

WOMEN and THE HOME

Diamond Wedding Day Is Marked By Glencoe Pair

500 Guests Attend Reception of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McMurchy.

MARRIED 60 YEARS

Special to The Advertiser.
Glencoe, March 27.—An event of more than passing interest took place yesterday in Glencoe. It was the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McMurchy, who welcomed at their home during the afternoon between four and five hundred guests.

The house was decorated with spring flowers in great profusion, while white wedding bells hung from the archways.

Mrs. William McMurchy of Laporte, Sask., attended the door. Mrs. McMillan of Crinan ushered to the dining-room, where the table was attractively and simply decorated with cake, gay with tiny silver horseshoes and silver maple leaves. The hostess was assisted in the dining-room by Mrs. Knox and Miss Jean McMurchy.

During the afternoon the band quipped, unquipped, and rendered several selections, while Professor Gordon played a few quaint Scotch airs on the violin, while some of the younger generation kept time in good old Scotch fashion.

John A. McMurchy was born at Kintyre, Argyshire, Scotland, in the year 1837, and came with his parents to Canada in 1852, landing at Quebec after a voyage of six weeks and three days. They settled in Aldboro township.

Mrs. McMurchy is a daughter of the late Godfrey and Mrs. Montgomery, and was born within three miles of the birthplace of her husband at Kintyre, in the year 1844. She came with her parents to Aldboro in the year 1854, settling on the Dykes farm.

In the year 1865 John McMurchy and Janet Montgomery were married in Argyshire, Scotland. The ceremony was performed by the late Rev. Neil McKinnon of Kilmartin, this couple being the second bride and groom to be married in that old church.

The late Mrs. McNabb, sister of the bride, and the late John Matheson were their attendants. After their marriage they at once settled on the farm now owned by Bruce McPherson, where they resided for 42 years, when they left for their present home in Glencoe.

Of this union were born seven sons and four daughters, three of whom are not now living. The family now surviving are: Annie, of Crinan; Godfrey of Glencoe; Mrs. Matthew Knox of Glencoe; Miss Jessie, home; Mrs. J. C. Graham of North Glencoe; John of Glenside, Sask.; Daniel of Westport, Sask.; William of Laporte, Sask.; and twelve grandchildren.

The members of the family were all present except two of the sons, John and Dan, of Saskatchewan.

Guests were present from London, Dutton, West Lorne and Crinan.

Mr. McMurchy, in speaking of his wedding day sixty years ago, remembered the day to be bright and clear, but much colder than now. The bride and groom did not go for a wedding trip. Not many did in those days, though mention was made of one couple who drove around the township block in a wagon over corduroy roads.

FOREST CITY HIVE.

The members of Forest City Hive, No. 320, Ladies of Macdonalds, held a very successful meeting in their lodge rooms, Dundas street, last night. Following the meeting, which was largely attended, the ladies served refreshments and those acting as hostesses were Lady Morrow, Lady Lattre, Lady Park and Lady Inesly. The guests of the evening were the district deputy and Mrs. Cullington.

For the Easter Bride-Elect

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WEDDING INVITATIONS,
ENCLOSURE CARDS AND
WEDDING CAKE BOXES

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CLUB NEWS

PUPILS GIVE RECITAL.

The ninth in the series of "Thursday Four o'Clocks" was given by the students of the Institute of musical art, the following students taking part: Margaret Chantler, Annie Holth, Billy Norfolk, Marian McMahon, Katherine Plesed, Kenneth Soans, Billie Downing, Elsie Ford, Shirley Jeffries, Marjorie Lewis, Ellen Wood, Georgina Gordon, Elizabeth Dewey, Ethel Westbury, Fayliss Butchart, Minnie Ginsberg, Jack McDonald and Hilda Ingram. The teachers who were represented at this recital were Misses Irene Burns, Mildred Chantler, Dorothy L. Munroe, Jennie Steele, Hazel Taylor, Edith Irvine, Doris Werner, Alberta Tory and Mrs. Elsie Young-House.

