at the hands of the prisoner."

sobbed audibly.

counsel called:

"Viscount Bortoun."

ournful reply.

epeated the words of the oath.

Clydesfold," and he looked at Fara-

deane as if imploring his pardon for

appearing against him. "I came here because I was obliged," he faltered.

"That will do, my lord; we can un-

"He is the Earl of

A REFRESHING STIMULANT

that is perfectly harmless because it is absolutely pure.

Natural Green Tea. A perfect luxury to Japan attention Tea drinkers.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. 25c and 40c per 1b. By all Grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

The woman suddered as she watched him go up the stairs. "No, it's a fate!" she gasped. "Oh,

I'm afraid to tell, afraid, afraid!" and she seemed unable to remove her eves from his receding figure.

Bessie almost shook her in her agony of suspense. "You must!" she said. "You have

gone too far. "If I must!" panted the woman. "Yes, he does know. Don't let him go! Do you hear? Stop him! Follow him

In her uncertainty and excitement Bessie took half a dozen steps towards the station platform.

Then she turned, and with a start found a man standing between her and the woman, who was cowering against the wall, as if she had just received a blow.

"What, you, Liz!" he said, addressing the woman, but keeping his eyes on Bessie. "You're drunk again, are yer? What plant have you been aputtin' on this young lady? You eught to be ashamed of yourself. What's she been a-saying', miss?" And he turned to Bessie with a half-threatening, halfwhining air. "Something about this yer murder, wasn't it? Blessed if this yer murder haven't gone and turned my missis's head. Don't pay any attention to her, miss! I 'umbly begs pardon for her. She ought to know better than to stop a lady with her rubbidge!" and seizing the woman's arm, he hurried her to the steps. said Bessie, "stop! She is

not drunk, and you know it! She shall The man glanced hurriedly up at the platform at which the up-train was just arriving, and tightening his hold on the woman's arm, swung her round.

She was crying covertly. "Now, then, you fool, just tell the lady you was only a-playin' it low down on her, on the chance o' gettin' a copper or two," he said. "Yah! I'm ashamed of you! Come on, speak up.

There ain't no time.

"Yes!" he snarled. "You know we're a-goin' by the train, as well as I do. She shrank back, but he pulled her

She turned her eyes upon then let them drop. "It-it wasn't true, miss, as I was going to tell you," she said.
"There you are!" exclaimed Seth,

'Now, then, tell the lady."

triumphantly. "Now come along!" and he hurried the woman up the steps. Poor Bessie sprang after them in such haste that she trod upon dress and fell. As she got up and raced up the steps, she heard the slamming of the carriage doors, and found the station gate locked. There was only one porter, and he did not hear her until the train had started; and she leaned against the gate, trembling and almost fainting, as the train bore Bartley Bradstone and the two gipsies

towards London was driven to the Grange, and flew to Olivia's room. Olivia met her at the door. "Well!"

she exclaimed, seizing her by the hand and drawing her in, and Bessie told Olivia paced up and down. "Oh, Bessie! Bessie! Fate is working against us. That he should have come

up at that moment! Oh, if I had but istened to her that night by the lodge! What does it all mean? But we will find them." She snatched up her hat. "Help me! No, you poor thing, you are tired and worn out. Stay there and

"Where are you going, miss?" exclaimed Bessie; but Olivia was out of the room before she could stop her. She came back in a little over an hour, pale, but with a resolute look in "What have you done, miss?"

asked, tremulously "I have telegraphed to the London terminus to stop the gipsy and the wo-man!" she said. "I"—her color rose for an instant-"I let them think they had robbed me.'

Bessie uttered a cry of satisfaction. "Oh, Miss Olivia, we shall have And the two girls, mistress and maid

cried together. Alas! It did not occur to them that Seth the gipsy would, being as cunning as a gipsy, give them full credit for the telegraphing idea, and get out at some intermediate station.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

peared sometimes to drag with leader weight, at others to fly by on wings. No news had reached her of Bertie, no No news had reached her of Bertie, no tidings of Bartley Bradstone or Seth the gipsy and Liz Lee, It seemed as the gipsy and Liz Lee. It seemed as if, indeed. Fate were fighting against her, and that the mystery which surrounded the murder in the woods grew deeper and darker as the hour of the

