

# PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## IN SOCIETY

Col. W. M. Garthshore is in Atlantic City.

Miss Lorna McGillivray is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Arthur Greenslade is visiting Mrs. George Fisher in Galt.

Mrs. E. L. Ralph, Dufferin avenue, is a guest with Mrs. Kirk of Woodstock.

Miss Gwendolyn Scandrett is the guest of Mrs. Clarence Kemp, Toronto.

Mrs. F. P. Betts is in Toronto attending the National Girl Guide executive meeting there.

Miss Howell of Brantford is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shuttleworth of Princess avenue.

Professor Peter Sandford of Toronto University will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John I. A. Hunt while in the city today.

Col. and Mrs. Claude K. Morgan, from England, arrive in the city today, and will be guests of Mrs. Morgan's mother, Mrs. T. H. Smallman, "Waverly," South London.

One of the interesting social events of this week will be the progressive euchre to be held in Hyman Hall on Wednesday evening under the auspices of Trinity Chapter, O. E. S.

Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Bullock and small daughter of Detroit, who spent the winter months in Florida, are now the guests of Mrs. Bullock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyce, Beaconsfield avenue.

A most successful dance was that held recently at Hyman Hall by the Daughters of England. Another dance which promises the same happy time is to be held by this organization at Springfield park.

Mrs. J. T. Parkinson of 299 Ridout street south entertained yesterday at a dainty luncheon in honor of Mrs. George MacDonald of Nepean, Man., and Mrs. Norman Graham (nee Elva Rowcliffe) of Exeter, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunn, 78 Stanley street, city, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Emily Georgina, to Samuel Small Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin of this city, the marriage to take place shortly.

"Lenore," the King Street Y. W. C. A. residence was a late last night, the first big party at which the girls of that house entertained their men friends. The success of this function

promises well for other delightful events of like nature.

Mrs. Ida G. Kilbourne was pleasantly surprised on Tuesday evening of this week, when about 40 friends and relatives gathered at her home to wish her a happy birthday. During the evening Mrs. Kilbourne was presented with many pretty gifts.

Miss Grace Blackburn and Miss Susan Blackburn were the hostesses of a delightful little gathering last night when they entertained at their home on Talbot street in honor of Mrs. Evan MacDonald, the well-known authoress of "Ann of Green Gables," the guests being the members of the local Women's Press Club.

The home of Mrs. George Hyatt, Ridout street, was the scene of a happy gathering on Wednesday night, when she entertained the executive committee of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, tea being poured from a table prettily centered with crimson tulips and narcissi by Mrs. Wallings and Mrs. Harry White, assisted by members of the Canadian Club executive.

Directly preceding yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Women's Canadian Club, an informal reception was held for the speaker of the occasion, Mrs. Evan MacDonald, the delightful author of "Ann of Green Gables." The reception was then held in the basement of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, tea being poured from a table prettily centered with crimson tulips and narcissi by Mrs. Wallings and Mrs. Harry White, assisted by members of the Canadian Club executive.

**PAYNE-RODD.**  
The Empress avenue paragon was the scene of an interesting wedding on Wednesday, April 27, when Miss Harriet A. Rodd became the bride of Mr. Richard Payne, the Rev. G. W. Dewey officiating. The young couple, who were unattended, will reside on Albion street.

**WALLACE-HARKNESS.**  
At the residence of Miss Harkness, Baze Burn cottage, Belmont, a pretty wedding took place, when Jean Currie Harkness was united in marriage to Mr. Hugh Morrison Wallace of Ottawa, on April 28, 1921.

The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Mr. M. Stewart, B.A., in the presence of but a few relatives and friends.

After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, the young couple leaving later amid showers of confetti and good wishes for London and Ottawa. On their return they will reside in Belmont.

## FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]  
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**LXXIV.—APRIL LIES AGAIN**  
If Jack were conscious he might possibly refuse to see her. Or—here April frowned angrily—he might humiliate her publicly before the doctors and the nurses, repudiate her claims on him.

