

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE ACTRESS' MOTHER.

She was little and thin and old. Her hair was grey and wrinkled and her face was lined. She spoke with a deep earnestness and as if from the depths of bitter experience.

"Oh, give up this idea of the stage, my dear," she said. "You don't know, you really don't know, what you are doing. I have a daughter on the stage, and I would to God she had never even seen the footlights. Yet she went on the stage with my full consent and approval—because I knew the girl—I did not know the stage."

"Thank God, my daughter is still a good girl, but I live in hourly terror lest she fall. The path down to the stage is so steep and so many ways to reach the bottom more quickly; so few to help you up once you are down."

"It is so easy to get on the stage. Almost any girl who has a pretty face and a good figure can get on the stage, whether or not she can act, but unless she is willing to sell her womanhood she can advance no further."

"Oh, yes, I know whereof I speak. Inside of one week three different managers said to my daughter, 'Yes, you are pretty, you have talent, you can act, but unless you have money or influential friends, you will have to get some man to help you if you wish to succeed.'"

"I tell you, dear, on the stage immorality is rampant. Why, the average man meets at the very idea of an actress being moral. He thinks it absurd for her to make any pretensions to morality. He doesn't believe her when she does make them. Is she not an actress, therefore to be bought?"

"And you yourself, you go on the stage determined that you will be the exception to the rule; determined to remain uncontaminated, pure and good, and within six months you are a stuck-up, snooty, proud, self-righteous woman when you first saw them."

"You can't touch pitch without being defiled. You can't live in the midst of vice without being contaminated."

"Every other girl in the company has her lover, who buys her clothes, who pays her railway fare, her hotel bills, and who, in fine, keeps her. You are regarded as a stuck-up, snooty, proud, self-righteous woman when you first saw them."

"You go to your dingy boarding house, you wear your dingy dress, and you are regarded as a stuck-up, snooty, proud, self-righteous woman when you first saw them."

house, to your small hall bedroom, where the sounds and smells revolve. Often you can't even afford to take a car; you take off your one decent street gown as soon as you get in because you must save it, and you sit there and reflect on the difference in your lot.

"Why should you not do likewise? It is so easy. You are quite as pretty as she is; you have similar opportunities; you know that you have only to say the word and you, too, can have your lover; you, too, can have all these pleasures, all these luxuries, and why should you hesitate?"

"Or you are out on the road. You arrive in a small town after an all-day journey on a day car. You can't afford a Pullman or diner. Your train is delayed and when you arrive at your destination you scarcely have time to get to the theatre. After the performance you find that it is almost a mile to the hotel, and there are no cars running. You trudge through mud and arrive at the hotel, cold, wet, tired and hungry, only to find that you can get no supper."

"The men share their shoulders and go out to have a drink. They bring back a bottle and pass it round. You can't afford to be ill; you must have something. You can get no supper, and therefore you must drink."

"The next night it is the same, and the next, and the next, and before you realize it, you are dependent on stimulants, and then it is all over. A woman in any rank of life is lost when she begins to drink."

"These after-theatre suppers, where you drink cocktails, wines and liquors will ruin any woman. She gets so intoxicated that she does not know what she is doing; and she wakes up the next morning to find her reputation hopelessly gone."

"Moreover, you are forced to associate with such common people. True, you do not need to be friendly with them, but when you are traveling together, day after day, you are forced to be ordinarily polite to them, and even if you have nothing to do with them, the public does not know that. You are with them continually, therefore you must be in their class. A man is surprised if you regard his attentions as an insult. Why? You're an actress. What can you expect?"

"Oh, I tell you, I know the stage. I know the life. I know men and I warn you, if you wish to remain good and pure, don't go on the stage."

A PRETTY BELT.

Do you want to make yourself a belt, one that will be the envy of every woman that sees it? Go out immediately and buy a quarter of a yard of all-over figured net, some baby velvet ribbon, beads in two or three different colors, also gold or silver paillettes.

Cut your belt wider behind than in front, making it the width most becoming to your figure, using a rather firm piece of sash for the foundation.

Then take a piece of the net exactly the same shape as the lining. Outline the flowers of the net (it should have a rather small pattern, by the way) in colored beads; green and pink, pale blue and pink, or several shades of lavender look well together.

On each edge make a shallow wall of Troy design, or else crossed pattern on the order of a picket fence of the silver or gold paillettes. This may also be done in beads in a darker tone than those used in the centre.

Base the net firmly to the lining— which may be of the same shade as the net or in a contrasting color—and finish both edges with narrow velvet ribbon to match the lining. Black velvet is sometimes used with good effect as an edging, even when the belt is of a different color.

Bead the lining heavily. Wear with a gold or silver buckle.



