

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

Life's Social Side

Editor of Women's Page, Telephone 248. Private phone 857w.

Whether it was that on St. Andrew's Day the hearts of the Scottish people turn to merrymaking or that year by year the fairs of the warps provided by the members of the Women's Home Association of St. Andrew's church, goes farther afield, on Thursday the hall of the church named for the patron saint of Scotland and the church home of the Scottish Presbyterians of Kingston for more than a century, was thronged with buyers who, after visiting the beautifully decorated tables, lingered for a cup of tea and a chat in the alcove where, at a table centered with pink carnations and ferns, Mrs. R. H. Duff, Mrs. Campbell Strange and Mrs. James Craig presided at the silver tea and coffee equipage, assisted by a committee who had a busy afternoon. Mrs. W. T. Minnes, the president, also received the visitors. The convenors of the table which is always attractive, where the fascinating "woolies" for the babies were sold, were Mrs. S. H. Brock and Mrs. T. H. Minnes. Christmas trees, already decorated, were here and a bevy of busy workers sold the pretty things. The work table with handsome useful or frivolous gifts, was presided over by Mrs. J. B. McLeod and Mrs. John Donnelly, with a corps of assistants. Cats, those delights of the little people, elephants, bunnies and dolls of every kind, were sold by the girls of the Young People's Society, at which Miss Catharine Fairlie is president. Peggy brought their market baskets to St. Andrew's Market, gay with evergreens and Canadian holly, a sheaf of oats overhead. Here Mrs. A. J. Glegg and Mrs. George Haddett were convenors of the committee who had collected an amazing quantity of material all sold early in the day. Mrs. W. F. Nickle and Miss Mowat were joint convenors of the home-made table where all sorts of dainties were displayed. Mrs. W. Wells sold aprons large and small. Mrs. H. C. Nickle and Mrs. H. E. Richardson convened the committee who were in the red and yellow candy booth gay with

sweets and bittersweets. Most original was the "Tourist" table with a ship in full sail in the background, a miniature train, a motor car and an aeroplane for decoration and everything anyone could need on their travels for sale; Miss G. Strange, Mrs. W. Gill and Miss L. Fowler, were convenors. A souvenir table was presided over by Mrs. D. A. Volunge who had painted some charming water colors and had all sorts of pretty articles to catch the buyers. Miss Gibson took the admission fee. The proceeds amounted to well over \$900.

One of the most successful dances of the season was given by the Medical students of Queen's University, in Grant Hall, on Thursday evening. Mrs. G. W. Mylks, wearing a handsome gown of black lace and jet and Mrs. James Miller, in white and silver, received the guests as they entered the hall, gay with flags, bunting and balloons of red, blue and yellow and the college arms illuminated by electricity, blazing a welcome. Jardine's orchestra from Toronto played a much enjoyed programme of dance music, the dancers tripping it merrily. A search light was turned on the gay scene in the moonlight dances, and the balloons falling lightly and caught by the guests added to the general merriment. Supper was served in the cafeteria which was gaily decorated for the event.

Mrs. Victor Anderson, Barriefield, entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. H. J. Dawson made tea and Miss Rhoda Wurtelle cut the ices. Three tables were in play and the guests included Mrs. Frank Strange, Mrs. R. E. Kent, Mrs. Frederick Brownfield, Mrs. T. Secombe, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Charles Constantine, Mrs. W. H. Macnee, Mrs. James Hamilton, Mrs. W. R. Givens, Mrs. Holloway Waddell and Miss Florence Cunningham.

assisted by her mother, Mrs. W. E. Ada, and Mrs. George H. Burland. Miss Ada Pringle, Kingston, was among the assistants.

James Bruce Stewart, and wife, of Montreal, have arrived in the city to spend the week-end and attend the Queen's-Edmonton football game. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Bagot street.

Miss Ada Pringle, Kingston, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Harold Burland, Ottawa.

Canon and Mrs. H. B. Paton, Prescott, are visitors in town. Rev. C. E. S. Radcliffe and Mrs. Radcliffe, Deseronto, are with Rev. de Pencier Wright, Alfred street.

Mrs. J. Tyrell, who was with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Dalton, Earl street, has returned to Toronto.

Rev. F. L. Barber, Picton, is a visitor in town.

Mrs. Arnott Minnes, University avenue, returned from Ottawa today. Dr. and Mrs. K. B. Suddaby, who were in town for the Medical dance, returned to Sharbot Lake today.

Mrs. K. B. Suddaby, Sharbot Lake, has been spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Cannon, West street.

St. Andrew's Ball, held in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal on Thursday, was a brilliant function with wonderful gowns and decorations, a grand march around the hall being one of the features. Miss Doris McKay, Kingston and her sister, Mrs. Walter Court-Hyde, Montreal, were among the guests.

Mrs. James Aikens, Ottawa, will be with Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Day, Alfred street for the Queen's-Eskimos rugby match on Saturday. Mr. Aikens, who has been on a trip to Edmonton, will meet his wife here, and return to Ottawa with her on Monday.

What the Editor Hears

That Lady Astor, M.P., spoke in the British House of Commons, making a strong appeal for an equal moral standard for men and women.

That people are so busy working for church bazaars and making Christmas presents at home, that entertaining is almost at a standstill.

That representatives from the city churches and the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. met at the Y.W.C.A., Johnson street, on Wednesday, when Miss Warne, of the Labrador Mission, was the speaker. A Grenfell Club was formed which will ask for a full representation from the city congregations. Mrs. T. Callander was elected president.

