. They don't go because it is a social function, or because they want to have a bet, but because they are fond of racing and of horses. There is a large number of people here who are very good judges of racing. Some of them belong to the Hunt Club, some of them are breeders in a small way, some of them follow racing 'forms' with intense interest—it is their hobby. I have not had a bet in years, but I would not miss seeing the King's Plate run for anything. When racing was in its palmy days in New York, sometimes four or five hundred Canadians were keen on racing would be present at a meeting. In 1904, when Fort Hunter, belonging to the late Mr. Dymott,

Trick Films--Secrets of the Cinematograph

Pictures Which Show Advantages of Camera in Matter of Spectacular Scenes.

[By G. W. Faulkner, in London Daily Mail.]

Every now and then you may see groups of people in London staring spellbound at a picture which shows a number of lions advancing across a wide arena towards a despairing group of men, women and children. The picture draws forth various comments, the majority of which, as I have heard them, are of a sceptical nature. Lions let loose on defenceless people! Impossible! They would tear them to pieces. The picture itself gives that impression, for in one part the lions are seen among a heap of what looks like mangled bodies. As a matter of fact, no one was hurt, although the lions advanced within a few yards of the group. This picture illustrates the advantages of the camera in the matter of spectacular scenes. It would be impossible to show this scene on the stage, but the camera can do so, and the eye that is unable to detect the difference between seeming and actual occurrence, is deceived. A Message by Lions.

What happened was this. The lions used for the scene belonged to a party of lion tamers, some of whom were in the group of people to be attacked. While some of the tamers drove the lions forward, themselves out of the range of the camera, other tamers stood in the ground, ready with revolvers to frighten the beasts. At the critical moment the revolvers were fired, all but one of the lions bolted—the one having to be driven away—the camera was stopped, and the arena cleared. The mangled bodies are parts of bodies were scattered about the arena, the lions were driven to the spot, and the camera was set to work again. By dexterously cutting the film and joining it, the tamers of the picture from the advance of the lions to the death of the victims seemed to the eye so short that it was impossible to detect the actual break, which really occupied some hours. The illusion was made all the more perfectly by showing pictures of the audience watching with apparent enjoyment the scenes supposed to be going on in the arena.

The Camera "Shuts Its Eye."

AND THEN HARRY HUSTLED RIGHT OUT.



"Yes, ma'am, said Harry, the out-lady sympathetically, handing him a strong man, but out of my fifty years. 'No, ma'am,' said Harry, 'jest a of life I've spent over sixteen in bed. regular habit of sleeping eight hours a day.' 'Why, you poor man!' replied the lady, 'ma'am.'"

of Barrie, won the Buffalo Derby, a special train from Toronto took no fewer than fifteen hundred and ninety-four Torontoites to Buffalo to see the horse run. They didn't go to bet, because the horse was at a prohibitive price. So that, if nearly sixteen hundred people will go all the way to Buffalo from here, just to see a good race, I am well within the mark in saying that at least twenty-five per cent of those who go to the Woodbine are animated by love of the sport and nothing else. Perhaps another forty-five per cent go because they can have a bet. Of these many are interested, more or less, in racing, though perhaps not sufficiently interested to pay a dollar and a half for entrance without the additional attraction of a little gamble. What proportion these constitute it would be difficult to say.

Speaks Well of Machine.

"Do the remainder of the forty-five per cent know anything of horsemanship? Sure they do. They know the difference between a horse's head and his tail—and that is about all. But right here I should like to say a good word for the cinematograph. After a certain proportion of the amount wagered is deducted for upkeep, the rest of the money is all kept in Toronto. What one Torontoite loses another wins, whereas with the 'bookies' the winnings were taken out of the city. There are no big plungers at the Woodbine. Most of the money goes in small sums. A bet of a hundred or a couple hundred dollars would be considered a big bet. People will have a wager, and the pari-mutuels give them a chance of one, though, owing to the uncertainty of what the odds will be and the impossibility of arranging one's bets to 'hedge,' they do not tempt a man to wager heavily. On the race for the King's Plate, with eighteen thousand people paying for admission, and twenty thousand present, fifty-seven thousand dollars were staked, and that was a record. But on an average day in the week, the total sum wagered would amount, I expect, to not much more than sixty or seventy thousand dollars."