New Retail System: "Gentlemen, I'm the new clerk—I'm the Copeland-Chatterson New Retail System—I do your combined work in half the time you take to do it, and with half the labor." The Copeland-Chatterson Co., Limited, Toronto, will send catalogues of their Systems for Business on application.

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IN SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Chamberlain Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Canadian Institute, 186 College-street. Miss Andrews and Mrs. W. H. Burns will each read a paper.

A public meeting on Political Equality will be held at the St. George's Hall to-night. Rev. Johnson Stuart will be the speaker of the evening. A discussion will follow the address.

The monthly meeting of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission will be held to-day at 2 p.m., at the home of Miss Ross, 3 Elmly-place.

The Nurses' Social Club will meet to-night, at courtroom 1, Temple Building, when the subject of the evening will be "The Nurse's Life." The speaker will be Dr. C. J. Copp. To-morrow there will be a meeting at the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mrs. A. Massie and Miss Massie, formerly of Hamilton, will receive for the first time to-morrow (Thursday), at their home, 38 Dupont-street, and afterwards on the second Thursday of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. B. Allan are now settled in their new home, 3 McMaster-avenue. Mrs. Allan (nee Macleod) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Thursday, March 21.

The residence of Mrs. W. A. Harness, Zion, Durham County, was the scene of a pretty March marriage, which was solemnized in the presence of about fifty relatives and immediate friends from Toronto, Lindsay, Peterboro, Harwood, Napanee, Gore's Landing, The Huron, and other points. The bride was Mrs. Harness' granddaughter, Miss Shirley Winifred Harness.

The bridegroom, Mr. W. A. Isaac of Zion, Rev. F. Anderson, pastor of Welcome Methodist circuit, conducted the ceremony. The bride, wearing white silk, trimmed with lace and chiffon, and carrying a bouquet of white carnations, was attended by her cousin, Miss Clara Burke of Westley, who carried the bride received a gold watch and chain from the bridegroom, while the bridesmaid received a gold crescent.

Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Hargrave, Maynard-avenue, will receive for the last time this season to-morrow, Mrs. Bloomer of Newark will receive with them.

Mrs. Leonard J. Skill of 644 Bathurst-street will not receive until Wednesday and Thursday, March 27 and 28.

Mr. Edmund Morris, A.R.C.A., has issued invitations to an exhibition of his pastels and oil paintings, including human types, at the gallery of Messrs. & Sons, 124 Yonge-street. The exhibition will be open until March 30.

The marriage of Miss Frances MacKenzie, daughter of Dr. Mackenzie, late of Bombay, India, and granddaughter of the late Hon. John Hamilton, King's College, Ont., and grandniece of the late Sir David Macpherson, Toronto, to Major Henry Bursall, R.C.A., son of the late Mr. John Bursall, Quebec, will take place early in April in London, England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Helene May to Mr. W. Melville Forrest of Toronto. The marriage will take place early in April.

The engagement of Miss Gwendolen Evelyn Stuart, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Stuart Ottawa, to Mr. William Frederick Carter of Cobalt, formerly of Montreal, is announced.

Mrs. Anderson, 122 Close-avenue, will receive on Thursday afternoon and evening, and not again this season.

Mrs. F. C. Thomas and Mrs. Edwin Raymond, McCaul-street, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. D. R. Gourlay of 21 Delaware-avenue will not receive again this season.

Mrs. T. Arthur Craig, 121 Close-avenue, will receive on Thursday for the last time this season.

Mrs. Alfred Wood of Arlington-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert S. King, of Cowan-avenue, South Parkdale.

Mrs. W. McKendry of Harbord-street will not receive again this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Southern have left for New York and Atlantic City.

Buchanan's Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Dared to Resist the Love and Happiness That Were Denied Her by Cruel Circumstances.

By DORIS MILLER FORMAN and Published by Permission of Harper & Bros., New York and London.

candles, they fought a most informal duel with swords, and Colonel was killed—run thru the heart."

"Little Miss Trevor gave a little shivering gasp of horror, and stared across the room at the Russian, with his grief-stricken face and tragic eyes, who stood so quietly, talking to his hostess, she remembered, just then, that she had never seen him laugh, that when he smiled his lips smiled only, his hollow eyes were sombre and still."

"But the countess?" she asked presently—"the countess?" What became of her?"

"Ah, Amelia!" said Colonel Everley. "She went, I believe, to certain relatives in Paris, but the shock and all she had been suffering for a long time had broken her badly. She was never strong. She died within a month. Then Stamboloff disappeared. He went away somewhere for two or three years, and when he came back he was like that. Yes, he's a living Russian. Stamboloff is a scoundrel. There's only ashes inside him, I expect. He's not the man to live anything like that down. There's too much Russian in him—too much natural melancholy. He's only half Russian, by the way. His mother was English."

