

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

TENDER BANQUET TO LEAGUE GUESTS

Catholic Women Meet Miss Guerin, Dominion President.

Over a hundred delegates who attended the convention of the Diocesan Catholic Women's League gathered together for the first time, at the banquet given in their honor by the London subdivision at the Tecumseh House yesterday at noon.

Miss B. Guerin of Montreal, the Dominion president of the Catholic Women's League, addressed the delegates, speaking of the wonderful progress the league had made in the London Diocese. Miss Guerin stated that although she was of French descent, she claimed Canada as her home, and told the women of the Catholic League that by working together they could make Canada as good and holy as it was great.

Another address was given by Mrs. Kentleton, who organized the London branch eight months ago. She congratulated the delegates on the splendid growth of the league throughout the diocese. Other speakers were the president, Mrs. B. C. McCann, Mrs. W. H. Lovering of Hamilton, the Dominion treasurer and president of the Hamilton subdivision; Mrs. Margaret Jones, of Montreal; Mrs. F. E. Leonard, president of the Women's Canadian Club; Mrs. E. B. Smith, president of the Local Council of Women, who also represented the Municipal Chapter, I. O. D. E.; Mrs. John Stevely, president of the Sanatorium Aid Society, and Mrs. F. P. Betts, Ontario commissioner of the Girl Guides, and Mrs. Allan McLean, Toronto women.

The ladies were very inviting with huge bouquets of white mums. After the banquet Mrs. E. Wyatt sang several enjoyable numbers. Others seated at the head table were Mrs. Wm. McPhillips, Mrs. Frank Forristal, Miss Mary Power, of the Provincial Department of Health, and the officers of the local subdivision, including Mrs. R. M. Burns, Miss Mary Manley, Mrs. Joseph Leech, Miss Jessie Macfie, Mrs. W. H. Fox and Miss Frowell.

The local council of the Knights of Columbus is entertaining the delegates and the local division at a banquet today at the Tecumseh House.

WILL HOLD FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION NOVEMBER 3

University Governors Secure Masonic Hall for Annual Function.

A reception given in honor of the freshmen of Western University will be held in the Masonic Hall on the evening of Nov. 3. This reception will be the largest ever held in the history of the university. The board of governors is giving the reception, assisted by the university faculties in Arts, Medicine and Public Health, the board of governors providing the hall and program, while the Arts students provide \$100, and the Medical students, \$50.

Formerly the annual reception for the students was held in Huron College, but owing to the large number of students this year, larger quarters will be necessary.

Committees are being formed to arrange for the reception, which will be followed by a dance and supper.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

WANTS ROOTS.

Dear Miss Grey,—Please find inclosed 15 cents in stamps for the parcel Elderberry seed, and many thanks for it. I wonder if any of the Boxes would give me a root of white and yellow chrysanthemum. I would love to get a few snapdragon seeds. I will pay postage, and will gladly give slips of scented geranium, balsam or other geraniums in return. Find self-addressed envelope. Will send mite next time. Yours truly,

APPLE FACE.

I received the stamps, and have put them in the hospital fund. Will be very glad to receive any yoke or edging patterns you may have.

WANTS SONGS.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to your Mail-Box. I read your page every day and enjoy it very much. Have any of the Boxes got these two songs, "K-K-Katie" and "Stuttering Jimmie"? As I would like to get them, I will return them. I would like to get some crocheted edgings for dollies. Will close now. Thanking you in advance.

MAPLE LEAF.

If the songs or edgings are sent in, Maple Leaf, I will forward them to you.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been a silent though interested reader of your page for some time, and as so many have received help I thought I would come, too. Would you kindly send me the stocking-foot pattern? I am a lover of flowers, and see where a number of readers are sending in seeds. Would you please send me packages of the following seeds: Petunia, salvia, salpiglossis, holly-

YOUR HAT MUST HAVE SWAGGER



[BY MARIAN HALE.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Your hat must have swagger. It must dare say things about you—your eyes, the

tilt of your chin, the line of your nose. It dares flare abruptly up at the side and wear a swirl of shining feathers flapping loose around the brim. It may

find mite in self-addressed envelope for pattern and seeds. Thanking you in advance. YVONNE. I am mailing you the stocking-foot patterns and seeds, Yvonne, also many thanks for your mite to hospital fund.

