

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

LIFE'S SOCIAL SIDE

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

A friendly match was played on Saturday at the armories between Queen's Badminton Club and the Armories Club, the latter being victorious. The Queen's team were: Mrs. Keith Hicks, Mrs. Douglas Jemmett, Mrs. James Miller, Mrs. John Matheson, Mrs. Walker, Miss May Macdonnell, Miss Phyllis Knight, Miss May Chown, Miss Dyde, Prof. Hicks, Prof. Jemmett, Prof. Wilgar, Prof. Small, Prof. Roy, Prof. McCrea, Prof. Matheson and Prof. Walker. The Armories team was Mrs. Victor Anderson, Mrs. E. C. J. Schmidlin, Mrs. Eric Greenwood, Mrs. Victor Tremaine, Mrs. Beverly Brown, Mrs. J. F. Preston, Mrs. J. C. Murchie, Miss Edith Carruthers, Miss Mary Ogilvie, Capt. Col. Schmidlin, Col. Browne, Col. Anderson, Major Williams, Major Leach, Capt. Lee, Major Tremaine and Prof. McKee. There were many on-lookers present, among whom were: Col. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Col. and Mrs. Norman Leslie, Col. and Mrs. Constantine, Major and Mrs. Lafferty, Major and Mrs. Horace Lawson, Col. and Mrs. A. E. Harris, Col. and Mrs. Stockwell, Wilfred Lawson (Toronto), Mrs. James Hamilton, Mrs. R. J. Leach, Mrs. C. S. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fleming, Mrs. W. P. Wilgar, Mrs. Arthur Dalton, Miss Mollie Cartwright, Miss Ritchie, Miss Swift, Miss Mildred Jones, Miss Laura Kilborn, Miss Helen Strange, and Miss Cecil Macnee.

The patronesses of the reception given to W. S. Reid, M.P., and Mrs. Reid at Harrowsmith last Thursday evening, were Mrs. J. D. Shibley, Mrs. Graham, F. S. Ferguson, Mrs. J. J. O'Reilly, Mrs. M. Spafford, Mrs. H. A. Hawkey, Miss Crozier, Mrs. S. Campbell. Those assisting were Misses Timins, Velma Wartman, Kathleen Campbell, Mary Agnes O'Brien, Frederika Ferguson, Helen Spafford, Thelma Lindsay and L. Graham.

Justice and Mrs. Campbell Lane will be among the Montreal guests attending the Christmas Ball at R. M.C. Kingston. Miss Charlotte Harwood, Montreal, is leaving shortly for Kingston, where she will be the guest of Miss Allison Macdonnell, and will remain over for the Christmas dance at R.M.C. on December 21st. Miss Doris McKay, who has been spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. Walter Court Hyde, at

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The Editor Hears

That yet another generous soul, who realizes that there will be homes in Kingston that need help to brighten the Christmas tide has sent an anonymous subscription of \$20 to the Charity Circle of the King's Daughters. She or he could find no surer way for their gift to reach those in need and they may be sure it will be spent in the right way and given with a true Christmas spirit of kindness.

That the returned soldiers greatly appreciate the kindness of the management of the Strand and the Alben theatres who have given them the pleasure of seats, free of charge for some months. At least two thousand tickets have been used.

That many West-end theatre managers now employ women readers of plays in the belief that women are the chief support to the theatre, and the well-known actress, Miss Aurio Lee, is the latest play reader and is handling the manuscripts for an important West-end management.

That one of the pleasures of the singing of Dame Butt and Kennerly Runcion is the beautifully clear enunciation of their words and the simplicity of their manner. They have voices which it would be a pleasure to hear singing scales but they never forget that the words are as much a part of the song as the music, and on Friday evening no word was lost by the audience in Grant Hall.

We all feel we would like a touch of frost and some bright Canadian sunshine, but remember the coal bin and the homes where the struggle to exist is lessened by the mild weather.

That the post office authorities say "Mail your Christmas parcels early and we will get them to their destination." Don't be among the dilatory ones who crowd the office on Christmas Eve.

McLaughlin-Kirkwood Nuptials. At the home of Rev. Malcolm Macgillivray, D.D., the marriage took place on Friday evening of Margaret Kirkwood and Wilfred McLaughlin, R.C.H.A., Dr. Macgillivray officiating. The bride wore a travelling suit of navy blue pique tulle, a velvet wrap and a hat to match. The wedding party adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cole, Quebec street, where a buffet supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin left on the mid-night train for Toronto, and on their return will make their home in Kingston.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES Candy-making is as much a part of the Christmas celebration for many of us as the trimming of the Christmas tree. Home-made sweets, especially fruit and nut preparations, are always popular, and furnish a generous reward for the trouble in preparing them. Even though new ideas are always coming to the front the fruit and nut confections will always hold their own. The following recipes offer both novelties and old standbys in preparing and combining fruit and nut confections.

