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# ALL FOR HER

His ordinarily pale face was graver even than usual, but it was perfectly calm, and he looked round and met the curious gaze of those about him with a calm steadfastness. For a moment only, as he saw Olivia on the staircase, his eyes wavered and his lips trembled; then he seemed to recover himself and stood silent and self-possessed.

"Faradeane?" exclaimed the squire. "What is this?" and he went towards him agitatedly.

If Faradeane intended responding, the constable prevented him. Almost stepping in between him and the squire, he said, respectfully enough, but firmly:

"Beg pardon, squire, but I caution Mr. Faradeane. I've done so already, as he'll bear witness. I've told him that anything he says may be used against him."

There was a movement of suppressed excitement. Faradeane stood perfectly silent and calm.

"You have cautioned Mr. Faradeane!" said Lord Carfield. "Do you mean to say——"

He stopped, unable to form the question.

The constable nodded grimly.

"Yes, my lord. I'm very sorry to have it so, but it's my duty to charge Mr. Faradeane with wilful murder!"

The crowd of guests exchanged murmurs and glances of amazement, and in the midst of the excitement Olivia glided down the stairs and stood beside her father. She clung to his arm, but did not remove her eyes from the face of the accused.

The last person who was expected to speak, broke the silence. It was Mr. Bartley Bradstone. In moments of great peril, sometimes, your thoroughpaced coward is stung into something that has, at any rate, the appearance of courage.

With a flushed face and a forced laugh he stepped forward.

"What nonsense is this?" he said, and he looked round with an air of impatience. "Mr. Faradeane charged with—— It's perfectly ridiculous!" and he laughed the forced laugh again. "Of course, Mr. Faradeane can explain this—this absurd mistake. Better do it at once, and let the constable look for the right man, Faradeane."

Faradeane just glanced at him; it looked a mere casual glance, but Bartley Bradstone read it as one of warning, and changel color slightly.

"Let—let us go into the library," faltered Lord Carfield.

But the squire shook his head.

"There is no need for that," he said confidently. "As — as Mr. Bradstone stays, Mr. Faradeane can explain this mistake at once and in a few words," and he looked at him with anxious appeal.

The constable waited a second. Everyone seemed to wait while the clock ticked a full minute; then, as Faradeane remained silent, the constable, after a glance round, said:

"This is the case, squire: I was at the end of the lane when Browne ran up and told me to come with him into the wood—something had happened. I went, and I found the body of a young woman. She was quite dead—been shot. Close beside her stood Mr. Faradeane. I asked him what he knew about it, and he—" He paused a moment. "Well, squire, he refused to say anything!"

"Well!" said the squire sharply. "This is not sufficient reason for charging Mr. Faradeane with—with——"

"No," squire," assented the man, respectfully. "But while I was trying to persuade him to answer my questions, and tell me what he knew, I saw something lying on the ground. It was this," and he took the revolver from his pocket and handed it to the squire.

He took it and looked at it, and then at Faradeane. Every eye was fastened on the tiny toy.

"Well? What has this to do with Mr. Faradeane?" demanded Lord Carfield.

"Yes, what has it to do——" echoed Bartley Bradstone indignantly.

The constable glanced at him.

"If the squire will please to look at the pistol, he'll see why I arrested this gentleman," he said stubbornly.

The squire held the revolver to the light, looked at it, and let it drop. It fell upon the tiled hall with an ominous clang, and Lord Carfield stooped, and picked it up.

"That revolver has got Mr. Faradeane's name engraved on it," said the constable. "I asked him to explain—he'll bear me out, squire—how it came there, just close to the body, and he wouldn't tell. There wasn't nothing for it but for me to do my duty, and I did it. I told Mr. Faradeane he'd better come with me to you and my lord, the magistrate, and I advised him to clear the matter up, squire. Perhaps he'll explain what he was doing there and how his revolver happened to be lying beside the woman as was shot, my lord."

Lord Carfield nodded.

"You did quite rightly," he said. "Mr. Faradeane will explain, of course," and he looked at him.

Every eye was fixed on him, every ear strained for his response to this appeal.

Slowly and distinctly came the accused man's reply.

"I have nothing to say."

A thrill ran through the listening and watching crowd. Charged with a cruel murder, and—nothing to say! A half-articulate groan burst from the squire's lips.

