POOR DOCUMENT

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THE CHOICE

By E. R. PUNSHON

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Truth Known.

With the violence of her two blows, and the involuntary movement he made to avoid them, Nickolas' hat had fallen on the ground. His first care was to pick it up, and he stood still, brushing some dirt from it with great care. His mouth hurt him, and when he put his hand to it he found that his lip had been slightly cut. He did not heed the staring nursemaids already gathering their frightened charges round them, and he was not so much as aware of the one or two stray passers-by who had stopped to gape with open eyes and mouths. But he did see Annie walking swiftly away and the park-keeper in uniform running forward as if to stop her.

"'Ere, miss, I say," called the park-keeper to Annie, shaking his head; "that kind of thing won't do 'ere, it won't do 'ere," he repeated, with an immense emphasis on the last word, as if it were only "'ere" that it would not "do."

Nickolas came up to them, still mechanically brushing his hat. Against the deathly pallor of his face the one small drop of blood from his cut lip showed with startling vividness. The only clear thought in his mind was that a minute before he had expected Annie to say to him that she accepted his love, and now it seemed she hated him to a pitch of madness and of frenzy. It was all he could do not to snatch her in his arms and cover her with kisses; he felt as if he had a right; he did not wonder what had caused her action, nor did he care; somehow, he had an impression that now in some ways at least she was easier to win.

"You go," he said to the park-keeper. "What has it to do with you? Go," he repeated, in a voice that was almost a whisper, but the park-keeper went with speed, and alacrity, and an impression that he had just achieved a remarkably narrow escape. Recovering his self-possession when he was at a safe distance, he relieved his feelings by directing with great severity the staring nursemaids and the gaping passers-by to "move along, please; move along there, if you please."

Annie walked on with her head erect. She was greatly astonished at what she had done, but she was also fiercely glad. In the tumult and confusion of her soul, her one clear thought was that she had shown Nickolas plainly what she thought of him. "Yet you are still betrayed," a cold voice whispered in her brain. Her hand hurt her, and, looking down, she noticed that her glove had split and she wondered how that had happened. She felt that this blow, she had struck had been a quite trivial thing, and she longed intensely for some way of securing a complete and speedy vengeance on all who had deceived her. It was as though a voice clamoured to her without ceasing how she had been betrayed and deceived, used as a tool.

She had not noticed or heard the park-keeper at all, and when she found that Nickolas was again at her side, she experienced a fresh loathing.

"What! are you there still?" she said with abhorrence.

"Yes," he said. "Of course," he added presently.

She looked at him, and he returned her gaze steadily. Her eyes were wild, and for a moment he even fancied she was about to strike him again. A dark flush spread over his face.

"As you like," he said haughtily.

If she had had any such intention she abandoned it. Her hand dropped to her side, and then, turning her back on him, she walked across the grass, leaving the path they had been following. But Nickolas turned too, and in a moment was by her side again.

"This is like you," she said, biting her lip moodily.

"You will explain," he said, as if in command. "You will explain," he said again; and now she experienced a shock of curious fear, for there was no anger in his voice as she had anticipated, and hardly even much curiosity, but only a great and loving tenderness. "Yes, you will explain," he repeated, "for I expected something different from you this day."

"Explain, explain, explain," she said bitterly; "can you not guess for yourself that at last I have found out the truth?"

"And what is that?" he asked, undismayed, though she had expected to see him shrink from her.

"That I have been deceived, fooled, betrayed, used as a tool, lied to," she answered him in hurrying accusation, "as you very well know. Oh, what I have suffered, and all for nothing, as you know—you know," she said, with a gasp of hate.

"Is your father dead—or worse?" he asked, jumping to a hasty conclusion, he saw by her face something was wrong; and then he said: "Well, then, be more plain. If anyone has deceived you or lied to you, I will see to it—yes, by Heavens, I will see to it."

"Oh, you," she said in a voice of deepest scorn. "Evidently you think you can deceive me still, but I assure you you cannot." She paused, and wrung her hands together, while he watched the agony that showed on her face. He almost felt as if all this were a dream when he remembered how confidently he had anticipated that this very day she would accept his love. He put up his hand with an uncertain gesture, very rare to him, and she burst out again with difficulty, as if each word were forced from her by tortures: "You pretend to know nothing, but you know very well how you have made me false—faithless. See, now, I never made vows to my father, did I? and so Fred was nearer than he; but now I have lost him, and all—all—for nothing," she wailed, as the last word burst from her in a cry.

"Be more plain," said Nickolas. "I am entirely bewildered. Only I tell you that if anyone has deceived you in any way, they shall reckon with me. Tell me what has happened."

Annie gave him a quick glance, and then she smiled, not pleasantly:

"Of course, you do not understand?" she asked with a sneer.

