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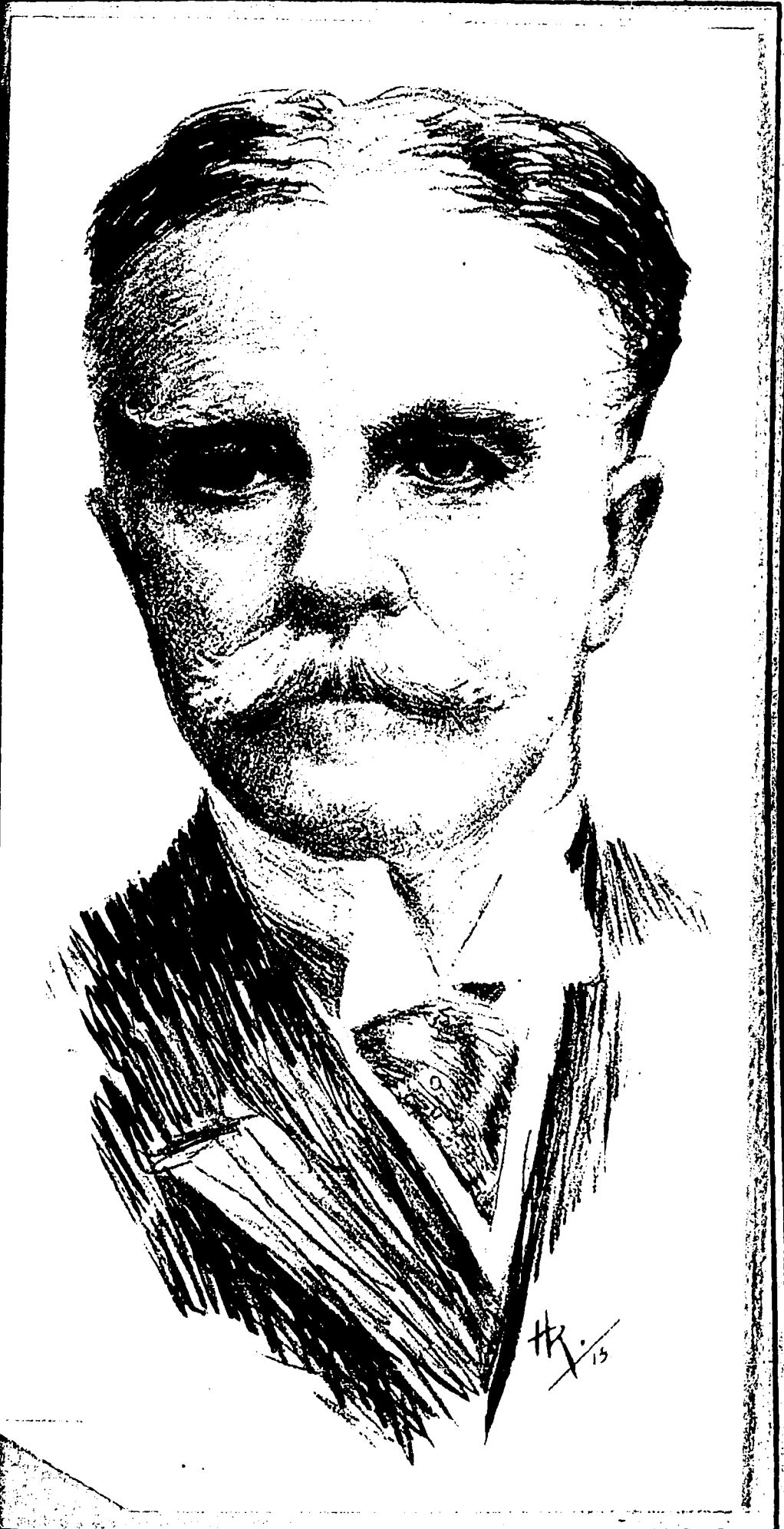
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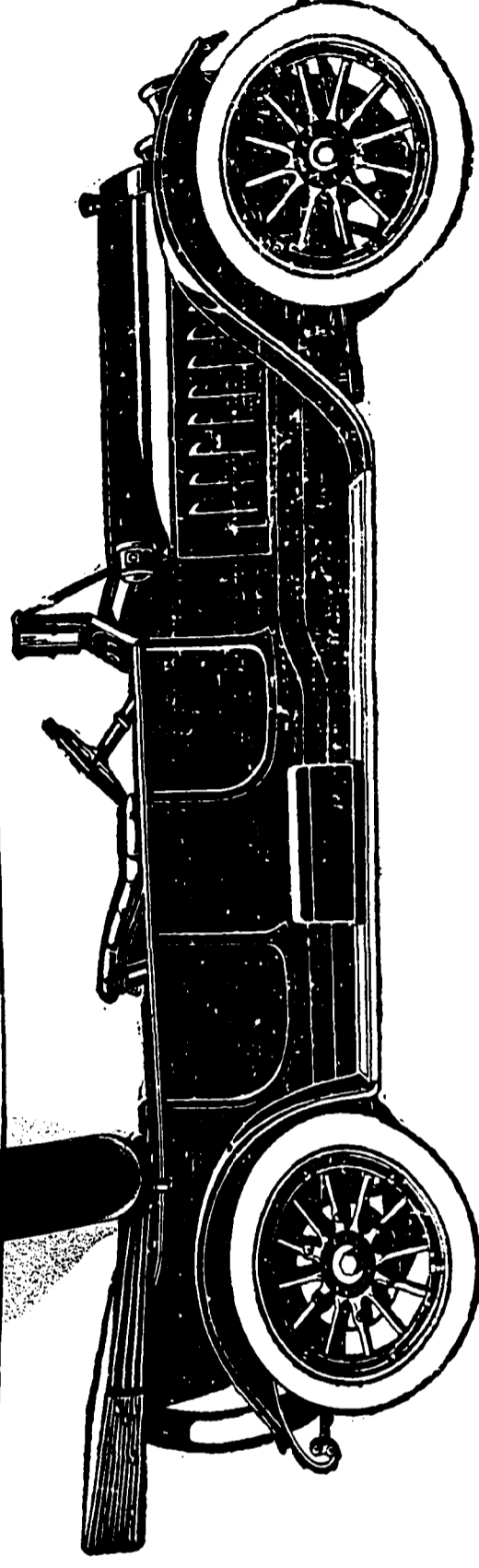
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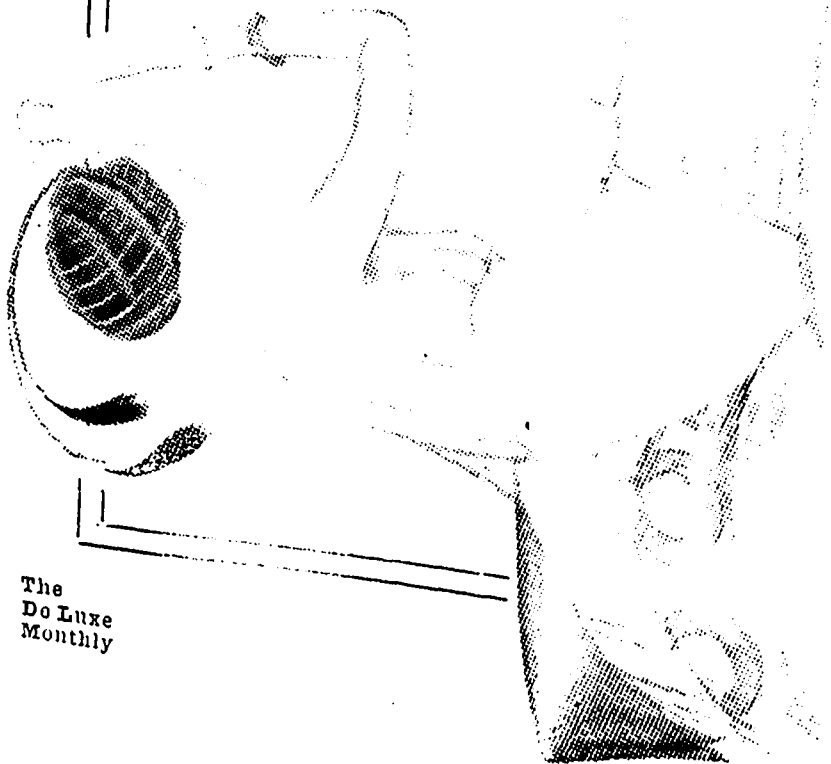
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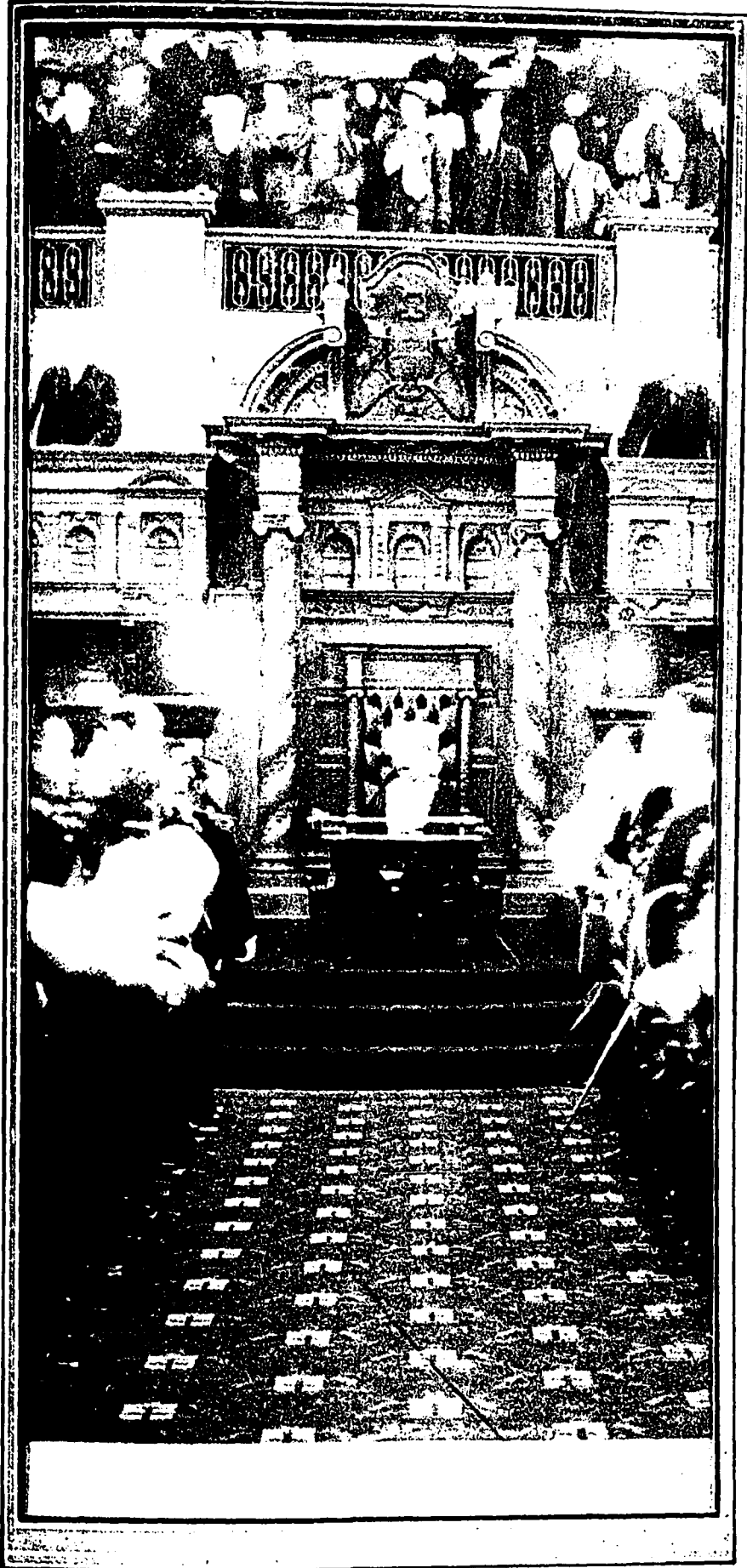
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THE OPENING OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE BY
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JANUARY 16TH, 1913

THE PUBLISHERS' PAGE



We take great pleasure in thanking the public for the splendid reception accorded to the first issue of the De Luxe Monthly. Numerous congratulations have reached the office on the unique and exclusive character of the magazine.

