"SALADA"

NATURAL GREEN Tea from Ceylon. Try it once at our request. You'll demand it afterwards. Sealed packets only. Net weight guaranteed. By all grocers.

Watch for the name "SALADA."

Received the highest award and gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

SWEET AS A ROSE.

"Hear me out. One of those creatures of the hour, which, as the good people declare, are the cause of nearly all the bad in the world. No doubt they are right; but—but these creatures suffer sometimes: they suffer when they happen to have hearts;most of them have not. This actress, this creature, had; in a weak moment she yielded to temptation, and stepped in between this country girl and her lover—and separated them. It was a vile business; the 'creature' sees and understands it now; but she suffered, she was punished, and"—the voice breaks for a moment, a moment only—"she was very sorry!"

Silence for a moment, then he says, hoarsely:

"She need not have been. This pure, innocent, unsophisticated girl soon recovered from her loss, and replaced the false lover, who was poor, by another, who was rich. My poor Flossie, we have both been great fools, and suffered in vain! Paula Estcourt forgot my unworthy self years ago."

"That is false!" says the low voice calmly.

He starts, and looks at her under his brows, knit together by suppressed emotion.

"How do I know it? Because I have seen her, yes, seen her and talked with her, and learned to love her—to love her!" she repeats, her face flushing, and then growing deadly pale again. "And why not? Am I not fit to love her? She did not think so! She—she would have kissed me the last time we met"—the hands go up to her face, and a sob shakes the thin frame—"but I didn't let her, I could not! Some day, when she knows who I am, and what I did—ah, but there will be cursing, instead of kissing!"

And the tears run through her fingers.

"Hush!" he says hoarsely: "I tell you she has forgotten me and you, everything; she has sold herself to a man, a brute named Stancy de Palmer!"

The hands drop, and clasp pityingly.

"Oh, poor girl! Poor girl!"

"You pity her?" with a sneer.

"Pity!" she echoes. "Don't you see? You said, 'sold herself,' and it is true. They have forced her to it. It must be so! I have seen him myself"—and she shudders. "Oh, Rick, save her!—save her! I know that she loves you — I saw it in her face. Do you think a woman who has loved cannot tell when she sees a woman in the same case? Oh, Rick, you must save her!"

He rises, white and trembling, and paces the floor, his hands folded on his breast, with a tight pressure to keep down the storm that rages within his heart.

"Save her, Rick!" says the low, sweet voice, imploringly. "Only you can do it. I know—I can understand it all—they are marrying her to the man for his money. I have heard of him—Weston brings me the news of this wretched place—a man not fit to touch her. Oh, Rick, I did so long to make her and you happy before—before"—she stops, and covers her face with her hands, and the great drops fall through her fingers to the fur.

"What can I do?" he says, hoarsely, with outstretched hand. "I can kill him! By heaven, I will, rather than she should do this thing! Flossie, you—you are a good girl. I—I have wronged you deeply; I see it all now. But you have done your best to make atonement. Be satisfied, you have done all——"

"No, not all!" she says, holding up her hand warningly, for her ears, keen like those of most sick persons, have caught the sound of an opening door, and the tread of feet in the hall."There is someone coming. Go into the next room, Rick, and—wait——"

He turns and comes to the couch, and stands beside her, his haggard face dark with despair.

"Promise me that you will not go—that you will remain there whatever happens, until I call you, if I should call you? Will your promise?"

He puts his hand into hers without a word, and goes into the next room, divided only from the larger one by folding doors.

Flossie lies back panting,her strength is very low, and she has almost exhausted it. The door opens, and Weston comes in and whispers, then goes out, and re-enters, with Paula.

She is enveloped in her domino, her golden hair ruffled by the silken hood, her fan even on her wrist—just, indeed, as she left the ball; and as she crosses the room the silver on the dress shimmers in the stray rays of sunlight.

Pale and weary, but exquisitely lovely, she comes and kneels beside the ethereal form on the couch.

"You sent for me," she says in a low gentle murmur. "Are you so ill?"

"Hush!" whispers Flossie, putting her fingers to her lips. "I am no worse than I have been — not much, at least. What is that you have on? Won't you take it off?" and she touches the domino.

Paula, still kneeling, unfastens the knot and drops the cloak.

Flossie utters an exclamation of admiration.

"How beautiful! Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" and in her eyes comes a gleam of the old light. "Why, that is the prettiest combination I have ever seen. I don't think even I ever looked better even in the old days."

"The old days?" says Paula, with a faint smile.

The pale face flushes.

