



WHITE WINTER WEARABLES ADORABLE WITH YOUTH

The young girl is never so charming as in her white furs and big white hat to match. The dits of complexion, hair and eyes are all brought out by the fluffy white fur which is apt to be trying to an older woman. The collar and muff pictured are of white Alaska fox and a hat of shaggy white beaver trimmed with white wings accompanies the white fur set. These white wearables lift to distinction a simple suit of dark blue serge worn with street boots of dull calf with buttoned cloth tops.

Kit's Column

A CIRCULAR IN THE INTERESTS saying their husbands were "turning away from them, and running after other women who were younger and prettier, and asking if one could tell them of any beauty preparation which would take out the lines of life, or lift the sagging muscles. And these letters would end with 'I would do anything to keep my husband's love.' I know of few sentences more pitifully tragic. These are the women who fill the coffers of the beauty doctor. But, worse, they are also the women who have never met Love, but only this base brother, Passion. Useless to say to such women. "Let the man go." The answer would be, "It's all very well for you to advise that. It is not your husband. How can you enter into my feelings?"—and so on through complaining pages. Well, then, read the Beauty Circulars and get the Ten-fold treatments, and see if that will get him back. As if every man did not know his wife's age! As if any of her poor, pathetic struggles to remain young and pretty could escape his notice and his satire! As if, once a man goes—he ever comes back! Ah, poor Love—poor Love—how they misname you and degrade you every day!

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE men. The latest reports tell of the fortunes the beauty doctors are making out of men. I asked one. "Yes," she said, "we have a number of men customers. What do they buy? Why creams and lotions and even rouge. Men come in here (in Toronto) all the time to have massage treatment and manicure." "But do men buy these things, such as rouge, for instance, openly?" "Not rouge," said the beauty lady, smiling. "They generally say they want that for their sisters."

Oh, you fellows! Always the "woman serves for the excuse." "And the woman did give to me and I did eat"—said the first Egmont, Adam. Anyway, this lets Woman out. And did I say things to that little Beauty Circular? And will you chaps "Dear Kit—My personal attractions: be writing presently to this column—and I have four chins. My wife's affections have become estranged. She is turning her eyes from my faded beauty to younger men, and making secret comparisons. What can I do? I would do anything to keep my wife's love. What can I do?"

Dare I say to you what I would do to your wife: "Let the woman go." Would not you, too, complain in many pages? Dare I recommend to you the Tenfold Treatment for restoring faded complexions and lifting sagging chins? and see if that will get her back. As if every woman did not know her husband's age! As if any of his poor pathetic struggles to remain young and pretty could escape her notice and her satire! As if, are fading. In other words, my hair is thinning at the temples and growing gray above the ears. My complexion is blotchy; my eyes are bloodshot, once a woman goes she ever comes back!

MADAME DE THEBES HAS ALREADY issued her predictions for the

year 1913. In a general way she prophesies a sort of general ill-luck all the way round, on the principle that thirteen is an unlucky number. What one among last year's "prophets" foretold the wreck of the Titanic, or the Balkan war! Mme de Thebes lays claim to having predicted the latter, but I do not find it in her list for 1912. In a general way wrecks, floods and disasters are "predicted" by these prophet-mongers—things which are almost certain to happen and salt every year by way of sharp seasoning. But you can never nail down one of these talkers to a positive prediction such as for instance, that Toronto will be wiped off the map by a conflagration, or Hamilton be absorbed by her mountain. When it comes down to naming a thing that will come to pass, and where, and when, and how—these prophets fade away into the haze. Anybody can predict that we will have railway wrecks, steamboat wrecks, accidents and fires. Such are sure to occur. But pin your prophet down to a special occurrence, its day and date you cannot. A fig for such "prophesies." Now watch everybody lay every barn that's burned, and cow that's strayed, down to the 13 in next year. What but ill-luck can you expect from a year that carries that number on its name-plate? I'll warrant Old Moore and his young son, Tom, will be out in Henry street, Dublin, this December with a whole bunch of lurid prophecies, real, blood-thirsty, hair-curling prophecies, done up in a little green book "an' all for a ha'penny, your banner—only a ha'penny."

KILLING A LIBEL.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON HAS come to the aid of Canada in the matter of Miss Cicely Fox-Smith's article "Babylon in Western Canada." Mr. Forbes condemns the statements uttered. He says—which we know—"the entire article is lacking foundation. The statements as to insobriety and immorality are unfounded. I cannot for moment endorse them. In my opinion they are a libel on the country." This great actor whom most of us have seen over here, goes on to protest vigorously against the lady's ill-advvised news letter. We in Canada are "human." It would be foolish to parade the Canadian as the most perfect of the species. He is not that, thank God. He is simply a good fellow, "extremely hospitable," says Forbes-Robertson, and "proud of his great country."