PLAYERS TO PRESENT CHARMING OPERETTA

"Princess Bulbul" Being Given in First Presbyterian Church.

One of next week's delightful entertainments will be the comic operetta, "Princess Bulbul," being presented in the First Presbyterian church on Thursday and Friday evenings.

The play is cleverly presented in two acts, and with a background that is most appropriate, a humorous little story is woven around the six leading characters. Princess Bulbul is to marry a prince that she has never seen, and during the preparations for the wedding the prince and his friend come to the palace gardens disguised as peddlers. Several complications then arise, and the father of the princess, King Lamit, a well-meaning but fussy monarch, and the court chaplain, Lady Ida, will cause many a laugh throughout the entire play.

The cast is indeed well chosen, and will include the players who so successfully enacted "The Minister's Honeymoon" last year. Miss Kristy Wright will portray the role of the princess, and opposite her will play Rupert Crouch, the prince, while Miss Gladys Burns will portray the princess' friend. The keeper of the royal spectacles will be played by Donald Payne, while S. Perry will be the keeper of the royal cash box. King Lamit will be taken by J. W. Peart, and Mrs. Ward Cornell will play opposite him as the Lady Ida.

There will be a strong chorus of 30 voices as well, and the choral numbers are particularly "catchy." Mrs. Charles Wilson is the stage manager, and Mrs. Hubert Eckert is directing the musical selections. The Sunday school orchestra, under the direction of Walter Rennie, will also contribute pleasing selections to the program.

"FI FI" PRINCIPALS ARE SHOWERED WITH FLOWERS

Miss Helen d'Avignon, girls' work secretary of the F. W. C. A. and general convener of "FI FI of the Toy Shop," was presented with a huge basket of roses at the final performance held last night at the Patricia theatre. The presentation was made by Miss Irene Mitchell, who stepped out of her role of "Little Girl of the Toy Shop" for this purpose. Flowers were also showered on Miss Mitchell, Miss Kathleen England, Miss Joyce Gibberd and Miss Bessie Hardie.

Among those who took prominent roles in the production were Stuart Kennedy as "The Man in the Moon" and Miss Eleanor, who skillfully enacted the part of "The Doll's Head."



TO PLAY HUMOROUS ROLES.
Mrs. Ward Cornell (left), who will portray Lady Ida, and J. W. Peart (right), who will play the part of King Lamit, in the clever comic operetta to be presented at the First Presbyterian church on Thursday and Friday evenings.

The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH.

INSTALLMENT XXX.

Sir Julian Le Mesurier's study was an extremely pleasant room, friendly with books, and comforted by admirable chairs.

A Sabbath peace reigned outside in the deserted street. Within there was no peace at all. A crocodile hunt was in progress. Piggy, as a huge and very fierce crocodile, was performing a feat described by himself as "trailing his sinuous length" across the floor, his objective a Persian carpet island upon which a small dress was lifting first one plump foot and then the other, whilst at regular intervals she uttered small but piercing screams. Upon the crocodile's back sat a thin, determined little boy of six who battered continuously upon the crocodile's ribs, whilst he shouted his defiance at the foe. At the far end of the room sat Lady Le Mesurier with a book. At intervals she looked up from it to say helplessly, "Piggy, it's Sunday!" or "Baby's got a new frock on, and I expect nurse will give notice if you tear it."

"Not tear," said the fat little girl, patting her skirts. Then she shrieked, for the crocodile made a sudden snap at the nearest ankle.

"Mr. Luttrell," said an expressionless voice, and Anthony entered.

Lady Le Mesurier gathered her baby and her book, the crocodile unseated the small boy and arose, dusting its trousers. A well-trained hand vanished, and Sir Julian shook hands and waved his visitor to a chair.

"Come up to report?" said Piggy. "Not primarily," began Anthony, but was cut short.

"I followed Molloy. Yes, I think I prefer to have it that way. If you don't mind, you followed Molloy to this South Kensington address. How do you know he's stopping there?"

"I asked the servant who was cleaning the knocker whether they had in room and she said, 'No—that gentleman who had just come in made them quite full up.'"

