PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

WINIFRED BLACK

Presents "'Puzzled's' Problem."

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Here's a letter that every romantic dreamer of a girl ought to read, in cold blood and with her eyes wide open.

I can't answer it in this column today—it would take too much room. I will answer it in this paper tomorrow.

In the meantime, girls, think it over, and see how you feel about it.

Dear Winifred Black,—We often read of the much-discussed problem dealing with married employers who insist upon flirting with or otherwise annoying their help, and the usual remedy is to leave the position—that is the only way out, and were I in such a predicament I would not hesitate about leaving at once. An efficient stenographer should have no trouble in securing another position where the merit of her work would be the chief factor, and not her attractiveness. But here is an entirely new phase of the situation:

"Love" That's Unspoken.

My employer is married—and I love him. I am positive that he loves me, but he has not spoken of love. The very absence of these things—no invitations to dinner—No gifts or advances of any kind! It is this secredness of it all—his respect and yet admiration, although his lips are sealed—that make it so bad and yet so wonderful!

Perhaps you will ask, "But, my dear girl, if he has not spoken and does not show it by gifts, etc., then how can you tell he loves you? Is it not perhaps a little presumptuous on your part to take it for granted this man loves you?" Ah, no, there is an inevitable "something" which tells me that he does love me!

And now, before I go any farther, I must make clear the domestic situation that faces this boy of mine. Hear me call him "boy" when he is about 35, but to me he is merely a grown-up boy! Oh, how I know his every thought, his likes, his dislikes—every mood he has. How I have studied him and how well I know him, although the outside world sometimes shake their heads and say, "Smart boy, all right—wonderful attorney, but so peculiar in his ways!"

He was separated from his wife for quite a while—for a period of about two years, when his baby was only a few months old—but they were reconciled for the baby's sake and lived together again. However, it lasted only a few months, when they again became totally estranged, although still living under the same roof. All his friends and her friends are aware of this total estrangement, now (it is about five years), and yet they go on living together—in the same apartment—for the baby's sake!

He is crazy about his little girl, and has sacrificed all these years merely because, as he often says, "I want to remain long enough to impress myself upon her little mind, so that when the break does come and she will be taken away by her mother and taught—perhaps—to forget me, there will always linger a nice, pleasant memory of her 'Daddy.' I want only to have her love, and when she is old enough to understand she will not blame me for taking the step. Sooner or later I must have a divorce. I cannot remain indefinitely in this horror and this awful farce of living. But, just a little while longer—till my little girl gets a little older." And so it goes."

And, mind you, this talk of divorce has not been said to me. . . Such a conversation is never utter by us. . . but it is frequently discussed by him with his personal friends. . . It is almost an understood promise or plan among his personal friends. And now the little one is about 8 years old and still nothing is done.

Perhaps when I am gone he will awaken and realize his love and do something to get me back! And yet, on the other hand, perhaps if I leave him and never see him again the only real happiness and sunshine will be taken from my life.

"What Should I Do?"

I am 24, 'tis true. But folks hardly take me for that, because I am little, happy, jolly and so girlish. The boys all believe I am too jolly, too happy, too lively to think about settling down and marrying! Ah, but if they only knew the inner side of my nature! How I long for a real man to love me—to settle down and make him happy and comfortable with a real home that is cosey and warm and filled with sunshine—not luxury and emptiness and coldness!

It is true that he's a plain man. He doesn't care for this constant social whirl or gay parties and long hours. His wife does—she is a complete success in society. Perhaps that in itself has something to do with their differences, but after five years a reconciliation seems impossible.

Strange as it may seem, sometimes when our eyes meet—there is no mistake—he and I are both yearning for a day when our sealed lips may be opened and we may realize our dreams! Sometimes I wonder—how strong he must be to act so manly and not forget! With us it is love. . . strong, deep, honest love, perfect companionship. . . perfect understanding and perfect contentment with each other's presence; it is not momentary passion or physical attractiveness! Do not be afraid that I am trespassing on dangerous ground and that the temptation may prove too great. Were I to find such the case, I should leave in a moment, for I would rather go on living alone in the memory of that beautiful, clean, honest love than to do anything dishonorable, and I know he is the same.

Do you think I should be patient a while longer and wait, or should I leave him and in that way, perhaps, start something?

