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Sweet as a Rose.

"Should I, Miss Doleful?" she retorts lightly. "What a pleasant evening we have had! Oh, it seems like new life. Is that true about the yacht?"

"Mr. Stancy said something about it——"

"Mr. Stancy! How formal we are!" says Alice with a laugh. "Really, it's—awfully good-natured of him. But he always was good-natured, and how much he has improved!"

Paula looks round at her to see if she is indulging in sarcasm, but the clear cold eyes meet hers undinchingly. "So much more to say for himself, so very pleasant. What a singular thing it is that he won't get married. He is an awfully good parti, you know. Oh, my dear, simple Paula!" and she puts her arm around Paula's waist, "what a lucky girl you might be. How many young persons would give their eyebrows to be in your place!"

"And yet there is a dreadful draught here," says Paula, looking at the window with a smile.

Alice laughs.

"You foolish girl," she murmurs chidingly. "You remind me of the child that cried for the moon on a cold night when there was a good fire for him to sit by if he only chose! What would I give for your chance? Of course you see it; you would be blind if you didn't. It is plain to all of us."

"What is plain?" asks Paula, desperately.

"That Stancy de Palmer is still waiting to make this foolish sister of mine the future mistress of Powis Court."

"Is it?" says Paula with a flush on her face, and a light in her eyes. "And is it not equally plain that she is not willing to be mistress of Powis Court or any other court?"

Alice laughs.

"Don't fly at me like a tigress, my dear," she says, "and don't make hasty resolutions. Let us wait a while. Even you," scornfully, "can't sit and weep forever for a man who doesn't and never did care a pin for you."

Pale and trembling Paula looks down at her steadily.

"That is between me and—him," she says in a low voice. "Leave the past alone."

But Alice is not discouraged.

"I shall be charmed, my dear," she says, "if you will do likewise, and think a little of the present. But that is what you sentimental people will not do, is it? Of all selfish casses, commend me for pure, unadulterated selfishness, to the disappointed lover. You think me selfish and heartless and worldly; but, my dear, I cannot hold a candle to you. Here we are—not only we two, but poor Bob—poor Bob you are so fond of, you know!"—with a sneer—"struggling with genteel poverty which you could raise us from with a word—for you could make your own terms with the Palmers, but you will not. You prefer to sit and weep over that miserable scrapegrace, while your nearest and dearest lie in the gutter! It does not strike me as very noble, my dear Paula; but, then, you see, I have never had the good fortune to be jilted by that flower of his sex, Sir Herrick Powis!"

And with a shrug of the shoulders that gleam whitely through her muslin dress, Alice turns away, and Paula is left to digest the biter words and to make the best of them.

With a gasp as if for breath—with the low, inarticulate cry of a wild animal driven to bay—she covers her face with her hands and sinks to her knees, shuddering with horror and loathing.

No! No! Not even for Bob's sake could she do this thing which Alice wants her to do—not even for Bob's!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When she comes down next morning pale and heavy-eyed, Paula finds her sunshade lying on the table of the sitting-room, beside it a small bouquet of hothouse flowers. Tied to the handle of the holder is a small slip of paper with, "For Miss Paula Estcourt, with grateful thanks," written on it in a thin, Italian hand.

There is something else for her on the table—nothing less than a letter, bearing the huge crest of the Palmers, and addressed to her in the sprawling handwriting of Mr. Stancy. It is to the effect that he has hired a yacht of a man he met at the hotel after he left "the delightful society of Miss Paula last night," and that the writer will be much honored if Miss Paula and her sister will try the vessel today.

Paula crushes the letter in her hand and flings it in the grate, the bouquet and its tiny note she carries to her own room, with an instinctive desire to conceal them from Alice, who comes down radiant and full of anticipatory joy.

"Anything from Stancy?" she asks. "He promised to let us know the first thing this morning."

"Yes," says Paula, indifferently. "There was a note from him asking us to try a new yacht he had hired. He wants us to go this morning."

"No! Really?" exclaims Alice delightedly. "Of course we shall go."