"No," he said, more and more disturbed, for he hardly knew her when she sneered. "No, indeed, I do not—I do not understand at all."

"Well, then, let us sit down," she said, with a kind of ghastly pleasantness. "Yes, I will explain to you. I have found you out; I have found out everything now. Why, gracious"—she paused and tried to laugh, but produced only a cackling kind of noise that made Nickolas stir uneasily where he sat—"how you must have laughed to yourselves, all of you, to think how greedily and easily I swallowed all your stories, how I took for gospel everything any of you said to me. Really," she said, wagging her head at him rather dreadfully, "don't you think it was too bad of you to have such a fine joke and never share it with me? I would have laughed with you at the poor silly girl who was giving up her everything, all for nothing; yes, I would have laughed, too," she repeated, making once more that unpleasant cackling noise she had produced before.

Nickolas looked at her very pitifully, afraid she was about to break down, and distressed to the bottom of his heart at her distress.

"Now, do not be foolish—listen," he said sternly. "Listen to me. You are behaving like a hysterical servant girl. Be so good as to compose yourself. If you are not careful, I will put you in a cab and take you home to Groombridge Square by force, and if anyone interferes I will just say that you have lost your senses for the time."

He spoke with a decision and severity that had a good effect on Annie. She became a little calmer, realising that he was quite capable of attempting to carry out his threat."

"It is your fault," she said. "You disturb me. Let me alone; I want to think. Have I not shown you what I think of you plainly enough?"

"Yes," he answered; "but you have not told me what is the matter? You have just behaved like a mad woman. Tell me now, what is it? Who do you accuse, and of what?"

"I accuse you," she flashed, "of being a liar and a traitor."

"That is perfect nonsense," he said coldly. "I might be a liar and a traitor for you, but not against you. But what are your grounds?"

"You told me my father was condemned to death as a Revolutionary."

"So he was," declared Nickolas.

"Yes, but you did not save him; you only made his position worse. Even after I had given up everything to do as you told me, he was again condemned to be shot, and he was saved not by you, but by Major Nobrikoff."

"Ah," he said, starting, "but I knew nothing of that."

"No," she mocked, "you were satisfied with what I was doing for you, and that was all you cared about. And my sister Catherine, whom you pretended to be in danger from Major Nobrikoff, was all the time married to him—as you must have very well known."

Nickolas sprang to his feet and stood before her. In the centre of each of his pale cheeks a red spot burned, and he stood again with a strange aspect of rigidity and restraint which suggested emotions so violent that to have given them the least outlet would have been to be swept by them into madness.

"What is that you are saying?" Annie Paolovna?" he asked.

"Oh, how I hate you and all of you," she said. "My father has been in no danger since the first day or two. Catherine was married to the man you represented as worse than her murderer; everything that I did was useless, all I suffered was for nothing. My life has been ruined. Oh," she signed, "how I hate you all—you, and all of you."

"Now, I knew nothing of all this," he said, staring at her.

"Do you suppose I believe a word you say?" she asked. She rose, too, and faced him, eyeing him with an implacable and malign hate. "I am glad, glad," she breathed, "that I struck you. I wish I were a man—I wish you were dead," she said.

"Oh, Annie," he muttered, appalled at the quiet vehemence of her tone.

"I wish you were dead," she repeated.

He felt bewildered, astonished; it was as though the whirlwind of her unexpected rage had swept him into a kind of mental haze in which only the pain of his cut lip was real, that and the stinging scorn of her words that cleft his astonishment like shooting tongues of fire. He muttered, hardly knowing what he was saying:

"But this is not possible; I did not know—they would not have dared not to have told me." But there returned to his mind stray expressions, words, and phrases half understood, that now took on a new meaning for him. "Well, now then," he muttered thickly, "at any rate, I knew nothing."

Her look told him that he was not believed. She began to walk on again, and he kept doggedly by her side.

"I am innocent of all this," he repeated in the same thick voice. "I will inquire—"

"Inquire," she repeated with scorn. "Oh," she said, with a sudden heavy sigh, "if only I were a man—no, all of you would not have found it so safe and easy if I had been a man, but I suppose you thought a girl would be quite helpless."

There were tears in her voice as she said this, drawn there by the thought of her utter loneliness. Nickolas shook from head to foot even as he walked by her side. He said in a low tone:

"If they deceived us as you say—well, I will smash them, if you like. Shall I?" He nodded his head slowly, as if feeling he had at last arrived at a perfectly satisfactory conclusion. "If they have told lies about all this, I will smash them. Yes; and then you will believe that I am innocent—eh?"

She walked on without taking any notice, but when he still followed her she said over her shoulder:

"Just leave me alone—that is all I ask. So long as you understand how I hate and loathe you for the lies that have been told of me."