Don't misjudge him. He is not at all the type of "lady's man" some might imagine. Far from it—he is too honest with the women to be popular. He seldom makes these flattering remarks so many of the men seem to think is essential these days, even though they would perhaps go no further. Even with me he seldom says anything flattering, for it isn't his nature. But I love him, all in all!

I am between two fires. I hate to leave him, yet if I thought leaving him would awaken him to realize and act upon his love for me, I would gladly sacrifice his company for a while to gain happiness in the end.

What should I do?

I shall watch for some little word of hope or encouragement from you. And I shall be ever grateful. PUZZLED.

How would you answer this letter, girls?

Western Ontario Women's Activities

Address News For This Column to the Editor of Woman's Page.

DISTRICT W. I.

The district meeting of the Women's Institute Society was held at Woodstock on Thursday, June 5. The Embro and West Zorra Women's Institute branch was well represented, as three officers, Mrs. H. B. Atkinson, Miss M. McLeod, Mrs. A. A. McKinnon, and three delegates, Mrs. Dawes, Mrs. R. H. Clark and Miss Jamsie Kennedy attended.

LISTOWEL P. L.

At the regular meeting of the W. P. L. this week returns from the sale of tickets for the concert in aid of the hospital fund were brought in, and the total amount was $650. Appreciation was expressed in regard to the generosity of Walter A. McCutcheon of Hamilton, an old Listowel boy, who arranged the program, engaged all the artists, and paid all expenses in connection with the concert, which was largely attended. The proceeds are to be given to the building fund of the new Memorial Hospital.

Daily Bible Question Club

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE UNIFORM LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1919.

ONE GOLDEN TEXT SUGGESTION.

[By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.]

Prayer.—Matthew vi., 5-15; Luke xviii., 1-14.

QUESTION FOR TODAY.

4. Verse 8.—God certainly knows what things we have need of before we ask him, what then is the use in praying for them?

5. Verse 9.—Did Jesus give the "Lord's Prayer" as a form to be used, or as a model for comprehensiveness and brevity, or for both, or for some other reason?

6. Verse 10. WHAT SHOULD WE LONG AND PRAY FOR MORE THAN ALL ELSE AND WHY? (This is one of the questions which may be answered in writing by the members of the club).

7. Verse 11—Have Christians a right to expect that God will supply all the necessaries of life, and does he always do so?

Golden Text.—In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. iv., 6.

CREATE AN ATMOSPHERE OF PRAYER.

God consciously dwelling in our hearts and enveloping us, enables us to do what were otherwise impossible. One thing a true Christian can always depend upon is that God will give him a prayerful spirit, and will attune his mind so that either consciously or unconsciously he is always praying to and praising God. His thoughts turn to God in every desire concerning every plan and every purpose of his life. In most things he consciously prays, but in all things he lives in such an atmosphere of spirituality that in all things by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving he makes his request known uto God. This is the simple life, the quiet life, the peaceful life, and the victorious life. It cannot be improved upon.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Kerrigan are at their summer home, Port Stanley.

Mrs. (Rev.) H. S. Johnson, of Manchester, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. T. Moscrip, Wellington street, for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Russell of Avonton announce the engagement of their daughter, Agnes Lillian, to Mr. Ernest Hugh Graham, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Graham of Avonton, the marriage to take place the end of June.

Mr. William Telfer, of Humboldt, Sask., with his mother, Mrs. Telfer of Regina, is visiting relatives and renewing old acquaintances in the city. Mrs. Telfer, who was born in London Township, had not visited her old home for the past 37 years. Mr. Telfer's father is sergeant-at-arms in the provincial parliament buildings in Saskatchewan.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated on Saturday afternoon, June 7, 1919, at St. David's Anglican Church, London, Ont., when Lillian P. Chase of Walthamstow, England, became the bride of Roy H. Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, of 569 William street, city.

The bride was dressed in a pretty gown of white mull and panama hat trimmed with pink satin, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and sweet peas.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. R. E. Charles, the wedding march being played by Miss Millie Palmer.

After congratulations and signing of the register a dainty luncheon was served at the home of the groom's parents. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold wrist watch.

The young couple left for their future home, 213 Perth avenue, Toronto, followed by showers of confetti and good wishes.

The home of Mrs. Alex. D. McAlpine, Kilmartin, Ont., was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday, June 4, when her youngest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Thomas Moore of Walkerville.