"Not I, I think, indeed, I'm sure," says Paula, trying to speak carelessly, and, if possible, avoid the torrent of remonstrance and expostulation, not to say indignation, which she knows will presently overwhelm her.

"Not you," retorts Alice incredulously. Why—why—what nonsense! Why not?"

"I don't want to," says Paula with a shrug of her shoulders. "Perhaps I'm afraid of the treacherous ocean. Indeed, I feel like the man in the comic song, 'That I was never meant for the sea.'"

"That's all nonsense, and—and subterfuge," says Alice, angrily. "You know he has got this yacht expressly for you. You know he only cares about your going——"

"I know nothing of the sort," Paula says, a touch of crimson coming into her face and her brows drawing straight and ominous. And I do not wish to know it. Why do you worry me?" she says with an unusual burst, half indignant, half pleading.

"Worry you?" exclaims Alice.

"Yes, worry me. Why should I do this or refrain from that when I chose to be exactly the reverse. Have I ever worried you? Ever since I can remember I have leaned to your will, Alice, and, indeed, I have not minded the submitting—not much—but when it comes to this——" she turns her head away.

"To what, pray?" demands Alice, with an air of injured innocence. "To simply asking you to avail yourself of the first opportunity of pleasure and enjoyment that has fallen in our way for nearly a twelvemonth?"

"It would be no pleasure nor enjoyment to me," says Paula, quietly. "You must go along with May. Please go and enjoy yourself, and"—with a laugh—"I hope you won't be ill. I'm sure, or nearly sure, that I should."

Alice opens her lips to renew the argument, but there is something about Paula's face that warns Alice that even Paula can be driven too hard.

"Very well, dear," she says. "Of course, I shall go, and, of course, Mr. Stancy de Palmer will be very disappointed; but I'll make the best of it."

"I am sure that you will do that," says Paula with a laugh, and she goes upstairs.

As she has no wish to meet Stancy de Palmer, and have to contend against his remonstrances and exhortations, she puts on her hat immediately after her breakfast, while Alice is decking herself in a galatea, a witching costume, which has been lying by in anticipation of some such chance as this, and goes down to the beach.

There, in a sheltered nook between two rocks, she coils herself up, book in hand, and watches the green sea rumbling on over the yellow sands, which are already dotted by the various specimens of Nouville society.

But they pass unheeded, as usual, before Paula's absent eyes. She is thinking that today the mail will come in from the colonies—that perchance there may be a letter from dear Bob, fighting with Nature and trying to wrest from his iron grip the wherewithal to enable him to keep his promise to May.

With a sigh of relief she opens her book, but as she does so, happens to look up and sees the maid, who walked beside Miss Hamilton's chair, standing at a little distance from her.

Paula lays down her book and goes up to her.

"Good-morning," she says. "How is Miss Hamilton this morning.

Weston makes her a respectful little bow.

"Thank you, miss. She seems about the same. I think she's a little paler and weaker perhaps."

"I am so sorry," says Paula. "She will not be out today, I am afraid."

Weston shakes her head.

"No, miss; she said she shouldn't go out today. Sometimes she'll stay in for days and days together, lying on her sofa and looking at the sea, or watching the people."

"I wanted to thank her for the beautiful bouquet she was so kind as to send me," says Paula.

Weston bows.

"I'll tell her, miss."

"Do, please, and will you say that I hope she will be better and soon able to get out again? The air must be good for her."

"Yes, miss," says Weston; then she looks at Paula, wistfully, and hesitatingly.

"Well," says Paula with a smile of encouragement, "what were you going to say?"

"I was going to presume, miss—to ask if you'd be so good—you were so kind yesterday—as to come and see my mistress."

Paula colors, conscious of the existence of a desire on her part to comply.

"She sees no one, and it is so dull," says Weston pleadingly, "and—begging your pardon, miss—she seemed to take to you so yesterday."

"Do you think so?" says Paula with a little blush. "Well, I shall be very pleased if you think she would like to see me. When shall I come?"

"Will you come now, miss?" asks Weston, "I am sure she will be pleased to see you, miss, quite sure."

