

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## POINTS TO DIGNITY IN HOUSEKEEPING

English Author Explains It Is Only Way To Matrimony in Canada.

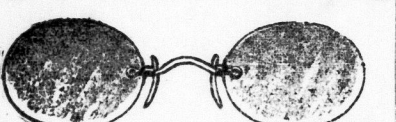
## MAKES OWN HATS

Is Proud of Her Millinery Art Than of Writing a Book.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 20.—Mrs. Alice Tweedle, author and artist, interviewed here on her way home to England, proved an interesting personality. She is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Royal Colonial Institute. It was directly through her efforts that the first forty Y. M. C. A. huts were erected in France early in the war, and the task of sending the first half million books to the trenches and hospitals of the allies was undertaken and accomplished by her. "I realize very keenly the fact that we should not encourage our women to come to the dominion without special training and a useful line," she is reported as saying.

"The dignity of housework is something that should be instilled into every girl, in fact, I tell English girls the only chance they have of ever getting married in Canada is to be good housekeepers. After all home-making is the woman's field, and we must realize that it can be made a very dignified profession. Personally, I am far more proud of trimming a hat well or of making out of nothing at all, than I am of writing a book. Both jobs take brains, and in my opinion it is more important to be a successful home-maker than to be a successful story writer or picture painter."

**CHRISTMAS TREE HELD.**  
West Lorne, Dec. 17.—The Church of Christ was the scene of a Christmas tree and entertainment on Friday evening. The Christmas service will be held December 27 at 8 p.m. On December 31 the annual watchnight service will be held.



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## QUEEN'S COUNSEL

Written for The Advertiser.  
*by Marie Queen of Rumania*

Yes—they do. Not always, of course. Sometimes too late. But some dreams do come true just as they ought to.

I have had a dream ever since childhood. To possess an old castle on a hill, perched right up at the top like an eagle's nest.

This dream actually came true. I was no more very young, and the terrible war years lay behind us—so terrible that they seemed to dig a deep and hideous gap between today and yesterday. There was a lifetime in those four years of war.

On the other side of our pre-war frontier to the west, and surrounded by Rumanian villages, was a little, old castle—just a small, strong, solid, forsaken little fortress built on a steep, rocky projection, standing out squat and pugnacious against its background of forest and crag.

Many years ago I had driven past it, saying to myself how I would love to have that little fortress for my own, if only it was on the other side of the hills!

After the war, that very territory did become ours—on the far side of the hills. And on one never-to-be-forgotten day the burgess of Brazov actually offered that fort-like little castle to me! To me!

Thus, at a late—but not too late—hour in my life my dear dream had come to pass.

Immediately I set about making the forsaken little old place livable, and I am working at it still slowly, with relish, with love, and also, I hope, with understanding.

I have given to the rugged little building life. But I have preserved absolutely its forest-like aspect. Now the ancient stronghold lives.

My children and I both love it above all other habitations. It is like living in a legend or a fairy-tale. We step over its time-worn threshold, out of actuality, into an age of dreams, casting the dust of every-day habits from our feet.

Hold to your dreams. It is always worth while, just for their own sake. And sometimes they come true!

(Copyright, 1925.)

## Patient Yowler Waits His Chance

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest waste very little time thinking about failures. They know that this is worse than useless, so they just forget and try again. Of course, Yowler the Bob Cat was disappointed when he failed to catch one of the Beavers at the dam. He had thought himself very clever, very clever indeed, when he had planned to try to catch one of them crossing the dam. He had looked that new dam over with the greatest care. He had made up his mind to build a new house up in that new pond. That meant that the food pile would be down in the old pond.

"And that means," said Yowler, talking to himself, "that any food cut around the shore of the new pond will be taken down to the old pond and must be dragged over this dam. To try to catch one of those Beavers while cutting trees close to the water will be a waste of time. The place to catch one is right here on this dam. Of course, I don't know just the point at which they will drag their logs over, but a little patient watching may help me out on that point. Two of those trees against which they have built this dam are in just the right places for me. I will climb one of them and wait. Paddy won't think to look up in one of those trees for me."

