

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



PERSONALS

Mrs. Verne Rowell is leaving town to spend the week-end in Listowel.

Miss May Mara is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe at their summer home, Niagara.

Mrs. Arthur Butchart, Wellington Boulevard, is on a trip to Montreal and the east.

Mr. Harold Thompson of this city has returned home from a business trip to the west.

Mr. Fred Fenwick of the "Biff-Bing-Bang" theatricals, is spending a few days in town.

Gen. Panet and Mrs. Henri Panet of London are with Mr. and Mrs. C. Bermingham, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Footitt, Hellmuth avenue, have returned from spending vacation at Bayfield.

Miss Verda Vincent, Hayman Court, left yesterday to join Toronto friends on an extended visit to Muskoka.

After several weeks' holiday at Bayfield, Mrs. E. J. Liddicott has returned to her home on Hellmuth avenue.

Mrs. R. D. Kelly of 728 Queen's avenue is attending the reunion in Goderich with friends and relatives.

Miss Alice Thompson and Miss Ethel Ross of Blenheim are guests of Mrs. A. M. Hunt, at Gerrard street.

The Misses Pauline and Catharine Woltz of Newark, N. J., are visiting their cousin, Ald. G. A. Wenise of Erie avenue.

Miss Agnes E. Ross of 642 Hamilton road is spending her vacation with relatives in Brantford and eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Smith, Hayman Court, are leaving today for Burlington Beach, where they will spend the next few weeks.

Lieut. J. B. Farrell, M.C., who has spent the past summer in London, is returning to Swift Current, Sask.

Miss Gertrude Mulloy of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of London, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright, 8 Brighton street.

Dr. C. M. Wortman and Mrs. Wortman left yesterday for South America to take up missionary work in the Argentine Republic.

Miss Jean Galbraith of Newark, N.J., is spending a month in London, the guest of her sister, Mrs. (Lieut.-Col.) W. A. McCrimmon.

Miss Isabel Bland of London, who spent several days in Kingston with her sister, Mrs. Harold Hughes, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Furlow of Toledo, Ohio, have returned home after holidaying with Mr. Furlow's sister, Mrs. George Louch, of Princess avenue.

Mrs. H. G. Harper, 97 Ridout street, entertained a few friends at the tea party Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret Sutherland of Listowel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. William Arthur and baby Billy, with Miss Sarah Mair, are taking a motor trip to Stag Island on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Robinson and daughter Marian motored from Cleveland, Ohio, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright, 8 Brighton street, on Thursday evening.

Miss Margaret Harper of London, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Williamson, in Toronto, was the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Auerbach, at Jackson Point last week.

Mrs. Frank Copp, Edith street, was the hostess recently at a jolly little shower given in honor of Miss Marion Leone Keenan, whose marriage to Mr. Norman Bohannon takes place next week.

Mrs. W. G. Macaulay and young son of Winnipeg have been the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Arthur Gardiner, 453 St. James street, and at present are visiting with Mrs. Macaulay's mother, Mrs. Phillips, Denfield.

Mrs. Percy Lewis of Los Angeles, Cal., and Mrs. Hughie Cochrane of Vancouver left last night for their home, after spending a three months' visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Knapton 217 Wharfedale road north. Many friends were at the station to say farewell and wish them a safe journey home.

A very enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Miss Florence Harrison at Thorndale on Thursday, at her home on Harrison avenue. During the afternoon musical selections were rendered by Mrs. G. Vining, Misses Eva and Marie Houston, and Mrs. B. Fitzgerald. After an interesting contest luncheon was served, with the help of the two daughters of Mrs. A. Higgins of Thorndale, in whose honor the reception was held. Among those present were guests from Ingersoll, Port Stanley and London.

MCCOLL—CLUNIS. CHESLEY, Aug. 12.—A quiet wedding was solemnized at Holy Trinity Church at 11 o'clock yesterday, when Mary Rosemonde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacColl, of London, Ont., and Gordon McColl, also of London, were united in marriage by Rev. C. M. Farney.