Paula picks up her book at once—and yet a strange feeling of hesitation, almost of repugnance, seizes her; but she shakes it off, and there is no sign of it on her face as she climbs the gentle slope beside Weston, who ventures to make some truly British remarks on the customs of the Nouvillites.

"A-bathing in those costumes, just like horse-riders and acrobats!" she says, with a sniff, and apparently quite forgetful of the Frivolity, and the days—not so very long ago—when her mistress appeared nightly in a similar costume—"and the English ladies are all a-doing it, too!" she says with a shake of her head. "You might expect anything of the French, but that English ladies should join them do surprise me! Whatever would they say if they were asked to do it at Brighton?"

Paula smiles absently, only half listening.

"This is the house, miss," says Weston, as she stops before the white house Flossie's white fingers had indicated the preceding day. "If you'll step into the morning-room I'll go and tell my mistress you've been kind enough to come."

Paula nods, and they enter. As she does so, she notices that Acacia Villa is very different to the usual type of lodging house in Nouville. The hall is carpeted with Persian rugs, and lined with ferns and exotics; the little room she is shown into is a little boudoir fit for a princess in its dainty, artistic elegance. A delicate perfume pervades the place, in which a silence, most profound and impressive, remains unbroken.

If Paula were curious about her new acquaintance, and wished to satisfy her curiosity, there is nothing in the room to assist her. Books and music are scattered about, but there are no theatrical portraits or pictures — not one of the many displaying Flossie in stage costume of which the little drawing-room in Raglan Place used to be so lavish.

Weston comes in with a smile of satisfaction.

"My mistress is very pleased, indeed, miss. Will you follow me, please."

[To be Continued.]

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Local Social Gleanings

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark have issued invitations for a dinner party on Wednesday to celebrate the birthday of His Majesty King Edward.

Mr. Leslie Dowker, of Montreal, came to London on Monday to spend the week at Idlewylde, the guest of the Hon. C. S. and Mrs. Hyman.

Mrs. Hume Cronyn and Miss Allie Hyman were to play the finals in the October handicap of the London Hunt Ladies' Club over the links at the Kennels this morning.

Mrs. Frank Reid, entertained a small party at cards on Wednesday evening, in honor of Miss Janes, of Toronto

Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Mr. Charles Baldwin, of the Imperial Bank, St. Thomas, spent a very delightful week's visit in London with her cousin, Miss Jo Belton, in Hyman street.

Mrs. Edge was the very bright and delightful hostess of an informal bridge party of two tables yesterday afternoon, of which Mrs. Hawley, of Detroit, was the honor guest.

Captain Allen Magee, of Toronto, spent the past week-end with his parents, Judge and Mrs. Magee, in Albert street, and was the delightful raison d'etre of a happy little gathering for afternoon tea at which the guests were Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Leonard and Miss Knapp, Mr. Kortright, Mr. Macfie, Mr. Walter Kingsmill, Dr. Henderson, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Gordon Magee, of Toronto.

Miss Harris, Eldon House, was the very gracious hostess of a most enjoyable luncheon party on Thursday afternoon. Miss Harris wore a smart costume of white serge, and the table was exceedingly pretty with clusters of pink crysanthemums. There were quaint little place cards for Miss Janes, Miss Hale, Miss Peters, Miss Niven, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Gladys Michie, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Dora Labatt and Miss Mary Macfie.

Miss Freida Puddicombe and Miss Marjorie Gibbons went down to Toronto yesterday morning to be guests at Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's coming-out dance, last evening, in honor of Miss Yvonne Nordheimer. The list of debutantes at the very happy function includes many school friends of London girls, Miss Gladys Baldwin, Miss Dorothy Cross, Miss Isabel Ryerson, Miss Elaine Hodgins, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Mary Osler, Miss Mary Gzowski, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Naomi Morrison, Miss Adele Boulton and Miss Machray. Miss Olive Peters, owing to the recent death of her grandfather, did not accept her invitation, as she had intended.

Miss Edna Kent, of Fairlawn, is spending a very delightful visit in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. George Ridout, St. Albans street.