The bride, who entered the parlor with her brother-in-law, Joseph Moore, was gowned in ivory tricolette, elaborately braided, her tulle veil crowned with orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas. Her only ornament was a dainty lavalier, the gift of the groom.

She was attended by her cousin, Miss Belle McAlpine of Corunna, who wore orchid silk crepe meteor and sweet peas. Alex. Moore of Detroit, nephew of the groom, supported the groom, and little Prudence Moore, niece of the bride, was pretty in white mull, with pink ribbons, and carried the ring in a basket of ferns and flowers. Rev. Dr. Robertson of Burns Church, officiated, and Miss Ila Quigley of Essex played the wedding music. A reception was held following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will reside in Walkerville.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Fitzgerald, Waterloo street, was the scene of a very quiet but pretty wedding on Thursday afternoon, June 5, when their eldest daughter, Geraldine Bryan, was married to Walter Belton Holland of this city, by the Very Rev. L. Norman Tucker, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of only immediate relatives. The bride wore a traveling suit of navy blue serge, with vest of harvest broadcloth, and hat to match, and corsage of American Beauty roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Josephine, gowned in pale pink crepe de chine and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses. Little Marjorie Holland, niece of the groom, made a dainty flower girl, carrying a basket of pink sweet peas, and lilies of the valley. The groom was supported by his brother, John C. Holland, and the wedding march was played by Mrs. Roland Holland. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Holland left for Detroit and Chicago for a short honeymoon, and on their return will reside at 9 Bellevue avenue, this city, where they will be at home to their friends after July 15.

MRS. N. M'CLUNG IS LECTURING TO LARGE AUDIENCES

Women of Ontario Give Her a Warm Reception.

Mrs. Nellie McClung, who is such a popular speaker in the prairie provinces, is making a big impression in the east, where the advanced thought for which she stands seems even more radical to her audience than when delivered from a western platform. Mrs. McClung always gives her audience something to think about, and there is a wholesomeness and a kindliness even in her criticisms.

In a recent address, touching on the problem of the foreign force, Mrs. McClung pointed out a few of the past mistakes in allowing foreigners to remain untouched. She pointed morals for a future policy, based on the work done by the late Father Lacombe.

There's only one power, said she, that can make Canada the nation she ought to be—the power of understanding and good will. The best way to make people loyal is to give them something to be loyal to. Nothing else is so good as a friend.

In the past we laid a lot of stress on legislation. It is still a good thing, but it won't take the place of neighboring.

We are arriving at the place where co-operation is to be our watchword. We are bound together, whether we like it or not.

It is wonderful how close we got together when the war was on, and we had one definite enemy. The impulse toward unity has been withdrawn. We see unrest and dissatisfaction. We need a substitute that will hold us together.

Heroism is not dead. Had we not 400,000 men willing to die for Canada? That heroic spirit challenges you and me to do something.

Advertiser Patterns

2792—This season shows many pretty styles in over-blouse effects and sleeveless smock. The pattern here portrayed will be nice for cloth, silk or wash fabric combination. The over-blouse may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in five sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1⅜ yards for the over-blouse.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 28, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist, and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than ten days from the date of application.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Ontario Cities.

Dear Cynthia,—Would you kindly publish all the cities of Ontario? Would it be too much to ask, if you would also publish a comic recitation?

DOLLY DIMPLES.

Ans.—Here is your list from the Canadian Almanac of 1919: Belleville, Brantford, Chatham, Fort William, Galt, Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, Kitchener, London, Niagara Falls, Ottawa, Peterboro, Port Arthur, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Stratford, Toronto, Welland, Windsor, Woodstock.

Any for Her.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am again writing your Mail-Box to see if I can get some recitations suitable for a girl of about 18 years. I saw one mentioned about the "Ladies' Aid" and would like to get it very much, and if you have any other good ones to spare I would gladly take them also. I would like them right away if I could get them, and oblige, 1, 2, 3

Ans.—Any recitations for this reader?

A Home in Canada.

