

Honours To Bill

Everything Depended on the Play Getting Over and It Was Falling Flat!

By Muriel Cotroni.

Jack Dundas hadn't had a meal that satisfied for days. But young actors out of a job got used to that!

"Something's bound to turn up soon," mused Jack, with the bright optimism of youth, to his bull-terrier, "eh, Bill, old fellow?"

Bill cocked a pointed ear and thumped a thoroughbred tail. Intelligence gleamed from his small eyes. Jack smiled fondly. He didn't mind being hungry a bit, himself, now and again, so long as old Bill—

Something did turn up next morning. A letter from Jack's agent offering him a part in a touring company. The play was a new one, to be produced by the author.

"Don't know what kind of a show it'll be," said the agent, when Jack called. "But it's better than nothing, eh, Dundas, old boy?"

"You bet! I'm on top of the world. Juvenile lead, too! Richards, you're a pal! Come on, Bill, you old blight-er!"

Rehearsals began, but as they progressed, Jack's heart sank. There was no "pep" in the play. The dialogue was flat. The situations were improbable. Still, the author-producer was enthusiastic. It was his first play, and if it went well, even moderately well, the first week on the road, a well-to-do uncle had promised to finance it further.

Jack put his best into the part. So did little Myrtle Blythe, who was to play opposite him. She, also, knew the unrelenting "resting."

"It is such a pity," murmured Myrtle one morning. "Beale is such a dear; so enthusiastic. It's heartrending! This show'll never run a week—if that!"

"I know," replied Jack glumly. "You're right; it's pathetic!"

"Well, I'm doing my best, but my lines are so hackneyed." Her eyes were troubled.

"And the climaxes are so banal," put in Jack. "Still, we must hope for the best. The public's funny! Some plays, with absolutely nothing in them, have the dickens of a run!"

"There's no life in the action—the show doesn't march," contributed Blessington, cast for the villain. He was young, and on the threshold of his career. "Well, cheerio, chaps!"

"I love your dog!" murmured Myrtle, stooping to pat Bill. She looked up at Jack suddenly with her clear eyes, the exact blue-violet of hyacinths: "A dog's a great pal!"

"None better!" stammered Jack, momentarily knocked out by the battery of those clear eyes. "By Jove," he thought, "if I can't make a love scene get across with a girl like that, I ought to be shot!"

And Myrtle had been thinking almost the same way as she looked up at Jack Dundas, tall, lean—almost too lean—with his kind, dark eyes and cheery optimism.

The opening night at last!

The place was a North Country mill town, whose inhabitants were noted in the profession, for their candour. It was about the last place on earth in which to open with a "try-it-on-the-dog" play. But Beale's well-to-do uncle happened to live in Hilton, so Beale had no option.

The audience showed no signs of hostility during the first act, but there was an undercurrent of restiveness that told the tale plainly enough to an actor of experience. There was not even a ripple of applause until Myrtle's big scene with Blessington in Act Two. But she really was sweet, with her ardent young face and clear, ringing voice. Her personality got well over, but her lines lacked actuality.

The curtain fell on the act in almost complete silence. Jack Dundas looked glum.

"It'll be all right, Dundas—in the last act," murmured Beale, patting him on the back and trying to smile. But his face showed strain. The finale of Act Two should have got rounds of applause.

"Go all out in the big scene, Myrtle," whispered Jack, as the girl brushed past him on the way to her dressing-room. "If we don't hit 'em then, I'm afraid the play's doomed!"

Myrtle smiled.

"Rely on me," she said.

The next act evoked more interest. One or two of the more witty lines got a "hand." Beale sighed with relief; but Jack still harboured doubts, and big ones, too.

It was a kitchen scene. The comedians had retired, and the action had gradually worked up to the crash of the climax.

Myrtle, in a plain littleingham frock, was sewing by the fire. In the opposite corner her aged father sat, filling his pipe.

"I'll just be goin' to the Golden Horse, Mary, lass. Shan't be long!" A suave face, unobserved, peered in through the open window, as the old man rheumatically rose and made his way to the door.