And it was very near now. For on twenty-ninth Harold Faradeane was to be tried, and it was now the night of the twenty-eighth. Since she had sent the telegram to

stop Seth, Olivia had not left the louse; and though she had regained her strength, there was a look on her face, an expression of indefinable suspense and terror and sadness which almost drove the poor squire distracted. But in his mind, as in others, the thoughts of all that the morrow night might mean to Harold Faradeane blotted out all else, even the remembrance of his darling's situation; married to a man to whom she had not spoken since her wedding day, and who had gone off, left the country on "import-

ant business," as he had written, with no intimation of his return. But the finishing stroke to his anxiwas dealt him by Olivia herself, when, on the eve of the eventful day, she announced her intention of being other remedies. You breathe it-in-

present at the trial.
"You!" exclaimed the poor squire,

But Olivia glided round to where

********** once pleading and resolute. "But-but you have been so ill, are still so weak and unfit for the slightest excitement. How will you bear to see that poor fellow standing there, and being tried for his life? My dear, my think!" and he stroked her hair with a trembling hand.

"I have thought, dear," she said, quietly, laying her pale face against his. "I must go! I should die if I stayed at home to wait, wait, wait Besides''-and her eyes flashed-"will not all his enemies be there-people who believe that he committed this to be absent?"

The squire kissed her and sighed "Have your own way, my dear. But I wish-I wish that Bartley were here," he added with a troubled frown. "I have heard nothing from him." She drew away from him suddenly,

and without a word left the room. All that night she lay awake, looking at the silent stars with hot, tearless eyes, thinking of Harold Faradeane in his narrow cell awaiting the verdict of life or death; and going over and over all points of the strange mystery, which grew darker and more im- plead 'Not guilty,' my lord," he addpenetrable the more she struggled to pierce it.

The morning broke with all the mature splendor of late summer; and as Bessie dressed her, she still thought of the man awaiting his fate, the whose faith and honor she would have answered for with her life.

The trial was to begin at ten; but long before that time the court was crowded and all the avenues were blocked with eager and curious people, who were wildly discussing the incidents of the murder and the chances of the prisoner. Not a few of them had been present at the entertainment and heard him recite the tragic poem of "Eugene Aram," and the sensation had produced was recalled, and put in evidence against him. No wonder he had made them all shudder and tremble; he who was

capable of committing a murder himself, they said. The story of his mysterious purchase of the Dell and the strangely secluded life he had led, of the man who was always on the watch to keep people from seeing his master, and the dog kept to attack all visitors; what could it mean, but that there was some dark mystery conected with him, of which this crime in the woods was the logical outcome.

At ten o'clock the streets were crowded, and the buzz of excitement etning like a roar, as the Grange carriage was seen to pull up at the town hall, and the squire. with Olivia and Bessie, alighted. The curiosity to see the beautiful girl who had been stricken down on her wedding day, and had not seen her husband since, overmastered the respect they felt for her, and there was a rush towards the door; but half a dozen policemen drove the crowd back, and made a lane, and the three passed through it to the hall.
Olivia wore a veil, and her arm

trembled for a moment as it rested upon her father's, but it was only for moment, and she walked, and com pelled him to walk, slowly. They entered the court, and the

crowd made way for them. The judge was making his way to the moment, and, as he looked round with his calm, serene eyes, he saw the worn, pale face of the squire, and he stopped to shake hands with him, and motioned him to seats just below him. e got back to the carriage, and ing to still the throbbing of her heart; Olivia sat with clenched hands trythen she looked round. The well of the court was filled with barristers, and among them the great London counsel, Sewell, the man whose acuteness and eloquence had sent many a man to the scaffold. Beside him she saw-and her heart throbbed again-the terrible London solicitor whose proud boast it was that no malefactor upon whom his legal claws had fixed had ever slipped through them! She looked for Mr. Mc-Andrew, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then she looked towards the dock, and as she did so there was a stir and a murmur of excitement, and Harold Faradeane entered.

Pale and haggard, worn thin by the confinement of his cell and his sleepless nights though he was, there was still the look in his dark eyes which, when she had first seen it, had drawn her heart irresistibly towards him; and

He raised his eyes and looked round at the judge and the jury and the counsel, and then he saw her. She, no one else, saw the light that flashed for a moment in his grave eyes and the color taht passed swiftly over his face.

Obeying an impulse she did not try them, we will make that woman speak out, and we shall save him!"

Obeying an impulse she did not try to resist, she raised her veil, and looking at him steadily bowed her head ing at him steadily, bowed her head with the deep respect which only a man can convey in a bow.

Every eye in court saw it and a thrill through the crowd. Faradeane's lip quivered, and his hand grasped the front of the dock; but he did not acknowledge her salutation in any other way. "By heaven, she'll believe in him i they bring him in guilty twice over!"

