

THE HOME THE WORLD

NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE MOVIES THE PLAYERS

Here are Related Facts and Fancies Concerning the Activities of Individuals and Organizations, the Home, Fashions and Other Matters.

Women's Auxiliary. The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of Stone church was held in the school house yesterday afternoon.

The lucky winner of prizes at Hal-lowe'en Harry were Mrs. Crosby, who drew the child's dress with ticket No. 15, and Mrs. James Magee, who won the handsome crocheted centre-piece with ticket No. 148.

GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF Hair becomes charming, wavy, lustrous and thick in few moments.

Every bit of dandruff Disappears and hair stops coming out.

For 25 cents you can save your hair. In less than ten minutes you can double its beauty. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and charming as a young girl's after applying some Danderine.

Germany Gets None of Belgian Relief

Conditions of Agreement with Neutral Relief Commission respected by Germany

When the Belgian Relief Commission was organized, Britain insisted that Germany guarantee not to touch a particle of the food imported by the Commission for the Belgians.

So each contributor to the Belgian Relief Fund may feel perfectly sure that every pound of food which his money has helped to purchase, has gone directly to the Belgians.

No dollars in the world are needed more—will be handled better—or will do more vital good—than the dollars which it is your privilege to give to the Belgian Relief Fund.

Whatever you feel you can give, send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committees, or

Belgian Relief Fund \$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month. How many families can you undertake to feed till the war is over? Send Cheques Payable to Treasurer

G. B. CHOCOLATES A Few Favorites—Caramels, Almondines, Almond Crisplets, Nougatines, Burnt Almonds, Maple Walnuts, Caramels, Cream Drops, Milk Chocolate, Creams, Fruit Creams, etc.

NEW PARISIAN MODES LACK SNAP BUT ARE MUCH MORE WEARABLE.

A lack of snap in the new modes from Paris is their peculiar style feature. One feels it, and the Parisiennes admit it. Because the French woman fails to take interest in clothes, dressmakers and milliners and furriers have lost their inspiration as to the dash and swing of many of their models.

More Wearable. They will wear for a longer while. With pronounced styles one so becomes wearied. Varied, too, are the subterfuges to cover up lack of materials.

One of these is seen in a two tiered cinnamon pink evening gown. The double skirt, a long gathered top skirt, and a faced drop underskirt, has its lower edges frayed out into an inch and a quarter fringe.

Broadcloth takes the place of velvet, and sets of velvet and of broadcloth daintily trimmed with fur make the scarcity of fur sets less noticeable.

Pockets started to be the fashion a couple of seasons ago. No one looked, however, for the avalanche of pockets which seem to have tumbled on to dresses for all times of day.

Deep Fur Cuffs. Deep fur cuffs on coats is another peculiarity of this season's modes. Sleeve tops, with a slight fullness at their tops, just enough to give it a sort of embryonic leg of mutton look, are seen in so many of the imported dresses that one is forced to believe that this new sleeve will really stay in style.

Uncle Dick's Corner.

TODAY'S LITTLE JOKE.

Accomplished. Auntie—"Well, Tommy, what was school you learned in school today?" Tommy—"How to whisper without moving the lips."

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS. Uncle Dick wishes many happy returns to the following members who are celebrating their birthday today:

Daisy Boone, Aroostook Jet. Elva Cairne, Elgin. EXTRACTS FROM THE MAIL BAG. Has Brother in England. Freepost.

My Dear Uncle Dick:— I am trying the puzzle. I have a brother in England now. He is a Lieutenant. He had been gone ten years, and was only home for a few hours before he sailed. We had never seen each other before. I am very proud of him.

Learned Much Through Corner. Mont Joll, P. Q.

Dear Uncle Dick:— I like the Corner because it is so interesting. Mama says I learn so much by reading it, and I do love Uncle Dick's little stories. I love to read all the children's names and am glad when I get a prize, and I am glad when I get mine too. I hope every little kiddie gets a prize.

Still Another Joins Large Corner. Andover, N. B.

Dear Uncle Dick:— I have been reading your Children's Corner every week, and I thought I would like to join. I have two brothers, one has enlisted with the 6th Battery at Woodstock, which is in command of Major J. H. Evans. The other brother is at Montreal with the C. P. R., but in the winter he goes to St. John.

I know two or three of the girls that have already joined the Corner. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is the 13th of September. Hoping that I may win one of the prizes that you offer in the interesting contests.

Your new niece, Josephine Bedell.