A second later the son of the mill owner appeared in the doorway. Nonchalantly he glanced in, then strolled

Value and Satisfaction



The young man in the picture has embarked on a new undertaking in a distant city. All day he has been on edge, eager to do his best, to sell himself to his associates. When evening comes he is tired, restless, perhaps just a little homesick. Instinctively he reached for the telephone as he has done many times at home thinking they will be cheered also. The wonder of the three-minute visit with the home folks over the telephone puts new life into him and he is repaid many times over for the small expense of the telephone call. As Albert Shaw, Editor of Review of Reviews, says: "No other service of any kind in the world gives so much human satisfaction, and so much sheer monetary value for the amount paid by the user as the telephone."

towards the girl, who retreated to the other side of the room. He began making love—passionate, practised love.

"But why wait, Mary darling? You know you care! Come with me tonight!"

"Oh, but I don't know! How can I be sure? I—I hardly know you, Mr. Rookwood!" She stood looking pityfully at him, with the innocence of a girl who had hardly reached womanhood.

Roughly he caught her to him, and at her scared scream, Jack, manly and handsome, appeared at the door.

It was a very homely drama; a little too homely as one or two stifled yawns, caught from the auditorium, testified. Followed a shuffling of feet, evidence of breaking tension. The threads between actors and audience were slowly snapping—snapping.

Jack's speech, which ought to have raised a torrent, was received with but mild enthusiasm. The villain, thwarted, clenched his fists. Then, with a snarl, he flung himself at Jack. A scream broke from the girl.

Suddenly there flashed from the wings a burly streak of white, and a huge bull-terrier hurtled itself at his master's seeming assailant.

Blessington darted swiftly aside to escape the gleaming fangs, dodged behind the table. Here he was cornered. The dog, back to audience, had him set. In vain did Jack call—Bill might have been stone deaf. The villain backed to the open window, seeing escape that way; but, with a bound, the dog was over the table.

A ripple of surprised applause rose in the pit. Here was acting—the real thing!

Then followed a chase round the small stage; the villain of the piece pursued by a now thoroughly enraged bull-terrier. Bill overtook his quarry; with a triumphant snarl, his teeth pierced good cloth. Came a loud rending, tearing sound.

Applause was now general. Hearty whistles of approval from the "gods"—this was worth spending money to see!

When poor Blessington, minus a substantial portion of his nether garments, took a clean dive through the open window, joy was unrestrained. And when the dog, his eyes wells of wickedness, deposited a large square of black cloth at the feet of the hero, the applause became riotous.

Jack, very white, looked across at Myrtle. Her small face was set, but her violet eyes welled inspiration.

"Carry on!" was the plea.

Jack almost panicked, for the dia-

logue to follow was now worse than useless. He thought of poor Beale in the wings. Came inspiration! This golden opportunity was too good to be missed. The continued applause had allowed him time to think.

He crossed to Myrtle.

"Play up to me," was his whisper, as the applause died.

Then he spoke, and Beale, in the wings, stood open-mouthed, as though witnessing the big scene in his own play for the first time.

"Dear heart, I love you!" Jack ended, taking the woman he loved in his arms. "Say that from this moment you—you'll give me, and him!"—pointing to Bill—"the right to guard and serve you! Dearest, will you be my wife?"

Her blue-violet eyes, that reminded Jack of hyacinths, were dark with wonder; her red lips parted.

"Dear, don't you know that I love you? Haven't you guessed?"

Two soft arms slid round his neck, and, bending his head he kissed her. "Right from the very moment we met, I knew that you were my woman! Dear, you'll marry me, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll marry you!" Oh, the pride in that clear round voice! "For I've loved you, too, right from the very first moment!"

He lifted her on to the table, then perched beside her. Suddenly, with a bound, the bull-terrier was between them, with his large head snuggling against Jack's neck.

"Just we three—from Jack—now and for always!"

"Just we three, now and for always!" repeated Myrtle dreamily, and her smile was beautiful.

"Wouf-wouf!" contributed Bill, thumping a thoroughbred tail. And the curtain dropped to roars of applause.

Three "curtains" they took—Myrtle, Jack, and Bill—for the audience insisted on Bill, who, bewildered, barked heartily at his admirers.

Then came a call for the villain; and Blessington, clad in a dressing-gown, made his bow, one eye on the audience and one on—Bill.

