

PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



Mrs. E. H. Johnston was the hostess of a small tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Gervason of Park avenue is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Harding of Delhi.

Mrs. W. S. Westland was the hostess of a charming little bridge yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Eddy, Hyman street, will entertain a few of her friends at the tea hour this afternoon.

Mrs. Alice McFadden of Sault Ste. Marie is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Cook, Dame street.

An interesting group from Ireland to Mrs. Meredith, who is visiting at the home of Miss Meredith, Talbot street.

Col. and Mrs. Morgan of England are expected in London this spring when they will be the guests of Mrs. Morgan's mother, Mrs. T. H. Smallman, "Waverley," South London.

The many friends of Mr. Beecher A. Stangerford will be glad to hear that he has recovered after a serious attack of diphtheria, and is convalescing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Thompson, Sheridan road, Evanston, Ill.

Miss Beatrice Seaborn and Miss Maybelle Stuart are to be the hostesses of a delightful little dance to be held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Seaborn on Friday evening, the proceeds to go towards the Princess Chapter hospital fund.

Several of the provincial cabinet ministers' wives have expressed their intention of attending the big charity ball which is being given April under the joint auspices of the Campbell Becher and Hamilton Gault chapters, D. E. in aid of the Children's Hospital.

Mrs. T. Clift, Princess avenue, entertained at the tea hour yesterday for the members of the Home Avenue Mothers' Club in aid of the relief work of the district and a fund to purchase chairs for the school kindergarten. This was one of a series of teas being given to the members of the club to raise funds.

What promises to be a most enjoyable St. Patrick's Day reception is that which will be held on the 17th at the home of Mrs. C. R. Somerville, Piccadilly street, in aid of the work carried on by St. Andrew's Society. To this function are being invited the members of the aid and their friends.

Carpet rags. Will she please send them to me, and I will pay postage on them. Well, I am a great lover of music. I think it is fine to be able to play, having good time and fingers. Don't you?

Here's a dime for S. C. H. ALETHA.

Ans.—Am mailing you a check, Aletha. Thank you for hospital fund.

Requests and Mites.

Dear Miss Grey.—Well, here I come into your corner again. I wrote to Chilly last week, but I haven't heard from you yet. I thought every day I would get a letter, and was disappointed every day. I think it is fine to be able to play, having good time and fingers. Don't you?

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Ans.—Yes, it is rather hard to stay in this lovely weather. I have my "off-hours," too. There was a letter from Crispian Allen quite recently.

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Ans.—Thank you for hint re boiling clothes in galvanizing boiler. Am mailing you satchet. Thank you for both mites. Did I overlook your other one?

To Fill Cracks.

Dear Miss Grey.—I've been a silent reader of your page for some time, but now like so many others, I come to you for help. Last spring I saw a recipe someone had sent in for home-made crack filler, made with saw dust. I was fully intending cutting it out of the paper, but some how the paper was mislaid and I didn't get it. I would like to get it as soon as possible. So am sending stamped envelope for reply, and oblige.

Ans.—Can any one supply this recipe for Margaret?

Dear Miss Grey.—Just a few lines. May I visit your corner for a few minutes. I enjoy your page very much. As this is the first time that I have written I do not want to take up too much of your valuable space. Please accept my mite for the S. C. H. fund. In return please send me a satchet bag, if you have any more. Am sorry I can't write no help, but perhaps I can help next time. I have a few crochet patterns I would like to exchange with you. Would like to correspond with someone about my own age (18), if they would write first. Well, I must run off now. Will sign myself EMBELINE.

Ans.—Am mailing you a satchet. Elinor. Thank you for hospital mite and offer of pattern.

Hildegard.—Why not speak to him, as it was you who in the wrong. They are very foolish to let this quarrel interfere with your friendship, as it is quite evident that you care for each other.

Attention, Ex-Pie, Fatty.

Dear Miss Grey and Pagettes.—Now that the book question is in force again, I couldn't keep away from your cozy fireside. I just had to drop in for a few lines. I am sure you will be Ex-Private Fatty again. By the way, our tastes run pretty well along the same channel, for I also like Ralph Connor, Harold Bell Wright etc., but they differ in this respect. I like Edgar Burroughs' "Tarzan" books. They are imaginative, but not too much for me. I see a new one is started in the Argosy All-Story Weekly. Looks good, too. I wonder if you like Haggard's and Connel's works. "Fatty" I don't know, can compare with Ralph Connor, H. B. Wright, Westcott and Joseph C. Lind.