So Yowler had kept near enough to where the Beavers were cutting trees to know when the first ones fell. Then he had hurried to the dam, had run out along the top to one of the trees, climbed it and made himself comfortable to wait and watch. You know what happened. You know how Mrs. Paddy started to drag a log over that dam just under the very tree in which Yowler was lying in wait. But she wasn't directly under Yowler. He couldn't drop or jump down on her without changing his position. He tried to make up his mind to wait and trust to luck that she or one of the others would later pass directly under him. But the sight of Mrs. Paddy so near was too much for him and he tried to noisily get out on the limb directly above her. But she saw his claws and instantly gave the danger signal as she dived into the pond. Yowler was so disappointed that he felt like yelling right out. But he didn't. He said

"I'll spend the rest of the night here if necessary," thought Yowler.

nothing, made himself comfortable on that limb, and watched Paddy and his family work, tugging their logs over the dam at a point where he could not reach them.

When the logs were over and in the Laughing Brook on the other side of the dam they were towed down to Paddy's old pond. The moment the Beavers were out of sight, Yowler moved. Down from the tree he came and swiftly ran along the dam to where a great, high rock formed one of its supports. Up on this he sprang. He arched his back for a moment, which is one of the ways he stretches, then flattened himself on that rock. In the shadows his coat was so near the color of the rock that he seemed to be a part of it.

"I'll spend the rest of the night here if necessary," thought Yowler. "Paddy will look for me in the tree where he last saw me. Not seeing me, he will think that I have given up and gone away. One of those young Beavers dragged his log across right close to this rock. When they return they will have to cross the dam somewhere and perhaps they may do it right here. Anyway, I'll have two chances, one when they are on their way back, and again when they bring down some more logs. Sooner or later I will get one of them. Yes, sir, sooner or later I will get one of them. This is a very comfortable spot, and I don't mind waiting at all. A little patience is all that is needed

to bring success in this world. If I didn't have patience and wasn't ready to try, I guess I would soon starve to death. I wonder if I will have time for a cat nap before those Beavers return."

(Copyright, 1925, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Hoody the Owl Sees a Prize."

## Aileen Lamont Chats on Dress

Copyright.

New York, Dec. 20.—Even the customs inspectors have been puzzled by some of the fur coats arriving from abroad. They looked like mink but the declarations asserted otherwise. The inspectors have discovered that these new coats are Pejaniki marmot, which closely resembles the most expensive fur but which is lighter and is becoming exceedingly popular in London and Paris.

It is no easy matter to manage a mink, even the hooded fur covering known by that name, since these animals have no counter. Consequently many women now are wearing hooded slippers with a support for the heel and back of the foot which does not slip off so easily as the mink. Both styles are being made in exquisite brocades with satin linings.

The newest raincoats are so sheer and light that although they offer perfect protection against rain or snow they may be packed in a tiny duffel bag no larger than a vanity case. They are of lustrous rubberized silk and are made in refer lengths. That is, they come only to the hips. A belt holds them snugly against wind flurries.

Sooner or later the male globe trotter buys a cork helmet for protection against southern suns. Now the lady globe traveler may be similarly provided. The newest sun helmet has an elongated crown with a patent air chamber and a down-turned brim, faced with green to protect the eyes. A chin strap may be worn if desired.

The newest sweaters being taken south for wear with the Kashmir sport skirts are as easily seen through as a musical comedy plot, but are far more attractive. The garments are of a lace stitch and the pullover type is used. They are decorated with an intricate four-in-hand tie, and cuffs of matching silk erve.

## CARADOC CENTER CIRCLE.

The December meeting of the Mission Thimble circle of Cook's church was held at the home of Edith Beattie. The topic was taken by Mrs. Roy Hoover. Donna Ramsay gave a very instructive reading on "Prayer." Alice Trotter read a piece on Christmas from one of David Grayson's books. Mamie Mills gave a vocal solo and Cecile Brownlee a piano solo. Ruby Scott and Cecile Brownlee were appointed as delegates to attend the annual meeting of the W. M. S. to be held in London in January. Reports of the year's work were given by the different secretaries showing the work to have prospered very encouragingly in every department. The amount of money raised during the year was \$112.

