WOMEN and THE HOME

HOW TO DEAL EFFECTIVELY WITH LADY MATCHMAKER

Any Embarrassing Situation Should Be Avoided at All Costs.

BEST JOKE IT OFF

By JULIA HOYT.

We most of us, I imagine, have at some time in our careers (that is to say, those who have reached the supposedly marriageable age) come into contact with that embarrassing person—he would-be matchmaker. I suppose their intentions are kindly, but just the same they are people to run from when the disease is upon them. They may be the most charming and delightful people in the world ordinarily, but let this disease attack them, and they seem to lose all intelligence and tact, when with the couple on whom they have designs, thinking all the while, of course, that they are being Machiavellian in their campaign.

Generally speaking (there are, I suppose, exceptions), if the young couple do fall in with their idea, it is in spite of their aid and not because of it—though, needless to say, the would-be matchmakers inwardly take all the credit. I wonder if later on they also inwardly take the blame, if things do not work out as in the fairy tales and the couple do not "live happily ever after!" I imagine this never enters their heads.

They Do Exist.

In any case, these would-be matchmakers do exist; we cannot always avoid them, and they can prove most embarrassing. The best way to handle the situation depends on a number of things: First, how well you know the man; second, what kind of a man he is; third, how well you know the matchmaking person or persons. I have generally found that there are two ways to live through embarrassing situations and make them less so. The best is, to face it quite frankly; it immediately becomes less embarrassing. If this, for some reason, is not possible, completely disregard it.

If you know the man to whom they are trying to marry you, very well it is easy to frankly face what the well-meaning meddlers are up to, laugh about it and forget it. If you do not know him very well, but know that he has a sense of humor and enough knowledge of human nature to realize that you are not an accomplice in their schemes, it is still easy to face the situation and laugh it off.

Ignore the Situation.

If you feel that he would not understand such frankness, that he is genuinely embarrassed by their behavior, the only thing to do is to disregard it entirely and take very good care not to see them again when he is also to be there. Well meaning though it may be, openly or obviously trying to throw two people at each other is rank impertinence and, if you know the person who is attempting it at all well, you are perfectly justified in telling her as pleasantly as possible that you so consider it, and in firmly asking her to stop.

When I speak of people with match-making propensities, I do not mean a hostess who seats together at dinner two people whom she knows to be attracted to each other. This is only tactful and helpful to the success of her dinner. However, it is not necessary for me to go into the well-known, obvious and embarrassing methods used by most matchmakers.

They have often seriously interfered with what might have been a very good friendship; have even completely broken it. I am convinced, however, that whether this happens or not is in the hands of the couple and that, if they will, as I said, frankly face the situation and laugh at it, they will find the feeling of embarrassment has disappeared.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

"Oh, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive, friendly things, the 'won't-you-let-me-help-you things, that make our pathway light. And it's just the jolly joking things, the 'never-mind-the-trouble' things, the 'laugh-with-me-it's-funny' things, that make the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-breaking things, those 'never-can-be-equalled' things, that all the papers cite, are not like little human things, the 'every-day-encountered' things, the 'just-because-I-like-you' things that make us happy quite. So here's to all the little things, the 'done-and-then-forgotten' things, those 'oh - it's - simply - nothing' things that make life worth the fight."

—Grace Haines.

BUNDLE MATINEE IS TO BE HELD SATURDAY

Entrance Ticket to Majestic Theatre Will Be Toy or Gift For Child.

The bundle matinee Saturday afternoon at the Majestic theatre promises to be an interesting event. It is a unique method taken by the Victoria hospital auxiliary for the purpose of collecting toys and gifts for the children of the isolation wards at Victoria hospital and has been made possible through the kindness of the management of the theatre.

A bundle, bearing the name and address of the giver, and containing a gift for a child, will be the entrance ticket on that occasion. The theatre will be given over entirely to the hospital auxiliary, and nurses in uniform will be present to take the gifts. The president and secretary of the auxiliary and the lady superintendent of the hospital will be in charge. If there are more gifts than are necessary for the hospital, they will be given to children of needy families.

CLUB NEWS

DUART Y. P. S.