"I—I mean when I wore pretty things, my dear," she says. "And you have been to the ball, of couse? You look rather tired, but you enjoyed it?"

Paula smiles curiously, and her lips twitch as if with sudden pain.

"Not very much," she answers, gravely. "I don't care very much for balls. But this was a very grand one."

"And you were a great success?"says Flossie with a faint smile.

Paula shakes her head indifferently, her eyes fixed with anxious scrutiny upon the pale face, upon which a subtle change has fallen since she saw it last. She can hear the breath cutting the words short—knows that the smile costs more than it is worth.

"Do not talk about myself," she says, gently putting her hand on the thin arms. "You are very tired yourself this morning. Are you in pain?"

Flossie shakes her head, her blue eyes fixed on Paula's face with anxious doubt.

"No, I am never in pain, very seldom. You are wondering why I sent for you? And I—I can scarcely summon courage, to say nothing of strength, to tell you," and she sighs.

"But I must, and at once. I wonder how you will take it? Perhaps you will get up and leave me without a word."

"My dear!" murmurs Paula with a sad smile.

"No, you will not do that," said Flossie. "You are too good for that. It is women like myself who are hard and unforgiving."

"I cannot imagine you as unforgiving," says Paula, drawing the furs round the frail form, for a slow shudder runs through her.

"Imagine me as bad as you can, and the picture will not be too dark," says Flossie, slowly, gravely.

Paula looks at her. Is she delirious? To connect anything like evil with this pure, delicate piece of waning humanity would be too ridiculous.

There is silence for a moment. Sir Herrick, behind the half-opened door, can hear the labored breathing of Flossie—can see Paula bending pitifully over her.

Then Flossie speaks again, now very slow and lowly.

"Do you remember the first time you came here? Do you remember how we talked, we two, as if we had known each other for years instead of for a few short hours?"

"I remember," says Paula, sweetly.

"It was strange, curious, was it not?" says Flossie with a singular smile. "Do you remember telling me—I worried it out of you—that you had been unhappy?"

Paula inclines her head.

"Yes."

"You did not tell me much. Suppose there was no occasion? Suppose that I knew your story even before I saw you?"

Paula starts, but her eyes do not leave the white face.

"Is that possible?" she says with a forced smile.

"It is more than possible, it is true," is the faint reply. "I knew you were Sir Herrick Powis' sweetheart directly I heard your name; it nearly killed me, that name of yours," and she smiles.

Paula's face grows pale and her hand trembles.

"How do you know it?" she asks.

"Ah!" sighs Flossie shuddering, "that is so difficult to answer. I tried to tell you the other day. I have been trying to find courage to tell you ever since we met, but I have put it off. I had better not put it off any longer." with a smile that brings tears to Paula's eyes. Tell me—you see I know so much that I may as well know all—did you love him very, very dearly?"

Paula is silent for a moment, then she murmurs, almost inaudibly, but with a steadfast look:

"Yes, I loved him very dearly."

Flossie stretcher out her hand timidly and touches the hand with a meek, imploring gesture.

"And yet—yet you can forgive the—the woman who came between you? You said that, you know," eagerly.

"Yes," says Paula, pale and awed. "Yes, if he is happy, why should I not? He loved her first, before he saw me. And why—why should she have suffered any more than I? Poor girl!"

Flossie flings her hands before her face and cries:

"Don't — don't pity her! Oh if you knew: if I could tell you. You must not pity her — she is bad and wicked, and it is quite right that she should suffer. You cannot understand. But think, supposing she was vile and unworthy even of your pity—what then?"

Paula draws her breath and is silent for a moment.

"Then, even then, I pity and forgive her!" she says solemnly. "But—you!"

"Wait!" pants poor Flossie. "Remember what she did—that letter. It was a cruel thing to do, vile and cruel, and it was not true, for he did not love her. It was you he loved, and he came to her to tell her that they must part, and she—she kept him against his will, knowing every moment that he had come to do the right thing. Oh, then—even those three days—Miss Estcourt—Paula—it was I who separated you from the man you loved! It was I! I am Flossie Hamilton, the actress—the woman who wrote that letter. You will not leave me!" for Paula in the shock, prepared for it as she has been, has risen, and stands looking down with white, strained, averted gaze.

(To be Continued.)

Broken and Sad Weary of Life

Ground to the Dust With Weakness—Too Nervous to Sleep—A Pitiable Wreck!

FERROZONE

Braced—Invigorated, Toned and Strengthened.

Men and women, married or single, whether old or young, will find abundance of health in Ferrozone. It completely vitalized Mrs. F. Levine, a well-known resident of Point Alexander, Ont., who writes:

"I was on the verge of nervous prostration. When I got up in the morning I had to force myself to go to work.

