

# WOMEN and THE HOME

Matchmaking  
Is Mother's  
Job

**Dorothy Dix**

Shows How To  
Give First  
Aid To  
Cupid

**Dad Helps Brother to Get a Start in Business,  
Why Shouldn't Mother Use Her Wisdom  
and Experience in Helping Daughter Get  
a Start in the Business of Matrimony?**

The matchmaking mother who hawks her beautiful and artless young daughter around the market places until she sells the girl to some rich, old, bearded rascal or ensnares some brainless, drunken, young millionaire into her matrimonial trap is one of the villains with whom we often meet in novels and at the movies.

We seldom see her in real life, however, because such odium is attached to the matchmaking mother that most women steer clear of the role. They wash their hands of all responsibility of their daughter's marriages and leave them to shift for themselves about getting husbands.

Now, this is all wrong. Between the cold-blooded, scheming mother, who disposes of her daughter in marriage as if she were a slave on the auction block, and the mother who leaves her daughter's matrimonial fate entirely to chance and luck, there is a wide field in which it is not only the province, but the duty of a good mother to forward her child's happiness and well-being.

It is strange that mothers do not often realize this, for nearly all women, even when they have happily married themselves, believe in marriage. They recognize it as woman's predestined place in life, the career for which nature intended her, and in which she is most apt to find peace and contentment.

Every woman wants her daughters to marry. She never feels safe about them until they are married, and the first breath of relief that a mother ever draws from the time her girl baby is born is when she sees her walking out of the church door on the arm of her husband, with rice in her wedding veil.

Then, this being the case, why is getting her daughter married not a legitimate occupation for the mother? Why should not a mother use all of her wisdom and experience in trying to secure for her beloved child a good husband, since the man she marries holds a woman's whole fate in his two hands, and on the way he treats her depends whether she lives the balance of her life in heaven or hell?

Of course, the supreme requirement in any marriage is congeniality between the high contracting parties, and that is a matter of absolute personal taste. That is beyond any other human being's jurisdiction, and it is a crime for a mother to overpersuade her daughter to marry a man who does not appeal to her, or to keep her daughter from marrying the man she prefers. The choice of the individual man is up to the girl. She is the one to be pleased, not mother. She is the one who has to live with him, not her mother.

No mother has a right to use her influence to make her daughter marry any particular man just because he is a good catch. But none the less, she should use her own matrimonial experience and her own knowledge of men to subtly guide her girl in making the right choice of a husband.

Every woman knows that in affairs of the heart an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There is no use in arguing with a girl in love. She is temporarily insane and incapable of seeing anything in its true light. She is deaf to reason. Blind to all facts.

Every woman also knows that propinquity is the great matchmaker, and that girls marry the men with whom they are thrown in contact. Hence, it is the mother's duty to see that the men with whom her daughters associate are the kind whom she would welcome as her sons-in-law.

The woman who is properly on to her job as mother does not take into her family a handsome young man relative and throw him into daily, intimate association with her pretty young daughter and then look with horror when she finds that they have fallen in love with each other and want to get married. Nor does she give the run of her house to some fascinating, dissipated ne'er-do-well and then weep with despair when her daughter announces her intention of marrying him despite all the warnings that are held up before her as to how such a marriage is sure to turn out.

The managing mother prevents these catastrophes. Not believing in the marriage of cousins, she does not invite good-looking young kinsmen to make their home with her. She puts no free hotel for dead beats. She freights out the undesirable, and, above all, without her daughter's knowing it, she turns the spotlight of her common sense and humor on the girl's beaux, so that daughter sees them as they are and not as her youthful inexperience paints them.

The wise mother teaches her daughter that while love is the great thing in matrimony, it is not everything, and that a woman does not long love a husband who has not the solid qualities that command her respect. She teaches her that there are lots of men with whom it is fun to play around, but who are not amusing as husbands. She teaches her that a man who can make his wife a comfortable living will hold her affections longer than one who serves her and repeats poetry to her. So when the girl selects her life mate she does it intelligently, instead of taking up the first attractive male creature that strikes her fancy.

It is surely a mother's duty to help her daughters get married. She can do this by making her home an attractive place for men to come; by giving her girls pretty clothes, and, if they live in a place where there are no eligible men, by taking them where the hunting is good.

Men help their sons start in business. Why should not mothers help their daughters marry? That's the average girl's business in life.

DOROTHY DIX.

## MISS LYLA GRANT HEARD IN GRADUATION RECITAL

Miss Lyla H. Grant, artist pupil of Miss Jean Walker, was heard in a brilliant recital at the institute of musical art last night. It was the occasion of her graduation recital, and throughout the difficult numbers presented she displayed dramatic ability and artistry.