"Well, I've sent a man to watch the door, and now what have you to report from Luttrell's Marches?"

Anthony looked straight over Sir Julian's shoulder with a hard, level gaze, and spoke in a hard, forced voice.

"There are a number of secret passages and chambers under the house at Luttrell's Marches. One of the passages has an exit outside the grounds on the seashore about a mile and a half from Withstead. The secret has been very carefully preserved until now. Each successive owner told his heir. No one else was supposed to know. My father told me. When he thought that was told, he also told my cousin, Henry March. Until I went to Luttrell's Marches the other day I had no idea that anyone else had discovered the secret. I have to report that the passages have not only been discovered, but made use of in a way which points to something of an illegal nature. One of the chambers is a fair-sized one. It has been turned into a laboratory—"

"Any sign that it has been used as such?"

"Every sign. Power has been diverted from the dynamo which were installed for the government experiments and the passages have been wired, and some of the chambers fitted with electric light. The whole thing has been going on under Sir William's very nose."

"I've had him here to see me—terribly good pieces, quite neat his job, also very much annoyed with me for having sent Henry down. Now the question is, who's been wiring the passages and using the laboratory?"

"Oh, Ember, there's no doubt about that, I think."

"And the sale of the formula? Ember?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Must have proof. No earthly good my being sure, or your being sure, or Henry's being sure. We've got to have something so solid that, after Sir Dash Blank, K.C., has done his best to tear it into shreds, what's left of it will convince a jury. Now who else is it besides Ember and Molloy?"

In the household, I mean, down there at Luttrell's Marches? Any one else?"

"Now, look here," he said, "it seems to me that Luttrell's Marches is about to be the center of some unpleasant happenings. I think, I rather think, it would be advisable to induce any ladies who may be there to leave the place. Lady Heritage is there, is she not, and Mr. Miss..."

"Miss Molloy?"

"Exactly. Miss—er, Molloy. Now I consider that these two ladies should leave at once. When I say you to go down—by car, of course, there won't be any Sunday trains—and er, fetch them away, using such inducements and persuasions as you may think expedient. Only they must leave today."

Anthony rose stiffly.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that I must decline the responsibility. The reasons which made me leave Luttrell's Marches make it impossible for me to return there."

"I see," said Piggy. He picked up a piece of india-rubber, and occupied himself for about a minute and a half in endeavoring to balance it upright on the edge of a handsome brass inkstand with an inscription on it.

When the india-rubber fell into the ink with a splash he fished it out, using a pen with a sharp nib as a gaff, dried it carefully on a new sheet of white blotting paper, and turned again to Anthony.

"I'd like just to put a hypothetical case to you," he said. "Government puts a certain very important and confidential piece of work into the hands of an eminent man, a man of European reputation and unblemished probity. Evidence comes to hand of this entirely confidential matter, the secrecy and other conditions which were an honorable obligation. Worse suspicions of illegality and conspiracy. Cumulative evidence. Arrests. A public trial. Now, my dear Luttrell, can you tell me what would happen to the government which had displayed such incompetence as, first, to commit vital undertakings to a person capable of betraying it; and second, of permitting the consequent scandal to become public property in such a manner as to make this country a laughing stock in the eyes of the world? It's not a question that requires a great deal of answering, is it?"

"Sir William is not involved," said Anthony harshly.

"My dear Luttrell, I was putting a hypothetical case. But if you wish to talk without camouflage I will do so for five minutes. I will do so because I consider that the situation is one of the most serious which have ever had to deal with. Sir William is not involved, but Sir William has become incompetent to control his household and incapable of perceiving that a dangerous conspiracy is being carried on under his roof. It's not only the matter of the stolen formula, but the matter of the denigrating the sacrifice of your personal feelings and inclinations. I repeat, Lady Heritage and Miss Molloy must leave Luttrell's Marches today. I realize that I couldn't go on being dead—there are too many legal complications, and it wasn't fair on Henry."

