

Moving Pictures and Their Makers

The moving picture has displaced the old blood-curdling melodrama that was once the delight of the street gamin and his sister.

In the United States there is an average output of 100 new moving picture plays each week—some 5,000 a year.

The writers who devise the "scenario" may get anywhere from \$50 to \$1,000 for their work. Such "legitimate" producers of literature as Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis, Alfred Capen, of Paris; Harry Furniss, of France, are not ashamed of their talents to give their time and their talents to the biographic drama. There are correspondence schools which teach the art of writing these plays. Those who for 5 or 10 cents, witness a tabloid tragedy or comedy in 15 minutes, spun from a 1,000 foot reel, are not aware that from \$2,500 to \$50,000 may have been the preliminary expense of the production, and that it may have taken from a week to two months to prepare. The Edison studio in New York was built at a cost of \$100,000; the Selig studio in Chicago employs 500 persons. Two or three acres are fenced in for out-of-town scenes, and when necessary hills have been thrown up for military manoeuvres or woodland episodes. This company owns more than 7,000 costumes.

A company is now in Palestine, to give living verisimilitude to the life of Christ, the cost will be more than \$100,000. Another enterprising concern bought a house at New Rochelle, burned it down had the local police and fire department for supernumeraries. To get a realistic railway accident, an enterprising impresario bought some old railway cars and had them overturned on an embankment. Another sent an old schooner out to sea and blew it up with dynamite. The Edison Company staged such a life-like riot in a country town that the actors were arrested to get excited if he sees burglars prying off the shutters at a bank window, or banditti attacking a trolley car, or holding up a western stage coach—it is probably only the moving picture men.

The cinematograph is on hand when anarchists barricade a London house and give battle to the police, or when Apaches in Paris barricade the streets against gendarmes. In the latter case the Apaches were particularly careful not to hit the man with the camera—they wanted to get into the picture without fail!

In an attempt to represent a Boer War scene, one of the actors dropped a lighted match into a barrel of gunpowder. Luckily, no one was killed by the ensuing explosion. The director of Pathé Freres wanted a runaway. He put a coffin under a two-wheeled wagon, and, all in black, to make himself invisible, climbed into it, to guide the spirited horse with steel wires that would not appear in the photograph.

The apparatus broke, the horse really ran away, and the brave director was laid up for two weeks in the hospital. When he emerged, he tried again and got the picture. An actress who could not swim obligingly fell into the sea. When finally rescued she thanked her saviors with sincere fervor, because an unexpected delay had resulted in a very real risk of drowning.

The cinematograph operator takes big chances. In the studio it is comparatively easy. In the field it is different. He may have to cross the bows of a warship in a tossing motorboat, or he may be sharpshooting from the roof of a railway car, or perhaps he is let down by ropes into the seething cauldron of a waterfall, or strident the girders of high buildings. Like the wireless hero, he does not shirk the post of danger or the firing line.

Rehearsals are lively affairs—and noisy, too, for the actors are encouraged to shout and at least to converse to make the accompanying action more easy and natural. They must not look at the staring eye of the camera. Their faces are whitened, or otherwise they would all look like blackamoors. Every action must count for something. There must be no hitch and no delay. The number of feet on the film must be carefully proportioned to the length of the scene, and, therefore, it is necessary to bring each episode within a definite time limit.

"Lights!" the director commands, when all is ready. Even on a sunny day are lights given supplemental illumination. Then he tells the operator to "Shut!" While the reel is whirling directions are shouted to the players. They are told to look jovial or careworn, as the case requires—told when to leave the field of vision and when they inadvertently get out of range—and the chief anxiety is to keep the actors in the picture. When the scene at last is over, "Stop! Lights out! All over!" the director calls successively, and the strain is over—quite as great an emotional intensity as that of the legitimate drama with the spoken word. Even Sarah Bernhardt, the first time she tried, was not successful. She received \$30,000 for the attempt, and the same sum for repeating the experiment. The "divine Sarah" insisted, however, that she was not doing it for the sake of the lure so much as because of the opportunity to transmit to posterity the undying proof of her genius.—McClure's Magazine.