Catarrh is in Your System Cure It!

Can't you see that every year your case gets worse, that you sniffle and hawk more? This winter you'll have more discharge, a worse headache, and a harder case to cure. Better get Catarrhozone, use it, and The following symptoms quickly indicate whether it's catarrh you have-

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH. Bad Taste. Rank Breath. Droppings. Spit Mucous.

Stuffed Nostrils, Difficult Breathing. Wheezy Chest. Bad Cough. Blinding Headache. THE ONE TRUE CURE THAT NEVER!

FAILS IS CATARRHOZONE.

Catarrhozone is different from all hale its soothing vapor to the places that are affected by the poisons of aghast.
"My-dear-Olivia!" gasped Aunt heals the inflamed mucous membranes, and thus restores you good, vigorous health. Two months' her father sat, and stole her arms treatment costs \$1, and is guaranteed. round his neck.

"Papa, you will not try and prevent ers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, me?" she said in a strange voice, at Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

muttered Colonel Summerford to the succeeded in tracking him to the place solicitor.

That gentleman merely shrugged his of his concealment. She had an intervise of his concealment, with him on the night before her of his concealment. She had an intervise of his view with him on the night before her of his concealment. She had an intervise of his concealment, and the place viscount stepped from the box.

"I shall now call witnesses to the

Then the usher cried. "Silence! leep hush fell upon the court, and the shall place before you. An appointclerk rose to read the indictment.
"Prisoner at the bar, do you plead
"Guilty" or 'Not guilty'?" he de-

One could have heard a pin drop, so ntense was the silence, as all breathessly awaited the answer. It came: A murmur arose, a dull sound of amazement.

The judge leaned forward and regarded the calm, set face with grave to the prisoner, "Do you plead guilty, prisoner?" he

weary expression on his face in the slow, judicial tone, im- deepened, and he looked as if the partial, almost insentient. "Where is crowded court had slipped from the counsel for the defense?" "I desire no counsel, my lord," said mentally, to the terrible folly of his yelled "Order!" the judge leaned for-Faradeane in a voice that, though low, life. was distinct enough to reach the renotest corner of the court.

judge looked at him thoughtfully for the space of a moment.
"Do you say that you are undefend-"I have no defense, my lord," came

the response, almost apathetic in its solicitor for the prosecution, and the calm weariness Olivia's heart seemed to stand still. She clutched her father's arm. "Father! Father

he said, and looked towards the judge. "Prisoner, are you sensible of the awful position in which you stand? I fear not. But it is my duty to see wicked crime—and are only his friends that you have a fair trial, without fear or favor. With the sense of my responsibility upon me. I take upon myself to advise you to withdraw that plea and to permit a counsel to defend you. Mr. Edgar"—and he leaned forward and addressed a young barrister will you defend the prisoner? The young counsel sprang to his feet

at once and bowed to the judge. "I will, my lord." He made his way to the front of the lock and looked up at Faradeane. "You are mad!" he said in too low a voice for those around to hear. "We

ed firmly. Faradeane made a slight gesture of reary resignation; and Mr. Sewell, the famous London counsel, arose, hitched his robe on to his shoulder, and commenced his address. The judge leaned back; the deep hush once more settled upon the court.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of I shall not have to detain you long with the recital of this tragic story. I shall, in the fewest plainest words consistent with my painful duty, recount so much of the history of this case as can be sworn to by trustworthy witnesses, who, if they lid not actually see the crime commit ted-and how seldom are there any witnesses present at the precise ment the blow is struck, the shot fired! -who, if they were not actually present at the fatal moment, arrived almost before the breath had left the ody of the victim."

Then in well-balanced sentences and in a grave, sólemn voice, he told the of the finding of the dead woman, and the prisoner's presence near the body, together with the discovery of the revolver bearing his name. The judge glanced now and again at the pale, composed face of the prisoner, and the crowd marked that though his face showed no sign of fear or

emotion. I call witnesses who will prove these facts, as I submit, irrefutably. And now, my lord, I come to the point which doubtless you and the gentlemen of the jury have been waiting for the question of the motive. Why should the prisoner, a man of evident refinenent, a gentleman on behalf of whose character my learned friend, his counsel, will no doubt bring a cloud of witnesses, commit this awful crime? Why should he shoot this woman? My answer is, because she was his wife-A thrill ran through the court, and the crowd seemed to stir and sway with astonished excitement, a faint ry rose from Olivia's lips.