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The handsomest Neck Scarfs we've ever seen, in fine, silky velour finish; whites, black and whites, and rich, artistic color combinations in blues, browns, tans, grays, etc. Boxed.  
"A REAL BUY"  
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## WELLINGTON Y.W.C.A. GIVES CHRISTMAS PLAY

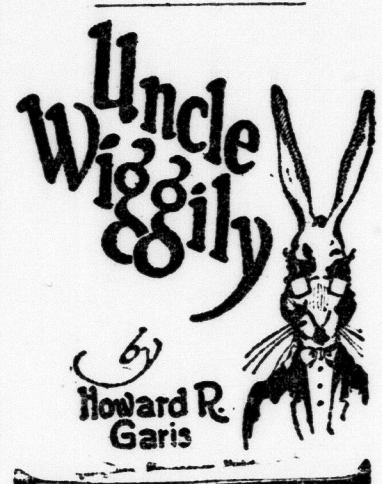
Girls Present the Awakening of the Christmas Spirit and Musical Numbers.

The Wellington street Y. W. C. A. was on a Friday night for the presentation of a charming little Christmas play, "The Awakening of the Christmas Spirit." The girls in residence produced and enacted the parts with great success, under the direction of Miss Mary McNeill. The girls are organized into a prosperous little club called the Fire-side Girls.

Miss Muriel Elliott as the Spirit of Christmas enacted her role excellently, while the other important characters were taken by Miss Ethel Howell, Miss Florence Hills and Miss Rhoda Nichol. The cast also included Miss Mabel Lewis, Miss Gladys Oake, Miss Jean Houston, Miss Betty Houston, Miss Nora Cruickshanks, Miss Olive Cruickshanks, Miss Aytan, Miss K. Durant, Miss Ruth Higgins, Miss Lottie Heron, Miss E. E. Macdonald, Margaret Chase, Miss Annie Garry, Miss Jessie Nelson acted as pianist.

Several outsiders also contributed interesting numbers to the program. Miss G. Parr giving vocal numbers; R. Appleby, piano numbers; Walter Appleby, a harp solo, and J. Warren and James Macdonald, vocal numbers.

Following the presentation of the program a social hour was spent. Miss Sutherland, head of the residence, welcomed the guests to the room, which was attractively arranged with Christmas decorations which will remain up during Christmas week. Most of the girls in residence will be out of town at Christmas, but for the few who remain there will be a fine Christmas dinner party.



UNCLE WIGGILY'S CHRISTMAS CANDY.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

Baby Buntz, the little orphan rabbit girl, who was spending the Christmas holidays in Uncle Wiggily's hollow stump bungalow, looked in through the window from outside one day. Buntz had been playing in the yard. Inside the stump bungalow she saw Scooter and Tooter, the rabbit boys, putting on their caps and little fur jackets to go out and have fun.

"Oh, boy! Harry," whispered Buntz through the window. "What for?" asked Tooter.

"Do you see the Bob Cat coming after you?" asked Scooter.

"No, of course I don't," answered Buntz. "I'll tell you when you get out here. And a little later, she whispered to the boys: 'What do you think?' I heard Mrs. Longears and Nurse Jane talking together a little while ago. Nurse Jane said wasn't it too bad that maybe there wouldn't be any Christmas candy this year."

"No Christmas candy?" cried Tooter.

"Why not?"

"I guess maybe it's because Uncle Wiggily hasn't any money to give Santa Claus so he'll bring the candy," said Buntz. "Maybe he's poor."

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Scooter. "But I know what we can do."

"We can make a hole in a maple tree, let some of the sweet juice run out and we can boil that juice down into candy, as daddies did in the spring, with Uncle Butter, the goat."

"Oh, yes, he's do that!" cried Buntz, for the idea of Christmas, which would come on Friday, arriving without any candy—that, indeed, was a sad thought.