Had Pains in Back, Side and Chest

Suffered for weeks, But Finally Found a Quick, Sure Relief.

CURED QUICKLY BY "NERVILINE"

No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Nerviline could be produced than the letter of Miss Lucy Mosher, who for years has been a well-known resident of Windsor, N. S.

"I want to add my unsolicited testimony to the efficacy of your wonderful liniment, 'Nerviline.' I consider it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, wheezing tightness in the chest, etc., and can state that for years our home has never been without Nerviline. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies couldn't break up. I rubbed on Nerviline three times a day, used Nerviline as a gargle, and was completely restored. I have induced dozens of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness.

"You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Nerviline.

(Signed) "LUCY MOSHER." All sorts of aches, pains, and sufferings—neuritis and extruded—yield to Nerviline. Accept no substitute. Large family size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or the Catarhphone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

GOOD WOMEN ON THE STAGE.

(Kingston Standard.) According to a British Suffragette who has just been arrested and who was a one-time actress "it is an unwritten law that a woman who wanted to go on stage could not get on the stage." This of course is not true. There are any number of women on the stage who are virtuous, just as there are any number of men who are not so, but conditions are steadily changing for the better and there is plenty of room for the good woman on the stage, as elsewhere. In the last analysis it is talent that counts on the stage and while it may be that some managers will not give the virtuous woman a chance their number is small as compared with those managers who want the best.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box.

PROMISE.

The driving mist obscures the view, But high on yonder tree I see A robin titling in the breeze, As he pours forth his melody.

The chilly day is at its close, What joy was mine the whole day long, As o'er the patter of the rain I paused to marvel at his song.

What ecstasy is in that laugh! For laugh it really seems I see—As he rocks gaily in the breeze, And sings again his song to me.

It is the thrill of joy he gives! And cheerfulness within me springs. Tho' wintry blasts may threaten me, 'Tis hope and cheer his coming brings!—Rachel West Clemens, in Woman's World for January.

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UNCONSCIOUS CHILD HUMOR.

"What's a stepbrother?" asked little Mabel of her 6-year-old brother. "A stepbrother," he replied, "is me sitting on the front step."

Johnny (to new acquaintance) — Say, how did you get that scar on your face? Tommy—I fell downstairs about a year ago.

Johnny (in disgust)—Huh! I thought perhaps you got it in a fight.

First Small Girl—Your papa and mamma are not real parents, you know. They just adopted you.

Second Small Girl—Well, that makes it all the better. My parents picked me out and yours had to take you just as you came.

"Edith," said a caller to the minister's little daughter, in a spirit of fun, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

"Yes," I guess so," answered Edith. "But he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all to an outsider."—Chicago News.

\$1,000 REWARD

For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Fits, Skin Disease, Blood Poison, Genito Urinary Troubles, and Chronic or Special Complaints that cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge Street, Toronto.

APPLE SNOW.

Apple snow may be made either with cooked or uncooked apples. For the uncooked, grate a medium sized tart apple (peeled, grated and set aside). Whip stiff and white of 1 egg with a pinch of salt. Then add gradually 3 tablespoons of sugar, beating well into the egg, alternating with the grated apple, a tablespoon at a time, till all the apple and sugar are used. Then continue to whip until the "snow" has risen to at least a pint and a half in quantity.

If the cooked apple is used, observe the same proportion, the white of 1 egg to the pulp of each apple. Chopped dates or nuts may be added, or fresh grated cocoanut will prove a pleasant change. The "snow" may be served as it is or lightly browned.

Silence may be golden, but you can't buy the still small voice of conscience.

FOPPISHNESS AMONG MEN

(London Standard.)

A new fashion of foppishness is being adopted by ultra-smart men in London. They are becoming "foppish" in their hair, their money is carried in tiny chain-purses or in the softest of silken collars which grace their necks and held together by brooches decorated with a pearl or twisted in a love-knot; a wrist-watch on one arm is balanced by a bangle or a close-fitting bracelet on the other arm; and quite recently a waistcoat was seen set off by a lock of hair hanging round the wearer's neck.