Lord Bury (Viscount), who will come to Canada as A. D. C. to Lord Grey, is the son of the Earl of Albermarle. The Dowager Countess of Albermarle was the daughter of the late Sir Allan MacNab, of Dundurn, Hamilton, at one time speaker of the Canadian Parliament. Miss MacNab was a very lovely girl, and married Lord Bury (as he was then) when very young. The marriage took place at Dundurn.

Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House, was the ever delightful hostess of an enjoyable six-hand euchre party of four tables on Monday afternoon. Some of the guests were Mrs. W. J. Reid, Mrs. Hawley, Detroit; Mrs. Leishley, Toronto; Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. Edge, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Somerville, Mrs. R. K. Cowan, Mrs. James Duffield, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. M. Masuret and the Misses Bayly.

Mr. Walter Kingsmill, of St. Thomas, was in town for the last week-end.

Mrs. James Magee was hostess of a very smart luncheon party of twelve covers at Glenmore on Wednesday afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Charles MacDonald, Cona Lodge, Toronto. The luncheon table was exquisitely dainty with a center of white chiffon arranged over yellow silk on which rested a crystal vase of graceful yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. MacDonald wore a pretty light brown suit and white picture hat. Miss Mabel Magee was in white cloth with hat to match, and Miss Elliot, of Detroit, looked stunning in a very chic navy blue suit. Mrs. Harper had on a most becoming brown suit with brown touque, and Mrs. Frank Reid wore a pretty gray costume. The other guests were Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. Drake, Miss Helen Gibbons, Miss Janes, Miss Tabby Moore, Miss Beddome and Miss Frances Macbeth.

Mrs. Charles Hyman and Mrs. Smallmanwill be the hostesses of the weekly tea at the Kennels on Monday afternoon, and have offered a prize for a putting contest to be competed for by those of the London Hunt Ladies' Golf Club who have not won any prizes before this season.

The marriage of Miss Pauline Astor to Captain Spender-Clay was of transcontinental interest. The wedding was lavish in all its appointments, and connoisseurs declare that no bride outside of royalty ever wore costlier lace upon a gown. The lace is worth more than diamonds and was picked up by Miss Astor in Florentine convents and is reputed to be the oldest Italian lace outside of the Quirinal. The rope of pearls that the bride wore is composed of hundreds of the rarest pearls money can purchase, of extraordinary luster, and secured after careful scouring of the pearl markets of Europe. It is worth £30,000, and, excluding the Queen's, is the finest rope of pearls in the kingdom. The ten bridesmaids, including Lady Sibly Grey, daughter of Canada's new Governor-General, had their gowns especially designed by Worth.

Mrs. George B. Gerrard and her two little ones, Marjorie and Jim, are being welcomed back to town since last Thursday after their long holiday spent with Mrs. Gerrard's father, Dr. Christie, in St. John, N. B.

Miss Maud MacKenzie, Sprucehurst, has returned from a pleasant ten days' visit in Toronto.

Major and Mrs. Twining, of India, are staying with Mrs. A. Pepler in Toronto.

Miss Janes, Toronto, was the bright and charming raison d'etre of a very delightful high tea and card party given by Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, Headley, on Tuesday evening. The table of fourteen covers was handsomely arranged with bowls of beautiful mauve chrysanthemums and the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gates, Miss Janes, Miss Helen and Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Harris, Mr. Kortright, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Graydon and Mr. George Macbeth.

The many girlhood friends in London of Mrs. Alan MacDougal Jones (nee Barker) will be glad to know that her husband has been one of the lucky engineers to receive appointments on the G. T. P., and will be in the Northwest for some time. Mrs. Jones, who is at present with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barker, in Toronto, will very shortly join Mr. Jones in Winnipeg.

Miss Allson Dickison returned on Tuesday evening from a three-months' trip to the old country. Miss Dickison spent a ten days' visit with Mrs. Crawford, nee Taylor, in Montreal on her way home.

Mrs. W. J. Reid received a few friends at the tea hour early in the week in honor of her guest, Mrs. Philip Hawley. The pretty bride wore a becoming gown of lavender crepe de soie, and among those who had the pleasure of meeting her on that occassion were Miss Edna Leonard, Miss Knapp, Miss Ada Somerville, Miss Tabby Moore, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Walter Little and others.