"Faradeane!" he made a movement towards him. "You—you have nothing to say! No answer! impossible!"

Faradeane's grave, sad eyes met his anxious ones steadily.

"What the constable says is true," he said, slowly. "I have nothing to add to it—nothing to explain."

Insensibly—but how significantly!—the constable drew closer to him.

"That's what he said over and over again, squire. I couldn't persuade him into anything else. It's my duty to ask for a warrant——"

"No! no! Impossible!" said the squire hoarsely.

"A warrant on the charge of wilful murder," said the constable firmly, but respectfully.

As the words rang in the ears of the horrified group, Olivia left her father's side and approached Faradeane.

For a moment she stood speechless, her dilated eyes fixed on his face, her lips moving, her hand pressed to her heart.

He did not flinch; but there was no assurance of his innocence in his eyes, nothing but a sad impressiveness.

"Why—why did you not tell them?" broke from her, at last. "Why did you not tell them that you are—innocent?" and she caught his arm and clung to it. "You are innocent! Tell them so! Tell them so!"

It was an awful moment. It was an ordeal compared with which the torture of the rack is as nothing. Bartley Bradstone's face blanched, and he made a slight movement; then, as Faradeane raised his eyes, he fell back, for he read in them the assurance that his substitute would remain firm.

"I have nothing to say," said the calm, sad voice; "I am quite ready," and he turned his face away from her.

Her hand lingered on his arm in an imploring clasp for a moment, then, without a cry, she swayed slightly, and fell to the ground.

Faradeane bent down to raise her, but Bradstone and the squire—half a dozen of the horrified crowd, indeed—sprang forward, and he drew back with a sigh.

"For God's sake, take me away!" he said to the constable hoarsely. "I—I cannot bear much more."

Lord Carfield signed to the constable to go into the library, and Faradeane followed, stopping for a second to glance back as they carried Olivia up the stairs, with a yearning and agonized expression in his eyes.

Bartley Bradstone pushed his way into the library.

He was very white, but calmer and more self-possessed than he had been all day, notwithstanding that his bride had been carried from him lifeless.

"This—this is all nonsense, of course," he said, addressing no one in particular. "Faradeane can explain it, if he likes, I'm sure. I don't know why on earth he don't. But, anyway, I'll be bail for him, Lord Carfield."

There was a murmur of approval, for not one of the spectators who looked in the face of the accused believed in the possibility of his guilt.

"Bail is not granted in cases of—in cases of this kind," said Lord Carfield, in a low tone, and he sat down and wrote out the warrant. "If—if you choose to confine Mr. Faradeane in his own house——"

The constable shook his head.

"I couldn't take that responsibility, my lord," he said respectfully. "The gentleman will have to go to the lock-up."

"I am quite ready," said Faradeane again. "Do not make any exception in my favor."

"Once more, Faradeane," said Lord Carfield, rising and stretching out his hands, "will you not explain?"

He shook his head.

"I have nothing to explain," my lord. "Ah!" and his voice almost broke, "do not think me ungrateful for your consideration. If you knew——"

He stopped and turned aside.

Lord Carfield sank into the chair, and covered his eyes with his hands, and the constable retired with the prisoner.

At sight of them the crowd, which had been impatiently waiting at the front, set up a roar; but as Faradeane looked down at them, something in his face silenced them, and a man's voice cried out:

"Shame on ye! What, will ye judge a man guilty 'fore he's tried?"

It was Alford, and he forced himself to the front, and made a lane through the mob by the simple expedient of swinging his huge arm. "Don't be cast down, sir. We knows you're innocent, right enough; but most of us have had too much liquor. Now, make way, there!"

[To be Continued.]


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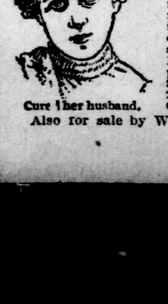

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## The Soul of the Tailor.

The soul of the craftsman can express itself more fully and clearly in tailoring than in any other trade. If the tailor's thoughts are poetic he can issue pastorals in colors that are charmingly suggestive of hillside or meadow, foliage or waving grain; he can make his overcoats speak of bleak December, his dress suits of frolic and festivities, his frock coats of dignity and wealth, his cutaways of self-content, and his sacks of strenuousness, and he may make his waistcoats jingle like limericks, his trousers sing of sunshine or of rain and mud, his spring suits chortle of joy, and his summer suits prattle of flowers. If he is an artist he can make overcoat, undercoat, waistcoat or trousers seem a sensuous haze, a reverie in color, a riot of action, or a vigorous portrayal of conflicting emotions in a decimated field of desolation; and if he is a musician he can impart to his sartorial creations an expression that suggests the bleating of a lamb, the clashing of cymbals, the rat-tat of a drum, the ragtime movement of a cakewalk, the wail of despair, the shout of triumph, the roar of a lion or the bray of an ass.—Sartorial Art Journal.