But no! Jack was a gentleman. What ever men like Charlie Davon might or might not do, Jack invariably was courteous and well-bred. She needn't fear a scene, then.

Other traits of thought did not afford her much content, however. Was it not possible that Jack had wired for Betty Gordon? Was it not probable that he had already spoken of the other girl? Perhaps even now the little country girl was on her way to Jack?

Another disconcerting reflection came to trouble April. Jack might not recover. To whom, then, would his money be bequeathed? Ah, what a fool she had been not to have married Trevor long ago!

Was there not time, even at the eleventh hour, to marry him yet? Strange tales of bedside marriages drifted through April's mind.

Yes, it would look strange. But it had been done before. Those lovers who had married in that way, though they had loved each other madly.

April could tell her friends and acquaintances that had it been purely love for Jack that had spurred her on, she was looking to have the right to be beside him always.

"They wouldn't believe me," she reflected shrewdly. "For they all know how well for that! But I could snap my fingers at them all once Jack Trevor's money was my own!"

But there was a chance—an excellent chance, too—that if she actually married Jack he might not die at all! Fate could play cruel, perverse tricks at times. An insuperable barrier would be raised between herself and Davon.

If only she could get Jack Trevor to make a will in her favor, leaving all his money to her, without this marriage question!

"I shall work it somehow," said Miss April, with a determined tilt to her pretty little chin.

She did not look young and fluffy as she uttered the words—she looked as old as Egypt!

Jack's last letter had been very sharp indeed. He had told her simply and straightforwardly that he was finished with her—now and for always. April had chosen to ignore that letter.

"Sick men are easily managed—by a pretty woman," she told herself. "They

can't bear an argument, or a quarrel. With a strange lack of perspicacity, she quite forgot that Trevor's nurse might be a woman to be feared, a dragon in her path."

She made an elaborate toilette, profuse in the use of powder and the curious, exotic scent she usually affected.

It was in the early afternoon that she arrived at the great hospital.

She was annoyed when told to sit in a stuffy waiting-room, in company with several women of the poorer classes.

April had never been democratic. Half an hour went by, and then an hour.

It seemed an eternity before a grey-haired nurse informed her that she might have just one peep at Trevor, but that she mustn't even try to speak to him.

April stared haughtily at Miss Crowell.

"Are you aware," she said icily, "that I have come all the way from New York to pay this visit?"

Miss Crowell returned the look unflinchingly.

"Mr. Trevor's life is still uncertain," she replied, with the frankness of "My duty as his nurse is to do everything which will maintain that life."

"Do you know who I am?" queried April sharply. Instinctively she recognized a stronger character than her own, and was correspondingly annoyed.

"It doesn't matter who you are, madam," said the other woman coolly. "I cannot let you interfere with my professional duties."

Miss Crowell was silenced. But, as she followed Miss Crowell into Jack's room, a wave of hostility swept over her. She would pay this woman back for her impertinence!

How still and white Jack lay—his face was almost whiter than the pillow—did he really breathe? She drew back for a moment, over-awed. An unseen presence seemed to be hovering in the room. There was a shadow on his face. Was the shadow ever going to lift?

He was murmuring something now—inaudibly.

"What is it?" April whispered to the nurse.

"He's calling for someone—a Miss Betty Gordon," said the woman softly. He's been delirious for twenty-four hours and talked a lot. Evidently he's engaged to her."

"He is engaged to me," interrupted April sharply. "I am Mr. Trevor's fiancée."

Miss Crowell turned and looked at her in indignation. Was then that April took her big resolve. If Jack in his delirium was constantly calling out for Betty Gordon, there was only one thing to be done. She would throw herself upon Jack's mercy later, and, as a gentleman and chivalrous, he would not give her away.

"I am Mr. Trevor's fiancée," she repeated slowly, her eyes looking straight into Miss Crowell's, "and my name is Betty Gordon."

