

CHILDREN
FASHION

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

HOUSEHOLD
COOKING

Personal

Mrs. Robert Caldwell, Byron avenue, is spending the week-end in Toronto.

Miss Erane Mowat leaves on Saturday to spend the week-end with her parents in Guelph.

Mrs. Gordon Hunt returned yesterday from Chicago, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Howe.

Mrs. J. Russell Croden will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday afternoon next at her home, 530 Waterloo street.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Doupe and family, of Minnesota, formerly of this city, are visiting friends here before leaving for their new home in California.

Mrs. Chalmey E. Strickland and small daughter, Mary, of Saskatchewan, are visiting the former's parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. Edmunds, Wortley road.

Dr. W. M. Shoenbaum has returned from an extended trip to the Pacific coast. On his return trip he spent two weeks at the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn.

Mrs. T. Skinner and Miss Betty Skinner have returned from a delightful visit with the former's daughter, Mrs. Nibset, in Ingersoll, and her son, in Lakefield.

Mrs. Charles W. Coulter and small daughter, Alice and Jane, of Port Arthur, are arriving in the city on Friday to spend the week-end with relatives.

Mrs. Jackson, of Winnipeg, who lectured so delightfully at Wesley Hall last evening, was a guest with Mrs. Gordon Wright, Ridout street, during her stay in the city. Miss Bowes, of Hamilton, was also a guest with Mrs. Wright this week.

The Elgar Ladies' Quartet were recently entertained at the home of Miss Ollie Stur, King street, in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Myrtle Hicks, who, during the evening, was presented with a beautiful luncheon cloth of French damask.

In honor of her little daughter, Lily, Mrs. C. Hooley gave a jolly birthday party of 12 small boys and girls at her home in East London yesterday. Gay Halloween favors made pretty decorations on the tea table and the youngsters enjoyed all sorts of games during the afternoon.

Harold Alexander, barrister, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was a recent most interesting visitor in the city, the guest of his uncle, Henry Macklin, and Mrs. Macklin, in Kent street, in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Myrtle Hicks, who, during the evening, was presented with a beautiful luncheon cloth of French damask.

A pleasant evening is expected on Friday, October 28, when a Halloween masquerade is to be held in the basement of the Church of the Redeemer, corner of Grosvenor and Adelaide streets. There will be games, a program and refreshments, and a prize will be given for the best costume. Strangers are given cordially invited.

A pleasant affair took place recently, when Mrs. E. J. Pulling, Kent street, entertained at a roussette tea in honor of her daughter, Gladys, whose marriage to Mr. Royden Robson takes place at the end of the month. The party was served from a prettily-appointed table, centered with a silver basket of white mums. The bride-elect has been the guest of honor at several happy parties, when her many friends showered her with gifts and good wishes.

A Leamington social event of interest to many Londoners was the reception given last week by Mrs. B. H. Robinson, formerly of this city, the first since, with her husband, Rev. B. H. Robinson, she removed to their new charge. The spacious living-room of the paragon was brightly lit with autumn flowers and here Mrs. Robinson received her many callers, who were admitted by little Miss Margaret Trotter, very sweet in her blue organdie frock. Mrs. Robinson, who were a graceful group of navy headed georgette, with French flowers, was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Fred De Jean, of Harrow, and Mrs. E. Winter, Mrs. Benson Cox and Mrs. Willoughby ushered to the tea-room, which was in charge of Mrs. H. W. Fiddell, of this city, assisted by Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Anderson. Presiding over the pretty table with its Madeira cloth and silver bowl of Ophelia roses and white alyssum and its tall silver candelabra, were Mrs. Murray Smith, who poured tea, and Mrs. Barnaby, who out the loes.

In the Women's Clubs

VICTORIA CLUB

Dr. Anabel McEwen was a most interesting speaker at this week's meeting of the Victoria School Mothers' Club, when she gave an address on the life of mothers and children in India, touching also on the educational system of that country and the custom of child marriages. Dr. McEwen has spent many years in India and her talk proved most instructive. During the evening Mrs. De Pellow gave some charming remarks on the subject of the same several pleasing songs. A shower for the day nursery was held by the club, netting many useful things for the benefit of the King street little ones.

HAMILTON ROAD, L. A.