The bride and groom were unattended. After spending a quiet hour at the rectory the happy couple left in their car for Toronto and other points.

On their return they will reside in London.

THE FASHIONS

(By Eleanor Gunn.)
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A TRIO OF FALL HATS.

(Eleanor Gunn.)

Although the Spanish influences are the strongest note of the season about to be inaugurated, there are other types offered in millinery, among these being the beret and the large hand-blocked hat, with its clear-cut lines and often irregular brim.

Definite Line Shapes.

The comment has been made by one

small and indefinite pattern, and in the same color as the leather itself.

Colored Spanish Combs.

There are more and more Spanish combs seen in model hats, quite a few of these in the imitation tortoise shell; it is in the brilliant colors such as the jade and rose tones and the soft hyacinth blue that these are employed, probably for the reason that the bright colors distinguish the pin as an ornament rather than a hair dress. Peacock fancies are in great demand and are included in a goodly portion. There are very long peacock floss that are made into fanciful in the silvered effects.

Black For Fall.

Black has become a strong feature, the first hats, or rather the intermediate line devoted to black satin, while the fall merchandise tends to the use of the black hatter's plush and panne, and



of the high-class importers that the soft hat will be dropped this season for the shape with the very definite lines. Of course, the soft hat will always have its place for certain types in sport lines and for the coming embroidery and novelty tams, but for the dressy hat there must be a distinctness of line.

The leading French modistes have worked along the line of the clear-cut form, and even the crown shows the result of this, for there is not nearly as much of the draping as has been evidenced in past seasons. But to return to the fascinating subject of things to grow or rain in weight for a considerable time. There has been an embossed Spanish leather imported for the making of sports hats; the marking in the leather being of a

these with black duvetyne, for the choice of the models. Black felt is also spoken of as smart, but as in the case of duvetyne it is the black only that is favored. The comment is further made on the subject of black felt, that the shapes must be particularly good-looking, of excellent line, and typical of the hand-made, otherwise they show no individuality.

High front trimmings supply the main point of interest, say the buyers of millinery, who are just now returning from abroad. There is so much of the point in this way, much on the order of the military pompadour cut at the top of a high rolled front cuff shape, and dropped over the face.

Personal Health Service

(By WILLIAM BRADY, M.D., Noted Physician and Author.)

Delayed Development.

Dr. Leon V. Kear of Oyster Bay, N. Y., recently reported the case of a boy, aged 7½ years, who had failed to grow or gain in weight for a considerable time. The boy was lethargic and did not care to play, but rather to lounge about. He became easily fatigued, and was extremely nervous. That an adult had to accompany him to and from school. He was slow to answer when interrogated—mentally lethargic.

The boy was only 44 inches tall, and weighed only 35 pounds, compared with the normal average height of 47 inches and weight of 50 pounds for boys of that age. In the general examination nothing significant was noted except a body temperature below the normal—97.4, the normal average being 99 in boys of that age.

Dr. Kear concluded to employ ductless gland hormones or extracts in the treatment of this boy. He began the treatment with a judicious amount of the suppurative and thyroid hormones combined. This was given for over a week without any apparent effect. Then the dosage was increased, and after another fortnight there was a distinct change in the boy's appearance. The body glow and lively expression of boyhood now became noticeable. The boy began to brighten up mentally and take some interest in the activities and play of normal youngsters. It was found that he had gained three pounds in weight.

In four months the boy gained two inches in stature and eight pounds in weight. He became more active physically, and had been before, taking part in the ordinary games of schoolboys of his age. He no longer demanded an escort to and from school, and actually displayed some little spirit of aggressiveness.

I describe this case here as suggestive to the parents of children who

may be physically and perhaps also mentally backward. Certainly no reader can find any encouragement for attempting any self-drugging—a foolhardy business, indeed, when such potent remedies as the ductless gland preparations are concerned. The only wise and safe course to take, if the possibilities of this sort of treatment are to be investigated, is to submit the matter to the family physician and be guided wholly by his counsel.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Digestion.