"I felt blue and depressed, took no real comfort out of life.

"Dragging weakness and lack of spirit seemed to be killing me.

"How I wished for strength!

"Kind Providence brought Ferrozone to my notice, and I commenced to take it. The change was wonderful. I picked up every day. Strength developed, appetite increased. I grew cheerful and strong. Ferrozone made me feel like a woman. My cure is complete, and I recommend it as unsurpassed."

The one medicine that's sure to lift you from a weak, miserable condition is Ferrozone, 50 cents per box, or six for $2 50, at all dealers, in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Germany exported last year over thirty million dollars' worth of books and works of art. England and the United States were her best customers.

The good results of administering potatoes in certain forms of diabetes are affirmed by a French physician, Dr. Mosse, who states that he has effected cures by this means.

One room near the Royal Exchange in London lets for between $10,000 and $15,000 a year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

SOCIAL GLEANINGS

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier passed through London on Wednesday, en route to the St. Louis Exposition, after which they will spend a few weeks in California.

Hon. Charles S. Hyman, Idlewyld, returned home from Ottawa on Thursday morning.

Mrs. George C. Gibbons, Lornehurst, has issued invitations for a coming-out reception in honor of her daughter,Miss Marjorie, on Thursday, Dec. 1, from 4:30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. and the Misses Puddicombe, the Beeches, spent the first few days of the week at the King Edward, Toronto. Mrs. Puddicombe and Miss Puddicombe returned home on Wednesday, having left Miss Mary at Miss Veal's school, Glen Mawr, Toronto.

Miss Gibbons and Miss Marjorie Gibbons were guests at Mrs. E. B. Osler's very large dance in Toronto last evening.

Mrs. Charles Hutchinson, who has been spending a long visit with Mrs. Strange in Toronto, came to London on Monday, and after a short visit with her daughter, Mrs. Harper, in Colborne street, will take lodgings in London for the winter.

Mr. Lorne Becher is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Becher, at Thornwood.

Miss Tottie Hobbs, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. G. Fisher, in Princess avenue.

Mrs. Frank Reid and Mrs. Fred Harper are the ever-delightful hostesses of a dance at the Kennels this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Meredith, of Montreal, are the guests of the Misses Meredith, in Talbot street.

Miss Meta Macbeth returned to Toronto on Sunday evening after a short but very happy little visit with her aunt, Mrs. Niven.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Niven was hostess of a very delightful little bridge party given in honor of Miss McMurrich, of Toronto, a very winsome little debutante, who wore pale blue. Among those who played at the four tables were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Miss Olive Peters, Miss Nora Niven, Miss McMurrich, Miss Eleanor Smallman, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Raikes, Lieut. Douglas Young and Mr. Jack Labatt.

Mrs. David Dewar's short visit to London, with Mrs. Edge, was the raison d'etre of several informal little gatherings.

Miss Gladys Michie, who has been the guest of Miss Nenone Carling, is now spending a visit with Miss Geraldine Beddone.

Miss Nello Michie will be Mrs. John Hunt's guest for next week.

Miss Jessie Hale returned on Monday from a jolly little visit spent with Miss Gould in Brantford.

Capt. and Mrs. John H. Kaye went to Kingston on Thursday to spend a visit with Mrs. Kaye's parents, Col. and Mrs. Buchan, in Sydenham street. Capt. Kaye will return in a week, but Mrs. Kaye will remain longer with her mother.

The dance at Government House, Toronto, on Tuesday evening last, was a brilliant function. The beautiful and spacious rooms were a blaze of light and the floor and music perfect. The dining-room was decorated with quantities of chrysanthemums and palms, and the portraits of past governors, in picturesque uniforms and powdered heads, added greatly to the bright scene. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark received their guests in the drawing-room, with Capt. Law and Capt. Allen Magee in attendance. Miss Gibbons and Miss Marjorie Gibbons, of Lornehurst, who have been with Miss Livingstone in Toronto, were among the guests, and others invited included Miss Carling, Miss Miriam Hellmuth, and Mr. Lorne Becher.

Mr. Sing, of the public works department, is at 244 Queen's avenue. Mrs. Sing and the Misses Sing come up from Toronto in a few weeks and will be en pension at 244 Queen's avenue for the winter.

In marking table napkins the newest fashion is to embroider the initials in the center of each napkin, folding the latter in a square, in order that the letters will be shown.

Mrs. Gibbons, of Toronto, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Malcolm Kent, Fairlawn.