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Ans.—Anyone wishing to help this young mother may have her address, in order to send the clothes direct, as this seems to be much more satisfactory than sending parcels to the Mail-Box.

Dear Miss Grey.—I was very glad to see Mother of Three's letter to the paper Wednesday evening. It had begun to wonder if the Box had arrived or possibly I had misinterpreted an acknowledgment in The Advertiser. I feel sure that Mother of Three's address. I only hope the children's garments will be as much appreciated as the others apparently were. Thank you for taking charge of the last box. X.

Ans.—Thank you, K. for offering to help Mother of Three as she is quite deserving of assistance.

A Lover of Music.

Dear Miss Grey.—Am I having lovely mild weather for this time of the year? I enjoy the Mail-Box very much, as well as many others. Have you any catches left? If so, please send me one. If you haven't any left, please send me one if any are sent in. I see where Yank has some bells of

of her golden web of dreams in the worthy personage of Dr. Gilbert Hythe, for delicious humor and interesting narrative these stories are incomparable.

Open the front cover of Eleanor Porter's glad book, "Polyanna." Magically full care is cast away, commensurate difficulties and grouches vanish, and the corners of your mouth are turned up in spite of yourself.

Muriel Reed's stories are so full of so-called "is-fashions" and "is-fashions" simplicity, which find them an indefinable fascination all their own.

Of course you know I'll read Grace Richmond's "Red Pepper Burns," and isn't it the most delightful ordinary individual? It is most interesting to read the sequel of "Mrs. Red Pepper," and to note the astonishing influence his pretty, sweet-dispositioned wife has on his almost uncontrollable temper. When you have read the two you will feel you must read the last sequel, "Red and Black." It deals with the brotherly friendship that sprang up between Dr. Red Pepper Burns and Rev. Black, the village minister—a friendship that deepened and strengthened under difficulties.

One's taste turns to nature, some profitable and enjoyable evenings can be spent reading the "Red Pepper Burns." Almost from the beginning one is roaming the wilds of the Lumberland and forest with the author, and carefully studying the moths and birds with Eleanor Conestock and Philip Conestock, the young Chicago lawyer, who eventually captured Eleanor's heart.

If one is interested in the life of this great world, I would strongly recommend Booth Tarkington's "Seven-teen" is a tracing tonic. It is a tracing of the years from away from March 17 at the home of Mrs. C. R. Somerville, Piccadilly street, in aid of the work carried on by St. Andrew's Society. To this function are being invited the members of the aid and their friends.

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FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]
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XXXIII.—"TELL ME AGAIN."

"You'll wear this ring, for me, and her eyes—mildly, 'unfathomably dark—were smiling into his."

Betty drew back, flushing, and veiled with curls, he whispered all the fond, ridiculous, foolish things that lovers from time immemorial have murmured in the twilight.

"You—don't you care for any other fellow, Betty? Tell me again?"

"I've told you fifty times already, Jack. Then say it for the fifty-first time—just for luck?"

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Club News

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ASTRONOMY CLUB.

There is a movement on foot in the city to organize an astronomy club, the members to devote a certain part of the beautiful spring and summer months to the study of the heavens.

Among those specially interested in the organization of this club are: Mrs. W. C. A. The plan is that each member shall make a special study of some particular constellation, and give out to the others what he has learned at the meetings which will be held regularly. The members expect to visit the Normal School on Friday night to make a first observation through the large telescope there.

TALBOT STREET MOTHERS' CLUB.

The Talbot Street Mothers' Club is arranging to present a play at the meeting of March 15, which promises to be one of the most interesting meetings of the season.

TRINITY CHAPTER, O. E. S.

The men of the Westminster Hospital will enjoy a very fine concert on Friday night, when they will be visited by members of the Trinity Chapter, O. E. S. Mrs. Howie and Mrs. Alkenhead being in charge of the program.

LADIES GOLF UNION.

A meeting of the local Ladies' Golf Union was held on Tuesday evening.

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