We anticipated a large sale, but the demand was far in excess of the supply, a circumstance which afforded us the highest gratification. Ever since the day of publication subscriptions have been pouring in, which is to us a sufficient guarantee that the "De Luxe" is here to stay.

In reply to the many requests we have received to make a regular feature of certain subjects, we would say that it is our intention to increase the number of our departments as soon as possible. In the current issue, for instance, we are running a short story entitled "Eastern Jealousy." All future numbers will contain a piece of fiction. Another department will be devoted to news of the Clubs, but it will be readily understood that it is impossible to map out a new magazine in full detail from the start, and, for the present, we must "make haste slowly." At the same time, we feel confident that this number will be found to be far superior to the last. Our intentions are to continue the colour scheme, depicting scenes of local interest from month to month.

The photograph shown on page three, illustrating the opening of the local Legislature, is unique, this being the only picture taken of the ceremony, and will doubtless be of special interest to those who took part in this important social function.

We should like to say a few words with respect to the outside cover. We have expended much thought on this subject, and have decided to feature the portraits of prominent men and women in the Province. The first of these is of the Hon. Henry Esson Young, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education, and is from the pencil of Mr. H. Reeve, our staff artist.

We think you will agree with us that the enlarged form of the "De Luxe" is a decided improvement. The first issue was too cramped to do full justice to the illustrations which are to be a feature of the publication.

A word about the photograph contest. We have received a number of photographs, some of which are very good, others medium, but we must have a larger selection to choose from, and for that reason we intend to hold this contest open for thirty days longer, making April 30th the last day on which entries can be accepted. This contest is free to all.

The DE LUXE MONTHLY

VOL. I

FEBRUARY-APRIL, 1913

No. 2

CONTENTS

Dr. Henry Esson Young.....Cover Portrait
Victoria Ice Skating Carnival.....Colored Frontispiece

Illustrations:—	Page
Opening of the Local Legislature.....	3
Mr. R. H. Pooley, M.P.P.	7
Mrs. R. H. Pooley.....	9
Mrs. Julius H. Griffith.....	11
Twilight Grey	38
Alf. T. Layne	42
A Trio of Stage Favorites:—	
Natalie Alt	46
Perle Barti	47
Madge Titheridge	48
The Female of the Species Is More Deadlier Than the Male	49

Literature:—	Page
Publishers Page	4
Un Brasier Dans un Sorbet.....	10-12
Society News	13-24
Motoring	25-26
Society's New Dance, the One Step.....	27
Short Story: "Eastern Jealousy"	28-33
Music: Chopin	34-35
Seen in the Fashion Shops	37
Jamaica, Illustrated	39-41
Plays of the Month, Illustrated	42
Story: "Polite Correspondence"	51-54
Altadena, With Illustrations	55-57

With Other Items of Interest.

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Mr. Pooley is a member of the law firm of Pooley, Luxton
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He was born in the constituency which he now represents
and completed his education at Bradfield College, England.

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PORTRAITS OF LEADING SOCIETY WOMEN



MRS. R. H. POOLEY

Mrs. Pooley (nee Miss Laura Loewen) the wife of Mr. R. H. Pooley, M.P.P., whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, is a recognized Society leader in the Capital City

Photo by Gibson Studio, Victoria.

The
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Monthly

UN BRASIER DANS UN SORBET

Il y avait déjà longtemps qu'il lui faisait la cour, mais rien ne lui faisait prévoir qu'approchait le jour où il pourrait se dire l'heureux amant de Gilda Parny et pour lui, pietiner sur place pendant des mois et des mois, était quelque chose d'aussi extraordinaire que si on l'eût forcé à mettre son habit à l'envers ou à sortir en pyjama dans la rue.

Maintes fois, déjà, il avait failli se désintéresser à cette histoire, mais sitôt qu'il avait pris cette résolution, il se hâtait de revenir sur sa décision tant il se sentait attiré par cette jeune femme. C'était un être tout à fait déconcertant. Une mauvaise langue avait dit un soir, c'est un brasier dans un sorbet, et cette définition qui n'avait jamais été démentie, prenait quelque vraisemblance lorsqu'on regardait attentivement la belle madame Gilda.

Elle était blonde, d'un blond si pâle que ses cheveux semblaient être faits de fil d'argent, et son teint était d'une telle clarté, et d'une telle pâleur qu'elle eût paru irréelle comme les elfes de sa Norvège si elle eût été une belle fille bien de chair. La candeur de ses yeux violets était démentie par le cerne qui les entourait et tout en elle était contradiction.

On ne lui connaissait pas l'aventure, elle avait d'ailleurs une façon correcte et tranquille de décourager pour toujours les courtisans trop entreprenants. Elle parlait avec agrément de peinture, de musique, et même de son ménage, mais sitôt qu'on tentait de parler d'amour, elle faisait comprendre si nettement que ce sujet de conversation lui était tout à fait désagréable, que l'audacieux était bien obligé de s'avouer vaincu.

Mais Gustave de Vierzon la désirait avec tant de force que rien ne le décourageait. Ce soir-là, il la regardait, aider cette bonne madame de Boulingrin chez qui ils avaient dîné, à servir le café. Sa robe rose tombait toute droite, et semblait un peplum antique plutôt qu'une robe. Elle lui paraissait si tentante qu'il ne pouvait en détacher les regards, et tout d'un coup il s'aperçut qu'elle sentait ce regard fixe sur elle, et en était importunée; il eut honte de son indiscretion, rattrapa au vol la conversation, et se mit à raconter une plaisante anecdote.

Un bridge qu'on installait au fumoir les laissa seuls au salon; très troublé, il lui murmura :

"Je vous aime, oh! comme je vous aime."

Très calme, elle le regarda bien en face et se mit tout doucement, comme on cause à un enfant qui a de la peine, à lui démontrer combien laide était sa conduite. Elle était une honnête femme, elle aimait son ménage, elle avait pour son mari une très grande



MRS. JULIUS H. GRIFFITH

This miniature is reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Julius H. Griffith, Vancouver. It is considered one of the finest examples of Mr. E. Lloyd's work.

affection, elle se sentait parfaitement heureuse. Pourquoi risquer de compromettre tant de bonheur paisible par une aventure hasardeuse qui ne la tentait même pas.

Elle disait ces choses avec tant de franchise que Gustave de Vierzon allait lui demander pardon, et ne plus rien tenter pour la revoir, lorsqu'elle croisa les jambes l'une sur l'autre. Le mouvement qu'elle fit releva sa jupe jusqu'au dessus du genou, et Gustave crut deviner dans ses yeux qu'elle l'avait fait exprès.

"Eh, bien, Gilda, ou donc êtes-vous? il nous manque un quatrième, venez donc..."

Ils se leverent sans rien dire.

Un jour, il la rencontra sur les boulevards, il était sept heures du soir, elle parut heureuse de le voir.

"Imaginez-vous que je devais dîner ce soir chez une amie, car mon mari est en voyage, et voilà qu'elle me fait faux bond, si vous étiez chic, vous m'emmèneriez dîner avec vous."

Tout interdit, il accepta. Le dîner en cabinet particulier fut banal, le menu, composé avec soin, les vins choisis avec art. Elle se sentait dans ce petit salon d'un luxe toc, aussi à son aise que chez elle, ou plutôt elle ne paraissait prêter aucune attention au décor. Gustave voulut recommencer ses attaques, très nettement elle le pria de n'en rien faire; il dut donc se résigner à ne la traiter qu'en bon vieux camarade.

Et puis, ils sortirent; il lui demanda de ne pas appeler de voiture, ils marchaient tous les deux sur le trottoir, la porte Saint-Denis découpait sa masse noire devant les réclames lumineuses des théâtres. Comme par hasard, elle prit une des petites rues sales et vieilles qui sont encore là, une de ces rues noires qu'éclairent seulement les lanternes des hôtels louches qu'on voit presque à chaque maison. Des filles sur les portes attendaient.

Gustave allait s'étonner, quand elle le prit par le bras.

"Alors, c'est vrai, vous avez envie de moi. Alors venez!"

Sa voix était devenue rauque et de son visage on ne voyait plus que les yeux qui se cernaient et semblaient être devenus immenses.

Elle l'entraîna dans le couloir d'un petit hôtel borgne, le garçon sortit de sa loge.

"Donne-moi une chambre, la même que l'autre jour."

C'était une pauvre chambre humide et crasseuse; le papier déteint et décollé par places, laissait voir le plâtre du mur.

Le lit se dressait, énorme, avec un édredon rouge couvert d'une dentelle blanche.

"C'est trois francs, fit le garçon."

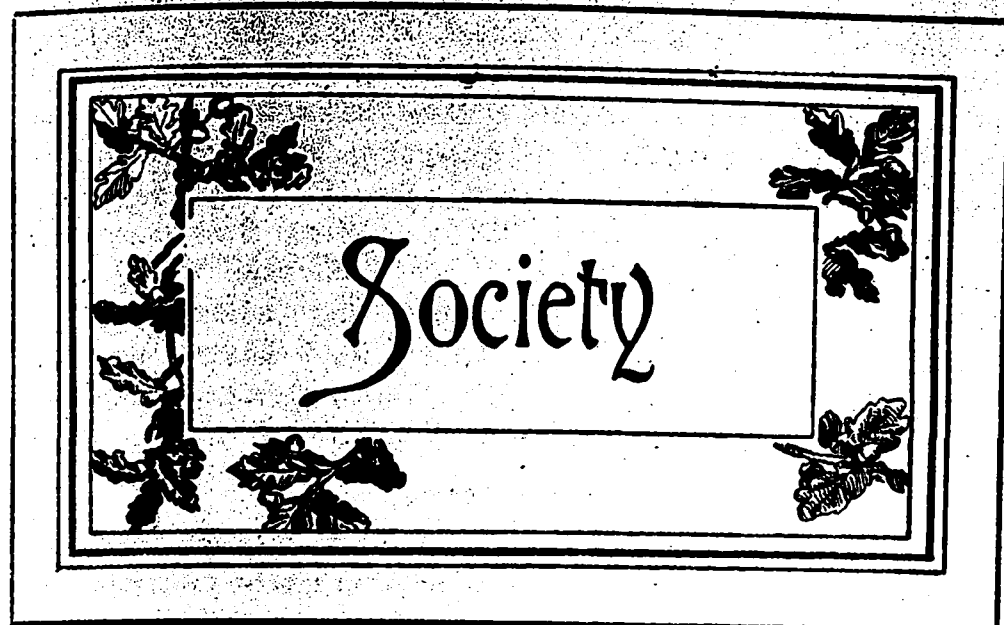
Gustave affolé, anéanti, tendit une pièce de cinq francs.

