

## Bed Time In the Flower Garden.

It is strange how certain flowers shut up and go to sleep at different times. The water lily retires at about four o'clock in the afternoon, while the goat's beard shuts its flowers up about noon.

## RYERSON WILL DEBATE THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB

Mothers' Club Plans Valentine Party at Meeting Held Last Night.

The Ryerson Mothers' Club has accepted an invitation from the St. George's Mothers' Club for a debate to be held on the night of the February meeting. The challenge of the St. George's Club was made at last night's meeting of the Ryerson Club held in the school. Mrs. A. R. Kennedy in the chair.

Further plans were made for the February meeting to take the form of a Valentine tea. The meeting happens to fall on St. Valentine's Day. Last evening's program was provided by the club members and included the following interesting numbers: Reading by Mrs. W. F. Marshall, vocal solo by Mrs. Ashman, and a sing-song led by David Carrivick, vocal solo by Mrs. Ashman, and a sing-song led by David Carrivick, vocal solo by Mrs. Ashman, and a sing-song led by David Carrivick.

At the close of the meeting a group of the members from the Ryerson section of the school district served refreshments.

## PIANO PUPILS HEARD IN BRILLIANT RECITAL

Mrs. Nello McHardy-Smith's Pupils Assisted by Miss Campbell.

The pupils of Mrs. Nello McHardy-Smith gave a very finished program of piano numbers at the Institute of Musical Art last night. The program also included attractive vocal numbers by Miss Margaret Campbell, pupil of Charles Percy. Throughout the numbers were given with technical skill and sympathetic understanding. Miss Iva Smith, who is a pupil of the musical people of London, appeared twice on the program, playing first Sternberg's "Concert Etude," and concluding the evening's program with a brilliant rendition of Chopin's "Ballade in A Flat."

The program follows: Sonata (Moonlight) Adagio: allegretto (Beethoven), by Gladys Lowes; Dancing Waves (Pietzsonka), by Elsie McLeod; Prelude and Fugue (Bach), by Elsie Currie; Concert Etude (Sternberg), by Iva Smith; Pres des Ramparts de Seville (Bizet), by Margaret Campbell; Ingeborg (Christian), by Fred Underhill; Gigue (Godeard), by Norman Cantlon; Valse Gracieuse (Gallup), by Elsie McLeod; Andante from Lucia di Lammermoor (Lescatizki), by Gladys Sharpe; Evening (Ronald), by Margaret Campbell; Gypsy Dance (Bohn), by Fred Underhill; Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff), by Elsie Currie; Rhapsodie No. 11 (Liszt), by Gladys Lowes; Ballade in A Flat (Chopin), by Iva Smith. Doris Jenkins acted as accompanist.

## ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, and \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagements must be sent to the publisher and address of sender and will not be taken over the telephone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Leach, Tillsonburg, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Juanita Octavia Phelps, to Mr. William A. Reginald Slater, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Slater, Chatham, the marriage to take place quietly early in February.

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## Why We Lose Our Friends Says Dorothy Dix

We Lose Our Friends Through Being Self-Centered or Tyrannical, By Grafting On Friendship, and Through Change and Development of New Tastes and Ideas.

"I wonder," said a woman the other day, "why it is that we lose our friends as we grow older? When we are young we have hosts of intimate friends, but by the time we are middle-aged we are lucky if we have one or two friends left whom we love and trust, and who love and trust us."



Most of us have this same experience. One by one the lovely intimacies fade out of our lives, the clinging hands let go, the feet that marched in step with us drop out so gradually that we scarcely know it, until, at last, there comes a day when we suddenly realize that we have hardly a friend left. We have only acquaintances.

We lose our friends for many reasons. Chiefly, perhaps, egotism. We get so absorbed in ourselves and our own affairs that we have no leisure or thought to give to other people, even to those who were once near and dear to us.

A man is obsessed by his business, by his struggle to get money, within it. They are too self-centered really to consider anyone else, and so the visit that would have kept alive a friendship is never paid; and the congratulation at a friend's success, or of sympathy over some misfortune that has befallen him is never written. It is pitiful to think how much friendship is lost for the lack of ten minutes' time, and a postage stamp.

We lose our friends because many of us look upon friendship as a graft, instead of as a special miracle of grace that has been bestowed upon us. Because a man has granted us the privilege of his friendship, we feel free to exploit him.