Like the Stories. Long Point.

Dear Uncle Dick:— I am sending in the answer to the writing contest. I would like to join the Corner, as I am interested in reading the letters. I will be eleven years old tomorrow, 31st.

My cousin Ronald has your picture, and he has won a book. Hope I succeed in winning a prize.

Nettie Bates.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Don't Stay Gray! Nobody Can Tell When You Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time.

Who's Who and What's What in the Picture World and on the Stage—Favorites and What They Say and Do.

The above represents the number of years spent in fruitless efforts to cure a bad case of eczema with ordinary ointments, compared with the time it took Zam-Buk to effect a complete and permanent cure.

This was the experience of Mr. H. C. Buckley of 461 East Broadway, Portland, Ore. Writing to the Zam-Buk Co. he says: "For fifteen years I suffered with a bad case of eczema, and used all kinds of so-called 'cures' and treatments, but nothing was capable of curing me until I tried Zam-Buk. This wonderful balm, however, completely cured me in less than a year, and not only so, but I have had no return of the disease. I strongly recommend Zam-Buk to anyone afflicted as I was."

This is but one of the hundreds of cases where Zam-Buk has effected a cure when everything else failed. The reason is easily explained. Zam-Buk being usually refined—containing absolutely no animal fats or mineral drugs such as are contained in ordinary ointments—is capable of penetrating to the underlying tissues where skin diseases have their roots. Ordinary ointments, on the contrary, never get beyond the surface skin and so are incapable of effecting permanent cures.

ZAM-BUK

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

The English soldier looks death square in the face—and laughs. This is one compelling impression received from the Somme pictures at the Imperial. Another is that Sherman's definition of war was painfully inadequate. "Mid scenes of horror and devastation unparalleled in the history of the world, through the maddening torture of torn and bleeding bodies, for week after week and month after month of mud and snow, sunshine and rain, ragged clothes and misery, Tommy's smile is always on the job."

Two big pictures have come to St. John. "The Birth of a Nation," a mammoth portrayal of our half-forgotten national regeneration told a consecutive tale of spectacular tragedy. It brings a magnificently staged masterpiece of manufactured photography. "The Battle of the Somme" is a catechism on a sheet of cotton. This offering is not the rebuilt story of the dead past, nor the imaginative conception of a film-producing genius. It is war—war brought home in a manner that leaves no chance for misunderstanding, that places before those of us who are not in danger the actual though almost unbelievable conditions in which our own fathers, brothers and sons are living today. It shows them meeting fate with a grin and we can't get away from it.

Perhaps the greatest feature of this film is the simple fact of its existence. These pictures—many of them—were taken in the advanced trenches, under fire, and practically all the photography reproduced must have involved very considerable risk. The film is not a picture of a battle. Such would be an impossibility. But it contains all those parts and most of those incidents which go to make a battle, barring indeed the actual contact of opposing human forces. The picture is in reality a series of sketches depicting many phases of army routine, and many scenes of actual fighting. The various presentations of artillery operations, the exploding mines, watching the effect of an increasing rain of shells, following the movement of troops from reserve to the advanced trenches in preparation for an attack—these are wonderfully dramatic. There are other scenes—close up views—which are gruesome enough but which while horrible in themselves serve no doubt to more clearly portray the awfulness of war. The death of that one soldier in the first rush from the trenches is real. It was not arranged to order. The pathetic though trivial scene of the dead collier beside his dead master; the cleaning and bandaging of wounds, clearly shown in a half-demolished dugout; the grave-digging and burying of dead; the rounding up of prisoners and the collecting of captured guns are all war. But the purely humane element is shown in the distribution of cigarettes among unweary Hun captives, in the delighted expression of the Tommy with the German helmet, in the utter relaxation of the men after a hard day, and in the insatiable desire of every regiment to follow up every attack by another attack, and smash the enemy. It is all real—horribly but grandly real—and one is forced to the consciousness that in this grandeur of heroism and self-sacrifice our own boys are living today. It is not a picture to amuse and entertain; it is, better than anything that can be told by the printed word, some of the actualities of war—and of those the least depressing. As an incentive to recruit-

ing it may or may not be a success—the chances are against it. But in educating civilized people to a proper realization of what war means, and by so doing preventing for many generations a recurrence of the madness now racking the world, this picture should play an important part. "The Battle of the Somme" is ninety minutes of hell on earth.

UNIQUE.

