

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

LIFE'S SOCIAL SIDE

Woman's Page Editor Phone 2612, Private Phone 6528.

Badminton was played at the Armouries on Wednesday and several people came in at the tea hour. Among those present were Col. and Mrs. A. E. Harris, Col. and Mrs. R. Brook, Col. and Mrs. R. O. Alexander, Col. and Mrs. E. J. C. Schmitt, Major and Mrs. Victor Tremaine, Major and Mrs. Dobbie, Major and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. T. A. Kidd, Mrs. Nell Polson, Mrs. Keith Hickey, Capt. and Mrs. Westmorland, Capt. and Mrs. F. M. Harvey, Capt. Forti, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. El-Hott, Mrs. Frederick P. Sands (Newport, R.I.), Mrs. Alan Powell (Quebec), Mrs. Douglas Jemmett, Miss Gildersleeve, Miss McGill, Miss Goring, Miss Edith Ritchie, Miss Alison Rogers, Miss Aline and Miss Cecily Rutherford, Miss Jesse Torrance, Miss Mary Ogilvie (Toronto), Miss Edith Carruthers, Miss Helen Strang, Miss Gwen Dawson, Dr. McKee, Capt. Kelly.

The Junior Farmers' Association and the Junior Women's Institute of the district, whose members always make the fine assembly hall of the Eastern Dairy School gay for their dances, excelled themselves in the artistic floral wreaths in pastel shades that twined the chandeliers, crossed the ceiling in long streamers and made a lattice work for the windows. Thousands of sweet peas in mauve and pink, gold and orange, were made by the deft fingers of the girls and the ladies who so kindly assist them, and under this gay canopy the girl dancers, wearing charming frocks of similar tints, floated to and fro to the music of Ed Fox and His Serenaders. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Street, Mr. James Henderson and Miss Lillian Henderson received the guests and the supper was served at midnight by Miss Aleatha Gates, Mr. Gordon Jackson and Mr. McEwan.

On Monday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, Rideau street, was made merry when a number of their friends surprised them in honor of the latter's birthday. The evening was spent in cards and games. A beautiful china tea set was presented to Mrs. Stanton, who expressed her appreciation of her friends' kindness. Refreshments were served, and before leaving for home all joined in wishing Mrs. Stanton many happy returns of the day.

The Whig will be glad to have the names of visitors in town and accounts of various social events for publication in the social column. Such communications should be signed and the address of the sender given. Write or telephone to the Editor of the Woman's Page, Telephone No. 2612.

Capt. and Mrs. W. Bloomfield, Clergy street west, gave a pleasant party on Wednesday evening. Eight tables were in play, and the prize winners were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roblin, Mrs. F. C. Wright and Mr. Stewart. Supper was served during the evening.

A party of cadets from the Royal Military College and their girl friends

took advantage of the good sleighing and the moonlight to go for a sleigh drive along the road of Kingston Mills on Wednesday evening. They returned to the home of Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Johnson street, where Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Cadet Clarence Rogers saw that everyone had a jolly evening. Dancing went on for some time.

Mrs. D. H. Smith and her daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Martha Smith, gave a jolly party on Wednesday evening at their home on Bagot street. Games were played and the young people danced until midnight.

Mrs. Douglas Jemmett, Kensington avenue, entertained the class of the students of Prof. Jemmett's class on Wednesday evening. The guests spent a most pleasant evening playing games, etc.

Mrs. H. G. Gibson, Union street, entertained on Wednesday evening for Miss Frances Gibson, Ottawa, who is her guest.

Sir Percy and Lady Sherwood, Ottawa, are leaving at the end of this week for California, where they will remain for the rest of the winter.

Col. and Mrs. McParland and family, Toronto, are leaving for France about March 10th. Mrs. McParland and her children will remain in Montreal for a year.

Mrs. Louis O'Brien and her little daughter, Joan, who were visiting Mrs. A. McLean, King street, have returned to Ottawa.

Miss Cecily Rutherford, King street, returned from Montreal this week.

Cadet C. D. Cowan, Royal Military College, will spend the week-end in Gananoque with Mrs. F. B. Cowan.

Mrs. Alexander Newlands, Victoria street, has spent several days in Belleville this week attending the meeting of the Urban School Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hickey, Johnson street, left to-day for New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. Northcote Burke, Trinity College, Toronto, who will be ordained to the diaconate in St. George's Cathedral on Sunday morning, will arrive in town Friday and will be with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Burke, Queen street.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis King, St. Lawrence avenue, who went to New York with Miss Lewis and Miss Marion Lewis, who sailed for the Mediterranean ports last week, have returned to town.