"Gardez, gardez la monnaie."

Gilda avait ôté son chapeau, son manteau et sa robe, et voilà qu'il s'aperçut qu'au lieu des dessous élégants de femme du monde qui auraient dû être les siens, elle avait dû le linge comme en pouvait avoir une rodeuse de barrière. Ses gros bas noirs en coton étaient retenus aux genoux par un élastique usé d'un rouge déteint, elle n'avait pas de pantalon, et sa chemise—une chemise de grosse toile, sale et fripée—était ornée d'un ruban rouge écarlate. De son bas, elle tira une cigarette et l'alluma.

"Ca t'épate, hein, de me voir comme ça. T'en fais une gueule, n'empêche tout de même que je suis une bath môme."

Pour prouver ses dires, elle se donna une grande claque sur sa cuisse nue et puis les yeux brillants elle s'approcha de Gustave, acheva de lui faire perdre la raison par une savante caresse, et se donna comme une fille, au bord du lit.



Brilliant weather favoured the opening of the House on the afternoon of the sixteenth of January, and some very smart costumes were to be seen. Mrs. Paterson, who was accompanied by the niece of His Honour, Miss Paterson, looked very distinguished in a royal blue taffeta gown, over which was thrown a long satin cloak, with which she wore a large black hat with blue ostrich plumes and an ermine stole and muff. The Bishop of Columbia was there with Mrs. Roper, who was in blue with toque to match and beautiful sable furs.

The Premier, Sir Richard McBride, brought his daughter, Miss Peggy McBride, and the Attorney-General escorted Mrs. Bowser, very smart in hyacinth blue plush trimmed with skunk fur and beautiful lace, and hat of blue velvet with ostrich feather band and osprey. Miss Eunice Bowser was girlishly dressed in gray corduroy velvet with hat to match; Mrs. D. M. Eberts looked stately in mauve satin, with sable hat and furs. She was accompanied by her two daughters, Miss Phyllis Eberts, who was much admired in shot green and blue taffeta, with black hat, and Miss Mabel Eberts, dainty in pastel pink broadcloth and a large white hat. Mrs. H. E. Young, wife of the Minister of Education, was robed in black velvet, relieved with white lace and a plumed black velvet hat; Mrs. Price Ellison, who accompanied the Minister of Agriculture, was in brown, with a touch of blue, and hat to match. Miss Myra Ellison came with her parents.

Among the other invited guests noticed were: the Right Rev. Bishop McDonald, Hon. Edgar Dewdney and Mrs. Dewdney; Senator Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald; Mrs. Herman Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pooley, Mrs. R. W. Dunsmuir, Mr. Carl Lowenberg (German Consul), Hon. Abraham Smith (American Consul) and Mrs. Smith; Mr. Yada (Japanese Consul, Vancouver) and Mrs. Yada; Mr. Gonnason (Swedish Consul) and Mrs. Gonnason; Mr. J. B. H. Rickaby (Mexican Consul) and Mrs. Rickaby; Mrs. and the Misses Dunsmuir; Miss Cridge, the Surveyor-General and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. Justice Galliher and Mrs. Galliher, Mr. W. E. Blakemore; Hon. R. Beaven and Mrs. Beaven; Commander and Mrs. Hose, Mrs. Brooker, the Dean of Columbia and Mrs. Doull; Mr. E. O. S. Scholefield and Mrs. Scholefield and a great many others.

One of the prettiest little "teas" of the month was that given in the Alexandra Club by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Julier after the christening of their infant son at Christ Church Cathedral. The tables were very gracefully arranged with white and red carnations, and spread with the daintiest of refreshments, a conspicuous feature of which was the christening cake bearing the initials of

the baby. Included among the invited guests were: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. R. G. Monteith, Miss Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Spalding, Mrs. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilmot, Mrs. Trevor Cross and Miss Cross, Miss Mary Cross (England), Miss Julier, Mr. Leslie Julier, Mrs. Burge, Capt and Mrs. P. C. Musgrave, Mr. P. Walker, Mrs. Nixon (Thetis Is.), Mrs. W. Holmes, Mrs. C. B. S. Phelan and the Misses Norman, Mrs. White, Miss Robertson, Miss Battle, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Mrs. Norman Raut, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Guy Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. F. Davie, Mrs. A. S. Gore, Mrs. E. M. Johnson, Mrs. Basil Combe, Miss F. Drake, Mr. Goss, Mr. Leonard, the Misses Page, Miss Newcombe, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Wallace.

Macleod-Jessop.

On Monday afternoon, January 27th, a glorious spring-like day, a very pretty wedding was solemnized in Christ Church Cathedral by the Rev. Rev. Dean of Columbia, when Ethel Napier Jessop, only daughter of the late Mr. George H. Jessop, of Crediton, Devonshire, England, became the wife of Mr. George Ronald Macleod, of Shandon, Scotland. The service was fully choral, and the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the altar being decked with calla lilies and the chancel rails massed with palms and lilies. To the strains of the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," the bride, looking beautiful, entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. Napier Jessop. Her gown of white satin, with full court train faced with the palest shade of pink chiffon, was relieved with dainty pearl trimming, and with this she wore the traditional veil and wreath of orange blossoms, carrying a bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. She was attended by Miss Aline Mackay as maid of honour, and by two bridesmaids, Miss Mollie Woodland and Miss Gwenydd Bridgman. They were all robed alike in primrose coloured satin veiled in ninon of the same shade, with girdles of mauve velvet and bunches of violets, and they wore large black velvet hats with pale yellow roses, their bouquets being composed of crimson roses, violets and sprays of lilies-of-the-valley tied with purple ribbon. The duties of best man were ably performed by Mr. Graham, and the groomsmen were Lieut.-Moore, R.N., and Mr. Hugh Thornton.

At the conclusion of the ceremony a small reception was held at the home of the bride's brother, 1026 Carberry Gardens, when Mrs. Schwabe, her sister-in-law, gowned in black velvet, with beautiful Honiton lace and hat of blue and green shot silk with French roses, acted the part of hostess. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Macleod left by the boat for Seattle, starting on their honeymoon trip round the world, their destination being England where they will make their home.

Mrs. Macleod travelled in a tailored costume of navy blue with gray squirrel toque and jacket and muff to match. Her gift from the groom was a handsome turquoise pendant, while the maid of honour and bridesmaids received green enamel and pearl brooches, the best man a silver tobacco box, and the groomsmen silver match boxes.

Following are the officers elected for 1913 at the first session of the Victoria Local Council of Women in Victoria: Miss Crease was declared president by acclamation; first vice-president, Mrs. Donald; vice-presidents, Mrs. Williscroft, Miss Mary Lawson, Mrs. MacPhillips, Mrs. Roper, Mrs. Graves; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gavin Burns; recording secretary, Mrs. J. D. Gordon; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Grant.

Mr. Brabazon Parker of Vancouver, was a visitor to the Capital during the month, renewing old friendships.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Monteith, of Oak Bay, had Miss Hilda Ramsay, of Chilliwack as their house guest for a few days recently.

Mrs. A. W. Nixon, from Thetis Island has been visiting Mrs. P. De Noe Walker, Dallas Road.

Mrs. and Miss Gaudin have left on an extended visit to Southern California.

Miss Fanny Devereux was a passenger on the Marama for Honolulu on her last trip to the Antipodes. Miss Devereux expects to visit friends in the Hawaiian Capital for the next three months.

Other passengers on the Marama were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bell-Irving, of Vancouver, who are on their honeymoon. The bride was Miss Kathleen Morris before her marriage.

Major Heneage and Miss Heneage, from Thetis Island, were recent guests at the Empress Hotel.

Mrs. J. S. Matterson and son have returned from visiting relatives and friends in the Old Country. They were met in Vancouver by Mrs. Matterson, and will live in their new home on Verrinder Avenue.

Mr. Charles Wardle has returned from a very brief visit to England.

Mrs. A. W. Jones, Rockland Avenue, made a charming tea hostess when she entertained very informally in honour of Mrs. J. Ward, a recent arrival from the Okanagan. Among the guests were Mrs. Herman Robertson, Mrs. Harry Pooley, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Robin Dunsmuir, Mrs. George Johnston, Mrs. Victor Eliot, Mrs. Barrington-Foote, Mrs. Despard Twigg, Mrs. R. W. Sperling (Vancouver), Mrs. Roger Monteith, and Miss McNaughton Jones.

Another of the month's hostesses was Mrs. R. P. Rithet, "Hollybank," who chose bridge as her form of entertainment. She gave two afternoon parties on the 30th and 31st of January, and was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Genge. On the first day the prizes were won by Mrs. Nation, Miss Blackwood and Mrs. Fleet Robertson, numbered among the guests being: Mrs. Blackwood, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Love, Mrs. Brett, Miss Blackwood, Mrs. Genge, Mrs. Berkeley, Miss Smith, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. W. S. Gore, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. T. Pooley, Mrs. R. Gibson, Mrs. B. Prior, Mrs. J. Hunter, Mrs. Ker, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Templeton, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. S. Robertson, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. F. Robertson and Mrs. Nation.

On the second day the lucky contestants were: Mrs. G. A. Kirk, Mrs. F. Barnard and Mrs. H. Carmichael, and the players included: Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Home, Mrs. Ambery, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. T. S. Gore, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. N. Raut, Mrs. F. Barnard, Mrs. A. W. Jones, Mrs. H. Pearce, Mrs. Alexis Martin, Mrs. E. V. Bodwell, Mrs. H. Beaver, Mrs. C. Spratt, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. C. Payne, Mrs. J. Raymur, Mrs. B. Heisterman, Mrs. Brooker, Mrs. G. Courtenay, Mrs. Moncrieff, and Mrs. D. Hunter.

On Feb. 7th Mrs. James Raymur gave a large bridge. On this occasion the prizes fell to Mrs. Carmichael and Mrs. Fleet Robertson. The following is a partial list of the participants: Mrs. R. Rithet, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Courtenay, Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. D. Kerr, Mrs. Bechtel, Mrs. Flumerfelt, Mrs. W. Gore, Mrs. B. Heisterman, Mrs. R. Gibson, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. J. Hunter, Mrs. D. Hunter, Mrs. Love, Mrs. Rome, Mrs. Rismuller, Mrs. F. Robertson, Mrs. Stuart-Robertson, Mrs. McDiarmid.

On February 7th Mrs. W. J. Roper, Oak Bay, made a charming hostess at a very largely attended evening reception. Her house, which is particularly suitable for entertainments of this description, was gorgeously decorated with bowls and vases of cut flowers and hot house plants. Beauty and fashion were everywhere. Mrs. Roper received her guests in an artistic French toilette of cerise satin and black velvet.

Dances.

Balls and dances have been the most popular form of entertainment during the last month, among the private hostesses being Mrs. Stuart Robertson and Miss Mara.