So, then, a little later, Baby Buntz, with Tooter and Scooter, hopped off

to the forest with a teasing fork, to make a hole in some maple trees, and a little pile in which to catch the sap.

"We can make a fire in the woods and boil the sap there," said Scooter, talking like a Boy Scout. "And we'll have a lot of maple sugar candy, and we'll gather mother some and daddy, too!"

"I'm so glad we can have Christmas candy," sighed Buntz.

A little later, Uncle Wiggily, hopping through the woods, saw the three bunnies trying hard to make a hole in a big tree with the teasing fork, and he heard Buntz ask Tooter:

"Is any juice coming out yet?"

"Not a drop in the sap!" sadly answered the rabbit boy.

"What in the world are you children trying to do?" inquired Mr. Longears, with a jolly laugh.

Buntz and the boys looked rather foolish at being found out, but Buntz answered:

## RYERSON PUPILS HOLD BANQUET

Losing Side Entertains Winning Side—Girls Give Bright Speeches.

The Ryerson school was the scene of an interesting banquet last week, given under the auspices of the girls' literary society of the school. The hostesses having members of the losing side in a recent contest and included girls of both the eighth and seventh grades. Avelina Case acted as toast mistress and several interesting little speeches were made by the girls themselves.

Mr. J. D. Omond was the special speaker of the occasion, giving a talk on "Opportunity for Girls," which was both inspirational and instructive. Pearl Wong spoke on "Girls of Today," and Alma Case on "My Ideal Girl."

Other speeches were given by Peggy Moore and Jean Perry.

There were other attractive numbers on the program, including readings by Shirley Dobson and Edith Kistner, piano numbers by Eleanor Green and Margaret Kennedy and Ruth Wigmore; solo dances by Lorna Nash and Marion Sweet.

The evening ended with a visit from Santa Claus. Special guests of the occasion were members of the teaching staff of the school.

"Don't you know that sap only runs out of trees in the spring?" In cold weather there is no sap, and you can't get any to make maple sugar. But that's wrong about there not going to be any Christmas candy. You don't hear it all, Buntz. Nurse Jane said it would be too bad if the Christmas Candy, which has been ordered, did not come in time. But it will; in fact—well, I'm not going to say any more." And Uncle Wiggily held his paw over his mouth, still laughing.

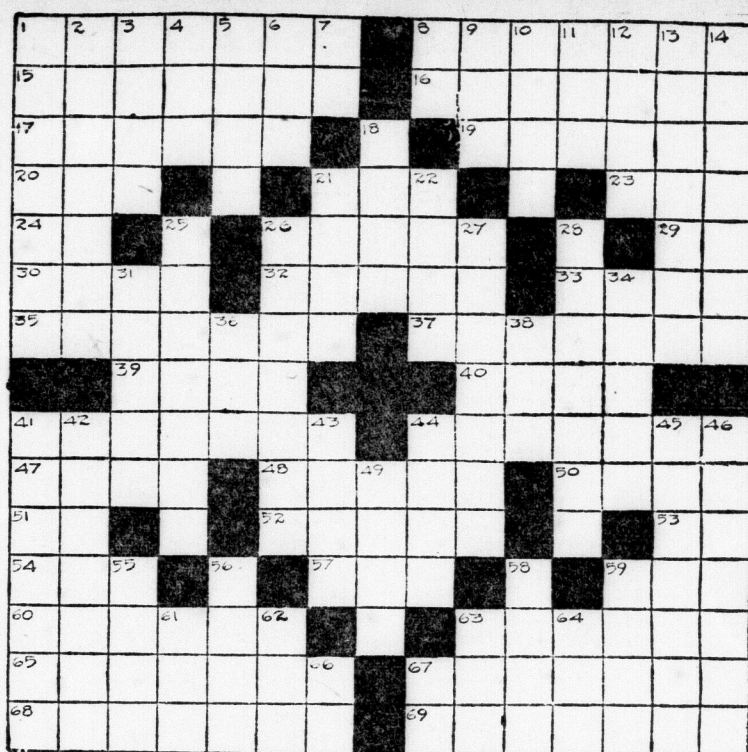
But I think the little bunnies knew they need no longer worry about not having candy for Christmas. There was such a funny twinkle in Uncle Wiggily's eyes, to say nothing of the one on his pink nose, that it must have meant something.