Mr. David Walker and Miss Eleanor Walker, Toronto, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Winnett, Bagot street.

Miss Helen Christmas, Queen street, spent Tuesday in Gananoque, the guest of Mrs. Bessie Henry.

Mrs. Frederick P. Sands, Newport, R.I., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. F. Elliot, the Belvidere Annex.

Miss Mary Ogilvie, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. E. F. Torrance, Alfred street.

Major and Mrs. Lachlan Hughes, who have spent some time in town while Major Hughes has been taking a course at the Royal Military College, will leave for Ottawa next week to visit General and Mrs. St. Pierre Hughes before leaving for their home in Victoria, B.C.

The Editor Hears

That Miss Ethel Chapman, Toronto, whose name is a household word in the homes of the members of the Women's Institute, has written an interesting paper on how the Women's Institutes can co-operate with the Board of Managers of fairs. The reason for this co-operation she says is to make the fair more interesting to the woman exhibitor and visitor and to demonstrate before a large audience the advantages of the study of the various forms of home economics. The three branches of this subject are food, clothing and housing. Miss Chapman has some excellent suggestions. As food demonstrations she suggests of school lunches, lunches for working men, of meals for young children and charts showing what young children should and should not eat. Another suggestion is the difference between a good and a bad market basket. Posters can be used to show why people should use more milk products and how to keep those products safe. We will give some more of her ideas in a few days.

That Edward Johnson, the Guelph boy who has made such a splendid success as a grand opera singer, being heard with delight by New York, as Romeo at the Metropolitan Opera House, had a great reception in Toronto, and hundreds of people from Guelph went to Toronto to hear him.

That shanting silk so useful for summer frocks now comes in many shades and is much sought for. It launders easily and can be washed out and worn the next day so is most useful for school dresses for children.

That several beautiful Persian cats have recently been stolen from their owners who live not far from the city park. One cat had the num-

ber of her owner's house on her collar, and the other was also a pet. It seems strange that people could be so regardless of their neighbors' feelings as to take their pets from them. The cruelty is double edged for not only are the owners of the pet distressed at its loss and wondering what its fate may be, but the poor little cats—they were both little more than kittens—are mourning good homes. It is indeed a mean and selfish person who will rob another of a pet. Surely if they think it over they will take the cats back to their owners.

HER OWN WAY

By a Girl of To-day.

ANOTHER CASE. "What's the matter, Rillie?" I exclaimed. "You look as though you had been ill a month!"

"Oh, do I look as bad as that?" she asked, her voice trembling. "I really wanted to look my best today. You see, it's the first time I've been out of the house since that awful story came out in the papers about Lyman and me. I wasn't intoxicated, Judy. Honest, I wasn't. And I didn't know for certain that Lyman was drunk until he ran into that tree while trying to kiss me."

"Well, Rillie, why did Lyman Andrews not take the blame for it all? Why didn't he say that only he had been drinking?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since the story came out. But the gossip is getting so scandalous that I don't think Dad can stand it much longer. He said he was going over to have a talk with Lyman today and I came out to find him before Dad could get to him. If my father had only let me call Lyman up the next day, I think I could have made it all up with him. Now, oh Judy, I'm afraid Lyman will never speak to me again."

"Do you want him to, Rillie?" I asked in surprise. I could not understand how any girl could want to have anything more to do with any man who had shown such a yellow streak as Lyman had.

"Of course I do, Judy. Don't you see, I've got to make up with him? You know that although I did nothing more than you or any other of the girls have done, yet I got into a mess by the accident and now the story has grown so big that I'm ruined if I don't marry Lyman? And, oh Judy, he hasn't asked me! You know I'm awfully fond of him and I couldn't live in this town if I thought he was making love to any other girl!"

"She stopped suddenly. A man's voice had called, "Rillie! Oh, Rillie!"

I looked behind me to see that it was Lyman Andrews. "There!" I said. "There's your man and you won't be the clever girl I think you if you don't make him come to terms immediately if you want to. I'll leave you now to do your stuff. I haven't much time to lose, Rillie, for I am getting ready to go to Chicago."

"Are you?" she asked in a tone of voice by which I knew she would rather go to Chicago than marry the man that was slowly coming toward her. I only stopped long enough to hear him say:

"Your Dad seems to think we ought to get married, Rillie."

"And don't you want to, Lyman?" she asked.

I was out of hearing. Next: Chuck Again.