So that the attendants at the Woodbine, fifteen per cent may be said to go for social reasons, twenty-five per cent for love of sport, and forty-five per cent for love of a wager, some with and some without a liking for racing. That leaves fifteen per cent whose presence is unaccounted for. And they go for various reasons. Some because it is a day off, some because they like to form part of a crowd while some would probably explain their presence by quoting "We're here because we're here."

DOWN IN CHINA.

A little girl's mamma had often told her about the Chinamen who live under America on the other side of the world. One day when Ethel was helping to pull dandelions in the garden she got hold of an unusually long and strong root. Pull as hard as she could, it would not come up. Turning to her mother, she exclaimed: "Oh, I guess a Chinaman's got hold of the other end!"

One frequently sees pictures which show people falling over high cliffs or dropping into rivers from which they never rise. The effect is so real, but the means taken to produce it are concealed, because the camera shuts its eye, so to speak, at the right moment. Not long ago a picture was shown of two men struggling on a rocky cliff whose jagged edges sloped some 250 feet to the sea. The picture taken from the land side showed the struggle. Suddenly one of the men fell over. The camera did not, because it could not, show the falling man, but it did show the other man built and fenced some three or four feet down, and fitted with a mattress on which the unfortunate actor fell. Nor did the reversal another camera in a boat below which filmed the "duney," a dummy, rolling down those 250 feet of rock to death. When the picture was shown, the change from the struggle on the cliff to the rolling down the face of it was so quick that the audience had no time to think that the scene, which to them was from one point of view, had been filmed from two points with some hours' break while the dummy body, made ready in a woin fastened to a tall tree so that the operator in the boat could take that part of the scene. A clever piece of cutting and joining made the two scenes one and provided the thrill.

On another occasion, one may watch on the screen the perilous climb up the front and roof of a high house. In reality the climb is a crawl by the actor on the floor of the studio, where wall and roof are painted. The operator who is taking the picture is in the flies with the camera pointing to the floor at just the right angle. Another shows a man climbing a tall tree with a woman fastened to his back. In reality he is crawling along the trunk of a fallen tree.

Giants and Lilliputians are made at will by fixing a camera on a pair of rails and moving it nearer or further from the object. One of the very earliest of the trick films showed a collision between two trains among the mountains. In this film carriages and engines were thrown down an embankment by the force of the collision, the effect of which was heightened by a crashing noise made by the "effects man." In reality the scenery was painted and erected in the field, the trains were made up of toy models, but the illusion was so perfect that the public really believed the railway accident had been got up for its benefit.

The "Stop" Movement.

What is called the stop movement

is the secret of all these film tricks. A scene is taken, and while the lens is closed by the shutter the substitution and subsequent scene are arranged, and the camera goes on filming where it left off. When the picture is shown the transition is so quick that the eye of the person looking at the picture cannot detect the break, and when the background is a public street the mystery seems all the greater. In this case two separate pictures are taken.

A few years ago there was a perfect race for pictures which showed reversed actions. Thus, instead of a horse trotting forward it appeared to go backwards, furniture jumped from the room into apparently of a room, pedestrians walked backwards, smoke from chimneys went into them instead of coming out of them. These soon failed to attract because it was soon known that the effect was produced by a reversal of action. When the film was fixed in the projector the last picture taken by the camera was put in first, and so all movements were shown the reverse way.

The Trick Camera.
Apparitions appear and disappear. They puzzle the audience, but they are very simple affairs when taken by the "trick camera," which is fitted with a special measuring indicator and an easily adjustable diaphragm stop the lens. The steadily opening and closing of the aperture of the lens, admitting or excluding light from the picture, gives the apparition's appearance or disappearance.