Tomorrow—"Is it Worth It?" (Copyright, 1921, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**Club News**  
**ASKIN STREET LADIES' AID.**  
A most successful year in connection with the Askin Street Methodist Ladies' Aid was recently brought to a close at their annual meeting. Monthly meetings have been held regularly throughout the year and the work of the church in this department has been ably looked after under the supervision of Mrs. J. M. Rowntree as president. Fifty dollars was voted for the recent referendum campaign. \$37.75 has been raised during the year and devoted to church work.

The following were elected officers for the coming year:  
Honorary president, Mrs. J. M.

Rowntree; president, Mrs. I. Marlatt; first vice-president, Mrs. D. C. Wilson; second vice-president, Mrs. C. R. Walker; recording secretary, Mrs. C. R. Fadd; corresponding secretary, Mrs. O. Deacon; treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Pearson; convener paragon committee, Mrs. R. R. Smith; convener program committee, Mrs. J. A. Jackson; convener of social committee, Mrs. C. G. Talbot; convener visiting committee, Mrs. T. Copp; flowers for pulpit, Mrs. J. Heaman; pianist, Mrs. F. J. Newhouse; press secretary, Mrs. A. M. Hunt; auditor, Mr. Newhouse.

**FIELD DAY POSTPONED.**  
The field day, arranged by the Ladies' Golf Club for Monday next, has been postponed until Monday, May 9, the bridges having been washed away.

**PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.**  
The physical department of the local Y. W. C. A. has been doing some very fine work this year, especially along the line of folk dancing and basketball. The climax of the season's work, carried on so successfully under the leadership of Mrs. Harman Westland and the secretaryship of Miss Mary Harvey, came on Wednesday night with the big basketball banquet held in the King Edward Hotel. Supper was served to about 70 guests, among them the year's champions, "The Thrifties," who were presented with the champion cup.

**CONFERENCE OF INVESTIGATORS.**  
A conference of the Ontario Investigators in connection with the mothers' pension board of the province is being held in Toronto on May 11 and 12. The London investigators of this committee will be Mrs. R. M. Graham and Miss Helen Barty.

**"NO" PLAY AT CONSERVATORY.**  
At her regular recital hour at the London Conservatory of Music this afternoon, Miss Topley Thomas will be assisted by Miss Susan Blackburn, who will give an introductory talk on the Japanese "No" plays. Miss Thomas will present the Japanese play, known as "Nishikigi." Miss Blackburn reading the part of "The Woman." Dr. Barnett will take the part of the priest, S. Morita of the lover, while Miss Thomas herself will read the part of the chorus.

**PUPILS' RECITAL.**  
A very enjoyable recital of the students of Hester Irvine, teacher of piano at the London Institute of Musical Art, was held last evening. The young people acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner to the delight of a good-natured audience of friends. Miss Irene Bartlett and Rhea Harris, vocal pupils of Miss Nora Little and Jean Beemer, violin pupil of Mr. Douglas Fetherston, assisted, adding much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Those taking part in the program were: Gordon Lee, Chas. May, Vernon Griffith, Donald Bright, Eleanor Taylor, Dorothy Knapp, Gordon Thompson, Irene Bartlett, Geraldine Efron, Marion Read, Annet Bright, Marcella Robinson, Marguerite Thorne, Jack McMullen, Audrey Pring, Dorothy Read, Jean Beemer, Mildred Carlschlag, Joe Ben-Chi, Daisy Tanner, Dorothy Saunders, Jean McMullen, Louisa Rourke, May Stewart, Rhea Harris, Ruth Heximer, George Holmes, Edith West, Genevieve Carmichael, Herbert Bird, Mildred McGay, Eleanor Boyce, Gladys Rowe.

**Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box**  
Once more the heavenly power makes all things new.  
And domes the red-plow hills with loving blue!  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
And throbbles too. —Tennyson.