"But, since you are here in the woods, we will have a little fun," said Mr. Longears. So he built a camp-fire and then they hopped home, their paws making queer marks in the snow.

Now, if the chimney doesn't get so hot and have to be tied up in red flannel so no one can climb down it, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily's Christmas stockings.

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## CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 398



**HORIZONTAL.**  
1 A fruit (pl.)  
8 Mansions  
15 Runaways  
16 Needle-shaped  
17 Renter  
18 One who takes  
20 Animal  
21 Disarm  
22 Especially (ab.)  
23 Toward  
24 Pieces of timber  
29 That is  
30 Dash  
32 A step in a wall  
33 Course part of  
34 Ground grain  
35 Consecrate  
41 Part of coat (pl.)  
47 Poker term  
48 Excite  
50 Lease  
51 Civil engineer (ab.)  
52 Ventured  
53 Initiative  
54 American Masonic Association (ab.)  
57 Seat  
59 Legume  
60 Roaming  
62 A planet  
63 Seed of the  
67 Forbearing  
69 A lake  
70 Gashed through  
71 Weasel-like animal  
72 Tardy  
73 Pole in front of a house (obs.)  
74 Part of face  
75 Associated  
76 Pharmaceutical  
77 Guide  
78 Part of circle  
79 Desert  
80 Annual  
81 Snake  
82 Devout of hair  
83 Enemies  
84 Garner  
85 Breathed through nose  
86 Trimmed with  
87 Growned  
88 Those who stay  
89 A yard  
90 A bailiff (English history)  
91 Part of the foot  
92 Broken stone from roadway

**VERTICAL.**  
1 Society (ab.)  
2 Necessity  
3 Part of "to be"  
4 Steamship (ab.)  
5 Parent  
6 Perform  
7 A wild flower  
8 Strike  
9 Cook slowly  
10 Camp life  
11 Extent  
12 Among  
13 German naval base  
14 Reduced copper sulphide  
15 Sound made by an animal  
16 Man's name  
17 Horn  
18 Observe  
19 Beverage  
20 Delirium tremens (ab.)  
21 Pair (ab.)

**SOLUTION TO NO. 397**

UC STAINED DE  
DASHAN MEDIC  
RE ADDONS  
INTERCESSIONS  
NAPPE F ARMET  
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I OHM TEBBIL  
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NORAH GREVEL  
AGGRAVATINGLY  
GL LABELLE  
MEANS PASSES  
ED GENESIS TO

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Offering an opportunity to purchase lovely party and dance frocks for gift-giving or personal wear during the Christmas festivities at remarkably low prices. 35 DRESSES, all fresh and new, in dainty, youthful, in the light evening shades; sizes 16 to 20. Specially priced from

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CLINTON, W. I.

Clinton, Dec. 20.—The meeting of the women's institute was held in the C. O. F. Hall, with Mrs. J. Flynn in the chair. Mrs. Harvey Jenkins gave a very interesting paper on the "Art of Living Well." The Misses Plumsted, Van Horne and Snyder rendered instrumental numbers.

