



## For Full Dress

Initial Fall Opening and Display of New Style-Craft Clothes, patterns and models of the newer kind, such as chevron cords in blues, and Scotch and English tweeds—a bright, snappy showing that you'll appreciate looking at and be tempted to buy.

Our Hat Department, as usual, earns the distinction of having the latest in all styles. The very smartest blocks and colorings for fall wear are now on display.

Smart New Toggery in Haberdashery and Shirts



A Visit from You will be Appreciated

### Spence, Doherty & Co.

1218-1220 Douglas St.

Victoria, B. C.

of the groom, who acted as flower girl. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will reside in Northfield for the present, afterwards removing to Seattle. Mr. James Andrews, father of the bridegroom, was for 40 years organist at St. Paul's Naval and Military Garrison Church, Esquimalt.

Mrs. R. H. Pooley has returned from Vancouver, where she has been visiting Mrs. J. G. Fordham.

Colonel H. C. Payne entertained at dinner on the night of August 1st the Empress Sir Richard McBride, Admiral Reynolds, of the S.S. West Virginia, and Lieutenants Little McCormack and M. and Madame Bergeron, Mr. C. H. Lugin, Mr. C. R. Lugin, of Vancouver, Mr. E. A. Shedd, of Chicago, Mr. E. B. Shedd, and Mr. H. Chatterton.

Mrs. Mainwaring-Johnson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. Tye at "The Chalet," Cordova Bay, left on Aug. 2nd on a motor boat trip to Cameron Lake and Alberni as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Macaulay, of Vancouver. The party returned to town in time for the patriotic ball given at the Empress Hotel.

#### SUMMER NECESSITIES

### IVEL'S ICE CREAM

AND ICE CREAM SODA

#### KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Toilet Waters  
Toilet Creams  
Creams and Powders  
Manicure Goods

### IVEL'S PHARMACY

1415 Government Street  
Westholme Hotel Building VICTORIA

#### The Occupant of the Caravan

By LANGHAM COUCH

(Continued from last month.)

Naomi stood on the balcony overlooking the moonlit garden. She had just escaped from the ball room to have a few moments to herself and her thoughts. The soft, silvery light fell upon her lovely face, with its halo of golden curls, the dark luminous eyes, and the rich satin frock with its priceless lace and jewels. This was her last day of freedom—tomorrow was her wedding day.

It was two years since she had left the caravan, and one could hardly recognize in this elegant society lady, the Naomi of the caravan. She had changed greatly in those two years. She was no longer the gentle, loving girl of the old days, but a cold, calculating woman of society—her mother had seen to that. The Contessa was not the mother of Naomi had imagined, but a shallow narrow-minded woman, selfish to the core, who cared neither for her husband nor children. In her youth she had been a society beauty, but had now fallen back on art. Naomi's beauty was a great deal of an-