FAMILY MENUS

Breakfast—Stewed dried peaches, cereal, thin cream, tomato omelet, crisp whole wheat toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Creamed shrimps in rice border, bran bread, apple and celery salad, orange cream pudding, milk, tea.

Dinner—Roast loin of lamb, mashed potatoes, creamed turnips, endive salad, canned strawberries, sponge cake, graham bread, milk, coffee.

Sometimes after opening a can of tomatoes there is some left, not enough for a meal but too much to waste. While any vegetable left-over

Advertisement for 'The Coffee Exquisite' featuring a can of coffee and a woman's face. Text includes 'Since 1857' and 'The Coffee Exquisite'.

CAMPANA'S Italian Balm

for red, rough hands after dishwashing.

can always be used in soup, sometimes we aren't making soup. This tomato omelet is a suggestion for using up left-over tomatoes. Tomato soup can be used, in which case omit the soda in the recipe.

Tomato Omelet.

One cup tomato pulp, 1-2 cup milk, 1-8 teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 4 eggs.

Canned tomatoes must be rubbed through a strainer. Heat puree and add soda. Melt 1-2 tablespoons butter, in sauce pan, stir in flour and slowly add tomato mixture, stirring constantly. Add milk and cook until thick and smooth. Season with salt and pepper and add yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Melt remaining butter in hot spider, or omelet pan. When hissing hot turn in egg mixture. Cook slowly on top of stove or bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Fold and slide onto a hot platter and serve at once.

Breakfast—Canned cherries, top milk, broiled bacon, soft cooked eggs, crisp whole wheat toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Fish chowder, toasted crackers, cabbage and grape fruit salad, apple cocoa pudding, milk, tea.

Dinner—Broiled shad, lemon butter, boiled rice, lima beans in cream, spinach salad, lemon meringue pie, graham bread, milk, coffee.

Tart canned cherries are very acceptable as a breakfast fruit. Any canned fruit, not too sweet and well chilled can be used just as stewed dried fruits are used.

If the breakfast bacon is wanted crisp and that's the way it should be, dip the fat off as fast as it cooks out if the meat is broiled.

Fish Chowder.

Two pounds cod or haddock, 2 slices salt pork, 1 onion, 3 cups diced potatoes, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper.

Remove fish from bones and cut flesh in small pieces. Cover bones with cold water and bring it to the boiling point. Simmer for 30 minutes. Strain.

Cut pork in small pieces and fry out fat. Strain fat into sauce pan and add onion thinly sliced. Cook slowly until a pale straw color. Add potatoes and parsley, pepper and fish stock. Bring to the boiling point, adding water to cover and add fish. Cook until fish is tender about 30 minutes. Add water to prevent sticking as needed but a chowder should not be too thin. When fish is tender add hot milk. Stir flour to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Stir into chowder and bring to the boiling point but do not let boil. Split 4 Boston crackers and dip in cold milk. Put in soup tureen and pour over chowder. Serve at once. (Copyright 1926, NEA Service, Inc.)

HUSTLE AND GRIN.

Smile and the world smiles with you; "Knock," and you go it alone; For the cheerful grin Will let you in Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way look dreary; Laugh, and the path is bright; For a welcome smile Brings sunshine, while A frown shuts out the light.

Shut and you "take in," nothing, Work, and the prize is won For the nervy man With backbone can By nothing be outdone.

Hustle! and fortune awaits you; Shirk! and defeat is sure; For there's no chance Of deliverance For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious; Grumble, and things go wrong, And all the time You are out of rhyme With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing, Whistle, and life is gay, And the world's in tune Like a day-in-June, And the clouds all melt away. —Selected.

Granite Lodge Event.

The twentieth anniversary of Granite Lodge, Independent Order of Oddfellows, was celebrated on Wednesday evening, by a card and dance party held in the lodge rooms on Montreal street. The event was a most enjoyable one.

Isn't it awful when you're trying to put across an idea and just can't think of the right slang? Dirty work at the cross roads now means gathering up the debris after it happens.

"THE LAND OF AFTERNOON"

A Review of Gilbert Knox's Much-Talked-Of Book.

The author whose first book achieves the purpose for which it was written is to be congratulated. That much talked of book, "The Land of Afternoon," by Gilbert Knox, was clearly written to be the "best seller" of its year and in Eastern Canada, at any rate, it has been in great demand.