"Could any man live such a thing down?" asked little Miss Trevor, after a silence.

"En, what?" said he. "Oh, dear me, yes. Oh, Lord, yes. Heaps of men. But they'd be tougher fibre than Stamboloff. He has too much Russian in him. They're all dreamers, those chaps. There's something sad about them all."

"Little Miss Trevor sat silent again for some time. Her hands were twisting together in her lap and her eyes were lowered to them. At last she said: "Thank you for telling me that. I'm tired to know. I think, do you know, that I'll be off up-stairs, if you don't mind. I've a sort of headache, tonight."

Colonel Everley rose at once, and said it was the best thing she could do if she had a headache.

"Two, of course, I do mind!" he protested, gallantly. "Fraid I've been boring you with all this tragedy."

"Oh, really? I'm—so very glad you told me. I'm glad to know about it. How some men—suffered, haven't they? Colonel Everley? If only one could help them—make it up to them somehow. Of course, one can't, tho'." She paused a moment, rather as if she hoped that he would say something more—answer, perhaps, the half-questioning tone in which she had asked of course not. "I don't know," then she nodded, and said: "Good-night," and went across the room to Stamboloff's room.

The Russian, who had made their excuses and went upstairs, too, Lady Sybil protesting that they had been so busy in Washington and New York for the past fortnight that she had forgotten what sleep was like. Indeed, she looked tired and really ill.

"And as for you, my dear lady," said Stamboloff to his hostess, when the others had gone, "if I may presume to offer advice, I should say, do you go and take your sleep also. For the remainder of the week we shall probably keep you up to unreasonably hours. But, however, if you may. You also are tired."

"She is coming this instant," said Arabella Crowley with a gasp. She is tired, and so am I. We will leave you men to your own devices, meaning thereby, I take it, whiskey and tobacco. Stamboloff, you are to drive me over to Red Rose to-morrow. The Tommy Carters are there, and I want you to see them again. Good-night."

The three men, thus left alone, stood talking for a few moments at least. Stamboloff, and young Faring, and Buchanan, seemed again to have dropped back into his brooding mood. Then, finally, the host said:

"I'll call to my study, I think, for a pipe before turning in. Would you care to come?" He spoke, as it were, to both, but he looked towards Stamboloff, and there was a sort of shy, deprecating appeal in his tone which could not have failed to reach the man. But Stamboloff shook his head.

"Thanks, not to-night, I think," said he. "Like the others, I need my sleep. I shall have a turn up and down the stairs, and then a breath of air, and then go to my bed. Another time, if you will be so good." He laid his hand on Stamboloff's shoulder. "You will join me?" he said.

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Faring. Buchanan rose and said, "As you like. Good-night to you both." He hesitated a moment, that half-ashamed appeal, almost wistfulness, in his bearing as he had been in his voice. Then he went out of the room, and as he went his shoulders seemed to droop as if he were tired.

There were many things in Stamboloff's tragic life to remember and brood over, many things which could never be forgotten, and long after this time he confessed to Harry Faring that one of them was the wistfulness in Buchanan's bearing, the tired droop of the shoulders, the odd, lonely, friendless spirit which seemed to hang about him as he left the drawing-room that night to go alone to his study.

"If only I had gone with him!" the Russian would say. "Who knows?" But the two left together went out upon the terrace, which was still silveryed with moonlight, for the moon was full, and they lit their cigarettes and walked up and down the long stretch, breathing in the sweet, summer-night air.

"May I speak freely?" asked the Russian after a little time. "We have not known each other very long, but there is—let me say—a certain sympathy between us which makes frank speech possible. You must go away from here. It will not do for you to stay."

"Oh yes," said young Faring, readily. "Yes, of course, I must go. I shall have some telegrams to-morrow, and I shall say that one of them calls me back to New York upon urgent affairs. No, after what happened to-night at dinner I could not remain, of course. Is the man mad?"

"Very nearly, I think," said Stamboloff. "He is of the stuff of which mania is made. Have you noticed his eyes and the construction of his skull? He is exceedingly alone, and he is exceedingly melancholy by temperament—and it is the worst type of melancholy. Now I, I suppose, am melancholy too, but it is a very different sort. I could not go mad. Buchanan might, very easily. He is so nervous that you would believe, and I believe, and I believe, that which he did to-night was sheer madness. I was very angry for a time, but afterwards, when I thought of it, I was sorry."

(To be continued.)

Public Amusements

The demand for a good play, besides scenic excellence, is a remarkable achievement in stage manipulation, is fully and strongly met in the newest Western American comedy drama, "Bedford's Hope," which will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week, with matinees Wednesday, Good Friday and Saturday. The story of the crisis in the affairs of the Old Ford Mine at Plain View, Quich, Montana, and of the success or ruin in the family of the mines' chief engineer, is told with a bold, unflinching and stirring human interest. Tributary to the good story are some of the best scenic and mechanical devices of the day.