We feel that he should lend us money that we are under no obligation to pay back. We consider that he should get us going jobs that we are too lazy to find ourselves. We do not hesitate to ask the use of his automobile and to make a free hotel of his house. We abuse his friendship for us, until to save himself he lets us go. That is why some cynic has said that if the Lord would deliver him from his friends he would protect himself from his enemies.

We lose our friends by making friendship a grinding tyranny. Women are especially given to this, for there are more few women in the world who do not honestly believe that if they love you, it gives them carte blanche to boss you.

Therefore, your woman friend supervises your visiting list, and demands that all of your friends shall be her friends also, and that you must only like the people that she likes. Also that you must call in her doctor and go to her dentist and patronize her dressmaker and milliner and raise your children according to her schedule, and treat your husband the way she treats hers.

By and by you get tired of being told where to get on and where to get off, and nagged into doing things that you don't want to do, and weary of having to apologize and explain to one who has no authority over you, and so, as painlessly as possible, you perform the surgical operation that bound you to one who was once your Siamese twin.

Friendship is often bored to death. It is said, but true, that the older we get, the more we like to talk about ourselves. Strangers won't stand for this, but our friends cannot escape us.

Because they love us and are interested in us gives us, we think an excuse to monologue to them by the hour about our own affairs. If we are successful, we boast shamelessly of our triumphs. If we are failures, we tell over and over again the sad, sad story of our lives. If we have children, we descant endlessly about the smart thing the baby said, and Johnny's football record, and Mary's beaux.

Now, true friendship is full of sympathy, it is patient and long suffering. But human endurance has its limitations, and there comes a time when, for sheer self-preservation, we have to drop the friend who has degenerated into nothing but a ten-inch auger. We still love Thomas, and Sally, and Matilda, but their friendship isn't worth having at the price of perpetual boredom.

We lose our friends through the inevitable change and development that life makes in us. We grow apart because we have different interests, and our tastes and ideas and habits are framed by a different environment. Nothing is a sadder experience than to meet again, after a long lapse of years, an old friend of whom you have been very fond, and to whom you had you have nothing to say after you have thrashed over the little sheaf of old memories.

It is the common belief that the most enduring friendships are those formed in early youth, but this is not true. The friends to whom our hearts cleave, as David's did to Jonathan's, are the friendships of our mature years, those we make with the men and women whose hearts and minds answer ours when our characters are formed, and we know what we demand in human companionship.

Friendship is the most beautiful and the most comforting thing in life, but for it we have to pay a price, for love the gift is always love the debt.

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## Radio Programs

**SATURDAY, JAN. 12.**  
KDKA—East Pittsburgh, Pa., 920 Kilocycles, Frequency—326 Metres—Wave Length.  
Eastern Standard Time.  
9:45 a.m.—Union live stock market reports.  
11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.  
12 noon—Weather forecast and market reports.  
12:10 p.m.—Noon-day concert.  
6:15 p.m.—Concert.  
7:30 p.m.—"Bringing the World to America."  
7:45 p.m.—The children's period.  
8:00 p.m.—Feature.  
8:15 p.m.—"The Federal Reserve System."  
9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.  
Weather forecast.  
WBZ—890 Kilocycles, Frequency—337 Metres—Wave Length.  
11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals; weather reports; Boston and Springfield market reports.  
7:00 p.m.—Twilight tales for the kiddies. "Bringing the World to America."  
8:00 p.m.—Concert.  
9:00 p.m.—Bedtime story for grownups.  
9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.  
KYW—560 Kilocycles, Frequency—536 Metres—Wave Length.  
Central Standard Time.  
9:30 a.m.—Late news and financial comment. (This service is broadcast every half hour during the twenty-four hours.)  
10:30 a.m.—Farm and home service.  
11:35 a.m.—Table talk.  
6:30 p.m.—News, market and sport ed ton clo

## APPEAL OF MOTHER LOVE BRINGS DOZENS OF OFFERS TO CLOTHE COMING CHILD

Little St. Thomas Mother Finds the World Is Full of Sympathetic People—Although But Eighteen Years Old, She Has Her Own Burden To Bear.

### HUSBAND IS ILL AND UNABLE TO WORK

The most beautiful thing in the world is mother love. It is big enough to forget self in the interests of the child. Such a love drove a little St. Thomas mother to appeal for help through the columns of The Advertiser, when the hand of fate laid low the breadwinner and father of her coming child.