Then there are the new gold-knobbed sticks, chased and embossed, completing the outfit, and carried with a certain delicate style that forces attention. A gold ring on the first finger of one hand, and another on the third finger of the other hand, each conspicuous with a sparkling diamond, also features of the modern apparatus of male display. It is the essence of style to vary one's combination of jewelry, according to one's dress. A special kind of silk open-work sock goes with the top-hat collar. A pearl and diamond tie-pin must be balanced by a short leather watch-chain, hanging down out of the left-hand waistcoat pocket, finished with a gold bob.

Perhaps the male adorning of the future will include the tiara. Certainly these ultra-smart men should not neglect the possibilities of the shoe-buckle. And there is a new feminine fashion which might be recommended to them—the wearing of the single ear-ring. The hair is brought deeply down almost over one ear, and a very long, barbaric pendant adorns the other. The new Adonis ought not to allow himself to be beaten by women in this matter. Let him quickly adopt this extraordinary fashion. He has a perfect right to do so, for women have perfect rights in this matter. They walk about swinging bulky cigarette cases that might almost house a dozen cigars, while men draw from the silken pocket of their evening dress the almost-poor cases, holding perhaps a few scented and gold-tipped cigarettes, on which their initials are lightly stamped. Women have begun to carry sticks, so men might, if only the weather were better) take to the tall parasol.

Forty years in use, 20 years the standard, prescribed and recommended by physicians. For Woman's Ailments, Dr. Martel's Female Pills, at your druggist.

An Ancient Bible.

There is in the possession of Lamb's Creek Episcopal Church, in King George County, Va., the old Lamb's Creek Bible, a well-preserved folio book printed in Oxford by John Bastrett in 1716. The Bible was in use from the time the church was erected in 1717 until about 15 years ago, when it was sold because of the abandonment of the church. Since then the Lamb's Creek Church has been restored, and the purchaser of the Bible let the church buy it back.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Neatly describes the celerity of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Removes a wart, takes off a callous, roots out a corn without pain in twenty-four hours. When you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor there is no scar, no burn, no loss of time. Satisfaction guaranteed with every 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

CONFEDERATE SCRIP.

General St. Clair Mulholland, the late well-known Philadelphia veteran of the civil war, used to tell an incident showing the utter worthlessness of Confederate paper money at the close of the war.

"Shortly after Lee's surrender," said the General, "I was a short distance from Richmond. Two Confederate soldiers were going home to become men of peace again. One had a lame, broken-down horse, which he viewed with pride.

"'Wish I had him, Jim,' said the other. 'What will you take for him? I'll give you \$20,000 for him.'

"'No,' said Jim. 'Give you \$30,000.'

"'No,' said Jim. 'Give you \$100,000.' His friend urged. 'Not much,' replied Jim. 'I just gave \$120,000 to buy him shed.'

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

ABOUT THAT CAT.

If You Have One, Read This Advice.

Never pick a cat up by the loose skin on the back of its neck. A physician tells us that the nerves of a cat enter the brain from the spine just as they do in a human being, and that a cat must suffer agony of pain while being carried in this cruel manner. We have seen mother Tabby carrying her little wits in this fashion, but she has no hands with which to lift her babies. But we have hands and feelings for dumb animals, and we should never handle them in a way to cause them to suffer. A cat should be lifted under the body, one hand beneath her and the other at her back. In this way her weight does not hang from any one part of her body. Imagine, if you can, how it would feel to be picked up by the nape of the neck, your body hanging loosely down, your whole weight dragging on that one handful of skin at the back of the neck! It wouldn't be an agreeable sensation, would it? Well, remember that the cat has feelings as well as yourself, and that she suffers untold agony when being tossed about by the back of the neck.

A cat is a very nervous animal, and feels the changes of weather like a human being. Cats are affectionate and kind, and make fine pets when cared for rightly. Their food should be clean and well cooked, for raw meat and fish will often cause them to have fits. A little catnip tea mixed in milk is a very good remedy to keep them well. Raw eggs are good food for them, and make fine, sleek fur.