That a Montreal nurse says the growing use of drugs is due to the modern lack of self control. The habit is often begun in hospitals where the patient gives way to restlessness and the over wrought nurse administers a mild narcotic a self defense.

That since cars are once more becoming fashionable we will have

earrings; just now they appear to be fastened to the hair but after all we know where there are earrings there must be ears.

ENJOY TO-MORROW'S FOOTBALL GAME By Securing a Copy of the Illustrated Programme.

Be sure to secure a copy of the illustrated souvenir programme for the Queen's-Eskimos game. Cuts of the players of both teams, and other illustrations, learn something of the individual players, also of the songs which will be sung at the big game.

An advance sale of these programmes at 15c. per copy has been opened at McGill's cigar store, College book store; Baker's cigar store; Jack Elder's cigar store, McCall's drug store, the Princess Pharmacy (cor. Princess and Division streets), McLeod's grocery store (cor. Division and Union streets), the Whig office, and at the University drug store (cor. Johnson street and University avenue).

Diary of a Fashion Model By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

I am and I went to a fashion show last night. "Of course, as we're connoisseurs there will probably be some things we won't like," she chatted as we journeyed down to the hotel. "It will be interesting to compare the things with Madam's, anyway," I argued. When we arrived we found the show was late. The doors to the ballroom where it was to be staged were still closed. "I have a brilliant idea," said Mam. "I'm sure, Millicent told me she was modelling here tonight, and she can let us in."

"Capital!" I assented, and we soon had a boy page Millicent, who got us in behind the scenes.



Delicate Grey Lace Ruffles Enrich This Gray Crepe de Chine Gown.

"Several of the girls haven't practiced modelling here at all," she explained. "So these preliminary strains of music are for their benefit." I approved of the black velvet background that had been erected. It was made of huge screens, edged about with smitax.

"There are several distinct types," Millicent whispered as one of the manikins advanced into the scene of action.

"This girl is stunning in a suit," she explained. The girl in question was more or less of the dashing type. "I know your forte is evening dresses," I remarked to Millicent. She has a willowy figure, very modern, and a lovely neck and shoulders.

"Yes," she admitted. "But there's another evening type here, too. Here she comes now."

I glanced up and understood the contrast immediately. This girl was quainter and more fragile-looking. "Looks as if she'd been raised in an old-fashioned garden," remarked Pam.

"That's what Millicent, who is showing her costumes tonight, needs for some of her frocks," Millicent told us. "She affects that type. Notice the one this girl is wearing."

"I'd been thinking how fragile and delicate it is," I answered. "Yes, it's quite the type for the girl's frail beauty," Pam agreed.

"That pale gray is lovely with her coloring," Millicent decided aloud. "And the delicate gray lace just suits her," I added. "How is it put on, anyway?"

"Oh, it's sewed straight across the front and down either side to form those ripples," Millicent explained. "I examined it behind the scenes and was intrigued with the pannels, the fine shirring at the waist and the delicate French flowers."

"Your Millicent has made quite a pretty dress," summed up the critical Pam.

"Wait till I don my snappy green one," warned Millicent, hopping up to leave us as the doors were opened to let the audience come in. Soon the music started, the lights were lowered, and the show began.

Contempt For the Mending Basket

To turn for a moment, from discussing the matter of waste of fruit, let us take a recent instance of our prejudice against the trouble involved in any sort of saving. Among the garments sent in for the fire-stricken areas of the north, were suits of clothes, coats, dresses, and other things that were torn, or perhaps slightly worn, but which would have been good for many months of wear, with an hour or so's mending. The things were of good cloth, of better cloth, indeed, than were most of the new garments sent in, but there seemed to be an idea that time spent in mending these garments would be so much time ill-spent, both on the part of the senders and the recipients. To be perfectly candid, there is something slightly vulgar about our present-day unwillingness to mend and make over. It betrays a certain carelessness and callousness, that is at variance with our finer instincts, which teach us to preserve so long as preservation is possible. It is a wellbred instinct, this instinct of conservation, and carefulness in all things—a quality which has nothing in common with meanness or lack of generosity—used to be regarded as part of the equipment of a gentleman.

A story that was current in our grandmothers' time illustrates this. The tale runs that, somehow or other, a little girl who belonged to the newly-rich of that time, managed to get into a boarding-school, which, the rather quaintly-worded prospectus said, was kept exclusively for the young ladies from the upper classes. One day, unfortunately, little Miss Newly-Rich tore her frock, or rather, unfortunately, when she tore her frock, she jessed her head and said she didn't care—her father could get her another one—he had lots of money. In due time, this sentiment reached the ears of the head mistress, and the next scene in the little drama shows Miss Newly-Rich standing on the platform in full view of the whole school, being pointed to by the mistresses as a horrible example of vulgarity. "Any little lady might tear her frock," said the head mistress, "but she would always be sorry for it and hasten to mend it neatly."—G. C. M. White in the Canadian Farmer.

Canada's Tough Man. Peterboro Examiner. Canadians are a long lasting and sturdy race. The Toronto Globe tells of a man who read that paper fifty years and yet lived to be eighty.

Under The British Flag. Detroit Free Press. Like a good many other people in hard luck, the Sultan knew where to look for refuge when the pinch came.

If you have a pleasant little social affair at your house you have to send the account of it in to the papers, but have a nice little scandal and the papers will always send out for an account of it.

Impersonating Santa Claus is about the most expensive pastime father can go in for.

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