SENDS SONG.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my second letter to your Mail-Box. I tell you if it was not for The Advertiser I would be lonesome. I am thirteen, and have passed my entrance. What do you think of my writing? Inclosed you will find the song of "My Bonnie." It is very poorly written out, but perhaps you will excuse it for this time. How do you like this

weather? I will say I like it any way. I was away for a forty-mile car ride last Friday, so you know how I enjoy it. How is that lovely quilt getting on? I hope it will soon be finished, for I hope to take a bid for mother. I would have had my name on it only I guess it will be too late now.

I wish you were here, Miss Grey, to see our lovely dahlias. They are beautiful. Would you mind sending me a packet of petunia, salpiglossis seed? I will sign as before.

LITTLE JEFF. Many thanks, Little Jeff, for sending the song. You write a very good letter for a small girl.

WOMEN'S CLUBS

W. I. CONVENTION.

The Women's Institutes are holding their convention in London on Nov. 1, 2, 3. On the morning of Nov. 1 will be the registering of the delegates at the chamber of commerce rooms, followed by business meetings held in the Masonic Hall. In the evening, a civic supper will be held at McCormick's Hall. On Tuesday evening Manning Doherty is to address the convention. Sir Arthur Currie has also been invited to speak.

Speaks on "Speech."

Mr. A. Stevenson of the Normal School is addressing the Tecumseh Avenue Mothers' Club on Thursday evening on "The Speech of Children."

HAS IDEAS AND IDEALS.

Mr. Walter McEwen, the distinguished Canadian, who addresses the Women's Canadian Club in the Normal School at 4:15 o'clock on Thursday afternoon

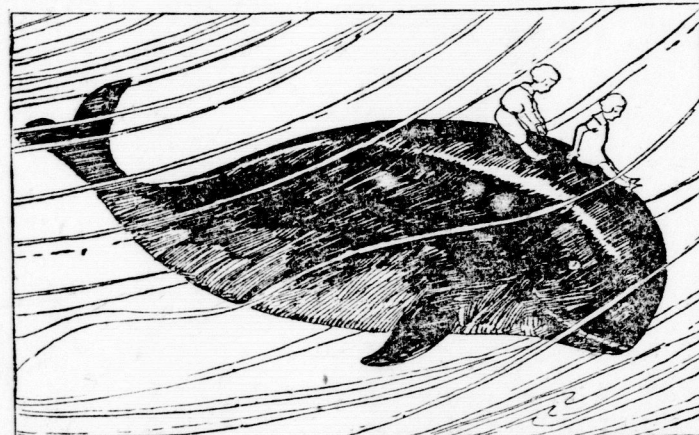
on the subject of "Canadian Citizenship," is remembered by many Londoners as a delightful entertainer in the days previous to the war, when he was regarded as the great interpreter of Dr. Drummond's poems of habitation life.

At the outbreak of the war he left the platform for the ranks of the C. E. F., and after three years of the stern duties of the great conflict, returned to take up a new role, that of orator and public speaker. In the past few years, he has visited every province of the Dominion, delivering a message of citizenship, characterized by deep insight, broad vision and great concern for the things that are vital in national life. It is said that his addresses are characterized by "ideas and ideals" and that they are witty and entertaining as well as they are forceful.

His first visit to London was paid several years ago, when he was on a concert tour with the great Indian poetess, the late Pauline Johnson.

MR. WHALE IN TROUBLE

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



Lightly as thistle down, the twins wished themselves on to his broad back.

OFF through the waves hurried Nancy and Nick, carrying the bottle of ink Mr. Cuttlefish had given them. They looked this way and that way and every which way for Mr. Whale, for you never can tell just where he's likely to be. He doesn't stay in one place much, but goes anywhere he takes a notion to. Mr. Whale is a funny fellow.

They couldn't see a sign of him anywhere, and Nancy said to her brother that perhaps he had done like the whale in the poem, which goes like this:

"There once was a whale Who swallowed his tail. First he turned to a ball, Then to nothing at all."

But Nick said to be patient and to keep on looking, and sure enough, just then in the distance they saw a tremendous spout of water, which went as high as the fireman's hose, and they knew that Mr. Whale was coming.

Lightly as thistle down the Twins wished themselves on to his broad black back, so gently indeed that Mr. Whale never for an instant suspected that he had company, and kept on breathing the

nice fresh air into his lungs, as whales do, you know, being different from fishes, and blowing water up into the air like a park fountain, and enjoying himself like everything.