A very pleasant time was spent in the Duart Presbyterian church this week, when the Kintyre society motored there and entertained the Duart society with an excellent program. A delightful feature of the evening was the music of Kintyre's exceptionally fine choir. After the service a happy social hour was spent in games and refreshments in the basement of the church.

EMPRESS AVENUE MOTHERS.

Mrs. George Bryant, president of the Empress avenue mothers' club, has called a special meeting of the club members for tomorrow night at 8 o'clock, in the school. The object of the meeting is to make plans for the opening of the new school. It will also be the occasion of a shower of books for Victoria hospital and of groceries to be distributed among the needy families of the district at Christmas time.

I. O. D. E. PLANS FOR JUBILEE.

The educational secretaries of the I. O. D. E. chapters of the city are meeting on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Cronyn hall to make arrangements for the silver jubilee of the order, which will be celebrated in the city during February. Mrs. E. H. Nelles, Municipal educational secretary, is calling the meeting.

WOMEN'S LABOR PARTY.

Mrs. F. Wells presided over last night's meeting of the Women's Labor party held in the labor temple. Announcement was made that Mrs. Fred White had captured the prize for bringing into the organization the greatest number of new members during the year. Mrs. Jean Tagg came second in the contest. Arrangements were made to send flowers to sick members on Christmas Day, the committee to look after the sick including Mrs. George Woods, Mrs. B. Edwards and Mrs. Jack Morgan. Refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. Charles Harvey, Mrs. W. Stinson and Mrs. D. Ferguson.

HEARTSEASE CLUB.

The Heartsease club entertained recently at a euchre. The three prizes donated by the president, Mrs. S. Bisbee, were won by C. Shibley, Mrs. Wm. Wardrope and Mrs. B. Edwards. Following cards, refreshments were served by Mrs. James Yule, Mrs. S. Bisbee and Mrs. V. Lacey.

WHEAT AND SATIN.

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Dec. 18.—Perhaps the milliner did not mean it, but he selected a most appropriate trimming for the new headpiece of one Canadian visitor from the grain belt. At the back of a small black satin hat, large black feathers were crossed, winging out on either side. These were accompanied by sprigs of spring wheat.

A BLAZE OF COLOR.

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Dec. 18.—A flashing blaze of color distinguished one of the latest evening gowns worn here. It is of gold and ruby-colored glazed lame, embroidered down the front and at the hem with pearl imitating rubies, and violet-colored feathers. This is worn over a slip of georgette with the two shades superimposed.

DARKENED WINDOWS

By CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE.

Like a shadow the slender figure in gray flitted up the stairs, leaving dismay behind her. The situation which Graham had trifled with had become critical. He was pledged to return the bracelet without delay; his cousin's frail life might depend on it; but what could he do, what was there to do except to demand it of Evadne? He shuddered away from the thought. It would be tantamount to saying to her that she had lied the night of the murder; that at the very moment that the shot was fired she must have been in the house with her lover, because in her room he had seen Philippa's bracelet which only her lover could have given her, and given her only on that night. No, no, he thought, never could he say that! Besides it was false all that those imagined words implied—he knew it was somehow false. With a gesture of loathing he put away all idea of appeal to Evadne. Some other way must be found of recovering the bracelet.

He considered, for a moment, the advisability of bribing Marie to purloin it from Evadne's jewel case. But that, he objected, would be putting both Evadne and himself in the Frenchwoman's power, and to his mind that meant blackmail and scandal, and all sorts of horrors. Of a Frenchwoman he had a rooted, unreasoning distrust, inherited possibly from a certain dour Scotch ancestor high in the counsels of John Knox, who had feared and distrusted the witchery of Marie Stuart his queen.

Graham's next idea was to stage a robbery and hire a thief from the underworld to commit it. Such things were done in certain detective tales he had read. He contemplated this plan for a while with some satisfaction. He even went so far as to work out certain of the details. But in the end he discarded it. The house was too well watched to give it any chance of success. As he went in and out, although he saw no one, he had always a sense of eyes that followed him.

Remained then but one other way—that which he had jestingly dwelt on when first he had learned what store Philippa set upon her bracelet—he must be his own burglar.

The Way of Transgressors Is Hard.