Her program included a group of piano solo Canadian writers, Robert Service, Margaret Erskine and Mary Isabel Houston; Ruth Tarkington's "Willamilla," and the first and second parts of Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law." She was assisted by Louis

Dean, vocal pupil of Miss Belle Brown, whose numbers were greatly enjoyed.

## WEDDINGS

WELSBY-McBRIDE.

Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, was the occasion of a quiet wedding in St. Paul's cathedral, when Margaret Esther (Pat), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McBride, Trinity street, Stratford, became the bride of Mr. James C. Welsby, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Welsby, Camoria street, Stratford. Dean Tucker officiating.

## Thrifty Chatterer Works Hard To Gather His Winter's Food

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

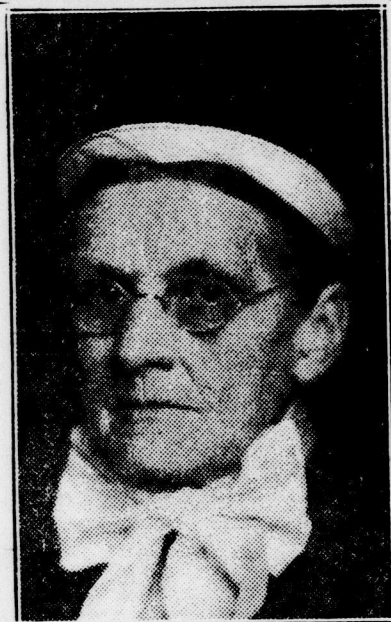
Autumn is a busy time for most of the little people of the Green Meadows. There are a few who are not particularly busy, but only a few. Peter Rabbit is one of them. His cousin, Jumper the Hare, is another. They are both of them. "What's the use of working when there is so much fun to be had instead?" said Peter as he watched some of his busy neighbors. "Fun!" he mumbled. "Fun? Why, you don't know what fun is. Peter Rabbit. The greatest fun in the world is in doing things worth while. No other fun can compare with this. Learn how to work, Peter, and you will learn how to have real fun."

Peter lazily scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. It makes me so tired just to watch you fellows running your legs off to get food that you don't need now," said Peter.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel heard this. "Don't watch us, then, you long-legged bunch of laziness," he hurled. "And remember, Peter Rabbit, that it is a whole lot better to be run off your legs off now while there is



"Fun! Why, you don't know what fun is, Peter Rabbit," something to be gained, than to run them off by trying to find enough food to keep alive. That is what you will be doing in the winter." "Pooh!" said Peter. "The present is good enough for me. I never worry about the future."



MRS. W. J. CARSON, who was elected honorary president of the "Unemployment Sunshine Relief Circle," organized this week, to work in co-operation with the city relief department.

## CLUB NEWS

**MUNICIPAL CHAPTER, I. O. O. E.**  
The regular meeting of the Municipal chapter, I. O. O. E., has been called for Tuesday afternoon of next week in Cronyn Hall, instead of Wednesday afternoon as usual. Important business will include further reports from "The Cameo Girl" committee.

**"Y" WEEK OF PRAYER.**  
Miss C. A. Cannell is to have charge of the Sunday home hour at the Y. W. C. A. King street, Sunday opening the world-wide Y. W. C. A. week of prayer. Miss Irene Brown and Miss Grace Pearce will have charge of the music. All girls who have no home in the city are being invited to attend this home hour, which will begin at 4:30 o'clock.

**"MERRY MAIDS" ORGANIZE.**  
Miss Jean Steadman was elected president of the "Merry Maids," a club composed of girls from the D. S. Park. Company staff, at the organization held this week at the Y. W. C. A. King street. The club will study work and basketry during the winter months. Preceding the organization meeting, the members listened to an address from Mrs. William Todd of Orillia and Miss Hattie Blackwell as they were given before the Girl's Canadian club.

**GIRLS' CANADIAN CLUB.**  
Mrs. William Todd of Orillia gave a most inspiring address on the ideals of girlhood at the supper meeting held this week at Lennox. Another interesting speaker of the occasion was Miss Hattie Blackwell, who gave a vivid account of the teachers' trip through the mine district of Northern Ontario. Solos by Miss Winnifred Mack completed the program. Several new members have been received into the club on account of the course of lectures to be given under the university extension department.

**SIMCOE M. C.**  
A shower in aid of the Simcoe men's club bazaar, which takes place on Nov. 28, was held last night at the home of Mrs. W. Thompson, 655 Grey street, with about 25 guests. Mrs. Lee gave a reading, and Mrs. Bert Johnston contributed a solo. The house was prettily arranged with red roses and autumn flowers, and many lovely and useful donations were brought in. A very enjoyable time was spent, and during the evening dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, who was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Evans.

"No, you do your worrying when the future becomes the present," retorted Chatterer. "But I can't afford to waste my time talking with you. Mushrooms don't last long, and I must get them while I can." Peter, "Mushrooms?" exclaimed Mrs. Evans. "Do you eat mushrooms?"