Mr. Kelly Evans, Toronto, was the raison d'etre of a very smart dinner party of twelve covers last Friday evening, of which Col. Smith, Belvidere, was the gallant host. The table was beautified by sparkling cut-glass bowls of Duke of Edinburgh roses, and the guests were Mr. and Mrs.Adam Beck, Miss Bridge, Miss Huntley, Miss Helen and Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Smallman, Lieut. Douglas Young, Mr. Raikes and Mr. Lorne Becher.

The many London friends will be glad to learn that Miss Mary Payne, of Hamilton, who has been very ill, is now progressing favorably at the city hospital in Hamilton.

An interesting engagement just announced in England is that of Lady Harris, widow of Sir Augustus Harris, to Edward O'Connor Terry, the well-known actor and owner of Terry's Theater on the Strand. Mr. Terry is sixty years of age, and is noted for his many philanthropies in connection with the theatrical profession. He is also a great traveler, having thoroughly explored Europe and also visited South America. The marriage will take place very shortly so that the bride-that-is-to-be can accompany her husband on his proposed trip to America.

Miss Macfie, Ardaven, South London, returned home on Monday evening from a very long visit with relatives in Steubenville, Pa.

Miss Sawers, the manse, Brucefield, spent a short visit in London this week while en route from a month's visit in Tilbury.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. D. Broderick and their many friends are ever so happy over the arrival of a little son on Thursday, the 17th, at the Broderick home.

Miss Cosey Bond, of Elmwood avenue, has just returned from a month's visit in Montreal.

Mrs. Ernest Smith was among the many guests of the Hamilton Ladies' Golf Club last Friday afternoon, when the annual presentation of trophies captured during the season by the fair sex was made at the club house. A pleasing incident was a presentation to Miss Florence Harvey, who has brought the championship of Canada twice to the club. The members honored Miss Harvey by presenting her with a handsome gold chatelaine watch and a life membership in the H. G. C.

Mr. Norman Payne, who has recently passed his dental examinations with flying colors at Ann Arbor, spent a short visit with his parents this week before leaving on Thursday to take a post-graduate course in Philadelphia, where, it is rumored, Mr. Payne will shortly be married to a beautiful American girl.

Mrs. W. T. Williams, St. James street, entertains from 4 to 6 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon next.

The marriage of Miss Janet (Jenny) Ada Spry, of Barrie, daughter of the late D. Spry, Esq., postoffice inspector, of this city, and Mr. William Ross Cameron, manager of the Portland branch of the Union Bank of Canada, will take place at the family residence on Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1905. Miss Spry's many young friends in London will wish her much happiness

Mrs. Hepburn, Wingham, who spent a delightful little visit with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Somerville, in Ridout street, returned home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. George Little, of Varsity, has returned to Toronto after a week's delightful visit with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Little.

Miss Elsie Gillean, of Montreal, who has been a very bright visitor with Mrs. Thomas Gillean in Dufferin avenue, returned home this week.

Miss Lulu Porte, of Oakville, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. George F. Brickenden, in Queen's avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, of Stratford, celebrated their golden wedding on Thursday, the 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald began life in Huron county, Mr. Macdonald cutting down the first tree on the site of the now pretty little town of Seaforth, also clearing land where Clinton now stands. A very large number of relatives from far and near attended the happy gathering, and telegrams of regret were received from their son, Mr. James Macdonald, M. P. P., of Rossland, and from Dr. Macdonald, of Wingham.

Mr. Richard Bayly, jun., and Mrs. Bayly spent Thanksgiving Day in Goderich. Mrs. Bayly remained for a week's visit with her mother, Mrs. Cameron.

Their many friends are sorry to learn that Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dillon's bright son Jack is again very ill in the hospital.

Miss Hogg, King street, very pleasantly entertained a party of twenty at matinee euchre on Tuesday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Lawrence, of Stratford, who won a bronze card tray, a prize for lone hands. Mrs. Chas. Hunt was the recipient of a very pretty vase for having the best score. Among the guests who thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon were Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. Edge, Mrs. Somerville, the Misses Bayly, Miss Helen Harris, Miss Bullen, Miss Pope, Miss Emily Pope and Miss MacWhinney.

The first of a series of dances to be given during the coming season was held last evening in the Masonic Temple. Beautiful gowns and splendid music, with many in attendance, made the function a very bright and enjoyable one. The patronesses were Mrs. P. M. Millman, Mrs. Will Robinson, Mrs. Will Falls and Mrs. Alexander Calder, and the stewards Messrs. W. H. McK. Millman, Frank Millar and Dr. R. Jarvis.