It did not take Graham long to discover that deciding to be a burglar was far easier than actually becoming one. All things, animate and inanimate, seemed to conspire to keep him in the straight and narrow way. The broad way is usually easy of access in this naughty world, but to Graham its gates were closed. He wanted to be criminal and he couldn't.

His first move, a rather clever one, had been to obtain the unquestioned freedom of the house by undertaking to make an inventory of its contents for the appraiser. In this way, he thought, it would be an easy matter to slip unnoticed through the swing door and down the corridor to Evadne's room. But he was soon deceived. He had counted, he found, without Denis, who seemed to haunt the hallways; without Marie, who flitted to and fro like a shuttlecock batted by his guardian angel; without the charwoman eternally charring; without the gas man, the window cleaner, the clock man; without the little white dog that barked. He made a dozen ineffectual starts on the downward path. Once he even reached Evadne's room unhindered. His hand was on the knob. Then footsteps came creaking up the stairs behind him, and Marie appeared, conducting the plumber.

No place of concealment offered itself. The situation had to be faced boldly. Graham rose to the occasion. He proved himself — blessed by euhpemisms—a man of resource. He hailed the maid with eagerness, her arrival, he assured her, was providential. He had mislaid an important inventory list. Would she be good enough to look for it for him in Mrs. Hurst's room. And while she pursued her vain search, he leaned limply against the wall in the corridor, his knees weak with the realization of his narrow escape. A few minutes more and he would have been caught with his hand in Evadne's jewel case. He thanked heaven fervently that fate had not cast him for the role of burglar in regular standing; the strain was too great.

The following evening fortune seemed, at last, to favor him. Business had kept him all day at his office. For more than twenty-four hours he had not seen Evadne. His longing for a sight of her rather than any thought of the bracelet, brought him, late as it was, to her door. A paper to sign was the excuse he had planned.

As Denis opened the door, the sound of voices reached him from the drawing-room. One voice was Evadne's, the other, a man's he did not recognize. It flashed into his mind that here, at last, was his opportunity. Evadne was occupied; the servants, at this hour, would be off duty; the time for his theft of the bracelet had come. Whispering to Denis that he would wait in the library till Mrs. Hurst was at liberty, he stole upstairs. From the hall above he watched till he saw Denis disappear, and heard a door close after him. Then softly he pushed open the swing door and slipped through.

Since Hannibal Hurst's death, his odd fad for a darkened house, which Evadne had told him originated in a dispute with the lighting company, had been ignored and the house was now properly lighted. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding his way. As the door swung to behind him, he stood for a moment listening. All was silence. Again he listened, bending over the railing of the back stairs. Again silence. On tiptoe he stole down the corridor. His hand trembled as he laid it on the knob of Evadne's door. Slowly it opened. The tentative crack revealed only darkness. So far so good—Marie was not there. He felt along the wall till he found the electric switch. As the room flashed on him in all its austere simplicity, his impulse was to turn away his eyes. But it was not the moment for sentiment.

Evadne's apartment, as he had already ascertained, occupied a wing of the main building, and was reached both from the corridor and, through a series of dressing rooms and bathrooms, from the room formerly occupied by Mr. Hurst. Graham had attempted to pass that way one day and had found the doors locked. What it must have meant to Evadne, he thought, to have been able, at last, to lock those doors. He believed that she had looked upon the turning of the keys as a solemn ritual act, symbolic of freedom.

Graham glanced quickly around the room. Between the windows to his right stood the dressing table strewn with toilet articles in ivory and crystal where Philippa's bracelet had lain that memorable night. Opposite him an open door led into the unlighted studio. On one side of this door, against the wall, stood a prayer desk surmounted by an ivory crucifix exquisitely carved. Against the wall on the other side of the door was a many-drawered chiffonier. Here, if anywhere, he would find the bracelet.