# SOCIAL GLEANINGS

His Excellency Earl Grey is suffering from an attack of la grippe, and his daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, is confined to her room with measles.

The Hon. C. S. Hyman entertained at dinner on Thursday evening last in honor of Mr. White, of New York, and other distinguished visitors at the capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Lornehurst, entertained delightfully at dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Scott Griffin, of Winnipeg. The handsomely-appointed table was arranged with covers for twelve—the host and hostess, the honor guest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker, Miss Mackenzie (Toronto), Miss Gibbons, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Dr. Becher, Mr. W. R. Meredith and Colonel King.

Miss Eleanor Ponton leaves for her home in Belleville on Monday, having spent a very happy visit in the home of Mrs. Malcolm Kent, Fairlawn.

Afternoon tea at Eldon House, as guests of Mr. George Harris and his daughter, Miss Harris, is always a great pleasure and on Wednesday last it was particularly so on account of the presence of Mrs. Scott Griffin, of Winnipeg, and her sister, Miss Bertha Mackenzie, a very bright and charming Torontonian. Mr. and Miss Harris received and introduced Mrs. Scott Griffin and Miss Mackenzie, after which the pleasant hum of voices emanated from groups of smartly-gowned guests. Mrs. Ernest Smith poured tea at a beautifully-adorned tea table, and was assisted by the gentlemen present. Among the guests were Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, Mrs. Thomas Baker, Mrs. Frank Leonard, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. Thorburn (Toronto), Mrs. (Col.) Peters, Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mrs. Herbert Gates, Mrs. Beddome, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Mrs. Matthew Wright (Hamilton), Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Ada Meredith, Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Lorna and Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Somerville, Miss Beddome, Miss Nenone Carling, Col. King, Col. Young, Col. Peters, Col. Smith, Capt. Betty, Major Layborn, Dr. Becher, Dr. Alexander, Messrs. Robert W. Puddicombe, Thomas Baker, Ernest B. Smith, A. O. Graydon, Marshall Graydon, George Gunn and others.

Captain and Mrs. Duncan Campbell, Miss Lindsey, Miss Crerar, Major Labatt, Mr. Hilhouse Brown, Mr. Layborn and Lieutenants Laidlaw, Black, and Turner were among the Hamiltonians who attended the military ball here.

Miss Freida Puddicombe was the charming young hostess of a very smart luncheon party at the Kennels on Tuesday afternoon. Yellow daffodils added to the attractiveness of the luncheon table, around which were gathered a very merry coterie—Miss Edna Kent, Miss Eleanor Ponton (Belleville), Miss Yvonne Nordheimer and Miss Arnoldi (Toronto), Miss Peters, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Nora Niven, Miss Brunton (Newmarket), Miss Wilson (Quebec), Miss Douglas Young (Hamilton), Miss Gladys Michie, Miss Naomi Morrison (Toronto), Miss Tabby Moore, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Nita Hunt and Miss Marjorie Gibbons.

Mrs. and the Misses MacCallum, of the Asylum, are entertaining at the tea hour on Monday next.

Miss Helen MacDonald, who has been a much-feted guest in the home of Judge and Mrs. James Magee, in Albert street, returned to Toronto on Tuesday morning.

Miss Leslie Smith's visit at Lornehurst came to a close all too soon on Monday last, when she returned home to St. John, N. B.

Miss Violet Crerar, of Hamilton, whose brief visits to her sister, Mrs. Adam Beck, are so enjoyable, returned home on Tuesday.

Earl Grey and family are expected in Toronto on Tuesday, the 21st, where the vice-regal party will attend the yacht club ball.

Miss Lindsey, of West Main street, Hamilton, who came to London for the military ball, has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, in Talbot street.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. S. N. Sterling gave a very smart tea, which was greatly enjoyed by the large number who responded to her invitations.