Miss Marguerite Ginge, of Havergal Hall, and Master Jack Ginge, of Upper Canada College, were very welcome holiday visitors to London, with Mrs. and Miss Bullen, in Queen's avenue.

Mrs. Lawrence, of Stratford, is the guest of Miss Hogg, in King street.

A meet of the London Hunt Club was arranged for this afternoon.

Miss Moore, Miss Tabby and Miss Jap Moore, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Gunn, and Mr. Jack Labatt formed a jolly little theater party for "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Grand on Monday evening, who afterwards enjoyed a supper party at the Moores' residence in King street.

Mme. Rosa d'Erina, the Irish prima donna, who has been giving a series of successful recitals in the Northwest, recently visited the town of Moosejaw, N. W. T. On the morning after her recital she was asked to visit the new Catholic Church of St. Joseph, and was surprised and delighted to find there a small pipe organ. This organ is a remarkable curiosity in its way. It was built by a Polish member of the congregation, Joseph Dreutschky, a farmer living in the vicinity of Moosejaw. It contains five sets of pipes, two being wood pipes, and the other three metal. It is of five and a half octave compass. The black keys were fashioned with a jackknife from the horns of cattle found on the prairie, the white keys from rib and shin bones of cattle. The metal pipes are from the metal of bullets used by the Northwest Mounted Police, the wood pipes and case of the organ from the wood from old packing cases, and the bellows from the hide of a sheep killed by the builder. It is said that the organ has a rich, mellow tone and is simply a marvel.

Last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Fisher were host and hostess of a smart little dinner party in honor of their guest, Miss Tottie Hobbs, of Toronto. The buffet, beautiful with pink chrysanthemums and softly shaded light, had covers for Miss Frodsham, Puddicombe, Miss Belton, Miss Tabby Moore, Miss Louie Puddicombe, Miss Hobbs (Toronto), Mr. Crawford, Mr. Grayden, Mr. George Macbeth and Mr. Walter Kingsmill.

Miss Howell, of Winnipeg, is the guest of Miss Beatrice Richardson, St. John's rectory.

An unprecedented rush has marked the past week and les fashionables have moved in streams from the afternoon tea or euchre to the vaudeville, musical recital or Poster Show. The vaudeville, which till recently has been very mediocre, has risen under the splendid new management to a point never before reached in London. The piece de resistance of the week has been "In a Wistaria Bower," which has appealed to all. On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Allen Scatcherd and her two children, Mrs. Betts with her children, Mrs. Thomas Baker, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Nora Niven, Miss Helen Gunn, Miss Dorothy Betts, Dr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Dr. Hadley Williams, Dr. J. B. Campbell, Dr. Clark, Miss Isabel Love, Miss Florence Magee and Miss Edyth Magee, and scores of others enjoyed the matinee performance. The same evening a jolly box party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gillespie, the other boxes being taken by the hospital doctors and by Capt. Uniacke, of Wolseley Barracks, with a party of friends. Last evening another large and fashionable audience gathered in the stalls and boxes, among the number noted being Mr. John Labatt and party, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harper, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, Miss Magee and Dr. Henderson formed one box party, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Evans Davis, and Miss Robertson, of St. Thomas, were among a theater party of fourteen, of which Mr. and Mrs. W. Turnbull were the host and hostess.

Mrs. Samuel Hungerford (nee Kittrick of Toronto), held her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of last week and very many called to welcome the pretty bride to her London home, in Albert street. Mrs. Hungerford will receive on Wednesdays.

Mrs. (Dr.) Drake returned on Monday from a week's visit in Detroit.