Glaced Pineapple. Pineapple, Water Pineapple-juice, Sugar. Remove the skin and eyes from a pineapple nut overripe. Cut the fruit in slices, discarding the core. Put the slices in enough boiling water to cover, and simmer till tender but firm. Make a syrup of the pineapple-juice, water, and sugar, allowing a cupful of liquid to two cupfuls of sugar. Pour over the pineapple. Cover and let stand overnight. Pour off the syrup and cook until it threads. Pour over the pineapple slices. Reheat the sirup and fruit to the boiling-point. Remove from the fire when the sirup threads on the fruit. Put in an oiled paper and dry in the sun or on the back of the stove.

Fruit Dulce. 1 cupful figs, 3/4 cupful nuts, 1-3 cupful crystallized ginger, 2 table-spoonfuls lemon-juice, powdered sugar, shredded coconut. Combine the figs, nuts, and ginger and put through a food-chopper. Stir in the lemon-juice. Then knead into a paste on a board dredged with powdered sugar. Roll thin and cut into inch squares. Put together in layers of three, sprinkling the coconut between the layers. Put in a cool place till firm.

Fruit Danishes. 1 cupful figs, 1 cupful dates, 1 cupful Sultana raisins, 2 table-spoonfuls lemon-juice, 1/4 cupful candied orange-peel, 3/4 cupful nut-meats. Put the ingredients through a meat-chopper, adding the lemon-juice. Roll out the mixture to about one-half inch on a board sprinkled with sifted powdered sugar. Cut in

Against his will perhaps the tailor sometimes uses a dead heat to advertise his product. If your methods are questionable, don't be surprised if you receive questionable results.

Sally's Promise

By MARTHA WILLIAMS.

Dancy Dean—familiarly D. D.—sung out of his car ten steps in front of Miss Sarah Martha Wade, whom he had overtaken on the country road in front of her home. With a wild dash he seized her hands, swung her around himself, pivoting on his feet, and sat her down upright, but helpless with laughing for a full half minute. When she could speak, she said: "You read my mind right—all morning I've been yearning for a good noisy romp—as we used to have before school and college finished us. What makes folks let 'em do it, D. D.?"

"Want of understanding—and the imitative faculty," D. D. answered promptly. "But all that's going to be changed with our children—they shall do whatever they like—provided they are wise enough to ask us first if we like it."

"Our children! H-m-m!" Here a relapse into loftiness. "I see! You need what Black Mammy calls 'cheeriment,' and get it in the form of working out my new road bed. Ground is just right—and, oh, it's also beautifully grassy!"

"He switched it," from D. D. "Heater with all that's going to be done," from Sally. "Of course I could do it without waiting for Uncle Tiger to sweat de misery outen his back—but grass, like trouble and women, won't wait for anything. Off with your coat! Lucky you're in golf rig. Consider the honor of abasing yourself before me and the roses. Yes, I shall stand by and fan you if the sun makes you feel faint. I may even bring you a drop of water to cool your parched tongue."

"Play understudy to Lazarus," D. D. broke in, grinning. "If you could that bargain to the letter me for the trowel and the hoe."

"Oh, what a joy it is to have a thankful child!" Sally paraphrased, waving the scarlet parasol that had so far served only as background to her wheat-yellow head.

D. D. muttered gruffly: "I'm putting obedience out at interest. Remember that, young woman, even you don't dare defy me when I have sons to back me."

"You're positively indecent," Sally laughed, "talking of your sons."

"Any worse than talking of father or mother? I can't see it," D. D. retorted. "That reminds me—mamma says I'm to fetch you back with me—and to stay a week—she's had a girl wished on her—sort of cousin, lone orphan—richer'n an Oklahoma injun—you've got to help us with her."

"The plot thickens," Sally cried, jumping up and down. "Now I know why I've set you to work—grass would have taken those poor roses before I could get back home."

The young folk were, of course, sadly spoiled—D. D. by seven married sisters whom he had exceeded when hope was added in addition to rich and doting parents. Sally, an only daughter, had a scant three brothers, but they had made up in indulgence the allowance of a full dozen. No heiress—child of a second wife—she had never had the thought of money save as something nice to spend.

