

A DAILY PAGE OF INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN READERS

THE FASHIONS

[By Eleanor Gunn.]
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KNICKERBOCKERS VERSUS SKIRTS

To wear or not to wear knickerbockers, is one of the burning questions of the day. Propaganda in their behalf has filled the newspapers of late, and one hears the question of their adoption discussed pro and con. On the links in the country there is no question but that they are more universal in their use, but that women will adopt them for business as well as for recreation, and predicted seems hardly likely, this season at least. Women who drive their own cars are strong in their approval of the knickerbocker, and of course the number of women who ride cross saddle has increased tremendously, but after all, such women are a small part of the most consuming public, and while a

PERSONALS

Mr. W. A. Lane and Mr. R. Haggarty are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. John Carling.

Mrs. Rowley Smith, South London entertained at a very small but delightful little tea this week.

Mrs. Quay of Grand Rapids is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Whitman, Waterloo street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Eckert, Wolfe Street, have returned home, after a delightful trip to Duluth and Port Arthur.

Mrs. A. V. Baker of Detroit has returned home, after spending a week with her father, Mr. Ruben Short of this city.

Mrs. E. H. Young and her two children have gone to Kingston to reside. They are now guests at the home of Mrs. G. H. Williamson of this city.

Miss Gladys Shannon of Highland Park General Hospital, Highland Park, Mich., was in the city this week attending the Shannon-Murray wedding.

Major Gordon, better known as Ralph Connor, the distinguished Canadian novelist, will be the guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. MacGregor while in the city next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ford of Dorchester announce the engagement of their daughter Jessie to Mr. Percy C. Smith of St. George, Ont. The marriage to take place early in October.

Mrs. Norman Castle, formerly Miss Emma Wootton, was the hostess of an enjoyable party recently. During the evening her guests greatly surprised her by presenting her with a silver case as a belated wedding gift.

Mrs. Robert Orr is spending the week-end with Mrs. Sidney Dunn of Hamilton, after which she will make one of a Hamilton party which will be marked by a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Norman Howden of this city. Mrs. Orr is to cruise with them in their lovely little yacht.

From 75 to 100 teachers were present at the reception given last night at the Ryerson School by the Women Teachers' Guild of the city, in honor of Miss Jennie Stead, district organizer for the Federation of Women Teachers of Ontario. The reception presented the first opportunity for the local teachers this season and proved a most enjoyable affair. Miss Stead, president of the guild, acted as hostess, while Miss Isabel Craik and Miss Gertrude Lister formed the reception committee.

Miss K. L. McDonnell of St. Joseph's Hospital was pleasantly surprised yesterday afternoon when about fifteen members of the St. Joseph's Nurses' Association called at the hospital and presented her with a handsome leather traveling bag, as a farewell gift. A reception being made by Miss McDonnell. Great regret is being expressed at Miss McDonnell's removal from the city to act as resident nurse at Loretta Hall, Toronto. Miss McDonnell was not only the founder of the alumnae club but was its president for the past year.

"Lenmore," King street, was the scene of a very happy event yesterday afternoon when the Y. W. C. A. Physical Department entertained there in honor of Miss Edith Pryce, the new director of physical education. Mrs. Harman Westland, convener of the Physical Education Committee, received members of the Y. W. C. A. Board, Physical Educational Committee, several representatives from the Western University Teachers in that branch of the "Y" work, and others. Tea was served in the board room from a prettily-appointed table, centered with vases of many-colored asters and Michaelmas daisies. Gordon Philip and Miss Flora McColl presided in the tea room, assisted by Mrs. Sherwood Fox and Mrs. H. W. Paddell.

SHANNON-MURRAY. A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murray, Hyman street, on Wednesday afternoon, September 21, when the bride, Miss Edith Pryce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Shannon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shannon of Beaufort avenue, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. W. Pring of Trowbridge, uncle of the groom.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, entered the living room to the strains of the "Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin, played by Mr. Leo Hill, sister of the bride, and took her place amid a shower of palms, asters and roses, which had been effectively used as decorations. The bride was winsome in her nuptial robe of white tulle, accented with violets. On her head she wore a crown of white tulle crowned with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia and Sweetheart roses. She was unattended.

After the ceremony a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon leaving by the 7:25 train for Detroit and Chicago. The bride traveled in a dress of navy blue tulle, hat to match and large squirrel stole, the gift of the groom. She also wore a corsage of roses and violets. On their return the happy couple will reside in Toronto. Guests were present at the wedding from Hamilton, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit. Previous to the wedding the bride was the guest of honor at a number of showers both in this city and in Chicago, where she was visiting but a short time ago.

LINDSAY-NETTELTON. St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, was the scene of a very pretty wedding this week, when Miss Mary D. Nettleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nettleton of Strathroy, became the bride of Mr. Richard Neville Lindsay, formerly of Strathroy, now of Edmonton, Alta., son of the late Dr. W. R. Lindsay, and Mrs. Lindsay of Strathroy, and brother of Gen. W. B. Lindsay of Ottawa. Rev. J. A. Slaver officiated at the service, the church being beautifully decorated with flowers and palms.