A bright coterie responded to the kind invitation of Mrs. Adam Beck, Headley, on Friday afternoon last, when she was the hostess of a very smart reception for maids and men, given in honor of her two English guests. The afternoon was one of greatest enjoyment, Mr. and Mrs. Beck having a pleasant greeting for each. Mrs. Beck was gowned in white silk with heavy lace garnitures; Miss Bridge wore a dainty pale blue silk with relief of black, and Miss Huntley was gowned in figured foulard of pink and pale blue. The tea tables, which were presided over by Mesdames Fritz Beck, Gates, Frank Reid and Miss Harris, were most attractive with clusters of pale purple mums and many dainties, which the young men in attendance served to the groups of prettily-gowned girls, a particular favorite among the latter being a charming debutante in dark green cloth, with green chapeau trimmed with smart red roses. Another strikingly-pretty toilette was that worn by Miss Beddome of white cloth with exquisite pale blue picture hat. Among the bright assembly were Mrs. Shackleford, Miss Dora Labatt, Miss Gertrude Boucher, Miss Beatrice Boucher, the Misses Gibbons, Miss Puddicombe, Miss Helen Harris, Miss Marguerite Ginge, Miss Magee, the Misses Belton, Miss Macbeth, Miss Meta Macbeth, Miss Cyprian Bridge, Miss Patti MacLaren, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Smallman, Miss Peters, Miss McMurrich (Toronto), Miss Beatrice Richardson, Miss Howell (Winnipeg), Miss Niven, Miss Moore, Miss Edna Leonard, Miss Gunn, Miss Carling, the Misses Michie, Miss Ada Somerville, Miss McNab, Miss Pavey, Miss MacCallum, Miss Marian MacCallum, Miss McKenzie, Miss Edna Elliot, Miss Graydon, Miss Bullen, Miss Dann, Miss Louie Puddicombe, Miss Lillian Puddicombe, Lieut. Douglas Young, Capt. Uniacke, Major Layborn, Dr. Becher, Colonel Smith, Messrs. A. O. Graydon, Geo. Gunn, Cosby, Janes, Leonard Tilley, Brunton, Raikes, Zimmerman, Rumball, McNee, Piper, Geo. Macbeth, Kelly, Evans (Toronto), Geo. Hale, Hunt, Ed Mills, Boucher, Carling, Dann, Green, Ellis Hyman and many others.

The London Hunt Club has enjoyed an exceptionally fine season. During the past week a run was taken nearly every day. On Monday afternoon a fox lent zest to the chase, the brush being captured by the master, Mr. Adam Beck.

Mrs. Timmis, of Chicago, whose daughter is a pupil at the Sacred Heart convent in London, is visiting her cousin Mrs. Roland Stevens, South London.

The Poster Show has proved a huge success. Those who enjoyed a cup of tea in the luxuriously-arranged Turkish tea-room, with its softly-shaded crimson lights, will carry a pretty picture of lovely Geisha girls, the artistic robes becoming so well the graceful figures of the dozen or more in attendance. Mrs. Gerrard had charge of this bevy of girls, and was radiantly lovely in a light gown, with deep lace berthe and pale blue bebe hat with just a touch of black velvet and coquettishly tied on with a black velvet bow. Miss Ellis in white kimona with crimson sash and mums; Miss Laura Hyman, in mauve, white sash and mums; Miss Robinson, white kimona, sash and pink mums; Miss Patti MacLaren, in pale blue kimona, pink panel, Dresden sash and pink mums; Miss Eleanor Pennington, in a lovely "Jappy" effect with red slippers and beauty patches; Miss Etta Bayly, in an old rose Geisha costume, and all the other tea room assistants received no end of compliments on their pretty appearance. The gykey girls were a gray throng; Miss May Marsh's jewel-bedecked arms, black satin bodice and crimson kirtle proving vastly becoming. The mazagine depot received many tributes of admiration. Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Geo. Brown, Mrs. Fritz Beck and Misses Bridge, Huntley, Gibbons, Dora Labatt, Tabby Moore, Zimmerman and others in charge appearing very chic in their white sunbonnets and linen suits with deep collars. Pretty specimens of menu, place and invitation cards with quaintest little design in black and white and also in water colors, were exhibited by Miss Lucy McMechan, of King street, and by Miss Scatcherd of Hyman street.

Miss Alison Dickison was the very bright hostess of an enjoyable euchre at the home of her sister, Mrs. Buchner, in Waterloo street, yesterday afternoon, at which her friends had a delightful opportunity of meeting Miss McLaughlin, of Guelph.

The Misses Pope, Elmwood avenue, were the hostesses of a very large and delightful euchre yesterday afternoon for young married people, and a bright contingent of young girls, many of whom had stolen away from the Poster Show to enjoy the function.

Miss Harris, Eldon House, delightfully entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Adam Beck and Mrs. Herbert Gates very charmingly matronized the tea-room and the Misses Eleanor Smallman, Nenone Carling, Michie and Shaw-Wood, in pretty light frocks, passed tea, coffee, ices and cakes. Among the thirty or more who received a bright welcome from the dainty little hostess during the progress of the tea were Mesdames Wright, of Hamilton; Shackleford, of London, England (the honor guests); Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Mrs. Farncombe, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. John Wilson, Mrs. Leonard, Miss Bridge and Miss Huntley.