The Rev. Mr. Cody's parishioners in Toronto presented him with a very handsome gold watch, chain and seal a few days ago.

Miss Shaw-Wood's prize of a dozen golf balls for the best score in the last week of October of the London Ladies' Golf Club was won by Miss Fox.

Mrs. John Smallman, Elton Lodge, went down to Toronto to meet Miss Eleanor Smallman, who has been visiting Miss MacLaren at Bleak House, St. Catherines, and returned on Thursday evening. Mrs. Smallman and Miss Eleanor Smallman lunched at the new ladies' club in Toronto street, Toronto, of which they are members. The club is luxuriously appointed, and its membership roll includes les fashionables of nearly all the large towns in Ontario, and proves a great boon for transient members.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Colloredo Mansfield of Austria are distinguished visitors traveling in Ontario. The prince was in Ottawa last week examining pulp and paper mills, with a view to profitably utilizing his own extensive forests in Austria.

While wishing her every success, Miss Trottie Boucher's host of friends regret very much her departure from their midst next week to accept a position as companion in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W J. Reid's nephew, Mr. Philip Hawley, of Detroit, and his charming bride, spent from Friday to Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Reid.

Mrs. J. D. McLeay and Miss Mabel McLeay are visiting in St. Louis.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Charles Leonard was hostess of a smart luncheon party given in honor of her daughter's guest, Miss Louie Knapp, of Ogdensburg.

Miss Janes, Toronto, who is the guest of Miss Gibbons, and one of Canada's most graceful and accomplished horsewomen, looked remarkably well in dark gray habit, mounted on Mrs. Beck's horse. My Fellow, at the weekly run of the London Hunt Club on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Janes hoped to follow the hounds again this afternoon.

Much sympathy is extended to Miss Gibbons, who has for the past few days been confined to the house on account of her knee.

The farewell reception held by Lady Minto at Rideau Hall on Friday afternoon last, was a charming one, though a vein of sadness was felt as the goodbyes were said. Lady Minto wore a beautiful turquoise crepe de chine, with some magnificent diamonds, and the pendant of pearls and diamonds, with a large stone hanging from the center, presented by fifteen gentlemen of Montreal. The Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot wore dresses alike of cream white silk, made in picture fashion, with yokes and ruffled sleeves of lace. The ballroom had a buffet of splendid silver, amongst it being the famous Doncaster cup, won by "Mr. Rolley" in 1875. Lord Minton, then Lord Melgund, riding steeplechases under that name. His excellency was also present to greet the guests.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Seaborn (nee Bucke) are enjoying their lune de miel in Florida. Mrs. Seaborn, who will reside at 719 Dundas street, will not hold her post-nuptial reception until early in the new year.

Thursday was a grand day for the afternoon tea at the Kennels given by Miss Edna Leonard in honor of her guest, Miss Louie Knapp. The large reception room was very attractive with a huge grate fire, and was thronged with groups of pretty girls, whose eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed with the enthusiasm of the day. The car service was demoralized, so very many thoroughly enjoyed a brisk walk home in the glorious autumn twilight. Miss Leonard wore a very chic scarlet and bottle-green plaid cloth shirtwaist suit, the skirt tucked and flared, with large cluster of violets on the corsage, and black picture hat, and the honor guest, Miss Knapp, wore a similar costume of blue and scarlet plaid, with violets and small black hat. Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Baker, very charmingly matronized the tea tables, which were prettily decked with flowers, foliage and scarlet berries, and among the happy coterie were Mrs. Charles MacDonald, of Toronto; Miss Mabel Magee, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Allie Hyman, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Patti MacLaren, Miss Nora Niven, Miss Peters, Miss Harris, Miss Hale, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Madge Smith, the Misses Mary and Geraldine Beddome, Miss Elliot (Detroit), Misses Lillian and Louie Puddicombe, Miss Ada Somerville, Miss Helen Harris, Miss Gladys Michie, Miss Edna Elliott, Miss Zimmerman, Misses Tabby and Jan Moore, Miss Edith Scatcherd and others.

The Misses Laura and Allie Hyman and Miss Mabel Magee were the hostesses of the largely-attended golf tea at the Barracks this afternoon.