And as the paper traveled far out over the great district of Western Ontario, every here and there was someone who was able to read between the lines of that tragic little appeal and was stirred by it to offer help. And so they came, letter upon letter, asking for the name and address, until there was such a pile of responses that the answering of them alone was one person's job.

In one letter a money order for \$5 was placed. The writer of another stated that she wasn't very well off and had two small children of her own. But just because she had these children she knew how the little St. Thomas mother felt.

Response to Appeal.

Organizations, too, responded to the appeal, among them the members of the Talbot Street Baptist choir of this city, who have promised to make a complete layette for the coming baby, and the girls of Knox Church, St. Thomas, who are also actively interested in the case.

And now, although the father-to-be is ill with ulcers of the stomach, and although the time for the arrival of the child is not much more than a month away, the little mother may cease her worry, because she has found that the world is full of generous and sympathetic people after all.

And it was such a big worry to put up such a very young mother. She is only 18 years old, and hardly looks that for. The Advertiser went to St. Thomas on purpose to see her. Her husband is not so very much older. He entered the army a year and a half before the war was over, at 17 years of age. It was while

### No Money Coming In.

Just now there is no money coming in whatever. The city of St. Thomas supplies coal and food. But there is no fund from which to pay the rent, \$18, which is due for last month and another eighteen this month. And there will be doctor bills on top of that.

"I just don't know what we are going to do," is the helpless cry of the man, who is up and around, although he should be in bed. Because he feels that if he stays in bed too long he will be so weak he won't be able to do anything. He is an electrician by trade and earned a good living when he was well. Since he has been up and around he has attempted to do an odd job or two of the simplest kind just to help a bit. But the doctor has forbidden him to go to work for another six weeks.

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars and be unable to work," he says. "If someone would only lend me the money for the rent I would pay it back with interest when I am well. And then, there is the baby coming; I don't know what we'll do."

They are such a helpless pair, these two. Only a year ago they were facing life with the happy, care-free, attitude of extreme youth. Today they are utterly subdued. Fate, which seemed so fair, has struck them a cruel blow in the face. And they are left bewildered, not knowing which way to turn.

### Next Summer's Gowns.

New York, Jan. 10.—Indications for next summer, based on gowns intended for winter resorts now, show that the silhouette tends to be more slim. The waistline, too, is longer.

## Swam His Geese To Market.

In the Basil Canyon of the Cascade Mountains, Oren Watts, a rancher, wanting to take advantage of the Christmas demand, made an early start and swam his birds to market.

## Yowler the Bob Cat Becomes a New Enemy--He Is Fond of Mice

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Who could that terrible fellow be who had climbed the tree after Whitese the Fox Squirrel? Danny Meadow Mouse wanted to know. He felt that he ought to know. Whoever would try to catch Nanny and himself, if there was a chance. So it was something more than idle curiosity that urged Danny to watch from the doorway to his home.

For a while he saw and heard nothing. But he was sure that the stranger was still in the tree up which he had chased Whitese. The branches of that tree were covered with long masses of soft, gray moss, such as is found only in the Sunny South. Because of that moss Danny couldn't see into that tree, though he looked and looked.

But Danny could afford to be patient. In fact, he could afford not to be. He had to know who this probable enemy was and how he looked. So Danny sat in his doorway and continued to wait. At last he saw the long, hanging moss in the tree move ever so little. Some one was coming down that tree. From the lowest branch a dark form bounded lightly to the ground only a few feet from where Danny was sitting. There it stood for a moment, giving Danny a splendid chance to see just what it looked like.

Instantly Danny knew that he was looking at a cousin of Black Pussy the Cat. There was no doubt that this was a member of the Cat family. His coat was mixed gray and reddish-brown, with faint blackish spots. His chin and throat were white. He was whitish underneath, and this was marked with black spots. His head was round and savage looking and there were a few long hairs on the tips of his ears. He was much bigger than Black Pussy, and had much longer legs and much bigger feet. But it was the tail on which Danny fixed his eyes. It was a stub of a tail, and as he stood there he kept that stub of a tail twitching.

He stood there only for a moment or two, then bounded away lightly. Danny drew a long breath. He never had seen Yowler the Bob Cat up home in the North, but his cousin, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, had told him about him, and he knew that this stranger must be one of Yowler's family.