The bride, who was lovely in her wedding robe of white tulle, charmed the guests with her charming smile, and conventional bridal veil, was given away by her father. Her flowers were Ophelia roses.

A charming pair of bridesmaids were Miss Clara Rose of Strathroy and Miss Marjorie Belton of Toronto, the former in soft yellow tulle with large picture hat from which black streamers fell to the hem of her gown, and the latter similarly clad in pink. Both carried shepherd's crooks, to which were tied clusters of roses. Little

AT CUPID'S CALL

BY MAY CHRISTIE.

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LXXXVII.—The Return

"Oh, Dick! Take care of me! Don't—don't say anything to hurt me!" Dick was the soul of chivalry—and he was touched. He had compromised—she girl. His duty was to stand by her.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world," he forced himself to say. "Cheer up, my dear! Come, let me see you smile."

"I can't!" Eve resolved that she would not budge from this particular spot of ground until a definite engagement had occurred. "Oh, Dick, I can't!"

Dick took a long, deep breath. He would take the plunge. It was his obvious duty. And what did happiness matter, anyhow, when happiness had quite escaped him?

"Eve, will you marry me?" he said. She flung herself into his arms.

Miraculously, thereafter, Eve discovered that she was a happy woman. In her turn, she had told him of the episode of the Cingalee. Bellairs had sworn that the Cingalee would never set foot within his home again. Bellairs had sworn that the Cingalee would never set foot within his home again.

Over her head, Eve explained precisely their predicament.

And Carrington Bellairs—a somewhat bored Bellairs, not in the least alarmed or worried—heard the exultant note in his wife's voice.

Dick was standing close to Eve—and so he could not say all that she wished!

But "We've got some news for you," was a remark she could not possibly suppress.

Bellairs smiled rather grimly at the other end of the wire. He guessed the meaning of Eve's words. She was married—and unscrupulous. These were the two points about her character that he could appreciate. Her little game had "worked."

He turned to his aunt and Mary Drey—who were sitting up for the return of the truant Eve.

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if there's a romance brewing!" he remarked. "The girl is a real beauty, and she's got a good deal of sense."

"Oh, Carrington! What are you insinuating?" cried his aunt, immensely relieved that the wandering one had been located.

"My own opinion"—here Bellairs smiled a tolerant, knowing little smile that was largely for the benefit of Mary Drey—who was sitting up for the return of the truant Eve.

"Oh, Carrington!" Bellairs' aunt gave a small, excited scream. "Do you

really think so? Young Mr. Calardin is sure a dear! And Eve—the dear child—"

She was all exclamations and delight. "Dear Eve! Of course, no man could possibly resist her!"

Mary Drey, who was sitting up for the return of the truant Eve, was passing through a world of pain.

"I think I'll go to bed," she said at last.

But the other two would not hear of such a plan.

A motor car had been sent over to the railway station to convey the truant pair back to the White Lodge.

"They'll be here in half an hour," urged Bellairs. "Let's all sit up and hear just what they've got to say!"

So Mary forced pride to her rescue. Her position in this house had grown to be an important one. Bellairs had come to her and heartily apologized for his suspicions concerning the theft of the five hundred dollars. Moreover, he had admitted that, in his heart, he never had suspected her at all.

In her turn, she had told him of the episode of the Cingalee. Bellairs had sworn that the Cingalee would never set foot within his home again.

Bellairs might be unscrupulous—but he had forced his wife to be strong upon him. No one could know Miss Mary long—and not feel the better man for having known her.

This hard-faced, calculating man was gradually changing in character. In a portion of his character at least, and Mary was responsible for the metamorphosis.

For Mary's sake he was sorry that he had forced his wife to be strong upon him. No one could know Miss Mary long—and not feel the better man for having known her.

The thing now was to rush Dick's marriage through with Eve. Arrived, Dick Calardin walked beside that damsel. And Eve's hand, immensely possessive, was upon the young man's arm. She had won. Her face was shining as she looked at Mary, then at her guardian and her guardian's aunt.

"Don't scold us! We're so happy!" she said, softly, with an almost coaxing note. "For, although we lost ourselves, we found each other! Dick and I—we've been falling in love or something of the sort!"

"Oh, Carrington!" Bellairs' aunt gave a small, excited scream. "Do you

have also come and a large orange-colored poppy seed. I put Grandma as my pen-name, but I find you already had a Grandma, and I can't change mine to SILVERLANDS ROAD.

P.S.—I would like to do something for the Mail-Box, as I have been so well treated myself. Help me, please, by your Mail-Box letters as so enjoyable. We appreciate them very much.

Ans.—Thank you for offering your plants to the Boxites, Silverlands Road.

Bulletin.

Cynthia wishes to thank the Boxites who so kindly sent her the delightful bouquet of asters. She did not know whom to thank, as there was no message with them, but if Cynthia thought was there which Cynthia did not overlook, and appreciated very much.

President.

F. LINFORTH WILLGOOSE

Mus. Bac. Dunelm.

London Conservatory of Music

(Established 1891.)

356 DUNDAS STREET.

Annex No. 1, Woodmen Building, 476 Richmond Street.