The former gave a delightful dance at her pretty home on Belmont Avenue in honour of her daughter, Miss Agnes Robertson, one of the season's debutantes. The supper table was gracefully arranged with trails of ivy and chrysal and vases of red carnations and asparagus fern. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilmot, Mrs. Rismuller, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Prior, Mr. and Mrs. McDiarmid, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. Norman Payne, Miss Blackwood, Miss Bodwell, Miss Little, Mr. Rex King, Miss Phyllis Mason, Mr. Teddy Amberg, Mr. Fixit, Miss Davida Raymur, Mr. K. Raymur, Miss Mara, Mr. Meyerstein, Dr. and Mrs. Bechtel.

At Miss Mara's dance were noticed Mr. and Mrs. David Rogers, Mrs. Weaver-Bridgman with Miss Bridgman, Mrs. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Pemberton, Mrs. D. Pemberton, the Misses Pitts, Mr. Percy Keefer, Mr. C. Wardle, Mr. W. Wardle, Miss McDowell, Mr. V. McDowell, Mr. J. Arbuckle, Miss Brownie Bodwell, Miss Lucy Little, Miss Marion Dunsmuir, Miss Mabel Eberts, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Frances Rogers, Mr. Hugh Rogers, Miss Dodwell and the Messrs. Pitts, Marshall, Thornton, Graham-Graham, S. Gillespie, J. Bridgman,

The invitation subscription dance given at the Dallas Hotel on the evening of Feb. 3rd was undoubtedly one of the jolliest of the season. The guests numbered about 150. Mr. Heaton presided at the piano, and gave the most popular and spirited of dance music that, willy nilly, the dancers were obliged to "tread the light fantastic." They literally could not keep still, however tired!

A most delicious buffet supper was served in the spacious dining room. The tables were prettily arranged with red and scarlet carnations. The thanks of the happy dancers are due to Mrs. George Courtenay, Miss Thomson and Miss England, who so capably arranged the evening's entertainment. The following were noticed among the merry-makers: Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. England, Mr. and Mrs. Keys, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, the latter in a becoming toilette of soft white silk; Mrs. Courtenay in pink; Mrs. Rismuller; Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. Blackwood, Miss Blackwood in white with short paddy green tunic; Mrs. Rogers, handsome in black, and Miss Rogers in sky blue; Miss G. Wilson, black; Miss McIvor, much admired in black velvet en train; Miss Thomson in black and silver over white; Miss England in a dainty robe of white with pearl trimmings; Mr. and Mrs. V. Eliot; Mrs. Charles Gore in tomato red; Mr. and Mrs. C. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilmot; Mr. and Mrs. B. Prior, Mrs. Burge, Miss Mary Cross, in a very pretty creation in white silk, pannier style, of a deep flounce of beautiful lace; Miss Grace Cross, bewitching in a pannier dress of Dresden Liberty silk over pink satin; Miss Battle, crimson tunic over white; Miss Hilda Page, entrancing in black satin with jet garniture; Mr. Jack Hudson, Miss Kathleen Hudson, in simple white; Mr. and Mrs. Rant, the latter in black relieved with dashes of cerise; Mr. and Mrs. C. Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. A.

S. Gore, the latter looking exceedingly well in panne velvet of a crushed strawberry hue en princesse; Miss Hickey, cream satin with bugle bead corsage; Miss Bagshaw and Miss F. Bagshawe; Mr. and Mrs. Law; Mr. George Sutton and Miss Sutton; Mrs. James Raymur, Miss Raymur, Mr. and Mrs. Pethwick, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Napier, Miss Moresby, Col. and Mrs. W. Holmes, the latter looking very pretty in old gold; Miss Newcombe in black and gold over emerald green; Miss Bowron in a modish French gown of white and red; Miss Lawson, Miss Jennie Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cane, Miss P. Mason. A number of men were in attendance.

A tremendous success both socially and financially was the ball given at the Alexandra Club by the Trafalgar Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire to help swell the coffers of the Navy League and the Seaman's Institute. A patriotic scheme of decoration was chosen, as befitted the occasion, the spacious ballroom being decorated with flags and streamers of the Imperial colours, and the supper tables arranged with red and white carnations and blue ribbons. About four hundred dancers were present, who glided to the delightful music provided by Professor Nagle's orchestra. At nine o'clock the ball was opened by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson. The latter wore a becoming gown of pale blue satin draped with gold net. Other guests noticed included Hon. Dr. Young, who was accompanied by Mrs. Young, looking well in white satin veiled in ninon and lace with touches of black. Hon. D. W. Eberts brought Mrs. Eberts and Miss Phyllis Eberts, the former in black ninon over white, and the latter in shell pink satin with overdress of white lace. Mrs. Mesher, Regent of the Navy League Chapter, wore a handsome robe of yellow brocaded satin, and Mrs. Home, acting regent of the Municipal Chapter, was in white satin covered with black chiffon and velvet. Mrs. Cookson was in grey crepe de chine over old rose. Mrs. Hasell wore grey velvet; Mrs. A. W. Jones was very smart in black velvet with corsage embroidered in pearl and gold net. Mrs. Fred Pemberton looked very distinguished in powdered blue brocade made pannier fashion and with a lovely lace fichu. Mrs. Cuppage was graceful in black. Mrs. Hose was in white and Mrs. R. S. Day in yellow. Miss Marian Dunsmuir was very chic in black and white, and Miss Muriel Dunsmuir was sweet in pale blue. Miss Brownie Bodwell was in emerald green tunic over white lace with girdle of old rose; Miss Lucy Little in white with green sash; Mrs. Basil Prior, Miss Norman in a Frenchy frock of pale blue with overdress of pink; Mrs. Maurice Cane in a claret shade of velvet; Miss Newcombe, in blue hand-beaded tunic over black satin; Miss Nora Combe very sweet in pastel pink with spangled overdress; Miss Naomi Holmes in mauve chiffon, and Miss O'Reilly in electric blue with gold trimmings. Among the men were Capt. Hose, Dr. Hasell, Dr. Tomaton, Dr. Home, Dr. Houghton, and the Messrs. Marshall, Garrett, Erlbach, Wakefield, Dickson, Wallace, Columbia, Moore, B. Irving, De Norman, S. Powell, Cane, Bishop, C. Martin, Welsh, Meyerstein, Alford, Tweedie, Young, J. Mason, Wardle, Eliot, Hill, Russell, Denniston, R. Gillespie, Harrison, Fernan, Parker, Davis, Haydon, Muskett, King, Julier, Jessop, Powell and Cartwright.

The Alexandra Club was the scene of a very enjoyable dance, given by the Victoria Ladies' Hockey Club in honour of the visiting team from Vancouver, on Saturday, March 8th, 1913. Miss Thain's orchestra was in attendance, and an excellent programme was rendered, dancing starting at 8.30, and continuing until midnight with very little intermission. As in former years this dance was looked forward to with a very great deal of interest. The chaperons were Mrs. Green, Mrs. Vincent, and Mrs. J. J. Gray.

VANCOUVER SOCIAL NEWS

The Hon. Angus McDonnell has returned to Vancouver from Glenarm Castle and London, accompanied by Lord Basil Blackwood. Both were recently members of the house party assembled at Hatfield House by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury for the grand ball to signalize the coming out of Lady Mary Cecil and also to mark the engagement of their eldest daughter, Lady Beatrice Cecil to the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, M.P. The spacious salons of Hatfield House were thronged with distinguished and titled people, the guests passing up the grand staircase lined with bright-bued azaleas and carnations to King James' drawing room where they were welcomed by the Marchioness and Lady Beatrice. The winter dining room, the marble hall and the summer drawing room were lavishly decorated with exotic bloom and foliage from the conservatories at Hatfield. Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the heir to the Harlech barony, has more than once been in the West during a summer pilgrimage. He is quite a rising politician, is a staunch supporter of woman suffrage, and while at Oxford devoted much time to artistic culture and antiquarian research. He is a connection of Mr. Hope, of Vancouver. Mr. McDonnell, who came over on the Mauretania, spent a few days with Lord Basil in Ottawa, visiting Capt. and Mrs. Walter Long.

Mrs. E. A. Cleghorn left 1630 Hero Street, on the 15 inst for Montreal to be with her son, but expects to return here next autumn. Mrs. Cleghorn is a close follower of all the modern movements in the world of letters, art and science, and her departure is the source of keen regret among a large coterie of those with like intellectual tastes.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Griffith have reached London and are visiting Mrs. Griffith's father, Mr. Robert Lindssay, at his London residence, near Hyde Park.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Henshaw are in town again after an absence of several weeks in Eastern Canada. During their visit, Mrs. Henshaw delivered her brilliant lectures on the Rocky Mountains to large and fashionable assemblages. At Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham at Deancroft, while in Montreal they visited their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Marden, who, with their two little children, have returned from a residence of several months abroad. At Montreal, also, they sent on their felicitations to Mr. Henshaw's sister, Lady Taylor, whose husband was included among the New Year's honours. Sir Frederick Williams Taylor is the manager in London of the Bank of Montreal, and with Lady Taylor, is among the most prominent of the Canadian colony in the metropolis.

Dr. R. V. Dolbey has returned from pursuing a course of post-graduate study in medicine in Germany and London, and has brought his sister, Miss Dorothy Dolbey, on a visit to Vancouver.

Those who made the acquaintance of Miss Pixell during her visit here in 1911, when she spent the summer months at Departure Bay and San Juan conducting under the authority of the Dominion a series of salt water dredgings for biological specimens, will be glad to know of her appointment to a Beit Fellowship in Medical Research.

Mr. Alvo von Alvensleben has gone abroad to spend some time in Germany.

Mrs. John Hope and her sisters, the Misses Dunsmuir, have been in California on a short holiday. Before going south, Mrs. Hope was a guest at a small luncheon given by the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Parsons, Barclay Street, others invited being Mrs. Lefevre and her relative, Miss Ferguson, who accompanied her back from England, Mrs. Edward Mahon, Mrs. Marpole, Mrs. A. D. McRae, and Mrs. C. S. Buttar.