Faradeane heard it and for a moment he raised his eyes and looked at ner-a look that pleaded for forgiveness, for mercy. White as a ghost, she lung to her father's hand.

"It-it-is not true," she breathed. "His wife; the woman, who, in a oment of passion, as unreasoning as that in which he slew her, he had secretly married. It does not become any nan to speak ill of the dead; but, gentlemen of the jury, it will be my painful duty to produce evidence to that the tie which the prisoner had in a rash moment contracted with the deceased, was of so galling, so unendurable a nature, that he was compelled to fly from her. Most men would have severed the bond. The prisoner could have sought and obtained a release in the divorce court, for she had given him cause; but there were reasons why such a step should be unacceptable to him. My lord, gentlemen of the jury, up to the present we see in the prisoner only an ordinary, private gentleman, living in a quiet country spot, secluded from the eyes of the world. But such was not always his position. The prisoner has not always borne name of Harold Faradeane; and it is my painful task to ask you to recog-

ze in him the person of the Earl of Clydesfold " A murmur quite audible, and not to be suppressed, rose from the crowd. The parristers put their heads together, the

judge leaned forward and looked at the "The Earl of Clydesfold!" went from lip to lip.

Olivia uttered no cry, but sat white and statuesqu "His wife! His wife!" rang in her

She understood that scene in the wood, when he had held her in his rms and called her his love, and then drawn back, like a man stepping from the edge of a precipice. His wife!
"The Earl of Clydesfold!" continued he counsel. "Witnesses will be called

who will tell you the story of this unfortunate, his ill-mated marriage; will ow you how a man, gifted by nature, favored by fortune of ancient and noble birth, possessed of enormous vealth, was induced by a mad passion to forget all that was due to his rank, to the honor of an ancient name, and Here Are the Symptoms—If to marry a young gypsy girl whom, blinded by that passion, he believed to be all that was innocent and pure; but who, before the honeymoon had passed,

proved herself utterly unworthy to bear the name of an honest man!" He paused and arranged his papers. "Consider his position. Consider the lature of the prisoner. He had, all unwittingly married this woman; was possible for him, having discovered her true character, to drag the story of his shame, to drag the honor of his name through the mud of a divorce case? As many a man in his position had done before, he elected to hide his misery and dishonor from the eyes of the world, in which he had held so lofty a place. He put aside the name endered famous by a long line of distinguished ancestors, and, leaving the woman who had ruined his life, he

came and hid himself in this retired spot. For a time he succeeded in concealing himself. The woman-his wife was free to live in riotous splender upon his money, and he may have laid the flattering unction to his soul that she would be content to leave him in peace. But, gentlemen, the consequenes of such a folly as the prisoner committed are not to be avoided or escaped. The woman to whom he had given his name, in an evil and ill-fated oment, resolved that she would compel him to own her before the world or lay bare the story of his shame. She

death. The incidents—some of the words that passed at that interview-I Mr. Edgar sprang to his feet. shall place before you. An appointment was made for the morrow. On learned friend has not sufficiently

that morrow she was found lying dead proved my clent's"—he did not use the at his feet, the weapon by which she word "prisoner," it was noticed-"iden-The motive-the motive for this was slain beside her, bearing his name. tity. Such evidence, so conclusive, so con-vincing, so damning, cannot, I fear, crime is all-important. One witness is not sufficient! but lead you to the painful decision The judge nodded. that the deceased came by her death

Mr. Sewell bent down and whispered to the solicitor; he shrugged his should-The spectators drew a long breath, ers. There was a pause. Then a as he concluded, and all eyes turned strange coincidence happened. There was a movement in the crowd. It He had scarcely moved; but the parted, and a young man forced his way to the dock, and with a cry of "Clydesfold!" seized the prisoner's hand!

consciousness, and he was going back, The spectators shouted, the ush ward and first looked amazed and then frowned A thrill of pity stirred the hearts of "Bertie!" sprang from Olivia's white the crowd, and one or two women put

their handkercheifs to their eyes and He turned, still holding Faradeane's The excitement was intense. Mr. look! No pen can describe it; no poet, Sewell conferred for a moment with the no painter could convey it. 'Order!" cried the usher sternly.

McAndrew tugged Sewell's arm, and

'I call Viscount Granville," he said A young man, the son of a wellinstantly. known statesman, stepped into the box, and with a sad look at Faradeane Faradeane smiled down at him sadly, and drew his hand away; and, with a wild, angry look on his hand-"Do you know the prisoner?" some face, "Yes, indeed, I do," was the low and to the box. ome face, Bertie was led by the arm

"You are Lord Granville?" "I am," he answered in a low voice. 'You know the prisoner at the bar?" "I know Lord Clydesfold," he ponded. "He honors me with his friendship. derstand how painful it must be for [To be Continued.]