The boys, dividing equally their mother's dowry of millions, took great delight in "Babe" things, whether or no she needed them. D. D., three years older, had been her playmate and comrade since she could toddle. Deanside and Wadeways marched together along their greatest breadths—thus the pair had been as much at home in one house as the other. Thus else they had been "fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life" well nigh to surfeit. Both felt it—as yet insatiably. A little later the feeling sprang eternally to life and action.

This because of two things—earthquake in finance and the lone rich cousin. The elder Dean, long a silent partner in huge commercial enterprises, when he caught breath after the earthquake, found he had left only Deanside, and who seemed to him a beggarly pittance of three thousand a year. Plus honor, he had made good where a man less scrupulous would have stood from under. His daughter, in spite of rich husbands, grumbled under breath over the losing greater prospective riches, but his wife said gallantly:

"Never mind, dear. And his son all but shouted: "Dad, you're the very ace of trumps!" Dean perceived his boy's hands hard, he shouting made up almost for everything.

But he said huskily: "Son, I'm afraid this will hit you hardest. It means, in the concrete, you can't marry Sally."

"Gammoh!" said D. D. disrespectfully, but his father understood. He went on, still huskily: "You two have been trained to spend money—not worth it—with practically nothing in hand, you'd have to be pensioners."

"Not on your life!" D. D. interrupted, his face going suddenly from youth to manhood. "I can work! I will! Sally will wait for me, and it shan't be over-long."

"That won't be fair to her—two brothers are married—the other going to be shortly. When Nat's wife comes it will make a big difference at Wadeways—Sally won't be queer there any longer. That will be hard enough—but she'll be made to feel her dependence, unless I mistake greatly the new head of the house. Now, fresh as a budding rose, she can marry anybody she likes—" Mr. Dean began.

open before you. Enid, your cousin—

"Don't name her!" D. D. broke in: "It shames me to say it, but I know that she and her money are to be had for taking. I won't take them—I can't. Not any more than you could tempt your millions by just a little twisting of—a gentleman's word of honor."

"What will you do?" the father asked still huskily.

"Wait and see!" said D. D. rushing away, to come back in three hours with Sally's hand in his, and a new wedding ring shining upon it. "We beat Nat to the parson," was his sole explanation: "Will you and mammy keep Sally safe for me until I find a job, and a cottage?"

"And I'll promise to be my baddest," Sally said with her wickedest smile: "so you won't have a chance to worry over what's happening to our boy."

She went to him after a fortnight—to help him take a ground start on his own declining loans, either of money or influence. And stuck to him unarmuring through five years wherein he climbed not to riches but reasonable comfort.

TO WRECK KAISER TOWER.

Structure in Jerusalem Must Make Room for Driveway.

The brief announcement comes from Jerusalem that the Kaiser Tower is to be demolished. This tower was built to commemorate the visit of the German emperor, William II, to Palestine in 1898, and its erection at the Jaffa gate, one of the leading entrances to Jerusalem, made it a quarter of a century ago the subject of much comment and a lengthy international controversy.

In October, 1898, William II. landed at Haifa, on the Palestine coast, and journeyed on to Jerusalem. Every possible mark of honor and distinction was paid to him by Abdul Hamid's orders. His entry into Jerusalem was described as a "dream of medieval splendor." The emperor, wearing the burnished helmet and white uniform of the Prussian Guard, and attended by a host of chivalric figures arrayed in the insignia and flowing mantles of the orders of St. John and the Teutonic Knights, rode in state along the crowded streets to the new German Church of the Redeemer.

For a cavalcade of such splendor the Jaffa gate was too low and narrow. To admit it a breach was made in the wall beside the gate—the first deep breach in the walls of Jerusalem since the city lay at the mercy of the besieging Romans and Crusaders. This breach was repaired, but the spot was marked by a tower with the faces of a great German clock showing on its four sides.

At the time of his visit the German emperor could look down from the Palestine hills upon a Jerusalem dominated by buildings and towers of German institutions. The signs of German banks and financial agencies appeared prominently in the business section of Jerusalem, and German economic and political interests were there strongly and apparently firmly entrenched.

But the close of the world war brought a change to Jerusalem, which is expressed in an improvement of the condition of the people and in the very modern demand for more breathing spots. A park and new walks were laid out and the Kaiser tower was in the way.—N. Y. Herald.

Seeds Stand Tremendous Heat.

None of nature's inventions has more wonderful powers of endurance than the seed by means of which plant life is carried on.