Mrs. George Tuckett, jun., of Hamilton, was a guest here last week.

Ottawa exchanges tell of the gay doings at the capital of Miss Mollie Hopkirk, Miss Acheson, of Goderich, and Miss Helen Thomas, of Chatham.

Mr. R. K. Barker, of Toronto, was renewing old acquaintances in London early this week.

The old Racquet Court, Ottawa, was the scene of a brilliant ball last week, given by Mrs. Geo. H. Perley, wife of the member for Argenteuil, in honor of her niece, Miss Hespeler, of Waterloo, at which a tall, graceful Londoner, Miss Jessie Hale, was much admired. Miss Eleanor Bate and Miss Thomas, of Chatham, Miss Mary Osler, and Miss Helen Davidson, of Toronto, were also mentioned in the guest list.

Toronto Saturday Night: They are telling a very nice little story of how when Hon. and Mrs. Fielding called upon Lord and Lady Minto, in London, England, they found the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot sitting by the fireside, and that these two, on seeing who were their visitors, cried out: "Oh, please take us back to Canada."

Mrs. Scott Griffin, of Winnipeg, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. MacKenzie Benvenuto, Toronto, came to London this week with her sister, Miss Mackenzie, and are the guests of Miss Harris, of Eldon House.

Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mrs. John Carling, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. John Smallman, Mrs. Herbert Gates, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Mrs. Frank Reid, Miss Crerar (Hamilton), Miss Kate Belton and Miss Harris were guests of Miss Shaw-Wood for a very smart luncheon at the Kennels on Monday afternoon. Miss Shaw-Wood wore a graceful gown of black peau de soie. The table was fragrant with rose carnations.

This afternoon the Misses Gibbons, Lornhurst, were the bright and gracious hostesses at afternoon tea, arranged in honor of the visitors in town.

Mrs. W. J. Reid's military euchre came very fittingly on Saturday afternoon last, and in the intervals between the games the smart touch of color in the flags worn for the different tables served as an impetus to discuss the military ball of the previous evening. Six prizes were captured during the afternoon by Mesdames John Hunt, Maxwell (Steubenville), J. D. Wilson, James Duffield and the Misses Mabel Magee and Kitty Gerrard (New Brunswick). Among those to enjoy the hospitality at Carisbrooke on that occasion were Mesdames Hyman, Gerrard, John Hunt, Maxwell, Macfie, Wilson, Frank Reid and the Misses Douglas Young, and Lulcie Turner (Hamilton), Mabel Magee, Macfie, Gerrard and Helen MacDonald (Toronto).

Miss Gladys Michie, whose visit with the Misses Beddome was one continual round of pleasure, is now enjoying a like visit, the guest of Miss Puddicombe, the Beeches.

A luncheon of fourteen covers at Oakwood, given by Mrs. Frank Leonard, adds to the list of delightful entertainments at which the visitors in town have been the honor guests. Mrs. Leonard and Miss Morrison received, the latter wearing a graceful gown of cream voile, and the guests numbered Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Gladys Michie, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Douglas Young, Miss Peters, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Niven, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Carling, Miss J. Macfie, and Miss Dora Labatt.

A snowshoe tramp and supper at the Kennels were thoroughly enjoyed on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Peters' Toronto visitor, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, the Misses Michie, Morrison (Toronto), Dora Labatt, Freida Puddicombe, Arnoldi, Niven, and the Messrs. Coulson, Kortright, Hunt, Innes Carling, Jack and Hugh Labatt, Hanison (Montreal), and others formed the party.

Mrs. Thorburn, of Toronto, daughter of Sir William Meredith, is the guest of her aunts, the Misses Meredith, in Talbot street.

A very enjoyable euchre party and after dance were given by Mr. Norman Keene on Monday evening at his parents' home, in Stanley street. Palms, carnations and crimson-shaded chandeliers gave a very pretty effect, and a delightful dance programme was furnished by the Italian orchestra.

Miss Cain, of Toronto, is spending a visit with Miss Williams, Spruce Villa.

Mrs. Harold, Queen's avenue, entertained a few friends at a bright thimble tea on Wednesday last.

Mr. Hampson, of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. Jack Labatt, at Indiana.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Miss Carmichael and Sir Frederick and Lady Borden were among those who enjoyed a theater box party in Ottawa last evening, the guests of Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman.