There is NO LIMIT to the pupils we can conscientiously and enthusiastically enroll, all we ask for and carefully scrutinize to ascertain, is, if the pupil has musical ability.

Our staff and our establishment is of necessity growing every day; already the London Conservatory Annex No. 1 in the Woodmen Building, 476 Richmond street, is booked for all studios.

The directorate have carefully considered their expenditures, with the result that no expense has been incurred except such as tends for efficiency in MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ART; this fact is reflected in the charges for tuition. Our staff is as efficient and as well paid as any in the land—and Mr. and Miss Music Student, REMEMBER THESE FACTS when you are considering enrolling as a music or dramatic student.

An appointment can be made at any time for an interview with Mr. Dickinson, who will be pleased to hear and advise.

PHONES 1101 OR 2047J.

Department of Dramatic Art

N. Topley Thomas, Director.

PROFESSIONAL COURSE OPENS OCT. 3.

TEACHER'S COURSE OPENS OCT. 3.

Send for Circular B.

An interview with Miss Topley Thomas can be arranged by phoning 1101.

PIANOFORTE DEPARTMENT.

William Caven Barron, pianist, composer, has returned to London. Mr. Barron has been residing in Boston, and Los Angeles, California, for a few years.

The Pacific Coast Musician in an article about Mr. Barron said: "He has written many delightful compositions."

The Musical America said: "He is an accomplished pianist and has composed many excellent pieces for the piano."

Mr. Barron has resumed his teaching and will be pleased to meet inquirers at the London Conservatory of Music. Phone 1101.

PUBLIC SCHOOL COURSE

Special facilities are offered to students taking this course under

MR. CHARLES E. PERCY.

Send for Circular C.

DEPARTMENT OF WIND AND PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS.

Special classes are being formed for clarinet, flute and cornet—beginners are provided with instruments until it is determined which instrument they should study. Careful tutoring is given this department, and interviews arranged by LIEUT. SLATTER. Phone 1101.

DEPARTMENT OF HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, COMPOSITION AND HISTORY.

Classes are forming now under F. LINFORTH WILLGOOSE, Mus. Bac. Dunelm.

Mr. Dickinson would be pleased to have applications from anyone desiring to take a professional church organist's course. A special opportunity is offered at this time, as an assistant organistship can be secured to help pay the fees incurred.

Phone 1101 or 2047J.

RING UP 1101 AND ASK FOR LIST OF TEACHERS AND TERMS TO BE SENT YOU.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

The low winds murmur about the eaves,
And rustle the standing corn;
There's a glint of dew on the clover leaves.

For day is but newly born.
Lillian Leveridge.

GIRLS, have you been considering the bobbing of your hair? Have you been secretly longing to have short locks?—If so, why?

Do not be foolish, I beg of you. If you have long, thick hair, or just the average, with possibly a little kink in it, why not be satisfied to retain its beauty, for after all a woman's crowning glory is her hair.

A person who has reached the thirties, in my estimation, looks ridiculous with short hair, although there are a few young girls I admire with bobbed heads.

It does not at all suit all types, so think of the terrible risk you would be running, because you may not possess that particular type of beauty to which it is becoming.

Once it is gone you will have a long wait, which will seem like an eternity besides, passing through the "awkward length" stage, you will have rainy days to contend with, when there is nothing to be seen below the shoulders of your very straight hair.

Think seriously before attempting to satisfy one of Dame Fashion's passing whims, and be sport enough not to cry when your hair is gone.

Attention, Mammy Dinah.

Dear Miss Grey,—It has been quite a while since I have written to the Mail-Box. I see where there are directions for good porters, and I would love to get them. I do wish I could help with that quilt; it is such a fine thing to raise money, but I have so much to do at this time of year. I would also like some flower seeds of different kinds, and I will send some in later. I have some white asters and they are lovely. I will send a mite for the kiddies.

Ans.—Am mailing you seeds, but the picture directions were sent out, and never returned. Maybe Mammy Dinah would be so kind as to send them to us again, would you, Mammy? It is a long time since I had any news of you or the Little Coal-Black Rose.

Let us hear from you soon.

Appleface's Children.

Dear Miss Grey,—I saw where Elderberry wanted the ages of my children. Very sorry I have not answered sooner, but have not been feeling very good this last week. The eldest girl's age is 13 years, one girl 8 years, a boy 12 years, a boy 8 years, a boy 1 year, and baby girl 15 months old.

APPLEFACE.

Christmas Presents.

Dear Miss Grey,—Well it is beginning to get a little cooler, isn't it? But then everything is early this year, isn't it? One thing is they are having dandy weather for the fairs.

Would you mind sending me Pete's address, as I have "Revelations of a Wife" I rather think she will be disappointed in it, as it is not all there.

Well, I must go and post this. I suppose most of you people are gathering up Christmas presents. The only way I can get them all is by starting early.

Ans.—Am mailing you Pete's address, so that you can forward her the book. I think it a splendid idea to start your Christmas presents early, Bonny Jean.

Attention, Apple Core.

If you write to Dr. Brady, care of The Advertiser, he will furnish you with this information.

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