Attention, Oldtimer!  
Dear Miss Grey,—I have copied crocheted pattern and returning same as requested. Was it any address you were asked for a few days ago? Am inclosing stamped, addressed envelope if it is required. I have heard from Oldtimer and I wish to thank her very much for patterns. I will be writing to her in a few days. I am sorry I have not the paper you require Oldtimer as it was burned some while ago. Guess this is all for now. JOCK.

Another Happy Mother—Many thanks for mite. Have forwarded your address.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just got my little cross-stitch to start on and will get for a little chat. Do any of the Boxes have to go to the barn to milk and have the baby crying all the time? I do and it sure is no fun. He is just a year old, but he will be writing to me while we milk. Will not ask for a satchet for I think there must be more now than Thistle can supply. Well I must get to work. Find inclosed 25 cents for S. C. H. Will sign myself P. S.—Also find inclosed stamped, addressed envelope for seeds.

Ans.—Thanks for stamps for hospital fund.

Want a Name.  
Dear Miss Grey,—Do you think there is room in your Mail-Box for two more interested readers of your Page? We would like Heart of the Night Wind to blow in another of her interesting letters; we hope she has not forgotten her Mail-Box friends.

We are very much interested in the discussion of boxes, and think that good reading is helpful and gives one a broader outlook of life.

We have just returned from an enjoyable visit to the country, and think that the country people are very hospitable. Everyone seemed to take pleasure in giving us a good time. We were at two or three good, old-fashioned, country dances, and it was a delightful change from our usual mode of dancing.

We have had a recent arrival at our home, a bonnie baby boy. We are rather undecided as to his first name. We have thought of Edmund as a second one, and want a name that would sound well with it. "Neil" has been suggested, but all the family do not agree. What do you think, Miss Grey? Could you suggest something?

Inclosed find mite for hospital fund. Hoping that we have not stayed too long, and may call again.

A PAIR OF BLACK KITTENS.  
Ans.—I think Neil could be a suitable name. Many thanks for hospital mite. At the close of the program each member of the group received a mite.

Sick Children's Hospital.  
Dear Miss Grey,—I enjoy reading the letter very much in your column. I am glad discussion of books was brought up, as it's a chance to get the name of a good book. I am very fond of reading, and am always looking for a library. Where is there a person who can't enjoy a good story. Rose of Sharon sent in a splendid letter. I agree with Whispering Pines that Mac Christie is the limit for a writer, and they certainly aren't meant for children to read. Seven Years' Sadness was very pitiful. I was glad to see it so well criticized. There are a lot of little people light-headed when a crazy, good-looking man comes around. I think a girl of 20 is plenty young enough to marry. I have a nice lot of aster seeds and will mail to you some. If anyone would like to exchange crochet or tatting patterns, I

change them for other than asters or would love to do so. I will leave my address with Miss Grey. I am sending you 25 cents for the S. C. H. fund and hope I will be of some good next time. I guess I will close, wishing you and your Mail-Box good luck.

LEAFLESS MAPLE.  
Ans.—Am mailing you seeds. Thank you for hospital mite. Have put your name down for a satchet.

ASTER.  
Ans.—Am mailing you pattern and seeds. The Children's Hospital has already been started, and is on Ottawa street, opposite Victoria Hospital. Many thanks for mite.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been reading your page every day and find it rather interesting, but did not know whether I dare write or not. I am very glad where someone has started to discuss books, as I am very interested in them. I am reading "The Lampbrush" now and think it is fine. Will you please send me a few flower seeds, as I am a great lover of flowers, and the seeds you get here do not grow very good. Would it be possible for you to send me a satchet bag when Thistle sends some. If anyone would like to exchange

change them for other than asters or would love to do so. I will leave my address with Miss Grey. I am sending you 25 cents for the S. C. H. fund and hope I will be of some good next time. I guess I will close, wishing you and your Mail-Box good luck.

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