"Yes, I've come back. A pause—then, 'Sir, this is—this is very particularly unwelcome. If I undertake it, will you send me abroad again as soon as possible? England is distasteful, impossible—but, on being dead—there are too many legal complications, and it wasn't fair on Henry.'"

"Then you'd object Piggy, 'was becoming the object of most particular attentions from match-making mammas. My wife informs me that his stock has been very high for some months past. Gilt-edge, in fact. I'm afraid there will be a slump as soon as your resurrection is established. Henry, I think, will bear up. Well, now, about sending you abroad. I can't say for certain, but I rather think it could be managed, if you still wish it, you know. I wouldn't be in a hurry, if I were you, Luttrell, about going abroad, but as to the matter of the handiwork, sure, the word. You'll find a car outside with Inspector Davison. Take him along. I hope he won't be needed, but—well—take him along."

To Be Continued.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Do you think a girl can win a man she likes by calling him up on the telephone and asking him to meet her? STELLA.

Answer:
No. That is the very best possible way to drive him from you. There is no girl in the world of whom a man fights so shy as he does of the one who has the telephone bug.

Just use a little gray matter, Stella, and you will see why it is that a young man loathes the girl who is always telephoning him. His employer hires him to work, not to spoon over the 'phone; and every time a girl calls him up she jeopardizes his job. So don't do it. If the young man wants to talk to you, or make a date with you, he will 'phone you himself. You can't get a man by running after him. He can outpace you, so don't try it.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Miss L. Wooley is training the little choristers, while Miss Jean Waugh is directing the pageant proper.

Dorothy Dix

MARCH 31—DOROTHY DIX
Shall the Handsome Hero Marry Plain Jane?—Calling Him Up on the Telephone.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am considered by everybody to be an exceptionally handsome man. I have fallen in love with a nice, congenial girl, but I am afraid to marry her because she is not pretty. Do you think that I would grow tired of her because of this fact? Should I marry her, or seek some girl as good-looking as myself?
B. VAN DYNE.

Answer:
Well, Mr. Van Dyne, I should say that the homely girl would be your one best matrimonial bet. To begin with, any man who admires himself as much as you do has no time to waste in worship of a woman's pulchritude. If you pick out a living picture for a wife, she will expect you to burn incense before her, and be always telling her what a lovely peaches-and-cream complexion she has, and how pretty the hair curls around her neck, and what a slim, willowy figure she possesses, and this will get irritating to her nerves. It will be a terrible bore to her. If you have a wife who is always calling attention to her own good looks and not noticing you any more than if you were a man with just the ordinary features, assembled in the usual way.

On the other hand, if you marry a plain girl, with no pretension to beauty, she will spend her days adoring you, and discoursing about your marvelous physique, and your poetic eyes, and your classical profile, and your 'jappanned' hair. You will be a wife who will grow weary of a wife who hands out this line of conversation, no matter if she would get the booty prize in any beauty show.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married a year and a half. My husband is very affectionate, good-natured, generous and thoughtful—even remembers to celebrate our wedding anniversary every month with a gift.

He has only one fault, which preys upon my mind and makes me nervous among the women, and I notice that he always looks at the passing women, but never at the men. Also in a restaurant he will look keenly at the waitress, but if the waiter is a man he never notices him. We have talked the matter over and he sees nothing wrong in looking at men, for they all dress alike, while women's clothes attract the eye. But I feel that there is something wrong with a person who acts this way. What do you think?
IRENE.

Answer:
I think, Irene, that you have gone a long way to hunt for trouble, and that you will surely find it if you persist in your present course.

Have you never considered the power of suggestion, and that by constantly keeping before your husband the picture of himself as a gay Lothario you are doing your best to make him one? Most men like to think of themselves as a devil of a fellow among the women, and if their wives are forever accusing them of being one they are apt to try their luck and see if they are as fascinating as wife thinks they are.

A wife's trust has kept many a man faithful. It roused his every sense of honor, and he could not betray her faith. A wife's suspicions have set many a man roving. He was nagged by her jealousy and he felt that if he had to pay for the name, he had as well have the fun of the game.
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SKATING CLUB SEASON IS ENDED BY FROLIC

Closing Festival of Fun Reflects Splendid Work of Women Members.