## A New Type of Accompanist

### Stepping Stones

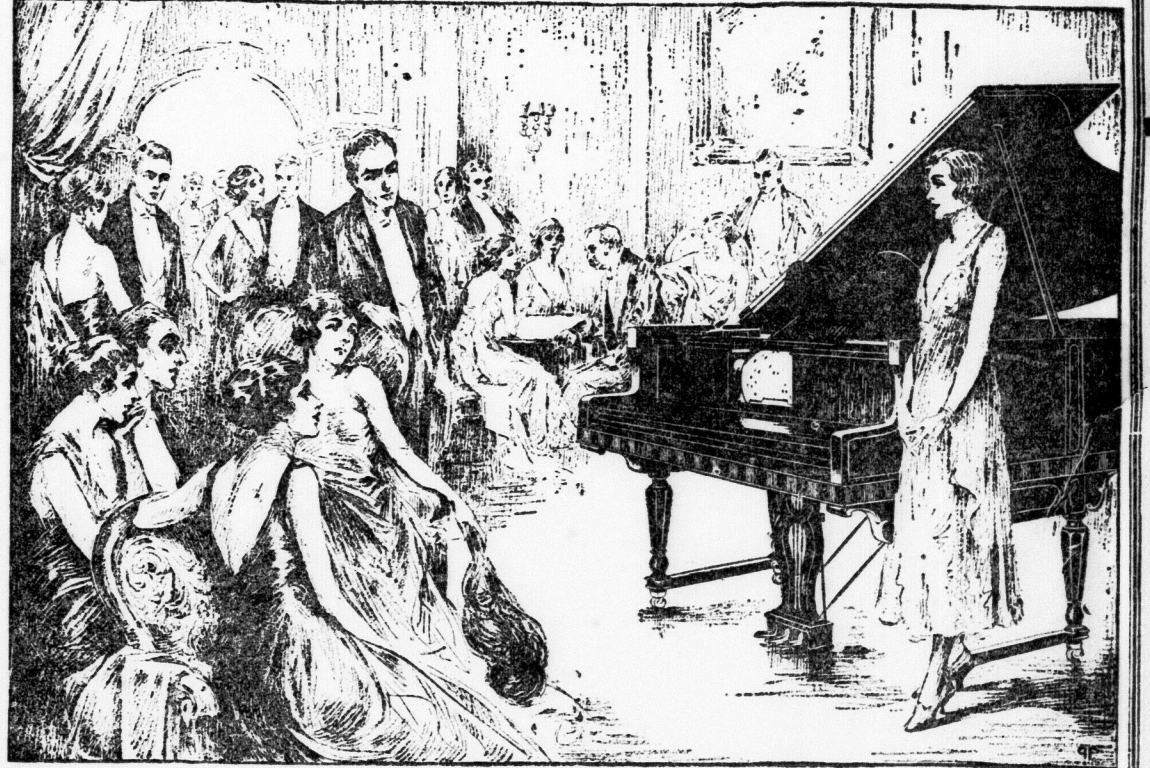
Life is a wonderful collection of memories—sad and glad—hazy and vivid. Tomorrow's memories are being created to-day, and if we "gather roses while we may," we store in the treasure house of the mind, memories mainly of gladness.

Among such happy memories that will linger with the Kiwanians and Rotarians of Toronto was the visit the other day of that charming member of the "Stepping Stones" Company, Miss Marguerite Zender. We can see her now, tripping up to the platform in Crystal Ball Room of the King Edward, to meet her accompanist—the DUO-ART.

As she entranced her hearers with "Once in a Blue Moon" and "I'm in Love with Love"—and also with that song of happy memory "The Message of the Violet"—no doubt more than one thought what stepping stones to success were beauty and grace, vivacity and vocal sweetness.

And there was another stepping stone to proficiency—the accompanist who never had been late for rehearsal, who never lagged, who never left too soon. Marguerite Zender could ask DUO-ART to play just whenever she liked and as long as she liked—and DUO-ART was always perfect.

So in her public appearance, the DUO-ART was her faithful ally. To those who had never heard this wonderful reproducing piano—its accomplishment as an artist's aide must have come as a revelation.



## The DUO-ART Reproducing Piano

NOT one who says to the guest asked to sing: "I'm afraid I'm out of practice." Not one whose emphasis may be too great—or whose tempo may vary—or who may accidentally touch a wrong key. No, the modern accompanist is faultless in time and tone—simply cannot sound an incorrect note. And just as the DUO-ART is a boon to the singer, it is also the violinist's perfect accompanist.

## A Canadian Achievement

That the DUO-ART—the most marvelous musical triumph of all time—is now embodied exclusively in Canada, in the Mason & Risch Piano, is a tribute to the purity of tone and master craftsmanship of this Canadian product. Music lovers are invited to visit Mason & Risch showrooms any time and hear the DUO-ART, either as a piano soloist or as the new type of accompanist.

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