He started almost as if she had struck him again. It crossed his mind once more that at this very hour his hope had been she might be accepting his proffered love. Everything else that his life had stood for had faded into insignificance as he thought of this that might have been; Russia, with her millions aspiring for redress from all the wrongs they suffered became as nothing to him compared with the thought that perhaps this girl who said she hated him had been played with and lied to.

"By Heaven," he said, with a sudden Russian oath, "I do not understand all this, but I am going to find out. Then I shall come to you again."

"No," she retorted sharply, "I only hope never to see you again—and I never will, for I am going away."

"That does not matter," he answered. "I should find you wherever you were. Nothing can keep me from you. But, listen to me. If all you say is true, shall you be satisfied if I smash them?" He was carrying a walking stick, holding it in both hands. On a sudden, though he had not been conscious of making any effort, it snapped clean in half. He looked at the two pieces in surprise and then tossed them away. "Like that," he said; "will you be satisfied, then?"

"Try and see," she answered, increasing her pace.

This time she was rejoiced that he did not attempt to keep up with her, but stood still. She hurried on the more that she might certainly escape him. Her own mind was a little calmer now, and she tried to dismiss him entirely from her thoughts. Chancing presently, after she had left the park, to notice a church with its door open, she went in and sat in one of the pews for a long time, hardly so much thinking or planning her future course as allowing her mind to recover from the shock it had endured. When it was quite late in the afternoon she rose and going into a tea shop near had something to eat, and then her decision finally taken, she set out on the long journey for Poplar, determined to go there without the loss of another minute.

It had not been for long that Nickolas had stood still on the spot where she left him. He did not move, indeed, till he had watched her out of sight, but then he started off at the swiftest pace he was capable of. It was some relief to him to walk so fast; and many people turning to look after him as he strode by wondered who was the tall, handsome man with the fierce, fixed eyes who drove his way so rapidly through the bustle of the streets as easily as through the quietness of the park. Along Piccadilly he went and through Trafalgar square into the Strand, not slackening his pace in the most crowded parts where, somehow, the traffic seemed as if it parted before him, or as if he flung it away from his course. On he went at the same rushing speed, and on, past where the great Cathedral sits so quietly beneath its huge round dome with gilded cross to show that even here in the heart of Babylon other gods are known beside Great Mammon. Still he never slackened speed, and at last he reached the little office in the tall city building, where the suave Ignat bent above his books all day, jotting down the cold, dry figures that told of the heat of the fight the impotent many waged against, the one whose yoke they themselves had set on their own necks.

Nickolas stood there without speaking. His breath was even, and in spite of the speed at which he had come his face had lost nothing of its pallor. Buth there was something about him that told of the disturbance of his mind and of his inward suffering; and when Ignat looked at him again, and saw how his hands trembled, he understood that whatever had happened, it was dreadful.

"Be seated," he said mechanically. "Is it Nobrikoff?"

"Where is old Ivanovitch?" asked Nickolas.

"He has gone away for a day or two," Ignat answered. "Did you not know? He received special permission from the Committee, on account of his health, and of course he could not be much help in shipping the rifles. But what has happened? Nothing to the rifles?" he asked with alarm.

"Oh, no, nothing to the rifles," Nickolas answered. "But tell me, is it true that Nobrikoff is married to Catherine Ross, whom we were protecting more especially from him?"

"Yes, it appears so," Ignat answered. "The last report said as much—did you not receive it? Ivan Ivanovitch took it to show you with the others."

"I do not remember seeing it," Nickolas answered. "And is it also true that it was this same Major Nobrikoff who protected Mr. Ross himself when we failed to be of any assistance to him?"

"It seems so now," Ignat agreed. "But what of it?"

"Oh, only that Anna Paolovna appears to have been a good deal deceived," Nickolas answered; "in fact, betrayed."

"Oh, one could not call it that," expostulated Ignat mildly. "It is only that things have not turned out as we expected."

"Now, how true that is," cried Nickolas, and astonished himself by bursting into a loud laugh.

"I am so sorry if she is dissatisfied," said Ignat carelessly; "but she, also, has not been straightforward with us; if it is true, as Ivan Ivanovitch thinks, that this man Rounds is in reality her husband."

Nickolas said nothing, and Ignat went on ticking off a row of figures. It was when he had finished about half the column that suddenly it came to him there was something horrid and portentous in the absolute silence that reigned within the room. Without knowing why, he trembled and dropped his pen, looking up at Nickolas.

He leaped to his feet with a low cry.

"Nickolas Andreivitch," he stammered, "Nickolas Andreivitch—what is it, then?"

"What is what?" asked Nickolas.

But Ignat continued to stare at him, and only after a minute or two did he sink back into his chair.

"But—but," he muttered, wiping his damp forehead. "Well, God have mercy on us all," he said, crossing himself.