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman | was the charming young hostess of a entertained at a very smart dinner merry tea on Thursday afternoon of party on Tuesday evening last, complimentary to their London guests.

The charming hostess looked very sweet and dainty as she presided with Gordon, MacKenzia, Townto: Contain her customary grace and kindliness at

the splendidly-appointed buffet, arranged with covers for the gallant host, the member for London, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Schrieber, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson (formerly of the Bank of Montreal, this city), Mrs. Christie, Miss Marjorie and Mr. Berkeley Powell, Mr. Charles Hunt and Dr. George Wilson.

Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman's temporary home at the capital has been the center of much gayety, their right debutante visitor, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, being the inspiration for several smart entertainments. On Friday of last week Mrs. Hyman, always a charming and gracious hostess, gave a pretty luncheon party for young girls. The lunch table was beautiful with a center of apple green chiffon, on which rested a fine white China he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, with smaller vases of the same flowers and graceful feather fern. Covers aldine Beddome, Miss Galt (Winnipeg), Miss Gwendoline Anderson (a former Londoner), Miss Eileen Clemow, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Maud Borden, Miss Marjorie Powell, Miss Paterson, Miss Muriel Jordan, Miss MacIntosh and

Miss Kirchhoffer. Mrs. Charles S. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacDonald, of Toronto, sail for England on March 24.

Mrs. Fred Harper left yesterday to

visit Mrs. Charles Hyman, in Ottawa. Mr. T. H. Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. John Smallman, Mr. J. B. Smallman, and the Misses Smallman, leave for Boston about the 10th of March

Mrs. Lionel Eliot, Goderich, comes to London on Monday, to spend a visit

with Mrs. Hyman, in Kent street. Mrs. Counsell, of Hamilton, spent short visit with Mrs. Herbert Gates

this week.

Mrs. Gibbons, Lornhurst, entertains at dinner on Monday evening, in onor of Mrs. Counsell, of Hamilton. Miss Peters, as the guest of Miss vonne Nordheimer, in Toronto, dur-

ing the past ten days, has been much feted at luches, teas and little dances. Peters is expected home Miss early next week. Captain Magee, A. D. C., returned

to Toronto early this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blackburn have taken one of Mr. Willis Cox's houses

in Waterloo street. Mrs. Blackburn will not hold her post-nuptial reception for

Mrs. Robert McBurney and Miss Helen Harris were the hostesses who arranged for the "toboggan" tea at the Barracks this afternoon. Mrs. (Dr.) Cl. T. Campbell will en-

tertain a few friends informally at cards on Tuesday evening. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Alexander,

South London, was the hostess of a uchre party. Mrs. (Colonel) Young postponed her

ome-coming from Toronto for another week.

Miss Kate Belton returned to Buffalo on Tuesday, having enjoyed a very happy visit with Mrs. Belton, in Hyman street. Mrs. John Ferguson, 27 Askin street,

will be the hostess of an afternoon tea from 4 to 7 o'clock on Wednesday next. Mr. Ronald Harris, of this city, was among the Canadian visitors recently registered at the Canadian High Com-

office, 17 Victoria street, London, England. Miss Isabel Macbeth, of Sydenham street, is spending a long visit in the

home of her brother, Mr. Charles Macbeth, in Somerset street, Ottawa. Last Saturday Mrs. Macbeth entertained at a small bridge afternoon for the younger folk. The guests included Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Beatrice Burbidge, Beatrice Riley, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Louise Hogg and among others it one of the prettiest and most pleasthe Misses Lee, Mrs. Alex. McDougall, ant events of the season. Mrs. Harris Mrs. Wm. Brophy and Mrs. Chambers. and Miss Harris received and

No perceptible improvement in the of bright-hued tulips, while jonquils health of her excellency the Countess Grey has taken place so far. Lady Sybil's illness has not yet reached the turning point, but Lady Evelyn Grey s able to be out again.

Miss Jessie Hale returned on Mon day last from a very happy visit in Ottawa with Mrs. Arthur Khol. Miss Margery Powell, daughter

last week, the guest list of men and maids including the names of Miss Gordon MacKenzie, Toronto; Captain Eton, Mr. Philip Toller and Mr. Gor-

Miss Toller, of Ottawa, came to London from Toronto on Tuesday evening to spend a visit with Mrs. Beddome, o the Bank of Montreal

Miss Shaw-Wood has returned from a ten days' trip to New York.