The recital in the Auditorium on Thursday evening, under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Beck, was an immense success, and was greeted by a very appreciative audience, among whom were noted Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. Blake, Mr. T. H. and Miss Nenone Carling, Mr. Innes Carling, Miss Michie, Mrs. Drake, Miss Belton, Miss Norah Dann, Miss Bridge, Miss Huntley, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Geo. Burns, little Miss Rowena Burns and ever so many others.

With his customary kindness to his many young friends, Colonel Smith, Belvidere, again entertained at dinner on Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Peter's guest, Miss McMurrich, of Toronto. Red roses and corresponding scarfs of satin ribbon decorated the table at which covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid (who chaperoned the little party), Miss Peters, in a dainty white debutante gown, Miss McMurrich, in pale blue, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Mr. Coulson and Mr. Campbell Becher.

Their many friends were ever so grieved to learn of the sad death in Toronto on Monday last of Miss Buchan, sister of Colonel Buchan, and aunt of Mrs. (Capt.) Kaye, of this city.

Mrs. T. H. Carling entertained a few friends most informally at the tea hour on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Edward Blake, of Toronto. Among those to enjoy the quiet chat and cup of tea were Lady Carling, Mrs. Betts, Mrs. Cronyn, Mrs. T. G. Meredith and others.

The Misses Westcott delightfully entertained at four tables of whist on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, Miss Bridge, Miss Huntley, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purdom, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Meredith and Mr. Stanley Meredith, Miss Hale, Mr. Campbell Becher, Miss Ada Somerville, Mr. Cameron, Miss Peters, Miss McMurrich, Mr. Lorne Becher, Miss Bridge, Miss Huntley, Mrs. Vincent Meredith, Miss Ada Meredith, Mr. Llewellyn Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, Miss Shackleford, Mr. T. H. Carling, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Michie, Mr. Innes Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Smallman, Miss Eleanor Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smallman, Colonel Smith were among the large and very smart audience who enjoyed the Hunting chorus and various humorous hits in the bright little opera "The Prince of Pilsen" on Monday evening.

Mrs. (Dr.) Chester Abbott's artistic home in Queen's avenue was thronged at the tea hour on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Abbott, gowned in a lovely champagne cloth costume with garnitures of lace applique, and her sister-in-law, Miss Lillian Abbott, a charming brunette debutante of this season in white with a cluster of pink roses, received at the entrance of the drawing-room. Quantities of flowers and palms added to the already beautiful home and from an alcove at the head of the handsome oak staircase the sweet strains of the Italian orchestra were wafted through the home. Mrs. W. Robinson, in white with overdress of black-spangled net and black hat, ushered the guests to the quaint little tea-room where Mrs. Struthers, assisted by Miss Josephine Spencer and Miss Louie Wright, presided. The room was beautified by crimson-shaded candles and clusters of rich dark red mums. Mrs. C. N. Spencer, who wore a dainty Dresden silk with white plumed picture hat, and Mrs. Ivor Bond in white, led the guests to the dining-room, which was an artistic conception in yellow. A great basket of feathery-golden mums rested on a very handsome center of cherry lace and the buffet, laden with dainties and lighted up by many yellow-shaded candles, was presided over by Mrs. Basil Sterling and Miss Spencer. Mrs. Sterling looked well in her handsome reception gown of pale yellow silk with lace overdress and a large bunch of violets on the corsage. The Misses Mary Macfie, Ethel McKillop and Cosey Bond also assisted in the dining-room.

The death occurred in California on October 30 of Mr. Robert H. Pieper, a native of Hamburg, Germany, whose wife was Miss Hay, of Woodstock, and whose many friends extend heartfelt sympathy to her and her only son. All will be glad to know that the widow and son are amply provided for.

Mrs. Urban Buchner very charmingly entertained a number of friends at matinee euchre on Thursday. Mrs. Buchner was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Alison Dickison, and their guest, Miss McLaughlin, of Guelph. Eight tables were called into requisition for the players, who numbered Mrs. Bert Lind, Mrs. Roland Stevens, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Basil Sterling, Mrs. Will Falls, Mrs. (Dr.) Abbott, Mrs. Charles Bayley, Mrs. Jack McPherson, Mrs. White, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Harry Harper, Mrs. Fred Snittal, Mrs. Will Robinson, Mrs. W. S. Westland, Mrs. Belton, Mrs. Percy Millman, Mrs. Edy.

Mrs. Harry Harper, Queen's avenue, has issued invitations for afternoon tea on Thursday next.