It is interesting to note that Lord Lansdowne, who enjoyed such immense popularity while Governor-General of Canada, is one of the few noblemen with a title for each of the three kingdoms, viz., Marquis of Lansdowne for England, Earl of Kerry for Ireland, and Baron Nairne for Scotland.

Mrs. Nichol, of St. Thomas, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George J. Robertson, Markham street, Hamilton.

Mrs. (Colonel) Buchan, of Kingston, whose visit to London was the reason of so many smart little functions, left for Toronto on Tuesday, where she visits for a short time, before returning to her home in Sydenham street, Kingston.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A pathetic letter from a lady who cured her husband of his drinking habits. Story of her successful struggle.

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Miss Lulu Porte, of Oakville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Porte, who formerly lived in Queen's avenue, is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Harry Southcott (nee Maida Campbell), and her wee daughter, who have been spending a three weeks' visit in town, returned home to St. Catherines today.

Miss Olive Peters entertained a very few friends at an informal tea early in the week.

Mrs. Fred Harper was the bright hostess of a delightful little tea at the beginning of the week.

Miss James, the Misses Gibbons, Miss Laura Hyman, Mr. Brunton, Colonel Smith, Mr. George Gunn, Capt. Uniacke and the Messrs. Graydon were guests at a happy little tea given by Mrs. Kaye at Wolseley Barracks in honor of Mrs. Buchan.

Miss Brooke-Hunt, the "girl patriot," from England, who has been extensively entertained by the Toronto Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, last week repeated her conquest of men and women, military and civilian, at Ottawa, where she was the guest of Lady Minto at Rideau Hall previous to sailing from Montreal on the Ionian for home.

Mrs. George J. Robertson (nee Nichol, of St. Thomas), received her wedding calls at the residence of Mrs. John G. Gauld, in South Park street, Hamilton, the first three days of last week. Mrs. Robert Reid, of this city, was among the large number eager to wish the charming bride every happiness in her new life in Hamilton. At the reception, Mrs. Nichol, of St. Thomas, mother of the bride, assisted in the tea-room.

Sir Felix Semon (a distinguished medical man and soldier), physician extraordinary to King Edward since 1901, has with Lady Semon and their son, been visiting in this part of Ontario, and early in the week were in Guelph, where his son will enter the Ontario Agricultural College to pursue the regular course. Sir Felix is a specialist in diseases of the throat and is a professor to the National Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis in London, England, and is also a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war. In Toronto and Montreal Sir Felix and Lady Semon have been extensively entertained.

A pretty wedding took place in the Methodist Church, Thorndale, on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Annie Lavina Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, became the bride of Dr. Alexander J. MacKenzie, of Port Huron. Mr. W. N. Humphries, of this city, a cousin of the bride, presided at the organ and Miss Myra Pickard sang "Oh Day So Dear." The bridesmaids were Miss Mae Smith, a sister, and Miss Jessica L. Hambly, of this city, while little Miss Marjorie Dresden was a dainty little flower girl. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. W. Blatchford, assisted by Rev. J. McInnes. Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, who will reside in Port Huron, have the best wishes of many London friends.

Mrs. Dignan visited the St. Thomas branch of the Woman's Art Association of Canada last week, of which Mrs. Wood is the president.

Mr. Simpson H. Graydon is the guest at Conemara, the home of his mother, Mrs. Simpson Graydon, Dundas street.

Sir John Murray, the noted scientist, and Lady Murray, who have been visiting their niece, Mrs. A. A. Andrews, in Winnipeg, are expected in town to spend another visit with Mr. Archibald MacPherson, in Central avenue.

Miss Labatt, of this city, who has been the guest of Mrs. Newburn, in Hamilton, was among the many who enjoyed a very delightful matine musicale last Thursday given by Mrs. Hering in honor of her guest, Madame Clare Wright, of London, England, who is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music of old London, and possesses a glorious voice.