"Good enough, Ralph, my boy! I'll keep my promise. That last scene was a brain-wave; that dog brought down the house. Without him that last act would have fallen flat. You might cut the first and second acts slightly, and, for goodness' sake, introduce the dog—a little earlier—peaceably, my boy—peaceably!" The well-to-do uncle beamed approval.

Backstage, in a quiet corner, Jack faced Myrtle.

"How cleverly you 'gagged,'" mur-

actor who is going to make the play a big success."

"All very well," murmured Myrtle, as Jack read aloud the above. "But, darling, do you think you can train Bill to carry on?"

"Train Bill?" he gasped, when he could speak. "It's not a matter of training Bill, but of persuading Blessington! Still, he's some lad—and Bill's a great fellow! We'll fix it between us, believe me!"—"Answers."

The Forest's Wintry Stillness

Majestic winter scales the mountain's rim

His coat is diamond strewn with ermine trim.

He strokes his icy beard with rugged hand,

Muses, and ends his journey through the land.

No sound is heard; no listeners vigil keep;

Anon his eyelids droop in peaceful sleep.

A distant fox barks from the forest deep;

A silent eagle seeks his eyrie steep.

Far in the depths below, his thirst to slake,

A timid deer seeks out the forest lake.

And softly through the woods from tree and stream,

There floats a whispered note of winter's dream.

—Paul Wolf, in "Der Turner."

Minard's Liniment aids Sage Feet.

DO-X Explained

For those who do not know, the DO in DO-X represents the first two letters in Dornier, the inventor of the giant sea-plane. And the X? Undoubtedly "the unknown quantity!"

The X signifies that the craft was constructed in total secrecy—and—until next spring, at least, it looks as though X might designate the plane's possibilities as a transatlantic air transport—From "The Christian Science Monitor."

Making It Unanimous.—Stage Hand "You received a tremendous ovation; they're still clapping. What did you say?" Actor—"I told them I would not go on with my act until they quieted down."—"Wampus"

Mind Your Gears.—An Englishman on a visit to the West decided to go horseback riding. The hostler who was to attend him asked: "Do you prefer and English saddle or a Western?" "What's the difference?" he asked. "The Western saddle has a horn," replied the attendant. "I don't," said the Englishman. "I don't intend to ride in heavy traffic."—"Pathfinder"

Climbing accidents in the French Alps have been responsible for ninety-seven deaths already this year.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.—Porteus.

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Timely Hints To Housewives

Brown sugar will not become hard if it is kept in the bread box of the kitchen cabinet. To keep powdered sugar free from lumps place it in a can or pail with a tight-fitting lid.

Potatoes may be baked in a very short time, if allowed to stand for 10 minutes in very hot water after scrubbing then placed directly on the grate of the oven.

Using one of the small saw cutters or vegetable slicers, cut up several bars of your favorite laundry soap at once, and have soap flakes all ready to use on wash day.

Label fruit, jelly or meat jars while still hot, by writing on the jar with a wax crayon. Light colors for dark foods, and dark one for light foods show up plainly.

To simplify the task of rolling cracker or bread crumbs, place in a small cloth sack and de. then crush finely with a rolling pin.

To store gladiolus bulbs safely, place the bulbs in the coffee cans which have had holes punched in the lids.

Hot dish mats may be made from discarded inner tubes, cut in circles or ovals of the desired size, with the edges scalloped. Covered with a dainty dolly they serve the purpose as well as the ones purchased from the store.

"There are two determining factors in the life of a species—nature and nurture, character and environment."—Dean Inge.

Cutting down the Overhead.—"You don't love me any more. When you see me crying now you don't ask why." "I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but these questions have already cost me such a lot of money."—"Montreal Star"

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Prince's Horses at Fair



"Princeton Carman", percheron mare raised by the Prince of Wales on his farm at Pekisko, Alta., is making horse history in Canada by the fact that she has been sold to Lord Middleton and has been shipped to England, being the first instance of a blooded Canadian horse being sent to Great Britain, the home of fine percherons. "Princeton Carman" won second prize at the Royal Winter Fair for mares foaled in 1907 in Canada, and is the winner of many ribbons in the percheron class throughout the west.

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