Chas. T. Aldrich, the actor magician, is the star of a detective play entitled "Secret Service Sam," which will be presented at the Majestic Theatre all next week. It is said to be an excellent play, and one of the usual run, containing quite a number of novel tricks and illusions, all of which are introduced by Mr. Aldrich.

In spite of the bad weather, the second day of the Pure Food Show brought out a very large attendance in the afternoon. The cookery demonstration was given by Miss Pauline of the Lillian Massey School of Domestic Science, her subject being "Cream Soups."

All the exhibits are now in place and the beautiful decorations of the booths and the admirable lighting effects combined with their dainty contents are of great attraction.

Felix Chambers, the famous cornetist, continues to be the sensation of the musical program and some of his pieces, absolutely could not be distinguished from those of a flute, caused both delight and surprise.

Harold Jarvis, the musical humorist, made the great impression he always does. Another addition to the program was Master Wilfrid Morrison, 12, the star of the Queen's Own Rifles turned the incidental music last night, and Mr. Harry Bennett the comedy. To-day Mr. Chambers plays at 3 o'clock and at 8 o'clock, and in the evening at 8.45 and 9.30.

This evening the cookery demonstration will take place at 8.45 and will be given by Miss McIntyre of the Lillian Massey School of Domestic Science.

New York theatregoers laughed over two novelties last season, Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Man and Superman," and the new comedy, "Paul Armstrong," which bore the weird title, "The Heir to the Hoarax." Both had tremendous vogue, and the Armstrong play ran at the Hudson Theatre well along into the hot summer days, and now the Princess Theatre management announces "The Heir to the Hoarax" for a week's engagement, opening next Monday night. It is a four-act comedy with the scenes laid in a gold mining camp in the west, and with miners, cow punchers, Japanese, English and eastern society people, included in its personnel. The piece was produced and staged by the late Kirk La Shelle, who had previously given the stage such shining successes as "The Virginian," "Arizona," etc. All the principals who had part in the last metropolitan engagement will be seen in the play in this city.

Sam Adams is one of the Toronto boys who has made good on the stage. He is a comedian with hearing, and does an excellent turn at the Star this week, giving some good original jokes and funny parodies on the latest songs. Many of Sam's old friends will be glad to hear he is in town again, as he is an old favorite.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe, efficient Monthly Regulator. Sufferers from irregularity, pain, etc., should use it. It is a powerful purgative, and a most effective remedy for all ailments of the female system. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the female system. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the female system.

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Malta-Vita

NO Cooking—Ready to Eat

Malta-Vita is so good to eat because it is made from the finest whole white wheat, thoroughly cooked and matured, then mixed with pure, rich barley malt extract and rolled into little wafer flakes and baked crisp and brown. It is the most healthful food in the world for the same reason. The malt extract turns the starch of the wheat into maltose, or malt sugar. Maltose is most easily digested and physicians recommend it because it is so strengthening. Malta-Vita is rich in maltose. Get some Malta-Vita today. A bowlful with milk or cream or fresh fruit is a delightful breakfast. No cooking.

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A.O.U.W. EXECUTIVE.

Proposal to Cancel Certificates of Hotelkeepers Not Approved.

The executive committee of the A. O. U. W. discussed yesterday the report of the laws committee with reference to the appointment of a medical board of the grand lodge to advise with the grand medical examiner. The proposal was negatived.

The proposal to cut out 50 per cent. of the district deputy grand masters was not in harmony with the mind of the laws committee and was not entertained by the executive.

The proposal to render invalid the certificates of members engaged in the retail sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was not approved by the executive. No such persons are eligible for membership in a present.

Hon. Geo. P. Graham, Liberal leader, who is a past grand master of the Ontario grand lodge, and Major J. J. Craig, M.L.A., Ferguson, addressed the session.

A discussion took place on the proposals to increase the revenue for general propagation work, division of the province into only ten districts, improvement in the Canadian Workman, the official organ; the appointment of a representative to attend the annual sessions of the grand lodge of the Northwest, employment of organizers, and the constitutional amendments recommended by the laws committee.

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BIG THEATRE FOR MONTREAL.

Montreal, March 19.—A \$1,000,000 amphitheatre is to be erected here. There will be three immense halls that can be used for concerts, hockey, etc., at the same time or thrown into one auditorium.

AUGUSTA PAPER BURNED OUT.

Augusta, Ga., March 19.—The Augusta Chronicle, the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the union city ticket office, were destroyed by fire to-day.

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative.

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