But suddenly a dozen huge forms appeared. They seemed to come from nowhere at all, and formed in a complete circle right around Mr. Whale. Nancy and Nick knew at once that they were the wicked sharks. They were snapping their huge jaws and showing their teeth like savage dogs.

Mr. Whale gave a snort of surprise and looked dreadfully worried.

"Don't be afraid!" whispered Nancy's soft voice in one of his ridiculous little ears—just holes in his head, really. "We'll save you."

To Be Continued.

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The winter months are coming. Why not get in touch with the La Salle Extension University and cash in on your spare time? IMPERIAL BANK CHAMBERS.

Personals

Mr. Edward Birley of Hamilton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Greene.

Mrs. Lynne Evans was the hostess of a bridge yesterday afternoon at her home in Cheapside street.

Mrs. W. J. Brown was the hostess of a luncheon party at the Kennels yesterday in honor of her guest, Mrs. McKee of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCormick are spending several days at their country home, "Oakley," Cornwall, and have as their guest Mrs. Harry Young.

A Halloween masquerade is being held on Friday evening, the 28th, in the basement of the Church of the Redeemer. There will be an interesting program, after which refreshments will be served.

Mrs. C.T. Ridolfi, 481 Dorinda street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Patrick Desmond in Montreal. On her return Mrs. Ridolfi will bring with her her mother, Mrs. D. Cabot, who will spend the winter in London.

The Elgar Ladies' Quartet were entertained at the home of Miss Ollie Suhr, King street, in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Myrtle Hicks, who was presented with a beautiful luncheon cloth of French cluny.

Among the delightful social events arranged in honor of Miss Lilian Mowat of Kingston during her visit in the city was a luncheon at the Hunt Club, which claimed Mrs. Ernest Smith as hostess, and a tea given by Mrs. Janet.

Delightful entertainments arranged in honor of Miss Lilian Mowat of Kingston, a weekend visitor in town, the guest of Mrs. Donald McLean, included a luncheon given by Mrs. Ernest Smith at the Hunt Club, and a happy tea hour gathering, of which Mrs. Janet was hostess.

Miss Irene Strath, St. James street, entertained at a "handkerchief shower" in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Myrtle Hicks, a former member of the Elgar Ladies' Quartet. The evening was spent in music and games, after which a dainty lunch was served. Mrs. Geoghegan pouring tea, with Miss Ollie Suhr and Miss Gwen Ware assisting.

Mrs. Harry Carpenter of Hamilton, president of the Ontario Women's Liberal Association, who addressed the mass meeting for women last evening in the city today for a luncheon, arranged in her honor at the Hunt Club, the invitation list including the names of eighteen or twenty women, who are active workers in Liberal circles.

The London Drama League held an interesting reception yesterday at the Institute of Musical Art, in honor of Walter Hampden, and the principal members of the cast, including his wife, wearing a black gown, with a large hat; Miss Barnstead, in black chapeau; with touches of grey canton crepe; Mr. Hannam Clark, Mr. Le Roe Operte, Mr. William Sauter, Mr. Reynold Evans and Mr. Paul Girard.

Mr. Hampden, who was introduced by Miss Grace Blackburn, gave an interesting address. He informed the members of the league that he was not an Englishman, as was the common opinion, but an American, but had spent the greater part of his life in England and on the English stage. He spoke of the great invasion of the silent drama which was spreading through the country and which would have to be fought against by such organizations as the Drama League. He dwelt on the work

Confessions of a Movie Star

CHAPTER IV.—MY GREAT ADVENTURE BEGINS.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The story is told by May Scott, a girl who attained stardom in the movies when she was about 16. Leading characters in the story are her guide and guardian, whom she calls Motherdear; Clissy Sheldon, a vain leading man; Nandy Anderson, a publicity writer, and his wife, Polly, and McMaster, a producer, who believes his girl stars should have had "experience."

THE following Saturday I had to do more close-ups than I expected in order to complete a play for rushed release. In consequence of too many exposures to fierce lights, I reached home with a pair of highly inflamed eyeballs.

Motherdear knew just what to do for my eyes. First there was a wash of boracic acid, then a coating of the balm which she kept in her dressing case, compresses, the treatment repeated at intervals.

While I relaxed on my bed as well as I could, considering the discomfort, on Clissy, what I knew about him personally and what I guessed about him from Clunette's spiteful news.