Mrs. Burgess, of Huron College, is spending a long visit with her daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Kinnear, in Sault Ste. Marie.

Mrs. Edward Manigault was the gracious hostess of a most enjoyable six-hand euchre of four tables on Saturday last. The guests included Mesdames Edwin Seaborn, Bayly, Anderson, McBurney, Middleton and the Misses Fisher, Dixie Cox, Edna Elliott Nellie Emery, Bethune, Zimmerman Pope, Georgie Burgess, Helen Harris, Eleanor Pennington and others.

Mr. Harry Angus has been spending a week's visit with his parents here, prior to leaving for Johnstown, Penn., where he has accepted a position.

Mr. Cameron, of the Bank of Comnerce, received the sad intelligence of the death of his father in Scotland on Monday, and will sail for Scotland from New York on Tuesday next. Mr. cameron is a great favorite in London, and much sympathy is extended to him in his sad bereavement.

Dr. George Wilson and Mr. Charlie Hunt arrived in Ottawa on Saturday afternoon last, and were entertained by Hon, Charles and Mrs. Hyman, Dr. Vilson returned home on Wednesday morning and Mr. Hunt on Thursday norning.

A week-end supper party was given by Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman in nonor of their London guests, which was a very smart function enjoyed by Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Clemow Miss Marjorie Powell, Mr. Berkeley Powell, Dr. Wilson, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Dyment (M.P., of Barrie), Mr. Logan

and Mr. Hunter. Miss May Brunton left on Monday for Chatham, where she will visit be fore returning to her home in New-

Miss Mary Harrington, of Port Huron, comes to London on Saturday

next to visit Miss Jap Moore.

Miss Douglas Young returned hon Ronorable Mr. Justice and Mrs. Magee and their family in the sad death of their son, Dr. Arthur Bastedo Magee. Sincerest sympathy goes forth to the o Hamilton on Thursday afternoon of

last week, after a very pleasant visit with Mrs. (Dr.) Drake, in Wellington Miss Loretta Caine, of Haliburton, is

Spruce Villa. Mrs. B. C. McCann entertained delightfully at fourteen tables of pro-

Miss Robertson, of Newmarket, is spending a visit with Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House.

Miss Eva McMahon has returned ome from a short visit in Florence, Ont.

Miss Drake, of Chatham, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Landon, in Talbot

Miss Mary Meredith is visiting in the ome of Sir William Meredith, Toronto. Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House

Ridout street, entertained at a bridge

her guest, Miss Robertson. Dr. Alfred Peel has returned from South Africa to his native city.

evening early this week, in

Softly-shadded lights, a profusion loveliest spring blossoms and above all the genuinely gracious welcome which awaited those who responded to the invitations for afternoon tea on Thursday as guests of Mrs. and Miss Harris in Colborne street, combined to make Bullen and Miss Bethune escorted the Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. and Miss
Gordon and Mr. McKee, all of Windsor, are the guests of Hon. R. F.
Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland, in Course of the guests of Hon. R. F.

Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland, in a venetian lace cloth and ways of the guests of the guests of the guests to the dining-room, where Mrs.

John Hunt and Miss Annie Elliot
(Dufferin avenue) presided at an exceptionally pretty table arranged with venetian lace cloth and waves white chiffon, on which rested a basket and hyacinths in small crystal vases lent exquisite fragrance. Miss Edna Miss Ada Somerville. Mary Macfie, and Miss Madge Smith were the tea room assistants, and among the half hundred who enjoyed the afternoon were Mrs. Andrew Cleg-horn, Mrs. Jack Smallman, Mrs. R. Grant Fisher, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs.

Red Rose

"IS GOOD TEA"

It is good tea because it is made of the young, tender, juicy leaves of the ten plants of Northern India and Ceylon.

These leaves contain a large percentage of Theine, which is a mild stimulant and an aid to digestion.

This is why Red Rose Tea is good, not only while you are drinking it, but is good after you drink it.

Michie, Miss Boucher, Somerville, the Misses Miss Gladys Miss Maud Mackenzie, Miss Mary Puddicombe, Miss Macbeth, Miss Jessie Hunt, Miss Shaw-Wood, Miss Helen Richardson, the Misses Nelles, Miss Marian Mc-Callum, Miss Gerrard, Miss Alice Brown, Misses Pavey, Miss Nita Hunt and several others.

SOCIAL-TWO Mrs. Becher, Thornwood, was the honor guest of a luncheon, given by Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Toronto, on Thursday. The table was lovely with tulips of a deep old gold shade with crimson centers, arranged in quaint ornaments of glass and silver.