"Amen," sad Nickolas, making the same sign. "By the way, did all of you know that Anna Paolovna was already married?"

"I did not," said Ignat. "I understood you did; Ivanovitch said as much when he told it to me the other day. Really, there appears to have been a good deal of confusion."

"Yes, I think there has been," agreed Nickolas. "Rounds is at Poplar, is he not?"

Ignat nodded.

"Yes," he said; "but to come to more important matters—the Seven Sisters is in readiness, and Count O—'s yacht has already left Kiel, as you know. Everything seems going well, and there should be no difficulty in shipping the rifles on board the Seven Sisters, and then in transhipping them at sea to the yacht."

"None in the least," agreed Nickolas. "I think I will go to Poplar this evening and make certain everything is in readiness."

"That will be best," agreed Ignat; but after Nickolas had gone his suavity seemed just a trifle disturbed, and he muttered to himself once of twice: "Well, well, how strange he looked—nothing can be wrong, I hope," and even when he had returned to his figures that summed an empire, and found it wanting, he still paused at intervals and looked towards the door with an oddly troubled manner.

CHAPTER XXV.

At Poplar.

Poplar is one of those districts to which no one ever goes, though in it many thousands of people are born, and live, work, and die. It is a region of narrow and dirty streets, of squalid houses, of desertion and neglect, where hunger is too frequent to attract much notice, and where to have a bed to sleep in is to be among the favourites of fortune. It is also an integral part of the most magnificent metropolis the travail of the world's age has yet produced. Dark and winding lanes alternate with streets dingy beyond belief in the day, but at night flaring and gas illumined; and so crowded that people walk in the roadway because there is no room on the footpath, while along each side bawling shopmen make the air boisterous with their cries.

As one draws nearer the river, recognizing its proximity by a damp heaviness in the atmosphere which mingles with and makes more pungent the innumerable floating odors of the place, the long streets of houses become less frequent; there appear dark and gloomy warehouses, with windows so dirt-encrusted that years before they must have ceased to be of any use; the shops begin to change their character, ceasing to make clamant appeal to the general public but, instead, hinting the nature of their business by mysterious signs whose import is known only to the initate. The public-houses, flaunting gaudily, like the brilliant flowers which bloom over the deadly swamps of the tropics, gave a note of false and feverish gaiety to the wretchedness of the general scene. Sometimes, too, as one comes still nearer to the river, some great prosperous-looking building may arise, a busy mart of industry, whose products are known all over the world, but these grow fewer year by year. Over everything, in fact, broods a hopeless poverty as broods the damp exhalations of the river; only the flaunting public-houses flourish, vampires drawing their blatant life from the hearts' of blood all round.

In one of the darkest and most ill-paved and dirtiest of the winding lanes that here and there meander down to the docks and wharves lining the river bank, there was at this time a yard recently occupied by a timber importer who had lately gone bankrupt. Over the gate, which always stood invitingly open, the unlucky timber importer's name had now been painted out, and in its place appeared "N. A. Kamff, Shipping and General Agent."

Just within the open entrance was a small wooden building, a kind of hut, warmed by an iron stove. Here Golovin sat patiently all the day, rapturously drawing ever new diagrams for new kinds of bombs, or making new models of them out of cardboard boxes. He seldom stirred, except when some great cart laden with huge wooden boxes would come lumbering into the yard. Almost invariably these carts were driven by men of foreign appearance, and of such remarkable quietness and docility of manner that it was no wonder their employer, whoever he was, preferred them to English workmen. They never grumbled at anything, they hardly ever even asked a question. Unloading as speedily as they could, while Golovin, lounging lazily at the entrance to the yard, watched them carelessly or glanced with equal laziness up or down the street, they would soon be ready to depart again. Sometimes, a word would then be exchanged with Golovin as they went, more often just the sign of the cross would be made rapidly; if anything were said, generally it would just be that a dark face flushed with dark hope would be turned up to the dismal and heavy sky as Golovin was passed, and the brief word muttered to him that the dawn was near, brother.

It was understood in the neighborhood that Mr. Kamff, "General and Shipping Agent," dealt largely in old iron as one branch of his activities. A whole pile of it lay rusting in one corner of his yard as a visible proof, and two or three dealers in the neighborhood had had satisfactory transactions with him—or rather with Mr. Kamff's representative, Mr. Golovin. This gentleman had, however, confided in strict confidence to practically everyone he had ever spoken to about there, that for the future Mr. Kamff was intending to pay more attention to his shipping business than to the other branches of his activities. Already he had secured one important contract for forwarding agricultural machinery to the North of England and to Scotland. One of the brokers to whom this information was confided opined that Mr. Kamff would be wise to do so, since his dealings in old iron could not have been very profitable to him. But, then, this dealer was aware that the same stuff Golovin had bought from him at a fraction above the market price he had sold to someone else at a fraction below it, and for the life of him the dealer could not see where the profit of that came in.