The annual ball under the aegis of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was invested with all its customary brilliance, a fashionable assemblage of over three hundred people gathering at Lester Hall. Coloured posters arranged in hall and ante-rooms served both for decorative effect and as reminders of the Society's propaganda, while in the banquetting room the supper board was set with rustic willow baskets brimful of crimson carnations. The presence of a number of military men in uniform enhanced the brightness of the scene. Among the many smartly gowned women were noticed the President of the Women's Auxiliary, Mrs. J. C. Loewen, in rose pink satin and chiffon, and the Secretary, Mrs. Enthoven, gowned in mist grey ninon embroidered in crystal. With her toilette of jasmine yellow charmeuse veiled in diamante ninon, the Baroness Lenkeit was wearing a gargantuan aigrette rising obliquely from a gleaming bandeau; Mrs. John Hope's robe of Brussels' lace was draped over a jupe of silver and gold tissue; Mrs. Marpole came in a gown of kingfisher blue satin, the bodice of ninon and needlework lace arranged in one-sided Directoire fashion. A striking alliance of sea-weed green and gold brocade and cinnamon-hued chiffon bordered with marabout, was worn by Mrs. A. D. McRae. Mrs. Lefevre, in black charmeuse, with empiements of point de Venise, had brought her niece, Miss Baker, frocked in satin souple of the same sable hue, and Miss Ferguson, in topaz yellow. Others favouring black were Mrs. Sherwood, whose gown showed gleaming embroideries of jet; Mrs. W. B. Ritchie, her corsage brightened by a cluster of red roses; Mrs. Wilmot, whose frock had effective touches of rich white lace; Mrs. E. W. McLean's robe was enriched with cut jet; while the black charmeuse worn by Mrs. Warren was combined with entre-deux of lace. Mrs. Studd came in delicate coral pink, with fichu of fine lace held by a posy of violets; Mrs. Francis Hartley had also donned pink, veiled in white chiffon; Mrs. Arthur Ray was wearing blue in pastel tones; Mrs. Charles Gore wore a distinguished frock of ivory-tinted satin. Ninon de soie patterned in gold and silver combined with maize coloured satin was worn by Mrs. George Macdonald. Mrs. J. R. Seymour came in a lace robe draped with chiffon in graduated shades of petunia; her daughter, in garnet coloured velvet with coque feather trimming of the same hue. Mrs. Gerald Bevan's frock of oleander pink had flounces of delicate white lace. Mrs. Charles Worsnop also appeared in pink, the overdress of broche satin revealing a petticoat of mauresque lace. Mrs. Charles Macaulay's satin robe had a voilage of white and green printed mousseline. Shell pink charmeuse and Empire green ninon with touches of fur had gone to fashion the smart toilette Mrs. McIver Campbell was wearing. Mrs. J. Y. Griffin came in white satin overlaid with gold mesh, showing here and there a soupcon of moss green velvet. Pewter grey charmeuse had been chosen by Mrs. Rolston, eau de Nil satin and guipure lace by Mrs. George Seymour, and dove grey charmeuse with diaphonous tunic by Mrs. Hewitt. Mrs. Noel Wilmot was gowned in myosote's blue, while among those wearing white satin toilettes were Mrs. Walter Evans, whose gown was arranged with lovely lace; Mrs. A. H. Nicols also had a garniture of lace; Mrs. Cecil Smith's, a tunic of black chantilly, while the gown of

Mrs. Tweedale was wearing was partly veiled in pale gladiolus pink, and hand made roses formed the trimming for Mrs. Gradwell's gown. Mrs. Stephen Thompson was in Venetian red mouseline de soie, fashioned en tunique with rich Persian embroidery. Miss Diana Phillips was frocked in delicate grey; Miss Jean Patterson in white satin with gold pailletted overdress; Miss Leckie in pearl white charmeuse and ninon; Miss Phyllis Green in sky blue satin and orchid mauve, the decolletage outlined with Strass; Miss Vera Allen in floral bordered crepe de soie, edged with swansdown; Miss Aileen Green, pale sky blue; Miss Hilda Smith, Empire frock of black net with motifs of embroidery in tones of green; the Misses McLagan were frocked, Miss Hazel in primrose yellow satin with shimmering tunic, Miss Doris in white charmeuse and Limerick lace; Miss Ursula Johnston came in rose pink satin and larkspur blue ninon; while Miss Toby Johnson was frocked in white silk crepe. Miss Janet Tupper wore mist blue satin with chiffon voilage; Miss Ethel Bryant, pearl grey; Miss McGillivray's white frock had panels of lace; while Miss Elsie Maclaren wore back chiffon velvet, en princesse. Both Miss Graeme Lockwood and Miss McConnell favoured soft pink satin and lace; Miss Francis was also in pale pink, while Miss Whitney had on white satin edged with silver fringe.

A few hostesses took parties to the S. P. C. A. ball, Mrs. Lefevre among the number. Her guests at dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hartley, Miss Ferguson, Miss Naomi Baker, Miss Ursula Johnston, Miss Toby Johnston, Mr. Parrott, Mr. Howe, Mr. John Vessey, Mr. Dick Baker and Mrs. Fred. Baker.

The departure of Mr. Charles Bethune for Europe has occasioned deep regret in musical and social circles. As a master of voice production and singing, Mr. Bethune's career in Vancouver has been attended with all the distinction and success his wide knowledge of music would naturally augur, but his authority has ever been tempered with all the charming savoir faire and bonhammie of a delightful personality. Upon reaching the Orient he will visit friends at Hongkong and Java, proceeding by way of India to Italy, where he is to join Mrs. Bethune, who went abroad a year ago. Prior to his departure Mr. Bethune held a largely attended reception at Glencoe Lodge, to bid adieu to his numerous friends and acquaintances and to introduce Mr. Hamilton Earle, his successor. There was delightful music in the palm court by a number of Mr. Bethune's pupils assisted by Miss Varley and Miss Lawson, and Mr. Bethune discoursed charmingly upon the place and aesthetic functions of music. During the evening, Dr Coulthard presented to him a purse of gold as a parting gift from Vancouver friends, Mr. Bethune making sympathetic response. A number of people looked in on their way to one of the weekly regimental dances, but among those who remained for the evening to sup with Mr. Bethune were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar-Taylor, the latter in a black toilette, who had brought their son and daughter, Miss Taylor also wearing black, the tulle overdress showing incrustations of jet; Mrs. Mitchell-Innes, who wore a mantilla of white Spanish lace with her picturesque frock of chiffon taffeta shot with tones of malachite green and draped with fine needlepoint lace, was escorted by her husband, and accompanied by her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bevan. A graceful frock of delicate apple green satin with tunic drapery of shadow lace, had been chosen by Mrs. Bevan. Murillo blue satin enriched with beautiful embroideries went to fashion the handsome gown that Mrs. Walter Ferrie was wearing with some fine diamond jewels. Mrs. Arthur Ray came in a distingue robe of white charmeuse, the diaphonous overdress of black ex-

quisitely arranged with gleaming embroideries wrought in silver and jet, a soupcon of mauve velvet completing the ensemble. Mrs. Raymer was robed in black, while her daughter had donned a pretty satin frock. Mrs. A. P. Horne, who was accompanied by her husband, had also chosen black. Mrs. Verschoyle's black robe was enriched with jet and paillettes; Mrs. Coulthard in tangerine yellow had a diamante fillet in her hair; Mrs. Tripp's white charmeuse had an overdress of black net applique; Mrs. Flindt was wearing a black and white toilette. Miss Mollison had chosen amythest chiffon velvet, en princesse, the decolletage outlined by multi-coloured embroidery; Miss Dallas, who was wearing a princess robe of black velvet, had tucked a cluster of violets into the corsage and wore over her shoulders a scarf of Brussels lace. Miss Gordon came in Craven's wing charmeuse, the corsage arranged with tulle and jet; Miss Varley, who was with her, wearing a smart frock of ivory tinted satin, the tunic of black chantilly lace caught at the waist by a giant rose of blush pink. Miss Isabel Dann was frocked in finely gathered black ninon brightened by strands of jet, her coiffure completed by a fillet of rose pink tulle. Miss Janet Tupper, whose delightful singing was one of the chief enjoyments of the evening, had donned dull sapphire blue satin caught by motifs of ribbon embroidery, and in her hair was a diamante bandeau and white osprey. Miss Diana Phillips wore a charming frock of dove grey with entredeux of lace in the same tone and a posy of Malmaison carnations. Mr. Ewing Buchan had brought his daughter, Miss Olive Buchan, prettily frocked in white. Miss Swebstone over her cream coloured frock had thrown a cloak of flame tinted satin. Miss Kentish Rankine was in soft toned charmeuse. Miss Levenson, in a pretty toilette, was escorted by her father. Miss Ethel Lawson was wearing a striking frock showing lovely tones of rose pink. Mr. and Mrs. St. John Mildmay were also present, the latter in a princess gown of black velvet, with berthe of Honiton lace.

There was a large assemblage at Lester Hall for the final dance in the series of charming Cinderella gatherings given under the aegis of the Girls' Auxiliary to the General Hospital. Miss Shover, the able President, whose regime has seen so much practical work accomplished for the hospital, has assisting her in welcoming the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Shover, the latter in a toilette of mist gray satin and delicate lace; Miss Gertrude Moore, Secretary of the Auxiliary, in bronze hued charmeuse with ornamentation of gold fringe; and other officers of the association. Among those noticed attending were: Mrs. Phalen, whose toilette was of soft pink chiffon velours and emerald green, brought her daughter, Miss Ola Phelan, frocked in white satin with bouquet of crimson roses; Mrs. Alloway, in white lace and crepe de soie, the skirt accordeon pleated; Mrs. Disher, an Empire gown, showing an alliance of eucalyptus green and dull cineraria purple peau de soie; Mrs. Robert Hale, white toilette; Miss Margaret Smith (Mexico), her sister, was also frocked in white, a huge butterfly bow of tulle on her shoulders. Miss Whitehead came in white satin draped with with pale canary yellow chiffon; Miss E. Whitehead also in white with tunic of flowered silk mousseline; Miss Maude Bowser's smart frock of begonia red had the tunic of Brussels net inset with medallions of lace and the decolletage outlined with Russian squirrel fur. Miss Rudolph was gowned in pinkish mauve satin, the panel tunic enriched with gold metallized embroidery and diamante. Miss Dorothy Macaulay was prettily frocked in white satin as were also Miss Allen, Miss Jean Irvine, Miss Lorna Fraser, Miss Janet clater, Miss Peggy Rose, Miss G. Lord, and the Misses Coutts, of Chilliwack. Miss Margaret Sutherland's

fourreau of azalea red brocaded satin bordered with black fox had a swatted bodice of white fancy net. Miss Eleanor Campbell was wearing gladiolus pink satin and panier tunic of Wedgwood blue chiffon, while Miss Margot Campbell's frock of palest yellow had a wide bouffant hem and was partly veiled in chiffon patterned with tiny blossoms. Miss Fortin's frock of silver gray satin was sashed with cerise velvet. Miss Edith Shaw wore black velvet en princesse; Miss Miller-Shaw, a corselet bodice of lace set into a plisse skirt of mushroom gray chiffon taffetas. Miss Perkins was frocked in white and cherry red. Miss O'Neill came in clematis purple ninon and satin. Miss Beatrice Cook's white frock had a tunic drapery of malachite green chiffon. White marabout bordered Miss Heddle's dress of apple blossom pink; while Miss Dorothy's in pale sky blue had an edging of swans-down. Miss Merritt had donned heath pink satin draped with pale blue; Miss Anderson pink and Dresden chiffon; Miss Latimer, white satin, the Marie Antoinette fichu of fine lace. Miss E. McDowell had chosen reseda green; Miss Easton emerald green and chiffon. Miss Adelaide McLean had chosen blue; Miss Wilson white satin overlaid with black net, applications of cerise. Miss Aileen McLean's frock of currant red had volants of broche velvet. A Greek tunic of opalescent chiffon gave a touch of colour to the frock of white satin Miss Elsie McLaren was wearing; while clusters of mauve blossoms caught up the draperies of the white crepe de soie gown worn by Miss Jones. Embroideries of gold thread were used on Miss Olive Greer's frock of crimson satin and tulle. Miss Wasmannsdorf appeared in pale blue arranged with a tunic of Pompadour mousseline. Miss Bentley favoured pink, her frock having a tabard overdress of dewdrop net. Old gold satin was worn by Miss Burritt; Miss Grace Bye favoured pale pink and blue; Miss Millichamp, deep ambre-hued satin and lace; Miss Barnard, raven black velvet.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Williams are en route to the Orient and expect to return to town in April, after a sight-seeing tour through Japan, China and the Philippine Islands.