I would not care to walk in the shoes of Miss Cicely Fox-Smith these days. Her attack on our western states was certainly both bitter and foolish. Because she met with some disappointment over here—perhaps in the hotels she patronized, or in some other small personal matter—she wrote a torrent of abuse of the prairie towns of Canada; the trend of her article being to ward off intending emigrants. We are big enough over here to smile at such an occurrence, and pass it over. But such articles do harm. They represent Canada in a light that never yet shone on her—a yellow and lurid light. And today with Australian emigration agents, and the papers in their employ doing all that they can to attract British emigration their way, we cannot afford to let such a tissue of lies about Canada go ununsilenced. Canada owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Forbes-Robertson for his spirited defence of her in a recent number of the Sunday Chronicle.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A TORONTO WEEKLY PICTORIAL printed the pictures of ladies dressed as Dickens's characters, the other day. Dickens and his illustrators have been accused of exaggeration and extravagance from time to time. But the camera proves that there never was or could be any exaggeration. The Dickens ladies were true to type, true to life, and true to all that Dickens claimed for them. It was a great triumph—for Dickens.

It's funny. But there has not been as yet a race-horse called Roosevelt. Perhaps because Teddy has been listed as an "also ran."

The Suffragists are throwing acids. As though they were not sufficiently acid themselves! And "acids" no love letters! Boo-hoo! Wot will 'Arry think?

A new sort of hat is called the "Champagne Flyer." It goes to the head.

Men who have no future have a past.

Women who have a past have no future.

"You are too smart, Kit," writes a woman.

As if any woman could be in this age of "paint powder and piffle."

"The modern woman," says a know-all, "has learned that the thirties properly led up to, are years of a supreme fascination."

Advertisement—Wanted. A guide to the modern woman. Also one to the properly led-up-to-thirties. Also one to Man, the Beast.

"At the bottom of her heart a woman loathes a lady's man."

But who ever sounded the depths of a woman heart?

—KIT

Some of the most exquisite modern point lace is made in the Vienna schools by trained peasant labor.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES

Crocheted bedspreads are the fashion again. One of the prettiest patterns is formed of blocks crocheted together and may be made of carpet warp or a coarse white twisted crocheted cotton.

A practical overall apron has its sleeves reaching to the wrist and is cut slightly square at the neck, fastening at the back. Many people are having these in a light make of silk or wool to slip over a good dress when housekeeping and so save the trouble of too many changes of attire.

When sewing buttons on, if a narrow piece of tape is threaded through the button and a small hole pierced through the article and the tape drawn through, and the ends of the tape stitched down flat on the wrong side, the button will be found to last as long as the article.

Cheap thread and sewing silk are dangerous economies, and it is better to use such for basting and coarse hand sewing and have the best for machine sewing. Breaking thread or thread that knots is maddening and silk that fades and breaks after it is sewed on the goods wastes one's time and ruins the temper.

Controller Must Resign.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 19.—With practically no discussion what ever the controllers this morning passed controller Foster's motion asking deputy city engineer Fellows for his resignation owing to the laxity with which his work was carried on in connection with intake repairs.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 18.—William J. Flynn of New York today was appointed chief of the United States Secret Service by secretary MacVeagh for the treasury department succeeding John E. Wilkie, now chief supervising agent of the custom's service.

Rumors Cause Sharp Rise In Wheat Prices

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 18.—Uneasiness over rumor that Turkey refused to accept opponents terms caused wheat today to advance. Unsettled weather in the Argentine and an unexpected decrease in the European visible supply helped the bulls. The government report was ignored. Opening varied from 1-8 off to 1-4 advance. May started at 89-3-4 to 89-7-8, unchanged to 1-8, lower and rose to 90-1-8 a 1-4.

Oats followed corn and showed no response to the rally in wheat. May started a sixteenth lower at 32-7-8 and eased off to 32-3-4 a 7-8c.

ROMANCE OF SEAS NOT THING OF PAST

Vancouver, Dec. 17.—That the romance of the sea is not a thing of the past, and that stirring events happen upon the high sea seems evident by the extraordinary voyage of the liner Korea from San Francisco to the Orient recently, particulars of which were brought to Vancouver by the Empress of Japan, which arrived recently from Yokohama. Seven deaths, which included two cases of suicide, occurred on the Korea's run across the Pacific, and the trip is regarded as the most unlucky voyage which has befallen a steamer in many years.