The author says his novel is a satire on social and political life in Canada's capital, and adds that the characters are purely imaginary. The first statement is undoubtedly true but the second is open to question. To people living in Ottawa, most of the characters are unmistakable and yet unbiased people declare that all of them are distorted. Most of us have peculiarities that at times amuse our friends but they forgive us for them because of other characteristics in us that they admire. But the unfortunates, pilloried for their fellow's amusement in this book, have their redeeming qualities rent from them ruthlessly and replaced by most unlovely traits. The writer has a mischievous desire to stab in the dark, and even the hero, Raymond Dilling, who is said in the foreword to be a "Superman" is shown committing the unpardonable solocism of manuring his fingers while he converses with a lady.

But the dialogue is undeniably brilliant and there is no doubt whatever that the writer has had many opportunities for observing Ottawa's social and official life. The struggle for power and place among the women whose husbands had undertaken the business of governing their country is drawn with an unerring pen and the politicians fare no better. The cattiness of those who are striving to shoulder their way across what Anselm Deane describes as "the shining rim" as she demonstrates with her gold bracelet and some pen nibs the eager and often desperate fight to get within the magic circle where once in, you can do any thing you like so long as you pretend that all the others in the ring are desirable and those outside the reverse. The new titles, the women who holds a precarious footing on the social ladder, who receive kicks from those who have a firmer foothold, are held up to ridicule as they richly deserve, and the vulgarity of those who, accepting the hospitality of sweet Marjorie Dilling from Plato Plains, who has come to Ottawa with her husband, the brilliant young western member, laugh at her attempts at beautifying her house while they eat her leas, is caustically scored. The press does not escape satire for in a description of a function given in the social columns of a paper the terms, "Mrs. (Rev.) and Mrs. (Dr.)," are used and anyone who reads the woman's pages of the Ottawa dailies knows the capable women journalists who edit them would never allow such incorrect English to escape their editing pencil. The church too comes in for a slam in a chapter devoted to a fashionable wedding.

But are all the snobs at Ottawa? Are they all within the parliamentary and Government House circles? Are not some of the most snobbish people those who are far away from the shining ring? And does this book, except as it is, give us a good idea of Canadian society? Our Canadian social life is a complex thing for it is composed of men and women of widely different antecedents. Our forefathers were, many of them, members of that band of high adventurers who have made what we call the British Empire. Some of them were men whose names may be found in Burke's peerage; younger sons, who left the old place to their elders and fared across the seas to make a home in this good land. What care their descendants for "the shining ring" of gold drawn by men and women with a lately acquired title? Others came from the older colonies to the south,

Advertisement for 'SHREDDED WHEAT' featuring the text 'Pour hot milk over SHREDDED WHEAT a warm, satisfying meal'.

leaving their beautiful colonial homes to live under the old flag. Are they interested in a struggle for a lower place than their ancestors held? And the sons and daughters of professional men, of men who, laboring with brains and hands founded great mercantile houses, who with the fruits of their fathers' labors have seen the best of European society and art. Are they trembling lest some upstart of to-day will forbid them to enter the magic circle? Are these Canadians wondering if so-and-so is "the thing"? They never give it a thought. They learned good manners in their childhood from their parents and teachers as they learned to read and write.

The entertaining for the sake of making a show is common enough, as we all know, but we also know that there are homes from ocean to ocean where there is true hospitality, where the stranger is welcome but the friend doubly so. Laugh if you will at "Mrs. Pratt," "Mrs. Prendergast" and her "dawdler," "Mrs. Long" and "Lady Elton," but never dream they represent more than one factor and not the most im-

portant one in the strange mixture of good and bad known as society. —A.M.G.

Advertisement for 'Children's Colds' featuring the text 'VICKS VAPORUB' and an illustration of a child.

Advertisement for 'SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY' featuring 'Men's Pure Wool Cashmere Sox', 'Women's Silk and Wool Stockings', 'Best Quality of Canadian Sheeting', and 'W. N. Linton & Co. The Waldron Store'.

Advertisement for 'LINDSAY'S Stocktaking Sale' featuring 'THIS IS THE LAST WEEK', 'A FEW BARGAINS LEFT', 'PIANOS, PHONOGRAPHS and ORGANS', and 'EASY TERMS ARRANGED'.

CARRIED WIFE TO BED

Suffered So She Could Not Walk. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minesing, Ontario. "I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed. I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it; sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wanting to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do not care to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it." — Mrs. NEAL BOWSER, R. R. 1, Minesing, Ontario. Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes to women when they are not well? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition.

Advertisement for 'GALLAGHER'S TAXI SERVICE 960 ANYWHERE IN CITY 25c DAY OR NIGHT ALL 7 PASSENGER SEDANS'.