

THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

FACTS, FANCIES, FRIVOLITIES AND FRILLS



A CHRISTMAS FAIRY PRINCESS.

A portrait, just taken, of Princess Mary, who is busy over boxes of smoking requisites which she intends to send to the troops as a Christmas solace.

The Profits of Pomona

NOT since the days of Eve and her lost Eden have apples been so important as they are this autumn. Whatever harm the original apple may have worked, its modern descendants are trying to atone for; and, indeed, the apple is destined to be one of our best friends, this year. However, it must be admitted that we have been criminally wasteful of our good orchards and have hardly realized their value in any year of the past. Dried apples are to be a comforting food supply in this year of soaring prices, and it is to be hoped that throughout Ontario the process of drying this most useful of our fruits has been undertaken in every community. What the price of wheat will be, next spring, is something we hardly care to contemplate; but, however it may ascend, the value of apples, properly prepared and dried, can hardly be overestimated. Bread-and-butter and apple sauce made a "tea" to be desired in nursery days—and we may be "driven back to Eden" for our war-time diet.

Confabs and Confidences

ARE women more given to confidences than men? They are usually accused of telling their own dear women friends various matters which they have promised not to mention. An observer of many amiable foibles declares that this tendency to rash confidences arises from the fact that women get chatting cosily, as they take down their hair and brush it for the last nightly attentions. There is something about the manipulation of the brush which naturally draws the Sweet-and-Twenty-Year-Old to discuss the matter of whether you can really love more than once, admitting finally that she had thought her heart soundly buried more than a year ago, but that it has lately shown unmistakable symptoms of resurrection.

The luxury of "a really good talk" is more highly esteemed by women than by men. The latter, if we may judge from fugitive observation, prefer to smoke strenuously and utter occasional remarks. The literary world will remember that story of how Carlyle and Tennyson sat together one evening and smoked "infinite tobacco," for some hours. Finally, Carlyle arose to depart, after this wordless visit, and said to his host: "Eh, Alfred, we've had a grand evening!"

Such appreciation of silent communion is rare, even among men of letters, and we do not believe that is known by many women. And what, after all, is the clam-spirit that any should wish the thing to

As We See Others

By ERIN

be more common? Silence may be golden, but speech is rubies, when it comes to the pleasant dish-ing up of secrets, in spite of the fact that few among us could take to ourselves the Tom Pinch tribute: "Your conversation is really equal to print."

The Soldier's Bride

THE numerous military weddings, "pretty but quiet," which have taken place this autumn, have naturally been the subject of much social comment, ranging from "silly young things" to "such a nice wedding." Hymen, it seems, is not at all afraid of the activities of Mars, and, although there are fewer roses and the dejeuner is of the simplest order, it is safe to say that the unostentatious wedding of young Lieutenant Blank and Dorothy Blissful is quite as full of happiness as any nuptials in peaceful hours of a sunny June. Danger never yet proved a real deterrent to young lovers, and most of the world is very sympathetic with the brave young people, who are so anxious to utter the pledge, "until death do us part."

To the Englishman, war is not an unconsidered



MRS. W. T. HERRIDGE,

President of the Women's Canadian Club in Ottawa, an account of the present activities of which is given on this page. See "A Capital Club."

contingency, and, for generations, the brides of the British Isles have been trained in the calm fortitude which says "good-bye" with a hopeful smile, even though the Hun be at the gates. To most of us in Canada, war has meant the deeds of our forefathers, the stirring lines of a poem or the romance of a brave story. Now, that we are confronted with a vaster conflict than has been, we women of the younger Britain are proving that the strain is true. The price of freedom reaches a figure which staggers all calculation, and the blackest columns in the reckoning are paid by the mothers of the gay young officers and by the wives of the men who will "never come marching home again."

A WOMAN, whose knitting-needles have been busy ever since August, said the other day: "No, I'm not going to any more formal gatherings, where you are allowed to knit. I've been to three of them in the last fortnight and listened to the most doleful recitals of war and misery which you could hear. I'll knit in the seclusion of my own living-

room, and if anyone is going to read or sing to me, it is not to be a continuous story of atrocities and burned-up cities. I am quite willing to do the work, but I am not going to be a victim of tragedy specialists. Our soldiers are not behaving in that grumpy fashion and I am quite sure that they don't want us to stay at home and wail over the socks and wrist-lets. I'm trying to knit hope and courage into every row of stitches and why should an 'elocutionist' or a 'singer' get up and pile on the agony with an account of someone's lingering death. The people who are wearing the longest faces just now and worrying everyone who will listen to them with prophecies of disaster are doing the least work for the men in the field and for the sufferers at home. I went out the other afternoon to what promised to be a dramatic recital. We were asked to bring our knitting; so my work-bag and a grey sock accompanied me to the hall, where I found most of the listeners equipped with yarn. A melancholy woman dressed in black 'entertained' us for about three-quarters of an hour with a dreary play about somebody who was dying in a dungeon and was a dreadfully long time about it. Then a young man who had a touch of asthma sang 'The Lost Chord.' Someone else read a symbolical thingumbob, showing that we are all mere worms of the dust, a girl played a requiem affair on the violin, and finally we had lukewarm tea and some sickly-looking cakes with sad, brown icing on them. The dramatic art, the music and the refreshments cost fifty cents, and the proceeds went to the Relief Fund. I felt like a victim, myself, as I tottered into the fresh air and looked up at the nice blue sky. Not any more of that kind of programme for me, thank you. I'll knit for the soldiers, but I won't be bored to extinction by the soldiers' well-meaning friends."

A Capital Club

By MADGE MACBETH

THE membership of the Club has doubled since last year; it now reaches almost the thousand mark, and even the headquarters at the Chateau Laurier are strained to their capacity for this aggregation of energetic women who have turned their attention toward helping to relieve the distress of that cruelly distressed country of Belgium. It is the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa.

Mrs. Herridge, the president, has the work systematized to a fine point, but even system does not lift heavy responsibilities from one's shoulders, nor does it add to one's sleeping capacity nor bodily



MRS. KATHRYN INNES-TAYLOR,

The well-known vocalist of Toronto, who is conducting at present in London, England, a relief depot for "Les Miserables" in Belgium.