The Korea left San Francisco on Oct. 12, bound for Hongkong. On Oct. 13 a Chinese passenger jumped overboard and although boats were lowered the body was not recovered. A few nights later a Chinese passenger was shot and killed by another Chinese, and when a freight clerk, Mr. Eton, tried to capture the murderer the revolver exploded and a bullet penetrated the thigh of the ship's cook.

The night before reaching Honolulu a quartermaster, an American, coming off duty, looked into the open air swimming tank and seeing the reflection of the stars in the water thought all was in order and dived in only to receive fatal injuries to the spine because there was only three inches of water in the bath. He was left in a hospital at Honolulu.

On the morning of the first Sunday after leaving Honolulu another Chinese passenger committed suicide by leaping overboard and the boat which was launched under the command of the chief officer was nearly swamped in the rough sea which was running. Between Honolulu and Yokohama two Chinese passengers went mad and had to be kept in close confinement. After leaving Yokohama another Chinese row broke out with revolver shots playing a part and to put a climax to the whole eventful trip, three Japanese were killed and four injured at Nagasaki when a steam jet was turned on while they were alongside in a sampan. The unfortunate were scalded to death.

On reaching Hongkong the passengers signed a manifesto stating that the captain and officers were not to blame for the many accidents.

Wilson Sees No Job Hunters.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 19.—President-elect Wilson is expected to send to the printer today the copy of his message to the New Jersey Legislature which meets January 1, 1913. He drafted the message in the rough during his trip to Bermuda. Governor Wilson says he will continue his policy of ignoring politicians who endeavor to see him without invitation. He complains that two-thirds of his office correspondence is from people either seeking positions, or an audience to explain their fitness for well-paying jobs.

YOUR HOUSE OF COMMONS

Naval Debate Opens With Historic Scenes of Enthusiasm. Premier Borden in Action

Strange Incident At Close

Parliamentary Press Gallery:—The naval debate has begun. It began in a burst of cheering, handkerchief waving, hand-clapping and thrilling scenes of enthusiasm before the largest number of people that ever filled the Commons chamber.

They came from all over the country, these people, and crowded the avenues leading to the gallery doors long before the hour for beginning the session. When the doors were opened, they swept around the House like streams of water seeking a lower level. Only when the last available space was jammed, did the influx cease.

From the Duchess of the Royal blood who sat beside Mr. Speaker on the floor, to the poorest servant girl wedged in the upper gallery, they were all filled with a common idea—to hear one of the notable speeches of the century, to attend the birth of a larger and stronger British Empire, to see how men in responsible positions respond to the appeal which stirs the masses to catch a glimpse of history in the making.

Mr. Borden Rises.

Shortly after three o'clock, the buzz of conversation which emanated from the galleries grew quiet. A strange hush fell over the chamber.

Then the voice of the Speaker was heard calling off the formal orders of the day. He read the brief name of the naval bill, and Mr. Borden arose. Picture to yourself a man of medium height, heavily built, who stands with his head thrust forward in an attitude impressive, Napoleonic. A wealth of thick hair, worn rather long, shelters a brow lined with the marks of thought.

Before him on the desk is a leather portfolio. On it one can see the initials, "R. L. B." in gold lettering. It contains his speech, type-written on a score of pages, and as he speaks slowly he draws from this portfolio, page after page, and lays each, when finished, on the desk beside him.

A Lion Among Men.

There is power, determined strength, in the figure an in the face, rough-hewn as if out of stone. In appearance a lion among men, well fitted to represent, the deepest feelings of a nation, he is provided by nature with a voice of appropriate sound. Deep, resonant, but not unmusical, the flow of language comes like the echoes from off a mighty ocean.

These lungs were made to breathe the fire of a country's patriotism. This voice was made for the expression of a nation's deepest feelings. This figure was made to stand foremost, undaunted and unmoved, a pillar to uphold a people's free institutions against the storm of dissension and the weathering of time.

Reads Every Word.

Of course, the figure is human. As he speaks, conscious that the eyes of the nation are on him, that the hopes and wishes of the people hang on his every word, Mr. Borden's hands shake with emotion. Mindful of the importance of what he says, he carefully reads his speech, faithfully following his notes from first to last.

As he speaks, the hush in the chamber remains unbroken. But at frequent intervals, a roar of cheering goes up from his supporters, and it is apparent that the loyal Canadians of the opposition are finding it hard to retain themselves from giving evidences of their approval of appeals to that patriotism which animates them all.

The Invalid Listened.