With breath coming quickly, Graham began hurriedly opening drawer after drawer. Every other minutes he stopped to listen, his imagination tricking him with the sound of footsteps in the corridor outside. The ticking of a clock somewhere in the room came to sound to him like the beat of a mighty drum. He was sure that the sound of approaching feet would be lost in its clamor. Gripped by fear of interruption, and intoxicated by the faint, elusive fragrance, deliciously reminiscent of Evadne, which floated out to him, he fumbled through the drawers. The clock ticked faster and louder; the precious minutes were flying; and no jewel case was to be found. Then a shabby pasteboard box, held together by a faded ribbon, caught his eye. It certainly could not be called a jewel case, but he opened it on the chance. In it were some pieces of old-fashioned jewelry, a few pretty, valueless ornaments such as a girl might prize, and, as conspicuous among them as a rose in a kitchen garden—the bracelet.

With a long breath of relief, Graham thrust it deep in his pocket, retied the ribbon clumsily, and replaced the box. Something creaked! It sounded like a board in the corridor floor. He held his breath. Silence! Silence which nothing broke but the ticking of the clock.

"Imagination again," he murmured. "What a lot a lot Shakespeare knew! Conscience certainly does make cowards of us all." He closed the drawers softly, looked that all was as he found it, and turned. Again a sound! His heart leaped and stopped. The handle of the door was slowly turning—the door was opening! For the second time, in that house of tragedy, he was trapped. Behind him, a temporary refuge, but the only one, was the darkened studio.

Perhaps in the darkness he might escape notice. Probably the intruder was Marie come to prepare her mistress' room for the night. In that case she might not enter the studio. While he thought, he acted. Before the door could open to admit the newcomer, he was crouching behind an easel on which stood a large canvas. A smaller one resting against its foot gave still further shelter. From here he could see the door and part of the adjoining room. The door remained half open. Someone was speaking in the corridor.

"You need not wait, I shall not want you," he heard a voice say.

At the sound of it, he turned cold with horror. The voice was Evadne's. What, in heaven's name, should he do! He saw her enter; he saw her close and lock the door; he saw her cross the room in the direction of the studio. She was very pale. Once she stopped short and buried her face in her hands. Then she came on again.

Graham had always thought it hyperbole, the cry of longing that the skies might fall and cover some abased head. Now he found himself uttering the cry in all sincerity. In a moment Evadne would enter the studio; would turn on the light; would discover him skulking there! It was the most terrible moment of his life.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

BUILDING COMMITTEE REPORTS TO "Y" BOARD

The report of the building committee was the chief feature of yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Y. W. C. A. held at "Lenmore." This report, presented by Mrs. Donald McLean, was to the effect that the committee had decided to proceed with a campaign for funds early in the new year.

A nominating committee to bring in a slate of officers to the next meeting was named, with Mrs. C. B. King as convener. Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the association, presided.

GLOVES, HEAVY AND LOOSE.

London, Dec. 18.—The heavier and looser the glove for walking costumes the smarter at present, provided the hand within the glove be small. Chamois slip-on gloves, with a center gusset in the cuff, and gathered at the wrist by an invisible elastic band, are very popular, especially in white instead of the natural chamois color.

PREPARING FOR COURT.

London, Dec. 18.—Debutantes are already doing their shopping in anticipation of presentation at court next February. Court dress is strictly prescribed, and Queen Mary is a stickler for the formalities so the girls are taking a course of training as to what they shall or shall not do or wear.

FAREWELL TO BELTS.

New York, Dec. 18.—Belts have almost entirely disappeared from feminine attire, except the costumes designed for winter sports, which are all tightly belted. Even expert skiiers flounder in drifts, and the costumes are designed to prevent snow from reaching beneath the surface. Bunderloden, a woolen material specially designed to prevent snow from sticking, is often used.

FANS IMPORTANT.

New York, Dec. 18.—Fans carried this season may not stir up much wind, but they cut a lot of ice. In most cases the ostrich plumes of which they are formed are so widely separated that they are ornamental rather than useful.

PRETTY LINGERIE SETS.

New York, Dec. 18.—One of the new gifts not likely to be exchanged the day after Christmas is the lingerie set of vest, step-in and gown of crepe-backed satin, trimmed with real Irish lace and net. Many of these sets are distinguished by the absence of straps on the vestie.

THREE ARTS CLUB HAS MEETING AT INSTITUTE

Enjoyable Program Is Given at Final Meeting Before the New Year.