You may subject certain seeds for hours to a temperature of 100 degrees below freezing point, you may heat them until they are hot enough to burn your hand, yet they will not lose their vitality.

Huge fires sometimes rage through the forests, destroying mile after mile of giant trees. Where the fire has passed there remain nothing apparently but charred stumps and flame-scarred, smoldering soil. Yet within a few months the whole district will be green with the first leaves of tiny seedling trees.

When tests were made recently to discover the heat at ground-level during a forest fire, it was found that it was from 1,000 to 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. The fires move so quickly that this intense heat lasts only for a minute or less at any spot.

Various tree seeds were then tried to see what heat they could resist. It was found that fir cones could withstand a temperature of 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit for eight minutes without losing their vitality.

Only. Lady Granard, the daughter of Ogden Mills, said at luncheon at the Ogden Mills residence in New York: "Englishmen are very nice, but they don't know how to dance. They are too stiff."

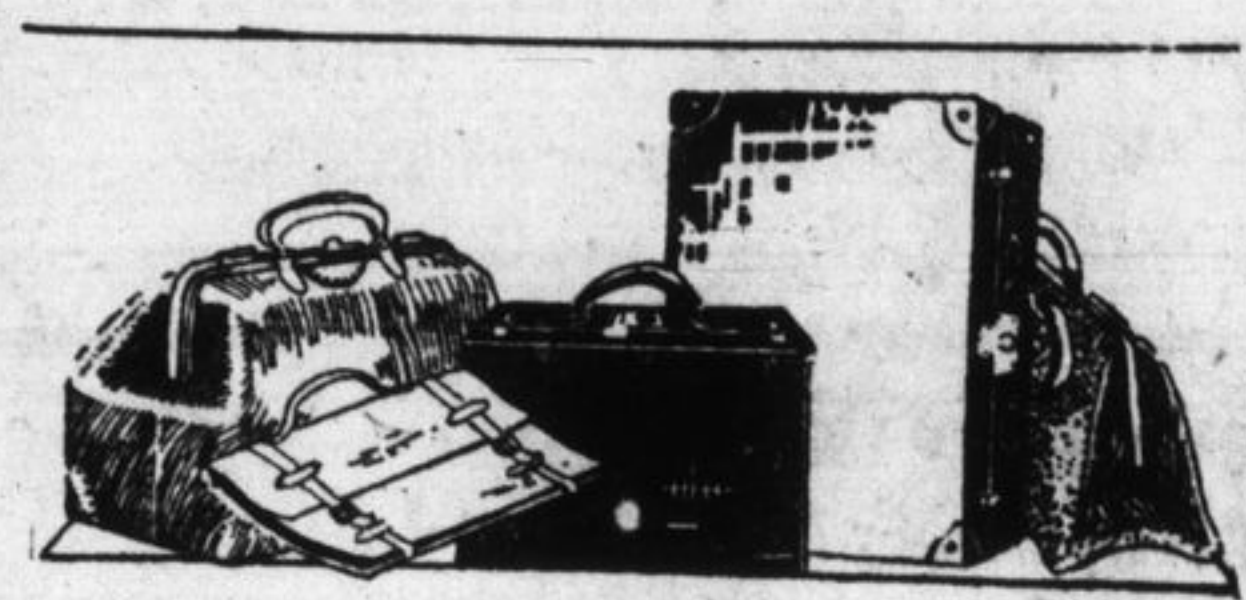
"It was an Englishman, you know, who said: "I love this complicated modern dancing—yes, I think it's absolutely ripping—only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

Not Impressed by Magnates. Those who associate daily with the great are not so deeply impressed, perhaps, as others. A young man with a message for a magnate was compelled to wait 20 minutes in the outer office. The magnate wasn't doing anything, and the messenger knew it. Finally he was admitted and welcomed with a frown.

"Well, sir, what is it? Time is money, time is money." "I have here a card from my boss, Mr. Gottalot. He wants you to squander about \$5,000 worth on the golf links this afternoon."

A Little Fun for Himself. "Well, Vaughn, how's your sweet heart?" "We're not friends any more." "Well, you're going to make up, aren't you?" "Sure, but I'm going to play innuendo for about a week and spend some of my money on myself."

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MAKE THIS AN ELECTRICAL CHRISTMAS See that this year's gifts are the kind that will give life-long happiness. Here are a few suggestions: FOR THE FAMILY—A RADIO SET would be most appropriate. It will give them years of entertainment. FOR THE WOMEN FOLK—Curling Irons, Boudoir Irons, Boudoir Lamps, Table and Piano Lamps. Come in and see the above at

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