"The Shielding Shadow." As the poet says (Yes, I do know his name, Lowell): "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." And there is a dramatic moment in this week's chapter of The Shielding Shadow, in which Sebastian is faced with the choice between doing justice to "Jerry" or keeping in silence. The figures of justice and evil appear to the wrongdoer in the weird way in which apparitions are managed in later day photography.

This chapter is an exceedingly good one. The ascent in the balloon, the explosion of the flare bomb placed in a pocket of the car by One Leap Louie, the descent by parachute of Leontine and the saving and discovery of the identity of Ravennal, all make up a fine installment. The way the balloonist's assistant (I'd hate to try to say that if I lisped, wouldn't you?) was bound to the bed was well thought out. It was new to me. Miss Darmond evidently does not belong to the Audubon society or she would never wear all those ospreys in her hair.

Biddy's Birthday.

"Oh it's going to be funny," was the delighted remark of the small boy behind me as the comedy made its appearance. And I did think it was funny. It was the story of an Irishman, his wife, vase with a gentian who granted three wishes and the absurd effect of those wishes. Only I had to see such valuable things as wishes which could come true, wasted. There was also a comedy called "Tips," the adventures of Ora Humphreys in the city of the Outstretched Hand. And a Path Weakly. Altogether a lot for an hour's entertainment.

LYRIC.

The programme at the Lyric offers a Signal Film, The Manager of the B. and A., featuring Helen Holmes in a five-part railway story full of thrills and punch, railroadings, strike breaking and fire fighting to say nothing of battles of fists and wits. The picture throughout is extremely well handled. There is a journey for aid to the grant town to get the fire apparatus which nearly ends in the death of the brave young manager, but he wins through and wins the beautiful "Constance" as well.

The Million Dollar Kids.

This is the name given by a New Yorker to the Bennett Sisters, and it has followed them wherever they go. They are really sisters of seventeen and eighteen years of age, one large and one fair, who, wearing many dainty costumes, give a very pretty act at the Lyric. They have a little sister at home in Boston, who, though

only twelve years old, is quite an accomplished dancer. The songs sung by this talented pair are new and catchy. The Butterfly dance by Miss Gladys is one of the prettiest seen here for a long time. The bridesmaid wings catching the light with thousands of sparkles. Miss Katherine's imitation of the famous Pavlova will be much enjoyed.

The following is the programme:

"At your service," introducing the act. Duet—"Dogsone Dangerous Boy." Kid Song—"I Want to be a Captain." Miss Gladys Bennett. Imitation of Anna Pavlova, sur les pas.—Miss Katherine Bennett. Butterfly Dance "Knock the Ell Out of Kelly," sung by Miss Katherine. "Yaki Hula," Duet. Dance—Selections from High Jinks and Chin Chin.

A correspondent, a member of the Animal Rescue League, has sent me some interesting clippings regarding animals and those who love them, which I shall be very glad to publish from time to time. I should be pleased to receive news of special interest for these columns on any subject of interest to women.

ALICE FAIRWEATHER.

OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT WED. NIGHT WED. MATINEE ALBERT BROWN Who Was Seen Here Last Season in "THE WHITE FEATHER" In His New Play of Diplomacy and the British War Office "THE BLACK FEATHER" A Comedy Drama by W. A. Tremayn SPECIAL PRICES FOR MATINEE TOMORROW Lower Floor (Reserved) 50c 500 Seats Upstairs (Not Reserved) 25c EVENING \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c

UNIQUE LYRIC A BALLOON EXPLODES IN MID-AIR Excitement runs riot in this edition. "THE AWAKENING" 7th Episode of this Wonder Serial—"THE SHIELDING SHADOW" PAINE NEWS: Knows all! sees All! GEORGE OWEN: New Antics WED. AND THURS. ONLY Return Engagement of CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE FLOORWALKER" —BOYS, GIRLS.— 30 CHARLIE CHAPLIN HANDKERCHIEFS Given to Lucky Ticketholders next Sat. Mat.

IMPERIAL THEATRE AGAIN TODAY! The Wonderful Picture of a Real Battle That All John is Talking About THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME "THE GREATEST MOVING PICTURE IN THE WORLD" THRILLING—INSPIRING—EDUCATIONAL Everything Just As It Occurred at the Beginning of the "B-g Push" Matinee Prices: Children 15c Adults 25c (To All Parts of House) Boxes 35c Evening Prices: Boxes 35c Orchestra 25c Front Balcony 25c Rear Balcony 15c SHOWS at 2.15, 3.45, 6.30, 8 and 9.30