1. Does lying on one's stomach for a few minutes after eating help digestion, and if so, why? 2. Why do doctors usually direct medicine to be taken before or after meals? Has it any specific advantage either way? 3. How much water should a person of 59 drink every day? 4. Is it material whether he drinks his allowance in the forenoon or in the afternoon? E. G. M.

ANSWER—1. If that is comfortable, the prone posture, favors digestion, particularly in thin, long-waisted folks who generally have more or less ptosis (sagging) of stomach, but it is better to lie for half an hour. 2. To avoid irritating empty stomach, or to influence secretion, or modify secretions in the stomach, or to avoid interrupting the meal. 3. Two to four quarts daily, depending on weight and activity, usually better taken at intervals throughout the day. (Copyright National Newspaper Service.)

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MACDONALD COLLEGE.

SALAD SUPPERS.



During the hot weather a cool salad supper is the most satisfactory to serve and to eat. The housewife can plan it when she is doing her baking in the morning, and so avoid hot, greasy cooking utensils when she comes to prepare the evening meal. Meat loaf or bean loaf, made by putting cold left-overs which combine well through the grinder, seasoning to taste, with salt, pepper, onion or celery salt, herbs, if desired, and beating in an egg with a little milk or meat stock, and baking in the oven after the cake is done, provides a simple, economical, and nourishing dish for the salad. It should be served

on lettuce or endive or cress, and may be garnished with cold, diced, marinated food as hot meat, but the housewife, by preparing it in the morning, has utilized the oven which she had hot for her baking, and has made it unnecessary to have more fire for supper than is needed to heat water for tea.

It is expensive to buy cold, cooked, sliced ham, but it is cheap to buy a small, rolled, uncooked ham, and let it boil through a morning's work, with a tablespoonful of mustard, one of molasses, and a dozen whole cloves in the water. Allowed to cool in its own water, and to stand twelve hours before being sliced, a rolled ham can be sliced very thin, as there is no bone and can be served very prettily on lettuce with a little heap of diced potatoes or peas and dressing. Such a supper is dainty, delicious and nourishing, and saves the housewife work at the end of the day when she most wishes not to get hot and dirty in the kitchen.

Salad dressing should be prepared in the morning, as well, and in sufficient quantity to serve several meals. It can be kept in a glass jar in the refrigerator. Excellent oils are now on the market which can be used if olive oil is too expensive. (Copyright, 1921, by the Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

AT CUPID'S CALL

BY MAY CHRISTIE.

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LI.—THE NET TIGHTENS.

Eve was losing heavily at cards. The country neighbor and she were playing with Julian Vandave and her sister, and were being badly beaten.

Eve did not know that Julian earned a quite remunerative living at that quarter.

The game went on. Things went from bad to worse. Eve—flushed, rather bad of eye, her mouth drawn into a thin, unbecoming line—played desperately.

"Heaven alone knows how I'll meet my debts!" thought Eve, distracted.

At that moment she felt she hated Carrington Bellairs, her cautious guardian. He was so rich, so prosperous. Five hundred dollars would cover several evenings' losses, including tonight's disaster.

A vague thought began to form in Eve's active brain. If he would not let her have the money, she must take it! She was not going to be disgraced—marked down as a defaulter—in the eyes of all her friends.

Julian Vandave would exact payment of some sort—she knew it. She did not wish to be indebted to him. Besides—if he didn't pay up, she might lose him. He would think she was too poor for him to condescend to—utterly beneath his notice.

At midnight the game stopped, and Eve and her partner surveyed each other ruefully.

"What a whacking!" the neighbor seemed only slightly depressed. "But, never mind, Miss Eve. We'll have our revenge tomorrow evening. We won't let these two 'sharks' get off scot-free. We won't!"

His general laugh rang out. Eve laughed, too—in order to be considered "sporting." But her laugh rang hollow.

Julian Vandave was smiling a peculiar smile. His hold on this young girl was doubly strengthened now. The game was surely his.

The four of them shook hands and parted with a show of heartiness. Poor Eve!

Her chaperone was still sitting in the far corner of the hall, where Mary Drew had left her. Eve stroiled over to say good-night.