One of the smartest events in society circles for some time was the tea, at which Mrs. T. F. Paterson and her mother, Mrs. Eva Tait, entertained a large number of their friends at their home on Haro Street. From 4 to 6 the rooms of their pretty home was filled with guests, who came and went during the reception hours. The spacious drawing rooms and reception hall were beautifully done with pink and white tulips and palms. Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Tait received their guests standing at the entrance to the drawing room. Mrs. Paterson wore an elegant model gown of coral shaded satin. The bodice was fashioned entirely of rich Swiss lace. The high waisted skirt of the satin was draped up at the side under a cluster of roses, and also at the front over a wide band of the Swiss lace, finished with a narrow band of the satin edged with bugle trimming. She wore pearl ornaments with it. Mrs. Tait had on a rich gown of ashes of roses satin, with overdress of black net embroidered with black paillettes and trimmed with embroidery and lace. Three sweet little daughters of the hostess attended gracefully to the duties of the door. Little Miss Evelyn and Miss Ethel wore dainty frocks of blue satin and white lace, and Miss Gladys a frock of pink satin and lace. Miss Hastings' orchestra was stationed in an alcove of the drawing room, screened off with palms, and their music added greatly to the pleasure of the guests. Miss Eura Leeson also sang very beautifully during the afternoon. Assisting the hostess in the drawing room were Mrs. W. J. White, wearing a handsome gown of corn colored satin, draped with gold embroidered ninon and trimmed with golden em-

broidery; Mrs. Cockburn, who wore a gown of pink satin draped with blue ninon and trimmed with pearls; Mrs. Albert Fraser, in a pretty gown of pink silk with chiffon overdress, trimmed with rose pointe motifs and pearls, and Mrs. A. Y. Johnstone, who was gowned in blue satin with overdress of Dresden dewdrop ninon. An artistic color scheme was chosen for the decorations of the dining room. A large cut glass bowl filled with red and white tulips was placed in the centre of the table, and a bed of filmy green tulle was swathed about it. Long chains of smilax were carried from the chandelier to the table. The lights, shaded in green, cast a soft subdued light over the table; the whole scheme harmonizing beautifully with the general coloring of the room. Mrs. Jas. Stark and Mrs. W. L. Tait presided over the tea and coffee urns during the early part of the afternoon, the former wearing a rich gown of pearl grey satin, trimmed with embroidered panels and an overdress of black sequin, and the latter in a handsome model gown of blue Duchess satin, embroidered in pearls and an overdress of steel paillettes. Mrs. R. S. Pyke, who was gowned in pearl grey satin with overdress of ninon in black and pink, and Mrs. Robert Telford in a gown of pink charmeuse draped with a cream shaded ninon, poured during the latter part of the afternoon. The ices were served in the living room, which was done with pink and white tulips. Mrs. C. W. Tait and Mrs. W. I. Paterson cut the ices, the former wearing a gown of maize satin with overdress of cream ninon embroidered in pastel shades, and the latter in a gown of London smoke satin, heavily trimmed with bugle ornaments. Assisting in serving were Miss Edith Tait, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Green, Miss Stark, Miss Beatrice Paterson, Miss Tina Johnstone, Mrs. T. Muir, Mrs. T. Gadd, Mrs. James Tait and Mrs. Fred Tait. Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Tait entertained in the evening the ladies who had assisted them and a number of their gentlemen friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Tripp entertained Josef Lhevinne at supper supper after the concert here. The celebrated pianist left the next afternoon for Portland, and visited Victoria later.

Mrs. John G. Hay entertained at the tea hour at her suite in "The Felix" on Friday afternoon in compliment to Madame Yada, who is leaving the city in about two weeks. In honor of Madame Yada the pretty rooms were decorated after the Japanese fashion. Mrs. Hay was assisted by Mrs. Chas. Macdonald, Miss Young and Miss Lennie Macdonald.

Colonel and Mrs. Holmes, who were occupying the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marpole, during their stay in California, have returned to their home in Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rorison, who returned this week by way of San Francisco, from a holiday trip to Honolulu, are again occupying the house at 1225 Harwood Street, which was formerly the residence of Hon. W. J. Bowser.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Townley moved this week into their suite in Holly Lodge.

Mrs. C. E. Runner entertained a few of her friends very pleasantly at tea at Glencoe Lodge on the 14th of March. During the afternoon Miss Luella Webber sang very beautifully and Mrs. Boronow delighted the guests with her playing. Tea was served from a table prettily decorated with tulips.

Recent guests at Monterey, California, included Mr. J. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Huntting, Mrs. John Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ridley and Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd. and the Misses Dunsmuir and Miss Holmes of Victoria.

Engagements

Mrs. L. S. Messinger announces the engagement of her daughter, Mary Irene, to Mr. Roy Palmer Baker, vice-principal of Okanagan College, Summerland, B. C.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macdonald, of Winnipeg, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen Winnifred, to Mr. John Rogers, of Edmonton, the marriage to take place April 9th.

The marriage has been announced to take place in April of Muriel Edna, eldest daughter of Mr. T. M. Henderson of this city, and Mr. Donald G. Munro Fraser, eldest son of Col. Hugh Munro Fraser, of Tain, Ross-shire, Scotland.

PECULIARITIES OF LOVE.

- Short to say, easy to write, hard to escape.
- The indestructible phoenix of the emotions.
- An advance loan of heaven—and other places.
- A mystery which none but a fool would seek to solve.
- Strongest in the strong, but not always best in the good.
- A tyrant whose caprices take no account of men's deserts.
- The greatest leveler, except death, of human distinctions.
- A lottery which awards a prize and a penalty rolled in one.
- More engrossing than any other mental attitude except vanity.
- Unpurchaseable at any price, given too often for far less than nothing.
- A prize too great either for man's earning or enjoyment.
- Denied to Kings, ignored by rich fools, the comfort, hope and salvation of men.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote the most gruesome stories that have ever been told, just to prove that life is a tragedy and not worth living. But who ever lived fuller and applied himself to hard work more conscientiously in order to make his point? Poe wrote and rewrote, and changed and added and interlined and balanced it all on his actor's tongue, and read it aloud before the glass, so as to get it just right. Poe shortened his days and flung away a valuable fag-end of his life, trying to show that life is not worth living, and thus proved that it is.

That was a foolish saying of Byron: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." Does it not all depend upon the man and the woman? The extent and quality of woman's love compared with man's have furnished the physiologists a great field for innocent speculation. And the whole question is still unsettled, as it should be, and is left to each new crop of poets to be used as raw stock, just as though no one had ever dreamed, meditated and speculated upon it before.



How the Motor Car Is Building Roads In British Columbia

Ten million dollars have been spent on the highways of Canada during the year 1912. The same will probably be true of 1913, with the certainty of augmented appropriations as years go by and the slogan of "Good Roads" resolves itself into the active policy of every province and country. Unrecognized perhaps by a large portion of the continent, the Dominion of Canada has awakened in a most matter-of-fact way to the demands of its rapidly multiplying transportation interests. Railroads have criss-crossed the country from coast to coast, striking energetically into every agricultural belt and mining region with the fore-knowledge that population would follow in the wake of the construction gangs. Three national transcontinentals connect tidewater with tidewater, and from their trunk lines new branches are sprouting to the north and south with the passing of every month.

The same astuteness and foresight cannot be said to have found expression in the public highways that link the trunk lines of traffic with the homes and daily life of the population. While lack of interest has been much to blame, lack of governmental organization and a none-too-heavy exchequer are also responsible. When a motorist crossing the Province of Manitoba compares its roads invidiously to the highways of Belgium, let him recollect that Manitoba's area is 73,000 square miles and its population 100,000 less than the city of Buffalo, while Belgium's area is 11,000 square miles, and its population nearly seven millions as many as in the whole of Canada. Or, if his thoughts run to Massachusetts while touring in Quebec Province, he must weigh mercifully the fact that Quebec is obliged to attend to forty times the area of Massachusetts, and with a trifle more than half the population. However, the nine provinces of the Dominion are endeavoring to hide behind no hedges in their promotion of improved highways, for out of necessarily restricted resources the one province of British Columbia is spending on roads no less than twenty millions between 1910 and the end of 1913—and its total population is not more than 250,000.

There are today in the whole country about 250,000 miles of public highways. Of the more recent and scientifically-built roads,

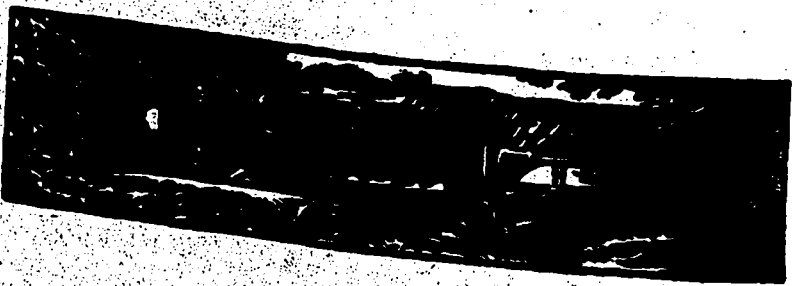
the itinerant observer will often get an incomplete idea of their future excellence for the reason that sections of sound construction have sometimes been isolated, requiring a few years more to bring the intervening patches up to the standard.

While there are as many methods of road construction in Canada as there are classes of soil, a standard of administration has been uniformly adopted that has worked out with ideal results. Each of the provincial governments contributes directly to road improvement, generally in the form of Provincial grants, where municipal organization permits. Each province also maintains an active highway department, a most valuable educative force, whose approval must first be secured upon road construction before the central grant is paid over; the grant in Ontario's case is one-third of the total cost.

The sincerity of public sentiment on the subject of better highways has brought into action the Canadian Highway Association, which is carrying on an extensive propaganda to construct a road four thousand miles in length from Halifax to Victoria. Permanent organizations such as the Ontario Good Roads Association, the Manitoba Association and others have spurred on public opinion to practical results. One of these results is the eagerness of governments to shoulder a million dollars of Good Roads accounts where a few years ago they fought shy of an appropriation of thousands.

The part played by the State (or Provincial) government of the Dominion in the good roads cause is not unlike the same relation in many of the states of the Union. Where south of the border we find thirty-three states with laws providing for complete or partial control of all road construction, and varying degrees of financial assistance, Canada has preferred the uniform plan of using the Provincial governments as secondary to the municipal organization, allowing the latter full initiative in construction and improvement work, while granting a portion of the total cost and maintaining the supreme authority of the central highways department and its engineering inspectors. Where the settlement of new territory demands the building of roads, the Provincial government undertakes that work as a special function.

In telling the story of the public highway in Canada, it is necessary to remember that half of the country, from Lake Superior westward, was non-existent until the Canadian Pacific Railway was run through in 1886, just 26 years ago. In that small interval, British Columbia has accomplished great things in organization, but the ranges of the Rocky Mountains have defied the arranging of municipalities along workable lines, so that the central authorities have undertaken much of the expenditure and oversight of road-making. The Department of Public Works has now five million dollars at its command annually, and while stone for macadam roads is plentiful, the grading of mountain highways is enormously expensive. However, the people are expecting an inrush of tourists on the completion of the trunk roads, as the scenery is unsurpassed. In the past ten years approximately fifteen million dollars have been spent by the government on roads and bridges.