Mrs. (Bishop) Williams is staying with Mrs. Burwell in Oxford street for a short time before residing at Bishopstowe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Gerrard, Mrs. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Macfie, Miss Brunton, Miss Somerville, Mr. Leonard Tilley, Mr. Fred Macfie, Mr. Will Meredith, and Dr. Alexander, were guests of Mrs. Charles Hunt, Merriville, for a much-enjoyed bridge evening, on Thursday last.

Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman were guests at a recherche dinner party, given by Mr. and Mrs. Berkly Powell, in Ottawa, on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Fred Harper spent a few days in Detroit this week.

Mr. Hilhouse Brown came up from Hamilton today to visit his sister, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Tuellyn.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, was the very charming raison d'etre of a large bridge and progressive euchre party given by her sister, Mrs. Frank Leonard, Oakwood, on Tuesday evening, when a bright assemblage gathered around the many tables arranged for the game. Mrs. Talbot Macbeth and Mr. Frank Reid and two others were the fortunate recipients of handsome prizes. To particularize among the many guests were Col. and Mrs. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Betts, Mr. and Mrs. Beddome, Judge and Mrs. Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. George C. Gibbons, Mr. R. W. Puddicombe, Mrs. Macfie, Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Naomi Morrison, Miss Kitty Gerrard, Miss Lucie Turner, Mr. Rumball and many others.

Mrs. Hume Cronyn and Mrs. Betts were the hostesses at the London Golf Club toboggan slide on Wednesday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Thorburn (Toronto), Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Miss Harris, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Wilson (Quebec), were among those who braved the weather and tried the slide for a time, but finding it frightfully rough and the weather likewise, enjoyed a merry time having hot bouillon by the huge grate fire of burning logs in the cosy club house.

Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House, was among the many hostesses of card parties this week.

This evening Mrs. Ernest Smith, Tuellyn, entertains those going to the paper ball in Toronto on Tuesday next, and a few others, at a dinner dance at the Kennels, after which there is to be a rehearsal. The valentine ball is being arranged under the auspices of the Toronto Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and will be a splendid function. The party of sixteen going from London will probably be under the chaperonage of Mesdames Ernest Smith, Niven, (Col.) Young and Frank Leonard, and their watteau costumes are of pink roses on a white ground, four wearing pale green, and four wearing pale pink kirties. The wigs will be a la pompadour of pure white, the girls to have coquettish curls, patches and powder.

Those taking part are Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Edna Kent, Miss Olive Peters, Miss Nora Niven, Miss Tabby Moore, Miss Gladys Michie, Major Layborn, Mr. Coulson, Mr. George Gibbons, Mr. Will Meredith, Mr. Walter Reid, Mr. George Macbeth, Mr. Victor Kent and Mr. Innes Carling.

Miss M. L. (Dottie) Cowan, of New York, who has been visiting in London since early in January, leaves in two weeks to spend a visit with her brother, Dr. Charlie Cowan, in Seattle.

Mrs. William Glass left on Thursday to spend a long visit in Pasadena, California.

The large numbers who each week make it a point to see the performance at the London Vaudeville are delighted that in future there is to be a matinee each afternoon. This week the programme has been particularly good. One specialty in particular, a trick dog, strongly appealed to both old and young.

There will be quite an exodus from town next week. The visitors who came for the military ball and remained over, are departing one by one, and four of the eight London girls who go to Toronto for the 14th, will remain away a couple of weeks. Miss Marjorie Gibbons and Miss Geraldine Beddome go on to Ottawa, where they will visit Mrs. Charles Hyman and Mrs. (Colonel) Toller. Miss Olive Peters will be the guest of Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, and Miss Tabby Moore is to spend a visit with her sister, Mrs. Duncan Macdonald. Mrs. Fred Harper also leaves for Ottawa about the 24th.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, of Sherbrooke, Que., is the guest of Mrs. Frank Leonard, Oakwood.

The walking party out to the London Hunt Club House on Saturday afternoon last, given by Miss Nenone Carling and Mr. Innes Carling, followed by afternoon tea, was a very happy event. Mr. and Mrs. Carling assisted in receiving, and some of the guests were the Misses Edna Kent, Eleanor Ponton, Geraldine Beddome, Marjorie Gibbons, Freida Puddicombe, Hyman, Gladys Michie, Nora Niven, Arnoldi, Peters, Nordheimer, Jap Moore, Dora Labatt, Laura Hyman, Leslie Smith and Messrs. Cassels, George Gibbons, Harrison (Dundas), Victor Kent, Coulson, Kortright, Walter Reid, Hugh and Jack Labatt, Campbell and Lorne Becher, Capt. Barker, Toronto, Colonel King and others.