Miss Jo Belton was the happy recipient of the president's (Mrs. Robert Puddicombe) championship silver cup for 1904, which was so enthusiastically competed for by the members of the London Hunt Ladies' Golf Club, the presentation being informally made at the weekly tea at the Kennels on Monday last, of which Mrs. Becher and Mrs. Puddicombe were the hostesses. Mrs. Becher offered a prize for an approach and putting contest during the afternoon, which resulted in a tie between Mrs. Frank Reid and Miss Jessie Hale, the latter winning in the play-off and securing the prize, two quaint little silver photo frames. During the afternoon Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Buchan drove out for a short while, and among those who enjoyed the chatty cup of tea were Mrs. Drake, Miss Elliot, Mrs. Charles MacDonald, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Philip Hawley (Detroit), Mrs. Peters, Miss Helen Harris, Mrs. John Smallman, Miss Bullen, Miss Nenone Carling and Miss Michie and some of those who came in from the links were Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. John Carling, Mrs. H. E. Salis, Miss Annie Macbeth, Miss Allie Hyman, Miss Harris, Miss May Beddome, Miss Magee, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Olive Peters, Misses Freida and Mary Puddicombe, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Belton, Miss Edith Scatcherd, Mrs. Harper, Miss Shaw-Wood and others.

A delightful feature of the afternon was the presentation of a very handsome silver-mounted green silk umbrella to Miss Beddome, for the highest score of the previous week, the gift of Mrs. Fred Harper and Miss Macbeth, of Bleak House.

Mrs. Charles MacDonald, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Miss Mabel Magee, Miss May Beddome, Miss Janes, Toronto, and the Misses Lorna, Helen and Marjorie Gibbons were a merry party for luncheon at the Kennels on Friday afternoon last, of which Mrs. George C. Gibbons was the hostess.

Mrs. Septimus Denison is expected in London this evening to spend a visit with Mrs. Hume Cronyn. During her residence at Wolseley Barracks Mrs. Denison was a great favorite and her many friends will be delighted to see her at London smart functions during her visit here.

The many friends of Mr. Arthur Stringer, of New York, will regret to hear that his wife (of Dana Gibson fame) is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

An esteemed resident of St. Catharines, Mr. S. D. Woodruff, a relative of Dr. Woodruff, of this city, passed away on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Constable, who spent a delightful time in London, paid a flying visit to relatives in Thorold before returning home to Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Senior, Miss Morrison and Miss Margaret Morrison, of Ayr, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Cl. T. Campbell, in Queen's avenue.

The piece de resistance at the Toronto Hunt Club annual gymkhana was a skirt and bonnet race, the participants to ride a certain distance, dismount, array themselves in dainty attire, mount and finish the course over hurdles, etc. The extraordinary appearance of the men sent the throng into convulsions of laughter, Captain Elmsley, of Stanley Barracks, donned a voluminous blue skirt and dashing floral headgear, the strings of which he held in a masterly fashion between his teeth.

The marriage took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, of Miss Cassie Rust to Mr. T. G. Dyas, son or Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Dyas, who formerly lived in the northern part of London, and were great social favorites.

Cupid is ever a busy little fellow, particularly so in St. Thomas, from which place comes news of another engagement, that of his honor Judge Hughes, to a prominent young society lady of the Railroad City.

The Misses Edith and May Noble, Talbot street, got up a very jolly surprise Hallowe'en party, who went to Mrs. Willie Robinson's, on Richmond street north, and spent a delightful evening, dancing in the attic.