She couldn't have been so horrid unless she were jealous. She wouldn't have been jealous unless she were in love with the Apollo of the company.

I kept on thinking of Mr. Cyrus Sheldon because he seemed to be the only person sufficiently spectacular and dramatic to keep my mind from the excruciating pain in my eyes.

While Motherdear renewed the compresses on my light-burned eyes, I asked her how Clissy could look so like the Watie picture of Sir Galahad in the other room, and yet be so unlovable.

"Why, he will promise anything to anybody with the most fascinating appearance of sincerity. I think he is always sincere when he promises. And then he'll break his word for any old excuse."

"Clissy is chivalry personified," Motherdear agreed, "and a good deal of forgetting. His profile is adorable, as all the girls say. But I really believe that his vanity governs him. And that is equalled only

of Shakespeare, pointing out that Shakespeare's work suffered in being translated into other languages, but that in the English language it was supreme.

Mrs. E. H. Johnston received the guests, assisted by Mrs. Frank Ware, Miss Grace Blackburn, and Mrs. E. W. Scattered, while Mrs. Walter Hungerford and Mrs. Kenneth Greene presided at the table. Assisting in the tea-room were Miss Margaret Glass, Miss Pemberton, Miss Doris Deitoe and Miss Gwen Scandrett.

Twenty prominent Liberal women workers of the city yesterday afternoon enjoyed a luncheon given by Mrs. C. R. Somerville at the Hunt Club, and the opportunity of meeting the clever and charming guest of honor, Mrs. Harry Carpenter of Hamilton, president of the Ontario Women's Liberal Association. A glowing open fire made cozy and inviting the room in which the large square table was laid, centered with a silver loving cup filled with great shaggy yellow chrysanthemums, played on a mat of richly-colored autumn foliage. At the corners the central decoration was echoed in vases of yellow button mums and sprays of crimson and golden brown leaves. The hostess was wearing a becoming gown of deep blue canton crepe embroidered in grey and black hat. Mrs. Carpenter wore a smart black costume brightened

by the size of his fan mail. His mail is so immense that he'd have been started months ago—if only the directors could rely on him."

Motherdear departed for another wet cloth.

What she said was too true. The directors never could trust Clissy to follow instructions. They could rely on him to break every regulation of the studios. And he was kept on in the company only because of his popularity with the fans.

His mail was the one thing Clissy took care of conscientiously. He acknowledged every letter received with a stunning autographed photo of his handsome self.

While I rested, Motherdear started reading to me the scenario of my next play, "Love in Leash."

She began with the cast.

There was a new name on the program, "Dick Barnes." He had the villain's role. The name was unknown to us.

Motherdear had finished the synopsis when she was called to the phone.

Bangs, one of the assistant directors, was on the line. He wanted to come out and bring the new bull-man, who was posing a very good man. Bangs explained. He wanted to introduce Dick Barnes to Motherdear and me. All the company calls my mother "Motherdear."

Bangs said that Mr. Barnes wished to discuss some of the business of "Love in Leash" with me.

New, everybody in the company expects to take tea with Motherdear when the impulse moves them, but this time she was obliged to explain that I was blind and in bad, and, of course, Bangs understood, and regretted, and trying to be very sympathetic, he said a few hard things about the lights. Then he suggested:

"Since I can't come out with Dick, let me introduce him to May over the wire."

Motherdear switched him to the extension phone at the head of my bed.

This informal was the prelude to my great adventure.

[To Be Continued.]

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by a corsage bouquet of mauve and purple orchids.

HAS CHILBLAINS.

Dear Miss Grey,—I would be very much obliged to you or any of the readers if they would advise a girl about 17 years old what kind of a costume to wear to a Halloween party, as I have no idea how to dress. I will leave my address with Miss Grey for any information. Would any of the readers please send a cure for chilblains to the Mail-Box, as I am troubled badly with them in the winter. I will say adieu for this time.

TWICE EIGHT.

I have mailed you the seed and directions for making sachet bags, and hope some of our Boxes will offer suggestions for costumes.

SENDS CASTOR BEANS.

Title—Many thanks for the double sundowner and castor bean seeds. Several of the Boxes have been asking for them, and I know they will be glad to see that you have sent some to the Mail-Box.

WILLOW HALL.

CLARENCE STREET.