But Chatterer was already out of sight. Peter could hear him scurrying about in the dry leaves just as he had heard him many, many times at this season of the year. He had always supposed that Chatterer was looking for nuts or acorns or pine seeds. What could Chatterer have meant by what he said about mushrooms? Could it be that Chatterer really ate mushrooms? Peter was so softly stole over toward where he heard Chatterer scurrying about. From behind a tree he watched Chatterer. Chatterer found a mushroom. He sat up and ate it. He ate it as if he enjoyed it. He did. The fact is, Chatterer is very fond of mushrooms. When he had finished that one he began looking for more. He found another. But this one he didn't eat. He took it in his mouth and disappeared with it. Chatterer moves so quickly that he has a way of disappearing under your very eyes.

"Now where can he be taking that?" thought Peter. "I don't see how he can store mushrooms away. They would spoil. They don't last long anyway."

Just then Chatterer reappeared. He found another mushroom and away he went with it. Peter was watching him and more interested. He knew that Chatterer was quite as thrifty as Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and striped Chipmunk, but he couldn't see any thrift in gathering something that would spoil.

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The next story: "Chatterer's Queer Harvest."

**MEMORIAL WREATHS**  
for  
**Armistice Day**  
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## MAY START CLASSES FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

Red Cross House Organization of Home Hygiene Classes.

The London Red Cross society will call a meeting at the end of November to discuss the suggestion that courses in home hygiene and mothercraft be organized in London. Representatives from other London societies will be asked to attend and express an opinion on such an undertaking.

The proposed course would be made up of ten lessons given by a trained nurse and covering the general ideas of home hygiene, home nursing, care of infants, prevention of disease, choice of diet and other subjects. It will be particularly adapted to the needs of young mothers and girls who will be home-makers.

Mrs. Ronald Harris presided over this week's meeting of the Red Cross society, when the question of home hygiene classes came up for consideration.

The Red Cross is very anxious to secure more knitters for warm socks and sweaters are badly needed at Bryn now that the weather is approaching. Supplies of wool are on hand to be given out on request. The members are to assist in the day. Mrs. Harris, Miss Shaw-Wood and Mrs. George Fraser undertaking this work.

**HARMONY STAR CLUB.**  
The Harmony star club held a successful euchre this week under the joint convener of Mrs. Malcolm Kerr and Mrs. Harry Haring. Mrs. George Eddie and Mr. Hugler were the winners, the consolation prizes going to Mr. Kincaid and Mrs. Sam Carter.

**Bracelets of Real Pearls.**  
New York, Nov. 6.—Bracelets of real pearls are among the really swanky bits of jewelry just now. Aquamarines and rubies, fashionably and they are being beautifully combined with little diamonds.

## THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. (continued)**  
Sak-el-Bahr laughed, and he looked at the rowers' stretcher, left foot upon the rowers' stretcher, and leaned forward and down, his elbow upon his raised knee so that his face was close to Lionel's. "For your deliverance?" said he. "God's life! Lionel, your mind was ever one that could take in naught but your own self. This that I have made a villain of you. Your deliverance! God's wounds! Is there none but yourself whose deliverance I might desire? Look you now. I want you to swim to Sir John's ship and bear him word of the presence here of this galleon and that I have heard of it. 'Tis for her that I am concerned, and so little for you that, should you chance to be drowned in the attempt, my only regret will be that the message was not delivered. Will you undertake that?" It is your own sole chance of death or death of escaping from the rower's bench. Will you go?"

"But how?" demanded Lionel, still mistrusting him.

"Will you go?" his brother insisted. "Afford me the means and I will," was the answer. "Very well," Sak-el-Bahr leaned nearer still. "Naturally, it will be supposed by all who are watching us that I am goading you to desperation. Act, then, your part. Up and attempt to strike me. Then, when I return the blow and I shall strike heavily, that no make-believe may be suspected—collapse on your oar, pretending to swoon. Leave the rest to me. Now," he added sharply, and on the word rose with a final laugh of derision, as if to take his departure.

But Lionel was quick to follow the instructions. He leaped up in his bonds, and reaching out as far as he would permit himself, he struck Sak-el-Bahr heavily upon the face. On his side, too, there was to be no make-believe apparent. That done, he sat down with a blank of shock, his head against the wall, whilst every one of his fellow slaves that faced his way looked on with fearful eyes.

Sak-el-Bahr was seen to reel under the blow, and instantly there was a commotion on board. Biskaine leaped to his feet with a half cry of astonishment; even Asad's eyes, kindled with interest at an unusual sight as that of a galley slave, were turned toward him. Then, with a snarl of anger, the snarl of an enraged beast almost, Sak-el-Bahr's great arm was swung aloft and his fist descended like a hammer upon Lionel's head.