Golovin, by the way, passed in this neighborhood for a person of some wit. Once a visitor, endeavoring to do business with him, had begun to emphasize his remarks by aiming sundry kicks at a small box near him, whereon Golovin had jumped up in some haste and removed it, explaining that it held dynamite. This was universally considered an excellent joke and quite established Golovin's reputation as a humorist. The box itself disappeared for a day, and when it was seen again it was found to be full of empty jampots, a circumstance held to enhance greatly the humor of the original joke.

At first, Golovin had always been alone, but for the last few days he had been joined by a stern, pale-faced young man who answered to the name of Rounds. He was as taciturn as any of the silent, foreign-looking carters who came with their loads of big wooden boxes and then vanished again without a word; and he and Golovin used sometimes in the evening to sit and smoke together for hours without speaking. Not that Golovin himself was not ready enough to talk, and he would often break out into enthusiastic eulogies of his new bomb, but it is not easy to converse with a man who never answers you a word, and seems hardly so much as aware of your existence. His own time Rounds chiefly occupied in sketching. These sketches, when completed—and often before completion—he burned with care in the little iron stove that warmed the hut in which they sat by the entrance of the yard.

It was down the winding and dark lane that led hither that Nickolas came a few hours after leaving Ignat at the office in the city. The interval he had spent in the smoking-room of a small cafe situated underground near the Mansion House. Above, the ceaseless London traffic flowed, and beneath it, in this peaceful apartment, as in the depths of the sea untroubled by the tossing waves above, Nickolas sat for long, moving only to consume one cigarette after another. The quiet atmosphere of the place, bright with the electric light, and gilding, and crimson velvet drapery, helped to soothe him; and though he was not aware of any conscious thought, or that he had deliberately weighed one consideration against another, he came presently to a clearer understanding of his position. Continually in his mind was the memory of a girl's face with wild, lost eyes and a look of despair on her countenance, and if his lip was swollen and painful, he knew that pain filled his heart with a strange content that was almost a joy. Yet, though his meditations had been directed to no conscious end, when at last he rose, his course was clear to him, and he even smiled amiably and passed some joke or another with the girl cashier of the place as he paused at her desk to pay.

Thence he had come direct to Poplar, and now as he walked down the lane the course he had to follow was marked even more clearly and more certainly in his mind—from the beginning which had been in the park, when he had felt her hand striking at him with such wild, fluttering fierceness, till the future that he dared not dwell upon, but meant should be his arms around her and her face against his bosom. All else had become to him as nothing—as a dream of the night, a folly of his youthful past.

"Love can conquer all things—even love—much more hate," he said to himself; "and as for this fellow—this 'Rounds'—he should not be much trouble." Nickolas frowned, though to himself, as he reflected how little he knew of the motives that had animated Fred in the course he had adopted. "Well, all the same," Nickolas assured himself confidently, "there cannot be much in the man—I would have taken her away in spite of a thousand fathers." He experienced a feeling of contempt for Fred as he thought of him lurking in disguise in the house in Groombridge Square; and then it occurred to him that perhaps he had better wait for a moment and consider more carefully what he remembered about the soi-disant "Rounds," and what would be best to say to him when he saw him.

He took out another cigarette and, lighting it, stood for a few minutes in the doorway of a closed warehouse near by. A loafer passing down the street paused and watched him so enviously that Nickolas smiled and offered him a cigarette, which the man accepted with alacrity. He was lighting it when Nickolas saw over his shoulder a woman coming hesitatingly down the lane towards them, pausing now and again to glance round doubtfully as if by no means sure of her way. Though cloaked and having her umbrella up—a small rain had been falling for some time—Nickolas at once recognized Annie.

(To be continued.)

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is not all we claim for it, go back to your dealer and he will promptly refund the money paid. Now, if we were not absolutely certain that this wonderful remedy would positively cure any

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or any form of

BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

we could not make such a claim, but actual experience backs it up.

Large 6 oz. bottle, 35c. At All Dealers.

See that each bottle bears the name of THE BAIRD CO., Ltd., Manfg. Chemists, WOODSTOCK, N.B.

6

NEWCASTLE BACKS CHATHAM FOR THAT $50,000 GRANT

Newcastle, April 30.—A special meeting of the town council and board of trade was called yesterday to consider the course to be taken concerning the strengthening of Chatham's hands in contending for the Dominion's grant of $50,000 coming to some town in the province in aid of an exhibition next year.

Council convened first, the members of the board of trade being present. Mayor Miller presided and Ald. Belyea, Doyle, Ferguson, Morrissy, McMurdo and Russell were present.