Industrious Malaysians.

The following interesting information is taken from a report made by Walter D. Scott, British agent in Trengganu: The hand loom is found in every house and the women weave beautiful silk and cotton sarongs. Throughout the peninsula the weavers are famed as the best boat builders, and they are clever and efficient workers in iron, brass, and nickel.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers Certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.

AN IRISH HORSE.

A gentleman staying at an hotel in Dublin had ordered a dinner at a certain hour, and afraid of being too late he hired a cab and desired the driver to put his horse to his speed, so that he might reach the hotel in time. The whip was applied, but the animal got restive, and warped and twisted, endangering the shafts of the vehicle. "Can't you get on?" said the impatient traveller. "I'll be too late." "Well, sir," said Pat, "I'm doing all I can, but you see the brute knows that your honor is a stranger in Dublin and he wishes you to stop and take a look at the public buildings."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved to be very effective in cases of inflammation. Yours,

W. A. HUTCHINSON.

"THAT VANITY BOX"

(Brutus Fulmen.) A ghostlike form, a phantom gay, Came tripping down 'The Gay White Way.' 'Twas wending thither, in and out; And all her being was arrayed. That tied the kangaroo for grace, Bedecked a la la Parisi dope. A female of the human race.

A model of the vanity That finds its way across the sea. Upon a silken cord there swayed A silver pattered powder bag. And all her being was arrayed. With ornaments to do her mug. She vied the miller in his mill. For virgin whiteness of the skin, And father paid the powder bill. While Archibald was taken in.

Complexions bought and painted fast Are pretty while the powders last, And martyrs to the talcum trust. Would make an "Alabaster bust."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Made to Order Kind. "My wife is always bringing home so much tooth powder," complained a man to a friend the other day, "it's a waste of money. As for me I just take the bathtub cleanser, and scrub my teeth."

The pair were walking down Chestnut street and the other stopped in amazement. "What! Doesn't it hurt your teeth and your gums, too?" he exclaimed almost in horror.

"No," came back the surprising reply. "You see they're the kind you buy at the dentist's."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys, and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism, and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills 4c.

Save Doctors' Bills

THE MEANEST MAN AGAIN. "Where are you going, my son?" asked the old farmer.

"Going back of the barn to play circus," replied the freckled lad.

"Circus, eh? Well, take this saw and saw half up a cord of wood before you start. You'll need some sawdust for the circus rings."

Wag—I believe a widow is entitled to her third, isn't she? Wag—Great Scott! One of them is chasing me around trying to make me her fourth.

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THE PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

All winter long—on the Zero days and the windy, blustering days—the Perfection Smokeless Oil-Heater gives them real solid comfort. It saves them many a cold and sickness for they warm the rooms not reached by the ordinary heat. The Perfection Heater is made with nickel trimmings (plain steel or enameled turquoise-blue drums). Ornamental. Inexpensive. Lasts for years. Easily moved from place to place.

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INSMITH WANTED—MUST BE A good bench hand, with working knowledge of overhauling and turning work; good wages and steady work to right man. Apply H. Heather & Son, Amnico, Ont.

WANTED—KNITTERS FOR JENCKES

Automatic and Creelman machines. Apply Kingston Hosiery Co., Limited, Kingston, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

100 FARMS FOR SALE—IN ILLINOIS, Peet and Wellington Counties, all sizes; buy where the land is cheap and good, and bound to increase in value in the near future; farm close to school, station, post office, villages, town, etc. If you are interested, write for catalogue to J. A. Willoughby, Real Estate Agent, Georgetown, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE, 175 ACRES TOWNSHIP of Nichol, County of Wellington, known as the Crabbe farm, two miles from Fergus, brick dwelling and kitchen, bank barn. Terms, one-half cash, balance on mortgage, six per cent. Apply to Gibbons, Harper & Gibbons, London, Ontario.

PERUVIAN RELICS.

Yale Explorer Brings Back Many Curios.