SOCIETY'S NEW DANCE

The one step is THE dance of the hour. The one step is ultra-fashionable, it being first introduced in New York at the Colony Club. Its members gave the dance their seal of approval and it is here to stay

Innumerable quite elderly and reverend gentlemen who last season required five minutes to climb a flight of stairs are among the most active one steppers of the collection.

The one step is not a difficult dance, though it is not as simple as the two step. It appeals especially to those who like a fixed routine of steps where deviation is not as free as in the turkey trot.

Altogether the one step is a lively and fascinating movement. The music to which it is best danced is in rag-time. Couples move erectly; there is no turkey swing. The dance has a run and a side bend, a zigzag and a grapevine step. However, its grapevine is different from the grapevine movement in the turkey trot.

Of course there are many variations of the one step. Each group of dancers adds or omits some of the steps, but the best dancers follow the movements described here:

Gentleman places his right arm around lady's waist, holding her right hand with the left, elbows crossed. Gentleman begins with left foot, lady with the right.

I. To begin the dance, gentleman steps on left, right, left, then bend on right, making half circle in place on count four. Repeat, going around left with same step, bending on right.

II. Gentleman takes four walking steps backward, bending on right foot.

III. Take four walking steps forward in half-open position, retaining arm position.

The above two steps are to be executed in line of direction of hall. The above constitutes the one step without variations.

Variations of One Step

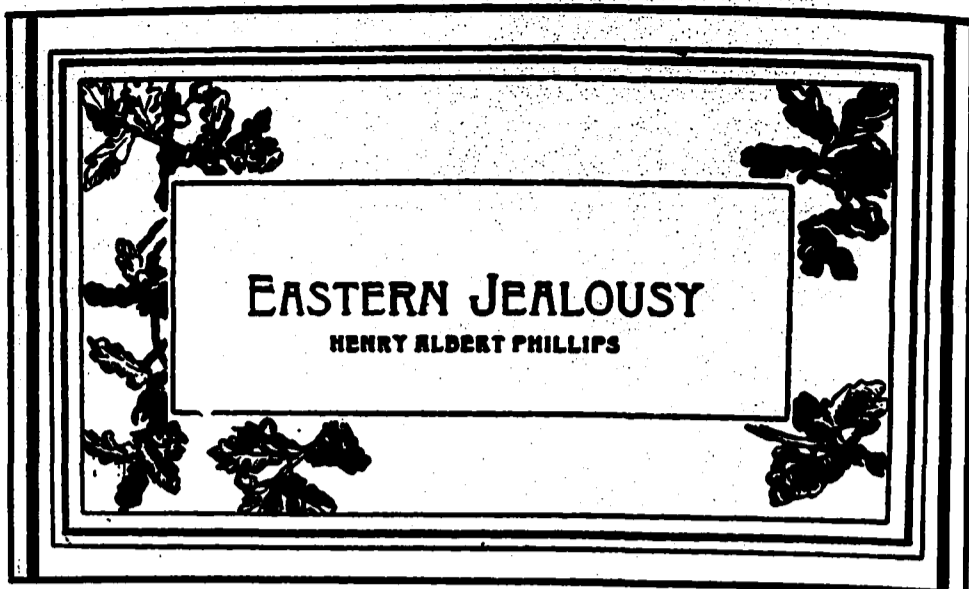
Part A. Execute above figure number one around to right and left.

Part B. Now repeat a third time and end same by pointing left foot to the back and then to the side; the lady points her foot forward as gentleman points backward and then points right foot to the side.

Part C. Repeat the entire of part B.

Part D. The leader: This step is similar to the grapevine and yet entirely different and is executed absolutely forward and back, carrying figure erect. Gentleman begins by stepping back with his left, then on right, lady at the same time executing same steps in opposition.

The entire preceding is repeated again and again, and with variations constitutes the one step which is now being danced by society. The above is an exact and correct description of the dance.



There is but one passion in the Orient that is greater than love—it is hate.

Love in the East is numbered, for the most part, among the delights and pleasures of the flesh; hate is reckoned among the all-consuming passions of the soul.

The scorching link that both separates and binds the two is jealousy.

"There is no furnace equal to the jealous heart," says the proverb; "it consumeth Life, Kingdoms, and even the fear of Allah!"

In all the countryside round about the village of Kismeth, had gone forth the report for years of the two beautiful daughters of Kharjal Punj, the wealthy merchant who lived on the gorgeous Hill of Blessings. The love of Ourida for Fatima was equalled nowhere, save by the love of Fatima for Ourida.

For seven years sweet harmony had shed its blessings over the household of Kharjal Punj, and had won for it the name of "Paradise." When the village of Kismeth baked and sweated during the long, terrible nights of the dry season, the Hill of Blessings was veiled in cooling zephyrs that were said to descend straight from heaven. When the drought seized the poor wretches in the village, and twisted their throats till their tongues hung from their mouths, the Hill of Blessings was disporting in the cool, perpetual waters of a wonderful fountain that sprang from the side of a rock in Kharjal Punj's luxuriant garden. When the people of Kismeth often tore each other's hearts and throats in discord, the strident cries were softened to vagrant echoes that neither disturbed, nor ruffled the gentle peace and music-laden air of the hill-top. So the Hill of Blessings had become the home of the blessed.

About the time the magic seven years were come to an end, Kharjal Punj did an unholy thing: he brought an Englishman within the sacred precincts of his home, where, contrary to custom, his beautiful daughters wandered about in freedom, unveiled.

Eric Blaisdell expressed neither surprise nor amazement at this unwonted courtesy. For ten years he had been wandering over India, accumulating a fund of adventures. Never before had he met with such a reception.

On the evening of his arrival, Kharjal Punj, arranged as a compliment, that he might enjoy the modest entertainment of his house as though he were a member of the household. Affairs would proceed as usual, as though no guest were present. He should partake of the heart-throbs of the Eastern home, and not merely the empty splendors of the Oriental guest-coming.

"These two years hast thou shown me thy metal, and thy heart is of pure gold," Kharjal Punj assured him. "Until now hast thou been but a lavish purchaser of the wares of my market. Mine eyes have been on thy heart as my hands received thy gold. Thou art no longer a stranger, but a friend. The treasures of my house are thine to choose. Even though thou takest one of my daughters—each of whom taketh with her half my heart as a dowry—thou shalt be gratified."

Not till then did Eric Blaisdell cast his mind or his eyes upon the daughters of his friend and host. Ourida and Fatima were as fair as the blooming gardens, as the gentle, shaded beauty of the night scene on the Hill of Blessings. Eric was startled by the poignant message that was carried to his heart. During the whole evening meal, that was garnished with a hundred delicacies, never once was his palate so exquisitely tempted as was his heart as he sat feasting upon the vision of the fair daughters of Kharjal Punj.

Later, the party betook themselves to cooler precincts of the canopied roof that was lit by the pale, green rays of a mid-summer's moon. Here Kharjal Punj and Eric built fine castles in the clouds of smoke from their fragrant narghyl. Ourida gently thumber her lute, and Fatima sang in a low, sweet voice that was luscious with temptation.

Eric Blaisdell was entranced! No adventure had ever yielded such delight as this. Continually, his eyes rested upon the sisters, who clung lovingly together, like twin pomegranates.

"My daughter, come with me, that our hands shall prepare coffee and wine for the lips of our friend," said Kharjal Punj, rising, when the lights of Kismeth had begun to snuff one by one. "Nay, Ourida, stay thou and delight the ears of Sahib Blaisdell. What lies before thee is thine," continued the host, waving his hand over the bounteous display of fresh fruits and confection. "Take thy fill!"

But Eric's eyes were upon Ourida. What it was that stirred his veins like fire, or that made his head reel like intoxication, he could not conjecture. Not women, he was sure, since he could recollect only a sense of pleasure on gazing on a pretty face that was, if anything, surpassed at the sight of a splendid horse. The next moment he found himself moving toward the swaying figure in the moonlight, and, shaken by the vibrations of her voice, now he had touched her fingers, and the music was stilled. The full beauty of her face was turned upon him, and smote his heart with wild activity. He seized her hand almost roughly, and pressed it against his lips. She was no longer looking at him now, but her head had sunk on the shapely beginnings of her undulating breast, and he thought he detected a great sigh that pierced him like a blade. With a chaotic feeling of mingled pity and desire, he gathered her in his arms, holding her close for an instant. She was looking up at him now, her eyes swimming pools of ecstasy in the moonlight, her lips half parted, but silenced, with emotion, her breast beating his with fluttering tenderness. If death had lain waiting as a penalty, he could not have refrained—he kissed her.

When Kharjal Punj and Fatima returned, they found Eric Blaisdell gazing over the parapet into the umbrous shadows of the pomegranate grove, where nothing in the world was to be seen. Ourida sat breathing softly, with clasped hands, and a silent lute by her side. Kharjal Punj raised his voice in tones of displeasure.

"Ourida, thou hast done my house little honor with bringing its honourable guest to gazing into space for want of entertainment!"

"Nay," protested Eric, seating himself before the steaming coffee and sparkling wine, "there is a happiness of silence—thy daughter hath well pleased me!"

The next day Eric departed, and, strangely, it was just at the end of Kharjal Punj's sojourn on the Hill of Blessings seven years, which, with the Mussulman, counts a complete cycle.

The time was propitious. Kharjal Punj should have been more considerate of Fate. It is not written:

If thy years' joy ends in seven,
Thou hast had a glimpse of heaven.
But should seven times seven fill thy span,
Thou shalt dwell in heaven a happy man!

What is written is written.

Discord came that day upon the Hill of Blessings.

It began in the very core of the household's happiness—between the two sisters. Fatima confessed to her sister the passion she had conceived for the handsome young Englishman, who had promised to return for a longer stay in about a fortnight, after he had settled some important matters. In Ourida's rapid glance there was neither sympathy nor affection.

From that day she drew apart, and fondled a heavy ring of English make which she secretly wore about her neck, like an amulet. Fatima, left alone with her thoughts, nourished them until her passion had become equal to life itself.

Meanwhile, there had been much murmuring against Kharjal Punj for violating some of the most solemn injunctions of the Koran, and for breaking bread and consorting on equal terms with a Christian dog. His business fell off, and his friends were the first to circulate a cabal against him. There were evil spirits in the market-place who openly cursed when he passed by, and children were taught to spit in his path.

Therefore, when Kharjal Punj received a letter from Eric Blaisdell, saying he hoped to be able to return and complete his broken visit within a week, the faithful Mohammedan was sorely distressed.

The same messenger had borne a message to Ourida. The happy girl could not forbear showing the missive to her sister. It read:

My Sweet Ourida.—I have at last settled my affairs in Bombay. I shall hold you in my arms one week from today, my love!

ERIC.

Fatima flew to her father, in a rage, to try to influence him against permitting the Englishman's return. She was too late. The messenger had gone, bearing a pressing invitation to come by all means.

In a burning fury that forever extinguished the sisterly love that had, until lately, flourished in her capacious heart, Fatima wrote a letter, at the dictation of the blackamoor major-domo, who had taken a keen dislike to the Englishman. He promised Fatima exactly the sort of assistance she desired. The letter was kept and not sent until the day after Eric had arrived, and declared his intentions of marrying Kharjal Punj's daughter, Ourida. The Mohammedan was appalled. Eric, in desperation, half jokingly recalled his generous offer to his guest to take whatever he saw fit, even though it were a treasure of his heart, his daughter.