The trick system which once mystified audiences is today applied to many ordinary films. Men are seen to jump from into apparently of a room, motor cars are smashed to pieces or knock people down and kill them, houses and factories are fired, chimneys are blown down, battle, murder and sudden death are shown on the screen nightly, yet no one in the audience screams or faints or is carried away with excitement.

These things are taken with outward calm, although there is undoubtedly a real thrill of some degree, according as to whether the spectator is accustomed or unaccustomed to pictures. He knows that it is only a picture he is seeing, although his eye sees things that real life would turn him sick with horror, his mind tells him that in pictures people are not really killed, that the horrors depicted for his entertainment are merely the work of a clever producer.

Colors of the nation which consumes the least alcohol." The Crown Prince of Germany does not drink, and while a student at Bonn he gave offence to the university by protesting vigorously against the drinking of an exaggerated quantity of beer as part and parcel of the procedure of the old established student societies. Information differs widely in regard to King George. It is sometimes stated that he drinks only milk and it is true that he has been seen partaking of this innocent thirst quencher, but he does occasionally take wine as well. It was in King Edward's day that the cellars of Buckingham Palace were worth considering. His late majesty was as particular about his wines as about everything else.

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Though much has been said of Col. Roosevelt's libel suit on Marquette, Mich., the teetotalism of President Wilson and the grape juice cocktails of Secretary Bryan, little mention has been made of the crowned heads of Europe, who are just as temperate as either of them, says the New York Sun.

First and foremost there is the young archduke, the young Alfonso of Spain. Though fantastic stories have been published from time to time describing his alleged excesses when in his cups, as a matter of fact he does not drink, and he is a teetotaler. His mother, Queen Christina, Queen Victoria of Spain sometimes takes a glass of wine at dinner, and it was noticed that during her visit to the French republic she sipped champagne with the President.

With Alfonso total abstinence is not a matter of policy of principle, but simply one of taste. He really finds all wines and spirits unpalatable, but the dollars in the Spanish palace in Madrid are famous and wine is served at every meal.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria forswore beer, wine, liquors and stimulants of all kinds some years ago on the advice of his clever mother, who he always declares was his most sagacious political adviser. Thanks perhaps to this policy his nerves are always under perfect control, he never loses his temper, never displays any signs of irritation under the most trying circumstances, and this gives him a tremendous advantage in dealing with those head races of the south-east of Europe.

Queen Emma of Holland is a rather fanatical blue ribboner, and she instilled her temperance ideas into the hearts of King and Queen. Neither mother, nor daughter touches any kind of liquor on any occasion. Indeed wine never used to be served at the palace until the young Queen married. Then her husband, King Henry, took a firm stand on the question, and after considerable discussion with his mother-in-law, as well as his wife, finally succeeded in having wine served to him and his guests.

The Dowager Queen Sophia of Sweden is really the influence back of this temperance of the royal family and no wine is ever served at her own table. She has for forty years been the most powerful supporter of the total abstinence movement in Scandinavia and has devoted much of her wealth as well as her time and influence to the cause. Her favorite son, Oscar, who is the heir to the throne, although he has sacrificed his place in the line of succession to the throne to marry her maid of honor, has for several years been the president of the Total Abstinence Society.

The Emperor of Austria, Russia, and Germany and King of Italy are not teetotalers, but they have always been abstemious in the matter of stimulants. The Kaiser indeed has done everything in his power to encourage temperance, because as he declares, "the next war will demand healthy men; war calls for strong nerves, and victory will crown the