The speech goes on. Few notice that one Liberal member is actually reading a newspaper, that a hat has been dropped from the gallery on the east side of the chamber, or that the door across from the speaker has just opened to admit a wheel-chair bearing the invalid Sir George Ross, Liberal leader in the Senate, who sits, as Macaulay would say "in all the pomp of gout," not the least attentive of those who hear Mr. Borden's voice.

A glance at the clock reveals the surprising fact that the deep voice had been resounding through the chamber for more than an hour. Impossible! The minutes must have indeed have sped past like seconds.

The Peroration.

He is closing now. The brilliance of an historic peroration has settled on the speech, like the gorgeous colors of a June sunset on the eastern sky. He pauses. Then, erect, with head thrown back and clenched fist pounding the desk, he closes:

"Bringing the best assistance that we may in the urgency of the moment, we come thus to her aid, in token of our determination to protect and ensure the safety and integrity of this Empire, and of our resolve to defend on sea as well as on land our flag, our honor and our heritage."

"God Save the King."

For one instant the Commons is

seated, then a roar of cheering arises from the government supporters. It swells, higher, and then, springing from their seats together, Messrs. J. A. M. Aikens, of Brandon and J. H. Rainville, of Chambly-Verchères, in the midst of the government half of the chamber, begin to sing the National Anthem.

The ministers rise. The crowded galleries rise. Government and Opposition follow, the latter at the signal given by the rising of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All Canada, through her representatives, is singing the National Anthem.

No, not all. Down there beside Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the floor, a man in a light gray suit keeps his seat. "Who is it?" everyone asks.

It is Hon. Frank Oliver, former minister of the interior.

Obstinate, defiant, he glares across the chamber, the picture of disapproval, unmoved by the patriotic outburst, at odds with the action of his own colleagues.

It is a strange incident. But British parliamentary history is filled with others like it, and those who figure in such incidents are not the weaker men.

The tumult of song comes to an end, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier rises, well worthy to follow the man who has just delivered so historic a speech, he is heard with deep interest. And will he introduce a jarring note into this sympathy of sweet music?

A few remarks show that he will not. Gracefully he congratulates the Prime Minister. The people will be glad there is no emergency—there is a political favor in that. The Opposition will accept its Imperial responsibilities—hearty applause from both sides.

He will defer further remarks till the second reading.

It is over. The crowd files out, and the house settles down to its routine.

N. K.—In The Ottawa Journal.

Will Try To Arrange Peace.

Winnipeg, Dec. 18.—Sir William Whyte, ex-First Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific left for the East today to act as sole arbitrator in the dispute between the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Government.

NOTED OUTLAW CHIEF KILLED BY POLICE OFFICER

WAS KNOWN TO HAVE MURDERED SEVEN PEOPLE.—TWO OTHER OUTLAWS ALSO MET DEATH.

(By Leased Wire to The Sun). Manila, Dec. 18.—The career of Arcani, a notorious outlaw chief in the Philippines, was brought to an end today when he was killed in a personal encounter with Lieut. E. H. Johnson, of the Philippine police. Two other outlaws belonging to the same band also were killed. Arcani is known to have murdered seven people, including two Japanese traders and he with his followers carried out a number of raids.

MAN WHO HELD UP C.P.R. TRAIN IS IDENTIFIED

ATTEMPT OF GEO. WILSON TO ROB ANOTHER MAN IN VANCOUVER LEADS TO HIS DOWNFALL.

(By Leased Wire to The Sun). Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 18.—Geo. Wilson, the hold-up man, who was last week captured by J. H. Sinclair, whom he had tried to rob, was today positively identified as the bandit who held up a Canadian Pacific train two weeks ago and robbed many passengers.

BARN AND HORSES DESTROYED BY FIRE AT MELITA

BLAZE LAST NIGHT BELIEVED TO BE WORK OF INCENDIARY, AND SUSPECT IS UNDER ARREST.

Melita, Man., Dec. 18.—W. H. Ainsley's feed barn was totally destroyed by fire last night, together with four head of horses. Fires broke out in two other stables about the same time but were extinguished. It is believed to be the result of incendiarism and a man named W. Thompson was placed under arrest by Constable Higgins as a suspect.



EVENING GOWNS HAVE TRANSPARENT BODICES.

Though the skirts of the new evening gowns are often made of heavy brocades or embossed velvets, the bodices are as airy as can be imagined, one layer of net being sometimes mounted over a lining of flesh-tinted chiffon to give the effect of a most pronounced décolletage. The gown pictured here has a bodice of lace and net and the skirt of rose and gray brocade is draped over a petticoat of the net and lace. The square train at the side is an odd notion and buttoned boots of pink satin accompany the gown.