Dear Miss Grey,—Some time ago I wrote to your Page, but, oh, how interesting it has got lately. As I read X. Y. Z.'s letter it would bring tears to anyone's eyes. How thankful she must be that God has given them strength to do their life's duty. Now, I will tell you about myself. It is 11 years ago since I came out to Canada from England. Mother died when I was so small that I don't remember her, but Canada was good to open her arms to a poor lonesome girl like me. Ever since I have worked on a farm, and now I am a bride of two years, and have the care of a little son. When one sits down and thinks over the past it makes you wonder how you ever came through it all, doesn't it, X. Y. Z.? But I am very young yet, just out of the teens a year and a half, but how I would love to have one week's holiday. If it was only to see a few soldiers marching I'd be satisfied, for I never saw only six soldiers since the war was started and finished. You will see I have not seen very much of life but work for a living. I thank God though for sparing my sailor brother; he has seen the war through from the beginning to the end and never got a scratch on him. It is fourteen years since I last saw him, and he is coming to Canada with his bride.

Now for a word to Bunker Bean about her robin family. We have two nests here, and they come to the same place every year, and I never touch them, but put bread crumbs and worms close by for them.

I feel dreadfully sorry for Rosebud: things happen every day like that, and I pray God will bless her with a noble and trustworthy husband some day.

One more word with X. Y. Z. I certainly do think you have earned your $4,000. I do hope I never see any more war in our Mail-Box, but love and sunshine and kind thoughts.

A SAILOR'S SISTER.

Ans.—What would one not give to be a fairly godmother and whisk Sailor's Sister and her bairn away from the work, and show them some of the lighter side of life, if only for a week! But, alas, no fairy wands or magic carpets appear to be lying about loose. Am sure you will have a happy visit with the sailor brother, who so luckily escaped during the war. "Love, sunshine and kind thoughts"—that is a nice wish; may it always be the atmosphere of your own home, too, little woman.

A Long Service.

Dear Miss Grey,—Having seen in the Mail-Box where W. R. J. asks for a copy of an old song I am forwarding on the same, and hope it will prove the right one. I am a regular reader of the Mail-Box and enjoy some of the letters very much. I see where A War Wife think they are not sending the men back fast enough. Now for my part, I think the Government has done well. I know the waiting seems awful long, as my own husband went away with the first contingent in 1914, and was over there 3 years and 7 months. I thought that was a long time, but I have a brother in the British army and he has been in France ever since August 5, 1914 (one day after war was declared), and is still there, and in all that time he has only had 20 days' leave (three ten-day passes). What must the waiting be for his wife and child?

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Ans.—The song is already in W. R. J.'s possession, and I am sure he will be most grateful to you for the copy.

He's a Fighting Boy.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have never wrote to your corner before, but I really hope you will be so kind as to let this letter go to print. First of all, I am one of Canada's fighting boys, as I enlisted soon after war started, and landed home on the 30th of March, so I saw a little of it in 4 years and 2 months, don't you think?

I have been very interested in your Page, although I am a boy, but I love to read some of the letters, yet others are very onesided, I think. What I have noticed of late is "Who won the war?" Well, this is my judgment of it, and the rest may not think I am right, but that is nothing to me, as I did my share in going "over the top"—but it was the Allies who won. I will tell you if one only reads the reports of the papers, and so forth, they will see that "Our boys" did their share, and to speak the truth, I am very proud to be one of the boys.

Dear Miss Grey, another thing I have been very interested in is the English Wife, as our Canadian girls put it. Well, for myself I would not wish for one, yet there are some very nice girls in England, as I have met some of the best there. Yes, also by brother is bringing one back with him—but not for me! I think that it should be a Canadian girl for the Canadian boy, for I tell you our girls are very proud of the record we have made. We should also be proud of a girl like Rosebud. If no one else is, I am, for she is like a young girl I know, only the one I know did not have the disappointment she did, and I hope she is lucky enough to get a boy who is worthy of a true Canadian girl. Some people might say, "Oh, he is one of those Canadian cranks," but I am not, for I am one of the happiest boys alive, and was born in England, where I lived for sixteen years, but I have lived in Canada long enough to be a Canadian, and the country I have the honor of fighting for, also in which I make my living I think I have the right to stand by. I must say too that I am happy with one of the best girls in the world who is a Canadian, and know that I made the right step in choosing her for a partner. Well I must close for this time; I will give my best wishes to Rosebud, hoping to see this in the Morning Advertiser, as I take it, both before the war and since I have been home. I will take the name of

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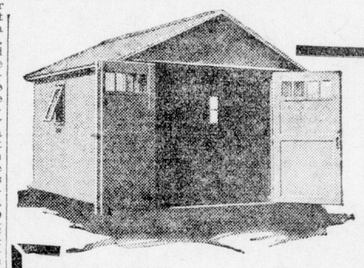

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104