"That was a Bob Cat, as sure as I live," whispered Danny to Nanny. "Now we do have to watch out. I guess it won't be as easy to fool this fellow as it was to fool Black Pussy the Cat from Farmer Brown's. My, I'm glad he didn't find us! I guess he is just like Yowler the Bob Cat who lives in the Green forest up home. I wonder if they call this fellow Yowler. I'll have to ask Whitese when we see him again."



"Yowler the Bob Cat, sometimes called Wild Cat, and whom, I have been told, is properly called the Bay Lynx," replied Whitese promptly. "My, how I hate that fellow! He is forever sneaking about, and is so soft-footed that one never knows when he is near. You want to watch out for him. Yowler is very fond of mice."

The next story: "Danny Finds Footprints." (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

### Women of Three Generations

The daughter, mother, and grandmother have all proved from personal experience the remarkable strengthening and tonic properties of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming the ills of women. It was first made from roots and herbs in 1873 by Lydia E. Pinkham of Cohasset, Mass., for her neighbors and friends. Its fame has spread from shore to shore until it is now looked upon by women everywhere as the standard remedy for women's ills. It has been proved that it benefits 98 out of every 100 women, who try it, which is a marvellous record for any remedy to hold—Adv.

## Your Opportunity! CLEARANCE SALE OF DINING-ROOM FURNITURE

Regular prices marked in plain figures on all Suites. These prices are genuine reductions. Prices cut to core; all Suites of guaranteed construction and new stock.

## Buy Now and Save

Solid Oak Quarter-Cut Suite, in golden and fumed, newest design, guaranteed solid, no veneer. Large Buffet, Table and set of Six Diners, upholstered in real leather. Was \$125.00. To clear ..... **\$95.00**

Old English Solid Oak Suite, new design. Large Buffet, Square Table, China Cabinet, Set of Six Diners, upholstered in heavy morocco leather. This is a real snappy suite. Was \$200.00. To clear ..... **\$175.00**

Walnut-Finish Dining-Room Suite, Queen Anne design. Buffet, Table and Six Diners, upholstered in blue leather. Was \$150.00. To clear ..... **\$110.00**

Fumed Oak Dining-Room Suite, in solid quarter-cut oak, Queen Anne design. Large Buffet, Table and Set of Six Diners. Was \$165.00. To clear ..... **\$140.00**

Solid Walnut Dining-Room Suites, complete with china cabinet. Was \$280.00. To clear ..... **\$225.00**

OTHER BARGAINS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

## Wyatt Furniture Co.

349-351 TALBOT ST., BETWEEN KING AND YORK.

## HUDSON'S January Clearance Sale NOW IN FULL SWING

The great opportunity of the season to enjoy superior style at an extraordinary saving.

## Coats, Suits and Dresses

In the Smartest of Styles at Sensational Reductions.

**Fur-Trimmed Velour and Plain Tailored Coats \$15.00**

The Velour Coats have collars and cuffs of Beaverine. Smart Tailored Coats in heavy all-wool plaid back coatings.

**Fur-Trimmed Marvella and Plain Trimmed Peach Bloom Coats \$29.75**

These are in lovely soft materials, full interlined, neatly trimmed in smart lines.

**Fur-Trimmed and Plain Coats of Beautiful Fabrics \$65 and \$75**

Formerly \$95.00 to \$125.00. Magnificent in every detail of fur and fabric, line and lining. Expensive, deep napped materials, plain and lavishly fur trimmed. One of a kind models.

**Silk and Cloth Dresses Clearing at \$15.00**

Materials are Tricotine, Canton and Fancy Crepes. Colors are Black, Navy and Brown. Sizes 16, 18 and 20.

**Silk and Cloth Dresses \$25.00**

Formerly Priced \$35.00 to \$39.50. Canton Crepes, Satin Cantons, Georgettes, Point Twills and Tricotines, in the season's newest styles. Colors are Black, Navy, Brown and Gray. Sizes 16 to 42.

**Afternoon and Evening Dresses 1/3 to nearly 1/2 off**

Lovely Gowns are these in Silk Chiffon Velvet, Brocaded Chiffon, Cut Velvets, Satin and Georgette. In Black, Brown, Navy and High Evening Shades.

**5 only Fur-Trimmed Fine Quality Broadcloth Suits, brown and navy, sizes 36 and 38 ..... \$19.75**

**Hudson's Fashion Shoppe**  
COATS-SUITS-DRESSES  
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