R. A. Lawlor, of Chatham, addressed the council. He pointed out that Chatham wanted the show and was sending five delegates to Ottawa to urge the government to give it the grant of $50,000. Chatham was the only place in New Brunswick that had suitable grounds and race track. St. John had no building. Moncton had no building and its track was in litigation. Fredericton's facilities were inadequate. Chatham could accommodate any fleet that might visit it and with aid of Newcastle, Nelson, etc., she could accommodate the visitors. Miramichi wanted the whole grant or nothing. He urged the council to send delegates to Ottawa to strengthen Chatham's hands. Members of the board of trade were then invited to address the council and were nearly unanimously in favor of strengthening Chatham's hand.

The aldermen were generally in favor of sending a delegate, and on motion of Ald. Belyea and Doyle, Mayor Miller was unanimously chosen delegate.

The board of trade then convened. After pretty thorough discussion it was resolved on motion of Ald. D. P. Doyle, seconded by H. H. Stewart, to appoint another delegate. E. A. McCurdy was chosen with Ex-Mayor Hennessy alternate.

THE SEASON'S TRIUMPH.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Hat,
Widespread and flat,
What
Have they got
Fixed to your frame?
Bees,
Sections of trees,
Birds all aflame!
Flowers,
Wonderful bowers;
Plants in the pot.
What
Have they put on this hat?
Gosh!
What have they not?

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco

A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug.

2270

SOCIETY

The magnificent ball given by the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society on Monday evening in the Victoria Rink was one of the largest and most brilliant social events held in the city for years. Every detail was carefully considered, with the result that success marked all the arrangements. The decorations were elaborate and elegant. The supper was delicious and exceptionally well managed. The music was furnished by the City Cornet Band. The costumes worn by the ladies were costly and beautiful. It is to be regretted that space forbids more particular mention than is given below. The reception committee was composed of Hon. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. D. J. O'Neil and Mrs. O'Neil and Mr. James Barry and Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Ritchie wore a Nile green brocaded satin costume, handsomely trimmed with Duchess lace and wore some fine diamonds and emeralds.

Mrs. D. J. O'Neil was gowned in black chantilly lace over black satin.

Mrs. James Barry, black peau de soie costume with trimmings of black English thread lace.

Mrs. Sears, wife of the mayor, wore a lovely yellow brocaded satin, with Princess lace. Diamonds.

Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen, shell pink brocade with Duchess lace, garnitures, diamonds.

Mrs. James P. McInerney, black Brussels net, heavily pailetted with jet. Diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. George Rolt White, green chiffon satin, point applique lace Bertha, diamonds and emeralds.

Mrs. Henry O'Brien, tan chiffon taffeta trimmed with bands of velvet and lace.

Mrs. George West Jones, shot blue and white brocade elegantly trimmed with gold.

Mrs. Gaffigan, pale pink satin brocade, princess lace trimmings, diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Leonard Tilley, black chiffon taffeta, Princess lace trimmings.

Mrs. MacDonald, white net embroidered with silver and green sequins, over white satin.

Mrs. J. V. Russell, black moire, trimmed with princess lace.

Mrs. M. Morris, black sequin gown over pale blue taffeta.

Mrs. Verner McLellan, pale blue chiffon, taffeta white lace trimmings.

Mrs. James Doody, Nile green crepe de chine, accordian pleated, lace garnitures.

Mrs. Outram, black Brussels net, pailetted in jet.

Mrs. Gerow, black moire costume trimmed heavily with jet.

Mrs. J. Harden Outram, white crepe de chine, with pompadour border over taffeta silk.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Copenhagen blue silk, lace trimmings.

Mrs. Scully, handsome black sequin costume over black satin.

Mrs. J. Ward, black Brussels net, heavily sequined with jet, and trimmed with lace insertion.

Mrs. Frank Mullin, white crepe de chine, Irish lace trimming.

Mrs. D. J. Brown, handsome black Brussels net sequin costume, diamonds.

Mrs. John McGoldrick, black lace and jet sequin gown.

Mrs. A. Williams, white colienne trimmed with white satin bands.

Mrs. John Morrison, pink silk, pink lace and velvet.

Mrs. Verender, pink chiffon taffeta trimmed with ivory lace.

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, black lace over white, green ostrich tip in coiffure.

Mrs. George MacArthur, black peau de soie.

Mrs. John Williams, Ivory silk with point d'esprit overskirt.

Mrs. Pine, black lace and sequin costume over mauve.

Miss Anna Hall, mauve mouseline de soie, trimmed with mauve silk bands; Irish lace on bodice.

Miss Katie Hazen, white point d'esprit over white silk, made in Empire effect.

Miss Jennie McLaughlin, lovely costume of pink chiffon satin and pink lace; pink ostrich feather in coiffure.

Miss Agnes Sullivan, handsome white net with silver embroideries over white silk, wreath of pink roses on coiffure.