The regular meeting of the Three Arts club of the institute of musical art was held this week, Miss Jean Walker, president of the club, in the chair. The activities of the season's work were outlined and several matters of a business nature were discussed.

At the conclusion of the meeting the following program of music and papers was heard: Aria, "Armida," by Handel, sung by Mrs. Harold M. Clarke; paper, "The Music of Pre-Classical Times," by Miss Edith Irvine; violin solo, "Nocturne in D Flat," by Chopin-Wilhelmj, played by Mr. Douglas Fetherstone, accompanied by Mrs. Howard Fetherstone; paper, "Beginning of Modern Music," by Miss Irene Foster; Allegro Maestoso movement from Mozart's C Major concerto, played by Miss Mabel Stevens, accompanied on second piano by A. D. Jordan, and a paper, "Palestrina," by Miss Hazel Taylor.

A. D. Jordan, the musical director of the institute, gave an interesting talk on the pronunciation of Italian terms in music. The meeting adjourned until Tuesday, Jan. 6.

TRAILING BOUDOIR GOWNS.

Special to The Advertiser.

New York, Dec. 18.—The new boudoir gowns of chiffon velvet, trimmed with marabout, should trail the floor, but they do not trail the fashions. They lead the latter. The sleeves of these gowns are of georgette so full and long as to sweep far behind the wearer.

MOST OLD FOLKS REQUIRE A HEART AND NERVE TONIC

After middle age little sicknesses and ailments seem harder to shake off than formerly as the heart action becomes weak and uncertain and the nerves are not as steady as they were in the younger days.

Now is the time when all aged people who wish to maintain their health and vigor and retain their energy unimpaired should use

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. M. O'Connor, Whitestone, Ont., writes:—"I have been trouble most of my life with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, and fainting spells. I was advised by a friend to try Milburn's H. & N. Pills, which I did, and at once found relief, and I have never had a really bad spell since. I am 80 years of age and I always keep them in the house, and feel that with their help I will see many years yet. I always recommend them to anyone who is suffering from heart trouble."

For sale at all druggists and dealers.—Advt.

Don't sit your family and friends down to a lot of make-shift dishes on Christmas Day. $1 down and your Christmas dinner will be served on beautiful china and a handsome new tablecloth.

TABLECLOTH FREE

Made of beautiful Irish Linen, FREE with every Dinner Set sold during this

Sensational Sale of Dinner Sets Tomorrow

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Just Bring a Dollar For One of These Sets

Easy Weekly Payments After Christmas

WHAT BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT COULD YOU GIVE YOUR WIFE, MOTHER OR THE YOUNG COUPLE THAN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME 97-PIECE SEMI-PORCELAIN DINNER SETS?

One entire large shipment of beautiful design Dinner Sets being sold at astounding low prices. The amazing part of this sale is that these are not 42-piece sets, not 50 or 75-piece sets, but 97-PIECE SETS OF THE FINEST ENGLISH WARE any housewife could hope for, with an exquisite Irish linen tablecloth at no extra cost. In order to open many new accounts through this sale, $1 DOWN WILL DELIVER A SET TOMORROW. We cannot urge you too strongly to be here early. Pay only $1.00 down.

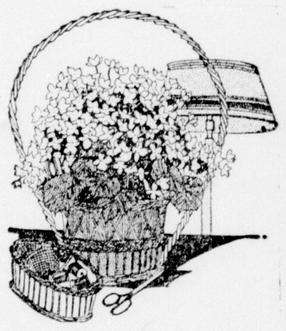
ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.

What Shall I Give This Christmas?

When other stores are crowded, and their stocks depleted, and the last-minute gift is a problem—why not send flowers? Our stock is always a solution to the last-minute gift problem.

Always beautiful and appreciated, a bouquet of flowers or a plant will express your greetings of this day better than all else.

Even though your friends are out of town, our "Flowers by Wire" service will deliver your gift anywhere within just a few hours' time.



FLOWERING PLANTS

Moderately priced, in beautiful baskets, with ribbon ties, at $2.00, $3.00, $4.00 and up to $25.00 each.

Why not a Basket of ASSORTED CUT FLOWERS at $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00

We will deliver your box at place and time so designated.

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