A Splendid Display of ORIENTAL WARES. Many New Lines Just Received From The Coast.

Gray's, Limited

Store Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Daily.



What Will Be Worn This Fall?

The New Colors and Fabrics are Now Here on Display

A VISIT to our Piece Goods Department is a little trip to Fashion Land. For here, in beautiful lengths of velvets, in rich satins, in serge, crepes, velours and a host of other fabrics, one may visualize just the smart frock, dress or suit that one has dreamed of for fall.

And this fall you can buy and buy of these exquisite fabrics; you may choose from a myriad of lovely styles just the ones that you love best, and transform them into frocks with all the smartness exemplified by the dresses shown here. All because of a wonderful new invention, the Deltor, which accompanies every new Butterick pattern.

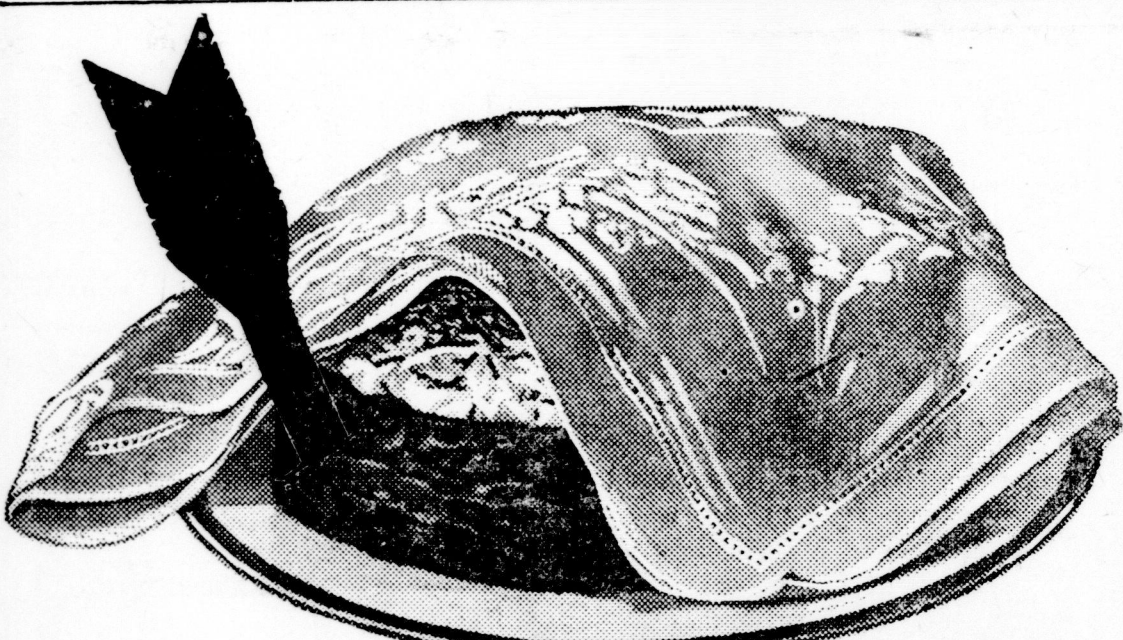
And it's so easy! In three simple steps—one, professional layout guide that saves you 1/4 to 1 1/2 yards of material; two, a picture-and-word set of instructions for putting together; and, three, a host of finishing suggestions, the Deltor saves you money and time and guides you invariably to real Parisian charm.

Gray's, Limited

140 DUNDAS STREET.

Agents for Butterick Patterns, The Delineator and Butterick Quarterly.

Misses' frock illustrated is Butterick Style No. 3280 Child's dress is Butterick Style No. 3243



A Mystery Cake

Can you name it?

Here is another new Royal Cake, so delicious and appetizing that we have been unable to give it a name that does justice to its unusual qualities. It can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

\$500 for the Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay \$250. For the second, third, fourth, and fifth choice, we will pay \$100, \$75, \$50, and \$25 respectively.

Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th, 1921. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
155 William Street, New York

How to make it

Use level measurements for all materials

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1/4 orange
1 egg and 1 yolk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.) of unsweetened chocolate (melted)
1/4 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening. Add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with the milk; lastly fold in one beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls alternating dark and light batter into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar
(powdered sugar may be used but does not make as smooth icing)
Grated rind of 1/4 orange and pulp of 1 orange

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use 1/2 square). To remaining icing add 1/4 square unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.