Mrs. William Masuret entertained a very jolly party of children to a sleigh ride around the city on Saturday afternoon last, concluding with supper for the 75 little ones at Mrs. Masuret's home in Elmwood avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. MacCallum, the Asylum, entertained delightfully at cards on Thursday evening.

Beautiful waves of white tulle on which rested crystal bowls of scarlet tulips, combined a splendid effect for the dinner table at Belvedere on Thursday evening, when Col. Smith entertained in honor of Miss Harris and her visitors, Mrs. Scott Griffin, of Winnipeg, and Miss Mackenzie, of Toronto. The guests included Mrs. Ernest Smith, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer (Toronto), Miss Wilson (Quebec), Miss Peters, Miss Dora Labatt, Colonel King, Captain Betty, Mr. George Hale, Mr. Lorne Becher and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Hale entertained at dinner on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Becher's guest, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, of Hamilton.

Miss Wilson, of Quebec, left yesterday afternoon after a very jolly week's visit at Wolseley Barracks, where she was entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Young.

Mrs. Albion Parfitt, Waterloo street, was hostess of a very enjoyable euchre party of three tables of six on Monday evening. The prizes were lovely, a cut-glass flower vase, won by Miss Bessie Moore, and a pair of gold souvenir sugar tongs, won by Miss Helen MacDonald, of Toronto, while Miss Gladys Michie was more than consoled for having the lowest score with a box of bon-bons. Mrs. Parfitt, in receiving, wore a handsome toilette of black lace, with yoke of black velvet and net, and her guests included Mrs. W. J. Reid, Mrs. J. D. Wilson, Mrs. Jack Smallman, Miss Mabel Magee, Miss Helen MacDonald, Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Gladys Michie, Miss Frances Macbeth, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Jap Moore, Misses Maud and Ada Somerville, Miss Isabel Belton, Miss Aspinal, Miss Bullen, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Helen Gunn and Miss Bessie Moore.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. J. Clark, Wolfe street, spent the past week in Woodstock with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McMullen.

Mrs. Scott Griffin and Miss Mackenzie have returned to Toronto.

Miss Beddoe has returned home to Chicago, after a brief but jolly visit with Miss Gunn in Kent street.

Miss Complin, Ridout street, entertained at four tables of progressive euchre on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Bayly, an excellent euchre player, was successful in winning the prize, a gold hat pin. Among others to enjoy the afternoon were Mrs. Pratt (Revelstoke, B. C.), Mrs. McBurney, Mrs. MacAdam (Sarnia), Miss MacArthur (Winnipeg), the Misses Edith and Etta Bayly, Ada Pope, Patty MacLaren, Lillian Puddicombe, Eleanor Fennington, Florence Wilson, Lillian Elliott, Nellie Emery, Green, and others.

Mrs. Duncan MacInnes has arrived in Montreal from South Africa with her little son, and is staying with her mother, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas.

Mrs. Pratt (nee Sidney Brown), of Revelstoke, B. C., is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Brown, in Kent street.

Miss Inez Taylor was the hostess of a jolly little whist party on Thursday evening, given in honor of Miss Coles, of Sparta.

Mrs. Adam Beck, Headley, entertained last Monday evening at a jolly inpromptu dance, given in honor of her sister, Miss Violet Crerar, of Hamilton. The handsome home, which is so admirably adapted for entertaining, was used for dancing, and the Italian orchestra played a delightful dance programme in the conservatory. Supper was served about midnight at several quartet tables gayly decked with golden yellow daffodils. Mrs. Beck wore black silk, with overdress of embroidered lisse, and Miss Violet Crerar had donned a dainty dress of white chantilly lace over cream satin. Miss Nordheimer, of Toronto, went in pink chiffon over pink taffeta; Miss Douglas Young, of Hamilton, black silk and lace; Miss Edna Kent, white silk sun-ray gown with touches of black velvet on the corsage; Miss Eleanor Ponton, Belleville, yellow muslin de soie with relief of black; Miss Marjorie Gibbons, pale blue silk with embroidered chiffon and lace; Mrs. Lorne Campbell, of Hamilton, looked stunning in black silk; Miss Geraldine Beddome was in black sunpleated India silk, and Miss Tabby Moore also wore black. Others among the bright throng were Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Michie, Miss Peters, Miss Lindsey, Miss Niven, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Brunton, Miss Hunt, Col. King and Messrs. J. and Hugh Labatt, Hampson (Montreal), Victor Kent, Becher, Lorne Becher, Innes Carling, Walter Reid, Geo. Hale, Coulson, Kortright, Crawford, Leonard Tilley, Charles and Gordon Hunt.