A very charming tea of Saturday last, at which the guests had a delightful opportunity of meeting Mrs. Edward Blake, was that given by Mrs. Betts, Mrs. George Brown, assisted by Miss Dorthy Betts and the little Misses Hague and Betts, served afternoon tea. A few of those who responded to the kind invitation were Mrs. Wright (Hamilton), Mrs. Shackleford (London, England), Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. John Carling, Miss Huntley, Miss Bridge, Miss Annie Elliot, Miss Tilley and Mrs. Arthur Smith.

Mrs. Emery and Miss Emery, Ridout street south, have invited several friends for a card party on Tuesday afternoon next.

It has just leaked out that the character of the uniform worn by Hon. Jabez Snowball, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, was called in question by an officer of Lord Minto's household. The officer in question claimed that the Governor's uniform was one which only the Governor-General or an Imperial Privy Councilor had the right to wear. The Governor asserted that he had his London tailor's authority for the statement that the uniform was of the right class, and refused to change it. The grades of official uniform are five in number, viz.: 1. Governor-General and Imperial Privy Councilor. 2. Lieutenant-Governor. 3. Privy Councilor and Solicitor-General. 4. Deputy Minister. 5. Secretary to the Governor-General. The uniform is the same in all cases except that the higher the rank the greater the amount of gold lace worn.

Mrs. F. McCormick will receive at her home, 232 Hyman street, on the first and third Fridays of the month.

Mrs. George Sippi, in Maitland street, has sent out invitations for a large tea on Wednesday next given in honor of Mrs. Samuel Hungerford and of her guest, Miss Nina Gale, of Toronto.

KATRINKA.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

How a Lady Cured Her Dissipated Husband with a Secret Remedy.

For years I endured the disgrace due to my husband's drunkenness, but at last I decided to try your tasteless Samaria Remedy. I got some and gave it to him in his food. He never noticed it at all, and to my joy it quickly banished his craving for liquor. He is completely cured now, and we are again happy and prosperous. After a while I told him what I had done, and he acknowledged that I had saved him, for he could never have quit by himself.

I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was, to try your remedy.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply.

Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 22 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

Also for sale by W. T. STRONG & CO., LONDON.

THE MAGAZINES.

Among the Christmas magazines The Booklovers takes a prominent place in the front rank, its publishers having decided to celebrate the holiday by providing for its readers a specially liberal literary and artistic menu. Pastor Charles Wagner, the apostle of the simple life, opens the December number with a brief "Christmas Message," written in French, and translated by Mary Bacon. It is a singularly fresh and unconventional treatment of an almost threadbare subject, a pean of praise on the beauty of the "mother-spirit" that at Christmastide, at least, is universal and powerful in is appeal to the best in human nature. Other interesting papers illustrated are "The Real Australia," by Burriss Gahan; "Life History of a Star," by Waldemar Kaempffert; "The War Correspondent's Future," by Frederick Unger; "Passing of the American Forest," by W. Frank McClure, and many others. The art section is unusually beautiful. The eight brilliant color pictures, from originals in the collection of Mr. Felix Isman, of Philadelphia, include pictures by J. G. Brown, Gerome Chelminski, Clays, L'hermitte, and Cerot. Carl J. Becker's "Loose Leaves from an Artist's Sketch Book"—a series of pencil sketches—is descriptive of Mr. Becker's many travels in foreign lands. Two stories, by noted authors, appear in this number, while "The World in Print" is brimful of the latest and brightest text and pictures from contemporary publications.

There are six special articles and eight sparkling pieces of fiction in the December number of Pearson's Magazine. The first is "The American House of Lords," by David S. Barry. As the United States senate assembles on the first Monday in December, this paper is timely. A sketch of the philanthropic career of the late Louis Fleischmann relates the history and the details of his world-famous Bread Line, one of the night sights of New York. H. P. Burchell's "International Athletics," copiously illustrated with photographs, gives the results of this year's American sporting achievements in competition with England, Canada, Germany and France. Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur tells, in her "Self-Supporting Home," how to make money out of ducks and pigeons. Henry T. Parker has an interesting article on Gabrielle Rejane, the famous French actress who is on an American starring tour. And F. B. Stevenson describes the "Bloodless Revolution of China." There are two pretty love stories, three stories of adventure and the conclusion of "Dr. Nicholas Stone," a detective story.

The illustrations in color in the Christmas Metropolitan Magazine are the work of some of the best-known artists who draw for periodicals. John Corbin's charming paper, "A Boy's Eye-View of the Circus," is illustrated by Jules Guerin. Life behind the scenes, the pleasures and the woes of the folk of the big show, old friends in the arena and out of it, are described by one who looks through a boy's eyes yet cannot forget the judgment of the adult. Garou, the Cast,"