Lady Evelyn Grey was out for the first time after her severe illness on Wednesday.

Miss Laura Hyman, Kent street, leaves for New York on Wednesday next, where she will study in the New York hospital. Miss Hyman is of bright and charming personality, great favorite in the drawing-room and an enthusiastic golfer, who carries with her the sincere affections and best wishes for success of a whole host of friends, by whom she will be very Grosvenor street. much missed

Miss Vera Karn a very bright and charming young lady from Woodstock, spent a few days with Mrs. (Dr.) Engon Wednesday her soprano voice of privilege and a duty to accept the genringing, bell-like sweetness was heard Music Club, Miss Karn sang "Were I of the London Chapters of the Ima Star," by Hawley, and in response to an encore sang "The River and the

Mrs. (Dr.) S. J. Campbell entertained of euchre on Thursday. The event was

Mrs. J. W. Winnett is entertaining this afternoon, in honor of her guest, Miss Eugenie Milkins, of Leamington.

The London girls are never skirt, knitted jersey and jaunty toque, this delightful pastime same have excelled so far as to play hockey with a was marveled at by seven of the local bankers who played them in the Westminster Rink an exciting game, which peted for by the L. C. I. cadets. Much watch. Mrs, Willie Hyman chaperoned among the school children over the and the players were the Misses Anne | prize essay "A Tour Through Canada." Scatchard, Grace Murphy, Allie and Laura Hyman, Ethel McKillop, Louise Culver, Ashplant and the Messrs. Cosby Janes, Harmon, Hartley Green, Wilson, Arthur Bayly and Dann. This picked team of girls have become proficient playing against the Mrs. Counsell, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Misses Mary Macfie, Ada Somerville, Hale, Mr. George Harris and Mr. John Mary Hague, Mary Love, Pauline Ivey, Dorothy Betts and Edna McNab. After next week Miss Dorothy Betts will probably play in Miss Laura Hyman's stead. Yesterday afternoon seven of the young lady hockeyists accepted the challenge of Miss Gilbert to play the St. Thomas girls, who are experts at the game. All of the London players went to St. Thomas yesterday ing and after luncheon, played early in the afternoon, returning home at 6

In speaking of the valentine ball in Toronto last week Saturday Night says: "Quite the loveliest woman the dance was Mrs. Adam Beck, of the guest of Mrs. W. T. Williams, of London, who came as "Folly" in palest charmingly assisted by keeping score, pink crepe paper relieved with white and silver and a lofty Folly cap and bells. Her sweet and perfect face and soft loosely falling brown hair made a the receipient of a pretty silver souvgressive euchre on Friday evening of picture of which none could see

Captain and Mrs. Kaye are en pension at 159 Bloor street, Toronto.

Mrs. Mahoney, of Toronto, will spend a few days next week with Mrs. (Dr.) T. Campbell, in Queen's avenue. Mrs. Campbell has asked some friends for a card matinee on Wednesday.

The Western University presented

tself in gala attire last Monday evening, the occasion being the annual conversazione given by the students. The reception rooms were artistically decorated with scarfs of pale yellow and white, while in the other apartments crimson draperies and various colored flags and ensigns festooned the walls, giving a very smart and pleasing effect. The two concert grammes were excellent, the Italian orchestra discoursed music for those who wandered about viewing the different interesting exhibits of curios, etc., and during the promenade the cosy corners were found very attractive. The refreshments were served by several of the students, who in cap and gown bestowed sweetest smiles upon each and every one. Some of those noted were the Misses Phyllis Henderson, Madge Dearness, Rowat, Frances Screaton, Tessie McMachan, Eva Mac-Pherson, Althea Hotson, Clarice Sage. Florence Mitchell, Gertrude Hodge Messrs. Shore, Hamilton, Washburn Westgate and McAndrew. In receiving Mrs. Waller wore black velvet, with touches of white lace and satin on the bodice; Mrs. Becher had on a handsome toilette of black silk with cut je garniture, and lace fichu; Mrs. Moorehouse was in champagne empiecements and voke of deep cream lace; Mrs. Adam Beck wore an exquisite gown of cream sun-pleated raw silk, the skirt having panel of cream lace, the decolletage with deep cream lace berthe and angel sleeves, and Miss Margery Powell, daughter of Mrs. Berkley Powell, Ottawa, Freida Puddicombe, Miss Beddome, President of the Literary Society, and tissues.