Bringing a collection of implements of war, household utensils and other relics of a civilization which he described as ancient that he has not yet determined the time of its existence. Prof. Hiram Bingham, head of the Yale University archaeological expedition to Peru, returned to this city from South America yesterday.

Prof. Bingham, who, in connection with the work of the Yale expedition, has made four journeys to Peru, returned after an absence of five months on board the Santa Marta, of the United Fruit line. He said his return to South America was very doubtful on account of opposition to his work by the Government of Peru.

Among the scientific specimens brought by Dr. Bingham are thirty skulls and one hundred complete skeletons, which he and the members of his party discovered at the site of the ancient Peruvian city which once bore the name of Machu Pichu. He declared the skulls were those of a race of men of high intelligence, and that at the place where he had found them he had made excavations, which disclosed more than fifty dwellings a style which indicate the families inhabiting them lived luxuriously. Among other objects in his collection were a door frame and window casement of carved marble and four of the pieces of a bronze table service.

Prof. Bingham says that the Yale expedition will be able to accomplish nothing further in Peru unless its Government rescinds an order recently made forbidding the taking of archaeological specimens out of the country.—New York Herald.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Sixty-four out of every one million of the world's inhabitants are blind. John H. Young, of Dexter, Me., is the owner of an old-fashioned bear trap, made of hand-forged steel, which was used in the Maine woods 137 years ago. The Bears (Ky.) Citizen says: "The editor received last week from D. S. Fowler, Paint Lick, a very fine Ben Davis apple. It would be more nearly correct to say two large apples in one, for the two were grown together, so perfectly as to be entirely one. But away from the line of union each maintained its own perfect form. The twins were of very fine flavor."

Having found in his cornfield at Hillsboro, Ind., a postal card, mailed in Indianapolis on Nov. 20th, and addressed to George C. Baker, Martinsville, Ill., John Sprague sent the card to Mr. Baker with an inquiry about it. Mr. Baker, in answering, stated that a tornado had demolished his home on the night of Nov. 20th, and that the card was one of a collection of more than 20 in the wrecked home, only four of which have been found. This card had been carried 25 miles by the storm. It was in good condition when Sprague found it.—Indianapolis News.

Society Couldn't "Mrs. Jinks no longer in society. How strange!"

"It's her own fault. She would be a faddist. Devoted to home and husband and that sort of thing."

"Still, I don't see."

"My dear, I haven't told the worst. She had a baby just at the height of the bridge season."

Minard's Liniment Cures, Colds, Etc.

Sly Management. "Haven't you a handsome chafing dish than that?" asked the customer.

"You want something even more ornamental than this?"

"Yes, I want one so beautiful and expensive that my wife wouldn't think of trying to cook anything in it."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE TALKING BIRD. My big sister said the other day—She's twelve years old and awful wise and tall—She said that fairy books were merely trash.

"But books that couldn't ever be at all. Witches and fairies never yet were seen; There aren't dragons and no giants stalk; She said that princes weren't turned to frogs; There never was a bird or beast could talk!"

That very day I went across the street With my best doll to visit Fanny Meek; And there I saw an awful funny bird—Green, red and yellow, with a crooked beak!

I looked at him and he looked back at me—I hate to tell the rest because I know You'll think, perhaps, I'm telling naughty fibs—He opened that big beak, and said "Hello!"

Well, no, I didn't wait for any more; It scared me most to death I'll have to tell you. But when she says that birds don't ever talk, Why, my big sister's wrong for once, I guess.

Zella Slater Bissell in Woman's World for January

TAMED BY A THREAT. "I will," she exclaimed—"I will not live with you another day!"

"You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will."

"Now—this minute!"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to stop me!"

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I will simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want your description, and I will give it. You wear No. 3 shoes; you have an extra large mouth; your nose turns up at the end; rather on the giant; voice like a—"

"Wretch, you wouldn't dare do that she screamed."

"I will."

They glared at each other for a moment in silence. Then it was plain to see who was the victor.

Some fellows couldn't even ride hobby without using spurs.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

23 THE PR