TUDHOPE

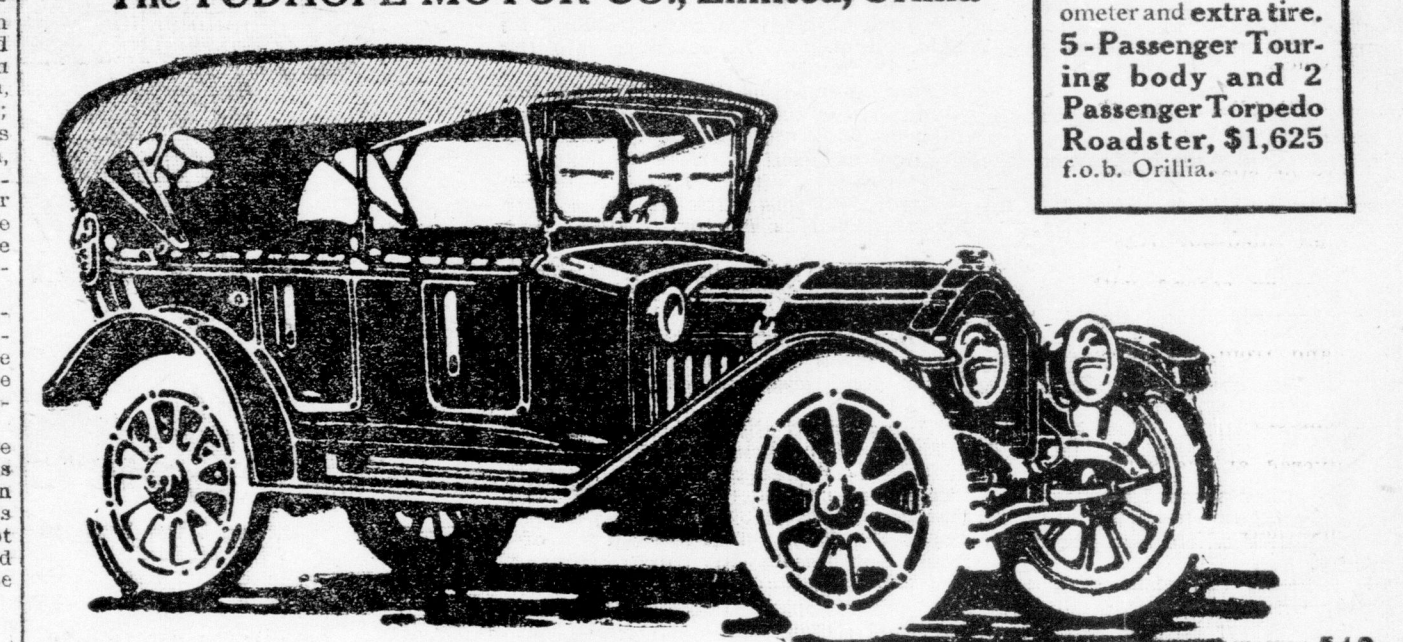
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champagne, but not as she did in King Edward's day, when a very fine brand of champagne was always served.

POPE'S GUARDS WEAR ARMOR.

The Pope's Swiss Guards parade in full uniform only once a year, when they renew their oath of fealty to the Pope and solemnly promise to shed their blood in defense of the church if necessary. The object of this parade is, however, two-fold, as the commander of the Swiss Guard, Col. Repond, originally a member of the general staff of the Swiss army, wants his men not to lose the habit of wearing armor, and at the same time to see for himself whether the armor is well kept and duly furnished.

Once a year, generally early in the morning, the silent courtyards of the Vatican are disturbed by the roll of drums and the clang of steel as 120 men, the only ones in the world who still wear steel, march to parade, the officers in corsets, the privates in morions, with plumed steel helmets and eight feet halberds and basket hited swords. A warrant officer holds the flag on high, and while the men are drawn in line and the officers with drawn swords stand facing them

priest, and a papal chamberlain read out the formula of the oath, which each man repeats in front of the flag, with halberd at the "present arms" and right hand raised up. Col. Repond then inspects his men and marches them back to barracks.

For a year the steel armor is put by and the Swiss Guards, in double trunks of hose of yellow slashed with crimson and blue mount, guard in the Pope's anti-chambers and at the Vatican's bronze doors.

GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"Sixtane shillin' a day did they charge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnnon!" roared Sandy, indignant, on his return to Crobrough Burghs from a sight-seeing expedition. "Ou, ay, it wasna cheap," agreed his father, "but ye must 'a' had a gay fine time seein' the sights." "I didn't see a sight a' the time I was in Lunnnon! Mon, mon, ye didna suppose I was going to be stuck that proper for a room an' then no get the mucher use o' it?"

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