Lionel sank forward under the blow, his senses swimming. Sak-el-Bahr's arm swung up a second time.

"Thou dog!" he roared, and then came the crash that Lionel appeared to have swooned.

He turned and bellowed for Vigileto and his mates in a voice that was hoarse with passion. Vigileto came at a run, a couple of his men at his heels.

"Unshackle me this carrion and leave it overboard," was his harsh order. "Let that serve as an example to the others. Let them learn thus the price of mutiny in their lousy ranks. To it, I say."

Away sped a man for hammer and chisel. He returned with them at once. Four sharp metallic blows rang out, and Lionel was dragged forth from his place to the gangway deck. Here he revived, and screamed for mercy, for though he was to be drowned in earnest, he was to be drowned in earnest.

Biskaine chuckled under the awning. Asad looked on approvingly. Rosamund threw back a vindictive glance toward the side with no more compunction or care than had been so much rubbish. She heard the final scream of terror with which



DR. CHARLES SAUNDERS of Ottawa, who addressed the Women's Canadian club this afternoon, his subject being "Impressions of Paris."

**ST. JOHN'S AT PORT STANLEY.**  
A large crowd attended the chicken supper provided by the men of St. John's Presbyterian church, Port Stanley, last night in the L. and P. S. hall on Bridge street.

The men of the church had charge of the supper, and their efforts were much appreciated by those who attended.

Entertainment was provided later. Catherine Graham, the well-known Port Stanley Scotch dancer, pleased the audience by her clever combinations of the sword and other dances. On Monday evening the ladies of Christ church, Port Stanley, will hold their annual Thanksgiving supper in the parish rooms of the church. A sacred concert will be given after the supper by the choir with Mr. Dickinson, organist of St. Paul's cathedral of this city, at the organ.

**You Sneak Into It.**  
London, Nov. 6.—You don't clasp on the latest bracelet. You slide into it, as a crusader might have slid into armor. While in separate bands, Aquamarines and rubies, fashionably and they are being beautifully combined with little diamonds.

Sak-el-Bahr replaced the cross-bow in the rack, and came slowly up to the poop. In the gloom he found himself confronted by Rosamund's white face between the two dusky countenances of his Nubians. She drew back before him as he approached, and he, intent upon imparting his news to her, followed her within the poop house, and bade Abiad bring lights.

When these had been kindled they faced each other, and he perceived her profound agitation and guessed the cause of it. Suddenly she broke into speech.

"You beast! You devil!" she panted. "God will punish you! I shall spend my every breath in praying Him to punish you as you deserve. You murderer! You fiend! And I, like a poor simpleton, was heeding your false words. I was believing you sincere in your repentance of the wrong you have done me. But now you have shown me."

"How have I hurt you in what I have done to Lionel?" he cut in, a little amazed by so much vehemence.

"Hurt me!" she cried, and on the words, grew cold and calm again with very scorn. "I thank God it is beyond your power to hurt me. And I thank you for correcting my foolish misconception of you, my belief in your pitiful pretense that it was your aim to save me. I would not accept salvation at your murderous hands. Though, indeed, I shall not be put to it. 'Rather,' she pursued, a little wildly now in her deep mortification, 'care you like to sacrifice me to your own vile ends, whatever they may be. But I shall thwart you, heaven helping me. Be sure I shall not want courage for that.'"

And, with a shuddering moan, she covered her face and stood swaying there before him.

He looked on with a faint, bitter smile, understanding her mood just as he understood her dark threat of thwarting him.

(To be continued.)

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**LORD KITCHENER NURSES.**

The Lord Kitchener nursing division, No. 28, are arranging for the annual inspection to be held on Thursday, when Dr. C. J. Copp of Toronto, assistant commissioner for Ontario, will be the inspector, accompanied by Mr. Dedney, also of Toronto, district superintendent. There is to be a presentation of certificates, and during the evening the boy scouts of the Church of St. John the Evangelist will give a first aid demonstration and the Lord Kitchener division will give a demonstration of first aid and home nursing. Mrs. Edward Wyatt will sing a violin solo will be given by Miss Pauline Fitzgerald, and there will be readings by Miss May Winter. The meeting will take place in the auditorium of the Central college, and a large attendance is expected.

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"I think I see him still," said Vigileto. "Thine eyes deceive thee in this light. No man was ever known to be slain with an arrow through his brain." "A hit!" he cried brazenly. "He's gone!" "I think I see him still," said Vigileto. "Thine eyes deceive thee in this light. No man was ever known to be slain with an arrow through his brain." "A hit!" he cried brazenly. "He's gone!" "I think I see him still," said Vigileto. "Thine eyes deceive thee in this light. No man was ever known to be slain with an arrow through his brain." "A hit!" he cried brazenly. "He's gone!"



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