

## PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



## PERSONALS

Miss Blanche Roberts is visiting Miss O'Rourke, Rector street.

Mrs. Potter of Lorne avenue, is spending a few days at Port Stanley.

Miss Dorothy Barney of London is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Richards, Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wolf and Mrs. Harry Wright have returned from a holiday at Goderich.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenks of this city are visitors at the Gilmour Hotel, Port Stanley.

Mr. George Oliver of London is a visitor at "Happy Days" cottage, William street, Port Stanley.

Public School Inspector O. K. Greer has left London for Ottawa, where he will spend his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Talbot recently spent a few days at the home of W. E. Nixon, 2nd Concession.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hammett of London are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Steele, Stanley Beach.

Mrs. Grant-Harris expects to spend the month of August at Liverpool House, Dunbarton, Ontario.

Miss Jean Menzies and Miss Marjorie Brown of this city are visitors at the Hillcrest Inn, Port Stanley.

Master Jack McKay, 238 Oxford street, is holidaying with his uncle, Mr. A. M. MacDonald of Zorra.

Dr. and Mrs. Borland of Toronto, have motored to London and are the guests of Mrs. William Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Nichols of Moose Jaw are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nichols, 36 Beaconsfield avenue.

The Misses Lillian and Florence Pearce of Belleville are spending the week-end with Miss Louise Hill, Adelaide street, London.

Miss Geraldine Gunn of London is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. C. A. Saunders, at her cottage, "Sweet Home", Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coyne and small son James have left the city to visit the home of Mrs. Coyne's mother, north of Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Maine and daughter Helen leave next Wednesday for the West, visiting Winnipeg and other western cities and traveling as far as

Victoria, B.C. They expect to return the end of August.

Miss Mary Westcott, nurse in training at Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, is spending the month of August with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKone and family of Peterboro are spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. McKone's parents, who are summering at Port Stanley.

Miss Marjorie Pulling, a graduate of Commercial High School, has secured a permanent position as stenographer in the law office of Mr. G. A. P. Bracken of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brathwaite of Ottawa, and daughters, Miss Sybil and Miss Dorothy, are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. S. O. Lancaster, 783 Princess avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Reed, Piccadilly street, and Mrs. James Stewart, Maple Place, and Mr. and Mrs. Austin McLeish of Chatham are spending their summer vacation at Milford Bay, Muskoka.

Professor W. M. Whyte of New York, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. J. M. Thompson, and Mr. Thompson, has left for a boat trip to Duluth and Winnipeg, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. D. G. Rowan and Dr. Rowan.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Dillman and son James, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Quennan and daughter Mary have motored back to their home in Boston, Mass., after spending two weeks with Mr. P. O'Neill, Asylum grounds.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker of Oklahoma, called on their uncle, Mr. Jos. Brown, 3 Horn street, on their way to Brown picnic, which takes place next Wednesday at Lakeside. Dr. and Mrs. Walker are motoring all the way and have stopped at Chicago, Detroit, Chatham, Stratford and London.

An extremely interesting social event took place last evening at the home of Miss Susan Blackburn, 652 Talbot street, when the Alumnae of Western University entertained Miss Hazel Taylor, whose marriage takes place next week.

The important feature of the evening was a presentation made to Miss Taylor by Mrs. Gordon Tennant of a pair of polychrome hook ends.

An informal musical program was also carried out during the evening. Members of the alumnae present were Mrs. (Dr.) K. P. R. Neville, Mrs. Laura Foster, Miss Martha Weir, Miss Skelton, Miss Woolverton, Mrs. Gordon Tennant, Miss Stockwell, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Hayman, Miss Jennie Weir, Mrs. Gordon Adams, Miss Carrie Beer, Miss Doris Liddicoat, Miss Caroline Vrooman, Miss Mary McLean, Miss Anne Beckton, Miss Dorothy Walter, Miss Marion Wrighton.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murrell, Thorncliffe, on Wednesday, July 27, when their only daughter, Laura, was united in matrimony to Roy Lackey of Thamesford. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in ivory georgette trimmed with hand embroidery and gold braid, and wore the conventional bridal veil caught with a band of pearls. The bride's bouquet was of Ophelia roses and maiden-hair fern.

Little Ruth Thompson, the only attendant, made a dainty flower girl, dressed in a fully white organdy frock, and carrying a basket of sweet peas. The ceremony took place under a latticed arch, beautifully decorated with myrtle and white phlox and backed with ferns, and was performed by Rev. C. W. Baker of Thamesford. During the signing of the register, Miss Mabel Carroll of London sang "Thine".

The groom's gift to the bride was a linen, drill, gingham, seersucker, madras and percale are good for blouses and trousers; serge, velvet, khaki and corduroy are also suitable for the trousers.

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pearl sunburst; to the flower girl, a pearl and turquoise ring, and to the pianist, a gold brooch. The bride's gift to the groom was gold sleeve links.

After congratulations, the guests, numbering about 50, were served with a dainty wedding breakfast by six ladies, the Misses Hazel Murrell, Myrtle Murrell, Margaret Murrell, and Mildred Thompson, cousins of the bride, and the Misses Blanche Walters and Rosa Patterson, cousins of the groom. The happy couple left by motor for Sarnia and other points, the bride traveling in a heavy tricotine suit with grey hair.

Just before leaving the bride threw her bouquet among the young ladies, it being caught by Miss Myrtle Murrell. The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a substantial check from the bride's father. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Lackey will reside on the groom's farm near Thamesford, and will be at home to their friends after August 1.

When the clock struck four she rose, carried her pile of letters into the inner office, and stood waiting for the signature of her "chief".

"You look fagged out. I'd advise you to go straight home and rest. I can attend to all this stuff myself. There's nothing really important for you to wait for," Carington said, but she was going to her country place. The air there is exactly what you need—and in the morning we'll get through a heap of business."

He dismissed her.

Mary, relieved, put on her hat and coat and gloves and left the office.

There was some shopping that she wished to do. She would be in time, provided that she hurried—to make her purchases before the large shops closed. The streets looked dark and dreary, and the traffic was enormous.

Mary boarded a hansom and was going west, climbed to the roof and drank in the cold, damp evening air.

Her thoughts drifted to Dick, and then to Eve Rochester. Poor Eve—who superciliously looked down on her, and then, as she caught in the throes of unrequited love, had been unstrung and unhappy.

Mary therefore forgave her misdeeds, and, as she waited for a hansom, she thought of the long line of vehicles held up. A taxicab pulled up close to Mary. Light from the lamp above clearly lit the two occupants—a man and a fair-haired girl, with heads pressed close together, kissing.

Mary recognized the girl, Eve Rochester, and her companion, Julian Vandavey.

Mary's fleeting glimpse filled her with a queer mixture of astonishment and indignation.

Eve was a fraud! That damsel's alleged affection for Dick Calardin was a chimera! If actually there was an engagement between herself and Dick—

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## AT CUPID'S CALL

BY MAY CHRISTIE.

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XXXIX.—What Mary Saw.

Mary, back at her office desk, had been working hard all day.

She had no time to even think of Dick, so great the pressure of her work.

When the clock struck four she rose, carried her pile of letters into the inner office, and stood waiting for the signature of her "chief."

"You look fagged out. I'd advise you to go straight home and rest. I can attend to all this stuff myself. There's nothing really important for you to wait for," Carington said, but she was going to her country place. The air there is exactly what you need—and in the morning we'll get through a heap of business."

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