The Hallowe'en party at the London Golf Club house at the Barracks was a splendid success, many attending and everyone entering into the spirit of the various amusements. A huge bonfire arranged by Sergt. Evans, of the Barracks, presented a very beautiful spectacle and the sending up of Mr. Jim Boucher's fire balloon was an intensely interesting operation. Capt. Uniacke appeared as a lovely damsel of the present day and Messrs. Eaton, Brunton and Leonard Tilley were grotesquely funny in their tattered clothing. Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Kaye, Miss Mary Macfie and Miss Beatrice Richardson were captivating in their ragged and most picturesque frocks. At the supper table, laden with all sorts of good things, barberries, crimson ribbons and arch pumpkin faces, achieved a very guant effect. With streamers of red, white and blue flags and brilliantly illuminated with gayly colored lanterns, the marquee was all that could be desired. Blowing out the candle, cutting up the mould, ducking for apples and melting lead and all other fortune-telling devices sacred to Hallowe'en were tried and taffy-pulling lent sweetness to it all. In the wee sma' hours, after the moon had come up to cast ghostly shadows all along the way the merry gathering dispersed. To particularize among the forty or more who enjoyed the evening were: Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Arthur Blackburn, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Olive Peters, Miss Mabel Magee, the Misses Boucher, Misses Mary and Helen Macfie, Miss Norah Dann, Miss Madge Smith, Miss Nora Niven, Mrs. McBurney, Miss Edith Scatcherd, Miss Shaw-Wood, Miss Helen Harris, Miss Mary Puddicombe, Miss Beatrice Richardson, Capt. Uniacke, Col. Smith, Capt. Dann, Messrs. Stewart Leonard, Cameron Brunton, Victor Kerrigan, Jim Boucher, Kenneth Smith, Leonard Tilley, Kenneth Macbeth, Jack Hunt, Hartley Green and others.

The tea given by the president, Mr. Verschoyle Cronyn for the members of the London Golf Club on Saturday last proved a very enjoyable function. Mrs. Betts and Miss Dorothy Betts very charmingly assisted in receiving and pouring tea. Miss Zimmerman and Miss Laura Hyman carried off the laurels of the afternoon—two handsome silver cups, presented by Mr. Cronyn, for an approach and putting contest, Miss Mary Macfie won a consolation prize of a dozen golf balls. There were many visitors in town whose presence added to the enjoyment of the day, Mrs. Buchan, Mrs Baldwin, St. Thomas; Mrs. MacDonald, Toronto; Miss Robinson, of St. John, N. B.; among others noted were Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. Wishart, the Misses Belton, Hyman, Harris, M. Magee, Norah Dann, Somerville, Beatrice Richardson, Shaw-Wood, Zimmerman, Boucher, Niven, Macfie, Colonel Peters and Messrs. W. Pope, Cameron, Bethune, Boucher and others.

Mrs. Frederick White, of 398 Queen's avenue, was the hostess at a very large and enjoyable tea yesterday afternoon. Mrs. White was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Will White, and her cousin, Miss Rena Fleming, of Toronto. The Italian orchestra furnished music for the occasion, and Mrs. Higgins and Miss Sanderson ushered the guests to the tea-room, which was in charge of the Misses May Higgins, Dot Yeates, Rhona Yeates, Freida Clarke, Nellie and Louie Wright. Among the many guests were Mrs. Frank Love, Mrs. B. A. Mitchell, Mrs. Thomas H. Purdom, Mrs. Horace Ferguson, Mrs. Alex. Purdom, Mrs. George F. Jewell, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. (Dr.) Piper, Miss Boddy, Mrs. Hubert White, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Chester Abbott, Mrs. Basil Sterling, Mrs. Joe Booth, Mrs. Millman, Mrs. Andrew Mann, Mrs. John S. Moore, Mrs. Harry White, Mrs. Fred Beltz, Mrs. Fred Spittal, Miss Wilson, Mrs. U. A. Buchner, Mrs. Will Westland, Mrs. Thomas Coleridge, Miss May Fowler, Miss Christie, Miss Lougheed and Mrs. Edmund Beltz.

Beautiful weather, enthusiastic players, and a royal welcome and entertainment by the University faculty and students combined to make the visit of a number of the Alma College tennis players to London last Saturday an event long to be remembered. Upon reaching London in the morning they were met by a committee from the Western University Tennis Club, and taken at once to the extensive and beautiful grounds of the university, which were the scene of the day's struggle. After the morning games, the college students were taken to dinner at the homes of the young ladies of the university, while the gentlemen who accompanied the party were entertained at the university. In the evening refreshments were served at the university, and a social time enjoyed. The college party returned on Saturday evening, enthusiastic in their appreciation of the hospitality of their friends at the university. The three tennis courts, which were in excellent condition, were filled all day, and fourteen events were played, of which nine were won by the university. That the games were keenly contested is shown by the record in games, the university winning 150 and the college 144.

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