Riverview was the rendezvous of les fashionables last Monday afternoon, when Mrs. and Miss Hunt were the hostesses of an afternoon tea, which proved very enjoyable to the many guests, among whom were noted Mesdames Maxwell (Steubenville), Lorne Campbell (Hamilton), Talbot Macbeth, Beddome, Ernest Smith, Becher, Macfie, Charles Moore, Betts, Adam Beck, Peters, John Hunt, Leonard and the Misses Wilson (Hamilton), Laura Hyman, Mabel Magee, Westcott, Beddome, Crerar (Hamilton), Michie, Moore, Turner and others.

The dining room was in charge of Mesdames Fritz Beck and Hunt, assisted by the Misses Freida Puddicombe, Gladys Michie, May Beddome, Brunton and Hunt, who, all in the prettiest of light dresses, dispensed the refreshments from the brilliant table, decorated with pots of red tulips, which were grown at Riverview.

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T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.

BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.


## UNIQUE DESCRIPTION OF A JAPANESE HERO

### THE SPIRIT THAT IS ACTUATING THE MIKADO'S MEN.

Sanko. Takano, sergeant-major, special duty, belongs to the Second Company, Second Cavalry Regiment, Second Division. On a dark night in early April, soon after his regiment had reached the Yalu River, he and Lance-Corporal Shinobu Watanabe were sent out with a third man to ascertain the width and depth of the main stream of the river where it flows between two large islands opposite Wiju. They crossed the first channel in a boat which the sergeant-major and the corporal left on the first island in charge of a third man. Then the two worked across the island to the main stream. The Russians occupied a little village on the opposite side, directly across from the place where Takano and Watanabe struck the river. Takano saw that it would be very difficult to get across without attracting their attention. Ice was running in the river, and the water was bitterly cold. Takano thought that if he tried to swim he would surely arouse the Russians. So he determined to walk across on the bottom of the river, rising occasionally for breath. They had a coil of light rope with them. Takano took off his uniform and fastened one end of the line to his body. Then he picked up a stone to help him keep on the bottom, and waded in, leaving the lance-corporal to hold the rope by which he was to be dragged back whenever he gave a signal of two sharp pulls.

Pounded by the ice and chilled to the marrow by the cold water, Takano struggled on. The water rose over his head, but the heavy stone he carried enabled him to keep on the bottom. Now he could walk a little faster, for he was free from the battering ice; but as he neared the center of the stream the current grew swifter, until, if it had not been for the stone he carried, it would have swept him down. He grew numb from the cold, and it took all his strength, stout swimmer as he was to rise to the surface and stay there long enough to breathe. Yet he dared not drop the weight, for he knew he could not get down to the bottom again. So he worked with Watanabe paying out the rope, until he felt the bottom rising and knew he was beyond the mirdle of the stream. Almost senseless, Takano stumbled along, striving to carry out the letter of his orders and reach the opposite bank. But not even Japanese nature could stand such a test and Watanabe, waiting on the bank, felt the long, steady pull on the rope that told him Takano had lost consciousness. With all his might the corporal hauled in the line, and soon had the unconscious sergeant-major out of the water.

A brisk rubbing and the contents of his flask finally revived Takano, who got into his warm, dry uniform again and started back with the corporal across the island. But when they reached the place where they had left the boat, it was gone. The third man, concluding that they had been captured by the Russians, had started back. There was nothing for it but to swim, so in the two men plunged. The floating ice hammered them and the cold water numbed them, so that they could not make headway against the current and were carried down stream. But fortune had not deserted them, and they drifted against the boat in which their comrade was trying to scull back to shore. He, too, had been swept down stream by the swift water and the ice which hindered his sculling. He hauled them in, and soon they were landed on the Wiju side, to be commended by their captain for showing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii.—Century Magazine.

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