Grant Fisher, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. Jean Dearliess, who received with the patroness, was most becomingly gownening the stomach, promoting nutrition, building up the life and blood tissues.

the Misses MacLaren, Mr. F. E. Powell, the secretary-treasurer, are to be congratulated upon the success of the function.

> Miss Freida Puddicombe and Miss Gladys Michie are spending the weekend in Toronto. Miss Marjorie Gibbons is expected

> nome from Ottawa early next week. Miss Edna Kent returned home from Toronto on Monday last. Mrs. Mara is entertaining informally at the tea hour on Monday afternoon in order to give a few friends a pleas-

> ant opportunity of meeting her sister, Miss Long, of St. Marys. Mrs. Becher, Thornwood, who has been spending a short visit with Mrs. Becher, Sylvan Towers, in Toronto,

> was expected home this evening. Mrs. Becher was among the guests at the marriage in St. Luke's Church. oronto, on Wednesday, of Miss Mary Kathleen Cassels, daughter of Mr Walter Cassels, K.C., and Mr. Harry Duncan L. Gordon, and the brilliant reception and dejeuner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, in

Monday next should be marked with feelings of greatest patriotism, to commemorate the glorious victory of our Canadian heroes at Paarderberg. All lish, in Dundas street, this week, and who possibly can should esteem it a eral invitation of Mesdames Leonard, Ernest Smith and Beddome on behalf perial Order of the Daughters of the Empire to be present at their Paarderberg musicale in the Y. W. C. A. (Wellington street) on Monday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. The entera few of her girl friends at four tables tainment will be very informal and afternoon tea will be served. Some of those who will contribute to the musical numbers are Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. Walter Hungerford, Miss Patti MacLaren, Miss Elsie Green, Miss Wilson, Miss Raymond, Miss Hodge, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Dwight-Edwards, and Mr. Cosby James. It is expected charming than when clad in short that Miss Gibbons will give a violin solo, and that Mrs. Beck and Mr. Edthey glide over the ice on skates. In wards will sing a duet. It is hoped that a large number of the sterner sex will be present to evidence their interest skill which on last Friday afternoon in the highly commendable work of the local order. The collection will be in aid of purchasing a rifle, to be comonly a favored few were privileged to patriotic sentiment has been aroused

> On Tuesday evening last Mrs. Beck, Headley, entertained at a ver re cherche little dinner party in honor of Alfred Mrs. Counsell, of Hamilton. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gates,

> > Mrs. Masuret, Queen's avenue, entertained very happily at cards on Wed-

> > nesday afternoon. Mrs. Gerrard, Miss Kitty Gerrard (Canso), Mrs. Edwin Seaborn, Mrs. Robert Ellis, Mrs. Middleton, Laura Hyman, Miss Beddome. Hunt, Miss Frances Macbeth, Miss MacCallum, Miss Maud Somerville, Miss Ada Somerville, Miss Bullen, Misses Maud and Madeline Pavey, and Miss Edith Scatcherd were those who enjoyed euchre, guests of Mrs. Masuret, in Queen's avenue, on Monday afternoon last. Miss Marian MacLaren very the dainty prizes of small gilt clocks being won by Mrs. Gerrard and Miss

enir spoon for a consolation prize. Mrs. Richard Bayly, in Albert street, entertained at a most enjoyable at home on Monday afternoon last, and was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Anderson. The tea room, beautiful by profusion of fragrant pink carnations and pink-shaded gasolier, charge of Mesdames Ben. Bayly and Robert McBurney, who were charmingly assisted by the Misses. Bayly, Miss Jeffery, Miss MacWhinney and

Miss Robertson, of Newmarket. The mild weather of the past week necessitated the postponment of engagements for toboganning and snow-

The officers and members of the London Rugby Football Club were the hosts of a very jolly dance last even-ing in the Masonic Temple. The honorary patrons were Hon. C. S. Hyman, Mr. George C. Gibbons, Hon. Adam Beck, Senator Coffey and Rev. D. S. Hamilton. The officers of the club are Dr. Palmer Smith and Messrs. W. J. Clark, W. McK. Millman, George Gibbons, J. C. Regan, Gordon Butler and Wm. McGregor, and the committee in charge were Mr. Frank Reid. Mr. P. Thompson, Mr. Archie McMa-

hen and Mr. E. S. Field.

FOR DELICATE STOMACHS.

Most people have trouble in selecting medicine that will relieve without upsetting the stomach. Angier's Emulsion is a known stomach medicine that cures without causing Jean Dearness, who received with the sults. It restores health by strength-