Mrs. Leonard Copeland, Coleman avenue, entertained the Ladies' Aid, of Hamilton Road Presbyterian Church, at their meeting yesterday, when arrange-

ments were completed for a supper in the church on the evening of November 15. Mrs. Copeland served afternoon tea at the conclusion of the regular meeting.

CHESLEY AVENUE CLUB

The Chesley Avenue Mothers' Club is giving a bazaar and social evening in the school on Friday evening of this week in place of their regular monthly meeting.

Weddings

Feeney-Henry.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Peter's Cathedral on Tuesday morning, October 25, at 8 o'clock, when Miss Marguerite, eldest daughter of J. B. Henry, became the bride of Mr. Charles Feeney, of this city.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and looked lovely in a white lace gown with a train and a small black hat and a corsage of Ophelia roses. Miss Feeney, the bride's sister, was the bridesmaid.

The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful gold vanity case and to the bridesmaid a handsome gold watch. After the ceremony the bride and groom were seated at the head of the table.

The bride's bridesmaid was Miss Feeney, and the groom's bridesmaid was Miss Henry. The wedding was a very quiet affair.

The bride and groom were accompanied by their parents and a few friends. The wedding was a very quiet affair.

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THE BLACK SHEEP

By Ruby M. Ayres

"Has he, indeed?" Laurie bit her lip. She had not known this; she supposed it accounted for the two letters which she had written to Laxton at Barton Manor not receiving a reply.

"What do you think of him?" she asked pointedly.

"I thought you seemed great friends," Laurie affirmed sweetly. "But I don't know him very well."

"Did you?"

"The older girl disliked being fenced with. She thought it was absurd of Laxton to make such a mystery about her acquaintance with Laxton."

"George told me how you got to know one another," she said presently. "Didn't he almost run you down in a motor car?"

"I think it's a lovely car," Laurie shrugged her shoulders. "Do you? I was cramped to death the only time he ever drove me. I must say I like him very well."

"I thought it was most comfortable," Laurie said.

"There was a little silence. Laxton felt angry. It seemed as though he was bent on degrading the poor black sheep and the things which were his."

"I wonder," Laurie went on—"I really wonder how a prim and proper little place like this is so eager to welcome a poor old George. Of course, you know what a fearful rip he is?"

"I like a man of his type myself, but down here—" She paused eloquently.

"I don't think I quite understand what you mean by a rip," Laxton answered calmly. "And, anyway, I don't believe all the silly stories one hears about Mr. Laxton."

"Ah, but then you admit that you don't know him very well. You see, I've known him quite a long time."

"I know him," Laxton said. "I was engaged to him once." She asked with just the right degree of regret and bitterness in her voice.

"Yes, I heard."

"I was fond of him—awfully fond of him. But he had no money, and he can't live on love, can he? Of course, you don't know what it is to be poor—"

"Mother and me. So poor that you have to look at every shilling."

Norah raised her gray eyes. "He did not think Laurie looked poor; his dress was absurdly smart for the country; his shoes high-heeled and ridiculous."

"I should not mind being poor if I cared for a man," she said, bluntly.

"A little gleam of contempt lit the older girl's eyes, but was quickly gone. 'It's so easy to say that when you are rich,' she said, sighing. 'But if George and I had married—' she shivered delicately. 'The poor boy was heartbroken—it was terrible! I can't bear to think of it.'"

Norah rose abruptly.

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER X.

Laxton stayed away from Barton Manor for nearly a fortnight. "He'll never come back," Laxton told herself as each day went by. She hated George Laxton—she wanted the man who had brought that look of hard unhappiness to Laxton's eyes.

Broken-hearted was he, and all for her! Norah stood for a moment at the open doorway, looking into the sunny garden at the foot of the house. Her heart was beating fast, and there was a suffocating feeling of tears in her throat.

She knew now what was the matter with her—she knew the cause of the restlessness that had fastened upon her during these last few days. She hated George Laxton—she wanted the man who had brought that look of hard unhappiness to Laxton's eyes.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF
HENRIETTA
HEN

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

ALMOST HOMESICK.

Never in all her life had Henrietta been so homesick as she was now. She was sitting at the table, looking at her plate of food, and wondering how she could get out of the room for a moment, to be alone.

She had never cared for Laurie Fenton, but she felt now that she hated her for her worldliness and heartlessness; and because, after all, it was she who had brought that look of hard unhappiness to Laxton's eyes.

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