The members of the London skating club enjoyed a delightful evening last night at the Arena, when they wound up their season of hard efforts, success and fun by a jolly get-together and informal frolic. Not only the members of the club were there, but they also brought along their friends, and it was one of the happiest events in the history of the club of a week ago.

During the evening, waiting to band music was greatly enjoyed as well as the regular skating, and during the short intermissions several novel stunts were introduced, which added much to the merriment of the evening. The old bull, whom Londoners thought was thoroughly slaughtered the night of the carnival, actually came to life again for last night's fun, and he had a great old time with his slayers in an attempt to get even with them for their cruelty of a week ago.

Among the guests were noticed Mrs. R. T. Brynner, Mrs. (Col.) Coles, Miss Compilin, Mrs. Fred White and Mrs. George Ellis, who worked so faithfully in connection with the carnival. Much credit is due to these ladies who so painstakingly and patiently made the perfect skating rink for the members of the club, and who planned the pretty costumes used in connection with them. To Mrs. Brynner, who made the beautiful gaudy rings of the bull, to Mrs. Coles, who cleverly changed her son Ian into a nimble blue dragon-fly, and to Miss Compilin, who formed that unique skeleton on Mr. Muller's costume, is due special credit for their volunteer work. Credit is also due Mrs. Fred White, who did much of the decoration, assisted by Mrs. George Ellis, who looked after the advertising.

The evening wrap of mauve and silver lame edged with white swans-down and lined with tiny ruffles of mauve chiffon.

An evening wrap of mauve and silver lame edged with white swans-down and lined with tiny ruffles of mauve chiffon.

A pan large enough but not too large. Have the fish well cleaned, and thoroughly dry before beginning. If the flour looks pasty on the fish, then you have not dried it sufficiently. Having floured the fish, shake off any superfluous flour. Have an egg well beaten on a plate if you are going to have fried fish, allow one fillet for each person for a course, or two fillets if the fish is the main course.

It is not difficult to fry fish if you go about it in the right way, and certainly to anyone who likes fish at all, a crisp, well-fried fish with tartar sauce is a delicious dish.

Remember that you should have good, clear fat, and enough of it, in

When you buy or order fish allow a half pound for each person if you are serving the fish as the main part of a meal. If you are serving it for a single course you need but half that amount—a quarter pound per person. If you are going to have fried fish, allow one fillet for each person for a course, or two fillets if the fish is the main course.

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DRESS

By MARY MARSHALL

The Wrap We Wear in the Evening Is as Important as the Gown Beneath

An increase of the Paris opera house is the place where many a new fashion in evening wraps has its first public showing, and if you want to see the latest tendencies in such cargo and happen to be in Paris then by all means linger on that famous stairway, which is quite an institution in itself. More and more women are coming to feel that it is as much a matter of moment to be dressed smartly and attractively en route to evening gatherings as it is to have the right sort of frock on to show after you have reached your destination.

Throughout the winter and at the present time the evening wrap cut on straight, mannish-tailored lines has been considered quite the choicest selection. Of course there was nothing new about this. One evening wrap of this sort that has caused some comment is of chalk white brocade with a deep border and enormous collar and cuffs of new sort of silver gray Chinese fur. Another of these so-called mannish evening wraps is of stiff metal brocade, straight and sleek, with the sleeves left wide and open so that they fold perfectly flat across the front, giving the wearer the appearance of a gorgeous golden beetle.

Now there seems to be some disposition to introduce more capes among the evening wraps for spring and summer and quite frequently these are made of chiffon or georgette, sometimes two or three layers in thickness. The sketch shows one of the new capes as mauve and silver, edged with white swans-down and lined with tiny ruffles of mauve chiffon. A wrap of this sort may be worn successfully over evening gowns, and it is a little godet around the bottom of the cape—as many as a dozen in all—and these are made of the insets of the crepe remain closely shirred at the top.

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