And then Eve's eye rested on a small, shining object lying on the floor beside the sofa. She stooped and picked it up. Her aunt failed to notice the movement.

The object proved to be a cheap little pearl brooch. Eve recognized it as the property of Mary Drew. Mary's handkerchief, initialed, lay on the floor beside the brooch.

Without a word, Eve picked the two

articles up and slipped them into her bodice. She bade her chaperone a careless good-night and strolled up to bed. But, once alone in the privacy of her own room, she examined the handkerchief and the little brooch with eager eyes. Yes, they both belonged to Mary Drew—without a doubt.

"I'll do it—yes, I'll risk it!" Eve's mouth tightened into a hard, determined line. "No possible suspicion could fall upon my head."

She waited until her house was wrapped in silence. She heard her guardian going to his room, the closing of his door.

Eve's ethics held more than one curious "kick." "Doing evil that good might come"—stealing in order to "pay up"—robbery her guardian's safe in order to be classed as "honest"—according to Eve's code, all this was perfectly justifiable.

How silent the whole house lay. A clock struck the hour of 1 a.m.

Noiselessly she opened her bedroom door and listened. Silence everywhere! She found the electric door

and very stealthily proceeded down the corridor, having first removed her slippers.

If anyone should discover her peregrinations she could easily say that she had "found something in the hall, and was going down to collect her lost property."

One must always keep one's head. If Carrington Bellairs should actually find her tampering with his safe it was not likely that he would summon the police. Her father had been a bosom friend of his—and for his old friend's sake he would let Eve off lightly.

The lock in one hand and Mary Drew's handkerchief and little brooch, securely in the other, Eve descended noiselessly to the library.

After months of watching she had learned the "solution" of the combination lock—had seen her guardian opening his safe, and guessed the combination.

She knew that on the upper shelf there were rolls of bills—two rolls, five hundred dollars in each. She had better take both!

She fumbled with the lock. A minute passed. Another minute.

At last the safe door opened. And Eve groped inside.

The upper shelf—she could only find one roll of bills.

Deliberately she removed the roll, and, as "though" accidentally, she dropped Mary's little brooch and handkerchief inside the safe. She closed the door. It swung to with a tiny click.

"Poor Mary Drew!" She'll have to leave the brooch and handkerchief for good inside the safe—and where the five hundred dollars has gone to! whispered Eve, a cruel little smile about her mouth.

Tomorrow: "Eve's Calculations."

thinks they would be of any good to him, my address is with Miss Grey.

P.S.—Please send Apple Face's address. Inclosed find mite for hospital fund.

Attention, Pete.

Dear Miss Grey,—Once more I take pleasure in writing you, this time in response to Pete's request in today's paper for "Revelations of a Wife."

This makes the fourth application for this book. I immediately sent it on in answer to first correspondent, requesting her to forward, when read, to address of second lady, to whom I also wrote, asking her to return to me when finished reading. So far I have not received, and until I do I cannot oblige Pete. So, dear Cynthia, kindly draw this to the attention of the one who has the book. I am sure she will gladly oblige me in this matter, and show a true spirit of co-operation and good-will to all.

Dear Miss Grey, it may interest you to learn how I have become a reader of your letters, situated as I am, some distance from London. It may also enlighten the editor as to the value of the particular corner.

My husband subscribed to The Advertiser solely for the baseball news, as he was interested in the league in that district, and our local paper did not give the results.

Now I become interested in The Women's Page and Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box, and now, nearing the end of the season for baseball, I wish to continue subscribing, because I like your letters and also Dr. Brady's articles. And the women's voice counts, does it not, Cynthia?

Just as soon as "Revelations of a Wife" is returned I shall send it to Pete.

Hoping to be able to assist you at some future date, and inclosing yours for S. C. H. I remain, sincerely yours, MARGARET.

Ans.—I am quite sure the Boxite who

master had offered great rewards for him.

"Maybe he ran away," said the youngest Peko among the winners.

"That shows you never knew little Cha. He was too wise to do a thing like that—and everyone respected him."

Just then two men passed along the line.