Miss Nellie Foster, fetching Nile green accordian pleated frock; pink roses on coiffure.

Miss Katherine Greeney, black sequin gown over black silk.

Miss M. Greeney, mauve embroidered crepe de chine, white lace on bodice.

Miss Sweeney, beautiful gown of white satin and Irish lace.

Miss McKinney, white silk, Irish lace trimmings.

Miss Amelia Haley, green mouseline de soie, green bands on skirt.

Miss Outram, black pailleted Brussels net over black silk.

Miss Josephine Lynch, ivory crepe de chine over white silk, Irish lace trimmings.

Miss Evelyn Greeney, white colienne with princess lace and blue velvet trimmings.

Miss Nan Morgan, accordian pleated white silk, bouquet of pink roses.

Miss Travers, black lace over white silk, Dresden ribbon sash.

Miss Blanche McLaughlin, white taffeta silk.

Miss Frances Travers, white point d'esprit over white silk.

Miss Florence O'Neil, pink chiffon taffeta.

Miss Katie O'Neil, pale blue taffeta trimmed with lace.

Miss Kate Lander, ivory crepe de chine.

Miss Edith Stairs, pink chiffon satin, trimmed with ecru lace.

Miss Fairweather, pink embroidered silk trimmed with princess lace.

Miss Gretchen Bell, white mouseline de soie, Irish lace trimmings.

Miss Lena Devlin, white point d'esprit val lace trimmings.

Miss Lydie MacIntyre, pale blue taffeta silk.

Miss Jean Allen (Halifax), white dotted silk mull.

Miss Josephine Gorman, pink colienne trimmed with pink velvet.

Miss Agnes Scully, white taffeta silk.

Miss Christina Ryan, white accordian pleated taffeta silk.

Miss Jean Leach, white dotted organdy muslin, pink roses.

Miss Gertrude Lauler, yellow chiffon taffeta silk.

Miss McDermott, mauve crepe de chine, handsomely trimmed with Irish lace insertions.

Miss Winslow, white silk, prettily trimmed with val lace.

Miss Bessie McGaffigan, white point d'esprit over white silk.

Miss Mills, white mousseline de soie over silk.

Miss Dolan, pale green crepe de chine over silk of the same shade.

On Wednesday at the Golf Club, Mr. Douglas Reid, Mr. Alex Fowler and Mr. Stanley Emmerson were hosts at a delightful dance given in honor of Miss Phyllis Stratton. A programme of 14 dances was furnished by Harrison's orchestra. Delicious refreshments were served at midnight. Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Schofield chaperoned the party. Miss Stratton was effectively gowned in blue chiffon, over blue silk, and looked charming. The guests included Miss May Harrison, Miss Nan Barnaby, Miss MacMillan, Miss Katie Hazen, Miss Janie Stone, Miss Lou Girvan, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Lydie Kimball, Miss Grace Fisher, Miss Leslie Smith, Miss Constance Inches, Miss Mabel McAvity, Miss Bessie Foster, Miss Ethel Baird, Miss Margaret McAvity, Mr. Allan Thomas, Mr. Fred Crosby, Mr. Alex MacMillan, Mr. J. G. Harrison, Mr. Hugh McKay, Mr. George Lockhart, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. Pollard Lewin, Mr. W. Vassie, Mr. Heber Vroom, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Fred Fraser, Mr. Douglas Reid, Mr. Alex Fowler and Mr. Stanley Emmerson.

A large party of St. John society folk sailed on the Empress of Ireland for Liverpool this week, including Mrs. James Dever, Mrs. James Jack, her niece, Miss Isobel Jack, Mrs. Andrew Jack, her daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Barbara Jack, Mrs. James Stratton and her daughter, Miss Phyllis, Miss Mabel Sydney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Seeley, Mrs. H. C. Rankine, Miss Stephenson, Mr. Bruce Burpee and Mr. and Mrs. James Hall and little son, Dudley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster are being warmly greeted upon their return to the city from the Southern States.

The Misses Evelyn and Mabel Peters have returned to their summer home near Lingley after spending the winter in Florida.

The family of Rev. Charles D. Schofield, dean of Fredericton, have taken up their residence at the capital.

Mrs. Harold C. Schofield entertained at bridge of five tables in honor of Miss Phyllis Stratton, on Tuesday evening of this week. Miss Constance Tucker won first prize, Mr. Alex. Fowler, the gentleman's. There were present Miss Winifred Barker, Miss MacWilliam, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Florence Harding, Miss Leslie Smith, Miss Minnie Girvan, Miss Pines, Miss Phyllis Stratton, Mr. Douglas Reid, Mr. George Hilyard, Mr. Kenneth Inches, Mr. Stanley Emmerson, Mr. Hugh McKay, Mr. Heber Vroom, Mr. Alex. Fowler, Mr. W. Vassie.

The engagement of Miss Mildred Fetherstonhaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. B. Fetherstonhaugh, Sherbrooke street, Montreal, to Mr. F. Gerald Robinson, of Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Robinson, of this city, is announced.

Mrs. T. L. Morrissey, of Montreal, was the guest of honor at a bridge dinner given at the Union Club last Friday by Miss Stone. Mrs. Morrissey left for home on Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Millar entertained informally at tea on Wednesday afternoon when about twenty-five guests enjoyed a pleasant hour. Mrs. Millar presided at the tea table assisted by Miss Bridges and Miss Stead. Among the guests were Mrs. J. H. Outram, Miss Outram, Mrs. Lambord, Miss Edith Skinner, Miss Miriam Hatheway, Miss Constance Inches, Miss Winifred Barker, Miss Phyllis Stratton, Miss Grace Fisher, Miss Burchill (Chatham), Miss Winkinson, Miss Bertha Ruddick, Miss Mabel McAvity, Miss Margaret McAvity.

Dr. Thomas Walker returned home on Wednesday from a short visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osman passed through the city on their way to Fredericton to attend the opening of the legislature.

Mrs. W. Z. Earle entertained informally at tea yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Ramsey Ritchie, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Mrs. James Dever, while in London, will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Vivanti. Five of Mrs. Dever's daughters reside in or near London.

Mrs. Nerman Leslie arrived in the city on Tuesday, remaining until the Empress sailed when she returned to Kingston, Ont.

Mrs. Hamm was hostess at an afternoon tea on Tuesday, when a large number of friends were invited to meet her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Lambord, who is at present her guest. Mrs. R. W. W. Frink and Mrs. Fred Hanington presided at the tea table, which was decorated with pink roses, and were assisted by Miss Elizabeth Millar, Miss Grace Fisher, Miss Frances Stead, Miss Kathleen Gillis, Miss Bertha Ruddick, Miss Kittie Woods and Mrs. R. Johnstone. Mrs. Lambord who assisted Mrs. Hamm in receiving was beautifully gowned in a pink chiffon cloth Empire costume trimmed with exquisite duchesse lace. A few of the guests were Mrs. W. DeVeber, Mrs. Neales, Mrs. Hunter Ogilvie, Mrs. George Hegan, Miss Warner, Miss Ethel Baird, Miss Allie Christie.

Miss Florence Jarvis is expected home this week after spending the winter in Tarrytown (N.Y.)

Miss Ella L. Smith, daughter of J. W. Ollard Smith of this city, secured an M. A. degree at McGill. She received B. A. at McGill two years ago.

The wedding of Mr. Frank I. McCafferty, city editor of The Telegraph, and Miss Katherine L. McCaffrey took place at the Cathedral on Wednesday morning. The bride wore a lovely white mouseline de soie costume, trimmed with valenciennes lace. A black picture hat with ostrich feathers was worn, and a beautiful bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley was carried. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McCafferty drove to the station where they took the train for Fredericton. On their return they will reside at No. 160 King street East. Mr. and Mrs. McCafferty have the best wishes of numerous friends for their future happiness.

At a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Thos. Walker was reelected president.

Mrs. J. D. Hazen, Miss Katie Hazen, Mrs. James P. McSweeney, Mrs. George K. McLeod, Mrs. Rolt White were among those who went to Fredericton for the opening of the legislature.

Mrs. F. E. Barker was hostess on Thursday at an home which included a large number of guests. Mrs. John Burpee and Mrs. Easson poured tea and coffee in the dining room and were assisted by the following young ladies: Miss Fenety, Miss Bridges, Miss Christina Robinson, Miss Frances Stead, Miss Elizabeth Millar, Miss Phyllis Stratton, Miss Portia MacKenzie, Miss Grace Robertson and Miss Winifred Barker. Among the guests present were Mrs. D. MacLellan, Mrs. Thos. McAvity, Mrs. Frank Fairweather, Mrs. De B. Carritte, Mrs. F. J. Harding, Mrs. James O. Thomas, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. H. A. Puddington, Mrs. T. E. G. Armstrong, Mrs. Gordon Cowie, Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis, Mrs. J. McLaren, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. J. Harden Outram, Miss Outram, Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. M. Cruickshank, Miss Ludlow Robinson, Miss Pattie Robinson, Mrs. John Gillis, Mrs. John McAvity, Miss Gillis, Miss Alice L. Fairweather, Miss Reed, Miss Ena MacLaren, Miss Alice Walker, Miss Ramsey Ritchie, Miss Church, Miss Mabel Thomson, Mrs. Russell Sturdee, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. J. H. A. L. Fairweather, Miss Minnie Fairweather.

Mr. and M