"Has the great little Cha been found?" asked one man eagerly.

"No," said the other man, somewhat sadly.

"When how comes it that he is entered for this show?" asked the first man.

"His former owner always enters him for the big shows—in the hope that he will find the dog in time to bring him to the show. That's his way of showing he hasn't given up hope of finding his little dog," the other man replied.

"Did you hear that?" one of the dogs whispered as the men passed on. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if little Cha were found?"

"It would," the other dogs agreed.

Strange to tell at that very minute a circus show called "Velvetex" was in that city. Oh! if only little Cha would find out that his friends were so near at hand.

(To Be Continued.)

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received your book will send it on as you requested, Margaret. Thank you for sending dime for fund, also for expressing your opinion of the Mail-Box corner.

Canning Black Currants.

Dear Miss Grey,—As I have been a silent reader for some time, and have anticipated many useful hints and recipes, I thought it ample time to express my gratitude and also send a little help. I would also like someone to help me out with a difficulty I am in keeping my stove from rusting. I have a boiler up together a few minutes. This keeps them from getting hard. Then add one bowl of sugar (granulated), and cook until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. This will jelly when cold, and one box of currants makes an imperial quart jar. Inclosed find mite.

DRESDENITE.

P.S.—Could anyone suggest what I could do to my electric iron, which has become discolored by overheating, to bring back the normal shine? It is just new.

Ans.—Coal oil rubbed over your stove will remove rust. The following was sent in by a reader to remove rust from the inside of a stove, but I think could be applied to the exterior as well: Wash well with hot water and soap; dry thoroughly; apply sweet oil, lard or any clean grease containing no salt. Rub with flannel or soft cloth until no grease will come off on the hand. This treatment will remove rust, as well as protect the stove. Thank you for canning recipe, also for mite. Inclosed our hospital fund. Can anyone tell Dresdenite how to bring back the shine to her electric iron?

Veranda Chats.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am a very interested reader of the woman's page in The Advertiser. I wonder if Thistle could tell me some time if it takes a

Those housewives who make rice puddings with fat, juicy raisins in them, or give a delicate flavor to their soup by adding a few of the white rice kernels, may be interested to know of another kind of rice which is used by their dusky sisters who keep house in wigwams up in Northwestern Ontario.

The C. I. in passing heard of a rice from William, runs through a wild and rugged country, plentifully besprinkled with lakes. This country is almost completely given over to the Indians, who make it their home. One of its chief products is wild rice, which grows in abundance in every shallow lake, and furnishes food not only for the numerous wild ducks, but also for man.

The stems of this rice are embedded in the mud of the lake bottoms, while the stems rise through the shallow water, crowned with heads which contain flowers and ripe grain at the same time.

The squaws, who, of course, do all the unskilled work, harvest this grain in a very peculiar fashion. Two of them will push out on the lake in a

very rich soil to grow lavender. I bought a plant this spring, and it is very low in growing. Should it be housed in winter? I know it is a very hard plant to grow.

Ans.—I am sorry, but it would be against the rules of the Mail-Box, to publish the first part of your letter. Thistle, can you give Dublin Bay the information she desires re the growing of lavender?

Dear Miss Grey,—As I have not both-ered you for some time, and as you still are on the job, hot weather or not, I thought, I would drop in for a moment or two. I usually read all the letters, at least when I have time, for I am sure you understand a fellow in the country can't dress in fine linen and climb into the hammock at this time of the year. I am inclosing a mite for the hospital.

I wonder if I may have a satchel, they seem to be in great demand. Now I must run as the W. P. B. will be waiting.

Ans.—There hasn't been any satchels in the Mail-Box for some time. Many thanks you for sending mite for our hospital fund.

INDIAN WOMEN HARVESTERS OF LAKE COUNTRY'S CROP

Squaws of North Western Ontario Garner Native Product of the Land.

Those housewives who make rice puddings with fat, juicy raisins in them, or give a delicate flavor to their soup by adding a few of the white rice kernels, may be interested to know of another kind of rice which is used by their dusky sisters who keep house in wigwams up in Northwestern Ontario.

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