"She is thine when thou wilt have her," responded Kharjal Punj, part of whose religion was to honor his guest next to the Prophet Himself.

"I desire to marry her day after tomorrow at sundown," said Eric, solemnly drawing Ourida to him, and kissing her.

The emotions of all were too heavily wrought upon to take note of the moan of Fatima, who withdrew behind a curtain, where stood the blackamoor, plucking viciously at his knife, his eyes flashing murder.

Fatima read again the note she had written:

My sister is to marry a Christian dog. You can prevent this by stealing us both and carrying us to a place in the desert. When he comes, kill him. Spare my father. Thy only reward will be to prevent her marrying a Christian and transgressing the Law of the Prophet. Then I am thine.

FATIMA.

"Tomorrow you and I shall go hunting in the hills, if thou desirest," said Kharjal Punj.

"My dearest wish," said Eric.

And before daybreak, together with nearly all the servants as beaters, they set out on the pre-nuptial frolic.

Two terrible things happened that day: Kharjal Punj was accidentally killed, and, on the homecoming of the sad party, they found that both of his fair daughters had been carried away by ruffians.

When the frightened servants told all this to Eric, for the first time, the young Englishman began to appreciate the situation. Instead of being in the house of friends, he was now surrounded by thousands of enemies and was on the point of taking drastic measures for safety and for the recovery of his bride-to-be, when he discerned, among the frowning visages surrounding him, one kindly disposed face.

He dismissed all the others, and called Mohammed, the master's confidential servant, and now his friend, aside.

Mohammed entreated with him to leave the country in disguise without delay.

Eric smiled.

"Will you help me find your mistress, Mohammed?"

"Sahib, my life is in the palm of thy hand!"

The next morning Mohammed went directly to the market-place of Kismeth with a hundred pieces of gold in his purse. At night, he returned to the Hill of Blessings with an empty purse. The information he had bought had been profitable, however, and Eric and he set out in the full glory of the midnight moon.

Mohammed knew the chieftain of the marauding band by sight, and had learnt their haunt by means of pieces of gold. The place lay straight across the plains, less than twenty miles from Kismeth. They drew in sight of it before daybreak.

Mohammed dismounted and set out on foot to reconnoiter. He returned to Eric in less than an hour.

"Master, they have departed hence for Henjgat, a villainous town about a day's journey southward. At Henjgat there is a slave market. Kharjal Punj's daughters will be sold to the highest bidder! Shall we abandon pursuit?"

"We shall rest there in yonder grove a few hours before pushing on toward Henjgat," was Eric's only reply.

Again, late that afternoon, when they drew near Henjgat, Mohammed proceeded on foot alone.

Again he returned with bad news.

"My lord, the daughters of Kharjal Punj have been sold to the Mogul of the district! Now must we abandon our search. Death lies in our path."

"Ourida must be found," responded Eric.

"Thy will is my life, my lord."

Seven hours did Mohammed lie in wait for any person to enter or leave the gates of the Mogul of Henjgat's palace. Then came forth a much perfumed and well-attired menial.

He had gone less than fifty feet before Mohammed had him him on his back, with the keen edge of his dagger close to his beardless throat, and the reflected sunlight dazzling his eyes.

It took a serious scratch across the fellow's windpipe to get the desired information past his lips.

He was the Mogul's favourite eunuch. Fatima and Ourida were now within the harem. Tomorrow, Ourida was to be officially made the favourite. She had won the admiration of the Mogul. Strangely, she resisted all of his advances.

The favourite eunuch was then marched a mile and a half to where Eric was concealed. He was divested of his clothes, and bound to a tree. Eric assumed Mohammed's cast-off garments, and sat guard over the captive.

Mohammed returned to the Mogul's palace in the half light of evening, let himself into the great creaking gate, and boldly, yet fearfully, made his way straight for the harem.

There were dim lights burning, and women lolling about here and there. He distinguished the daughters of Kharjal Punj instantly, because of the upright and defiant manner of their postures.

With the supercilious air of the eunuch, he approached them, and made himself known to them in rough tones of rebuke that were not noticed by any one else.

At length, an object dropped at the feet of Fatima, who picked it up. It was a great key wrapped with a piece of parchment that proved to be a message. Ourida read it over her sister's shoulder:

This key opens the door at the end of the garden.
Be there an hour after moonrise. You can escape.

The sisters looked around for Mohammed. He had slipped out in the direction of the garden.

"It is Eric!" whispered Ourida, happily.

Fatima said nothing. Her eyes had contracted, and the nails of her hands were piercing her flesh under her loose sleeves.

A little later, when the Mogul appeared to speak to his women, Ourida had gone within, although it was expressly forbidden. The Mogul was enraged when he saw his edict disobeyed. He approached Fatima with an angry snarl. When he had finished his tirade of abuse, the girl, with trembling hand, gave him the letter they had received.

The Mogul's fury was terrific.

"I shall have both your throats cut for this!" was his concluding threat.

"But I am not at fault," said Fatima, calmly. "They do not want me," she gave a shudder. "I am your dutiful wife. I wish to help you. Let her go to meet her lover—and then——" Fatima was too shaken by some new emotion that took possession of her, to conclude.

"For this you shall become my favourite!" cried the irate Mogul, on departing. Fatima spat in his foot-steps!

Ourida stood for one hour that evening surveying the slowly rising moon. In her heart was the peace of a woman who had gone through peril to prove her love. And love had conquered at last! In less than hour she would be safe in the arms of her lord. Then let come what may—death had no terrors; sacrifice for him was sweet!

"Ourida!"

The girl was startled by the voice. At first she did not recognize it, because of the jangle in its tone. Her sister's voice was as soft as the night-bird's note. There was something in Fatima's

eyes, too, that was strange—but her heart was too full just then of its own destiny, to inquire. The hour was fraught with peril.

In silence she followed her sister out through the garden. The silence of the night emphasized the moon's splendor. Insects were clicking off their notes on every hand, but Ourida heard nothing but the strong, quiet beats of her heart.

As they came near the gate, Fatima handed Ourida the key.

"This is your mission," she said in a suppressed voice.

Ourida, trembling, turned the key, and, with an exclamation of joy, threw wide the door. The next instant she fell back with a scream. Three men rushed forward, scimitars flashing in their hands.

The Mogul of Henjgat stood scowling in the rear.

For a moment, Fatima stood bewildered, contrition shining through tears in her eyes. At that moment she would gladly have given her life for her sister's.

"She must die—now!" growled the Mogul. "Here, you, Ben-Agar—your duty!"

Ben-Agar grinned and began feeling the edge of his blade. The others were forcing Ourida to her knees.

"My lord——" Fatima had turned now with outstretched hands toward the Mogul, in the act of imploring mercy.

"Eric, my lord, Eric!" cried Ourida, her voice now firm and calm.

"Kill her!" whispered Fatima, hoarsely, her limp attitude of appeal suddenly tautening like the string of a lute.

There was a sharp crack that made even Fatima cry out in the excess of her emotion.

Ben-Agar tumbled over the terrified Ourida, dead, with a bullet through his heart. The raised scimitar fell at his side. The Mogul, anticipating a rescue, drew his scimitar at the same moment that Mohammed drove his dagger through his arm. A fusillade of bullets ended the careers of the two other servitors. The Mogul lay writhing in agony.

Eric had raised the limp, weeping Ourida in his arms and held her face close to his, while Mohammed turned, and, to his amazement saw Fatima standing behind the girl, with blazing eyes and a raised dagger gleaming murderously. He cried out in alarm, and Eric's raised arm caught the blade.

When Fatima saw that she had wounded him she loved, she turned and cried out like one insane.

"Oh, what baseness, to strike with a blade the lord of my life! The lord of my life! Eric!"

And, before the others could comprehend the meaning of it all, she had plunged the dagger into her breast, a dark stream running almost black from the wound, in the moonlight.

Mohammed knelt by her side a moment.

"The lady, Fatima, is with her fathers," he said solemnly.

In the distant palace they could see torches flashing ominously. Their flight must be as speedily as the homing birds of the night.

And even after they had been gone many minutes was the garden stirred by a voice so pathetic, so agonizing in its futility, so hopeless in its despair. It was a woman's last words on earth, in a death agony: "Eric, O my lord, Er——"

There was something ineffable in that cry that must have pierced the heavens.

A cloud had blurred the silver of the moon, and a night-wind had sprung that soughed sadly through the garden in pursuit of Eric and Ourida.

There is but one passion in the Orient that is greater than love—it is hate. Yet love had outlived its enemy!



MUSIC



BY
MAURICE REEVE

It is remarkable that, save for about a dozen songs, most of which are of little musical value, Chopin wrote exclusively for the pianoforte. It seemed that his musical conceptions were dominated by the pianoforte keyboard and the possibilities of its manipulation by ten fingers assisted by the pedal. A good deal of his music requires a subtle kind of rubato inexpressible in notation. Berlioz said that Chopin could not play strictly in time, and Sir Charles Halle related to Professor Neicks an account of a dispute between him (Halle) and Chopin as to whether the latter played his "mazurka" in four-four instead of three-four time, and although Chopin was at first reluctant to admit the change, he was ultimately convinced. One cannot help remarking that in the indefiniteness of rubato many of the performers of Chopin's music leave the composer entirely in the shade. Dr. Hadow, in his second series of "Studies in Modern Music," points out that the tonality of Chopin's music was to some extent affected by that of Polish Folk-Songs, which are often written in one or other of the ecclesiastical modes.

We read that Chopin was very fastidious in his method of composition. He would spend weeks in writing and re-writing a single page. How much more fluent and confident are even some of our youngest composers in these advanced times!

Many able writers have expended their eloquence and ability in expounding the distinctive characteristics of Chopin's style, the influence of Chopin over pianoforte technique and composition is admitted by all those whose have been very great. On these points the following authoritative opinions, which we are fortunately enabled to place before our readers, will be read with interest.

Herr Emil Sauer.—When you ask what Chopin and his immortal music mean to me, I find mere words inadequate to the full expression of my feeling of almost reverential appreciation of that great master. While I am seated at the pianoforte he is ever my inspiration. Of all the gods who have showered countless jewels on our pianoforte literature, he remains the one at whose shrine I ever tender heartfelt thankfulness on bended knee. "Doux et harmonieux genie"!—graceful and deserved tribute paid to Chopin in the opening of Franz Liszt's noble biography of the musician. That tribute finds its echo in my heart. "God of the pianoforte" fittingly calls him in his work, "Die Kunst und ihre Meister." Never was the language of praise, albeit with flowery epithets, more justly applied than to the genius of Chopin, the dreamy Minnesinger, who now sobbing with passion, now mourning for his country, and again vibrating with melodies worked up to a wild enthusiasm, has brought delight and happiness to millions.

In the greater forms of musical expression (pianoforte concertos, works in variation form, etc.), Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann alone surpass him. As tone poet, master of colour and creator of sound effects—such effects as were completed and considerably extended by Franz Liszt—no one else comes near him. In vain you seek his equal. Works full of attractive melody, like his preludes, nocturnes, impromptus, etudes, ballades, scherzos, waltzes and polonaises, stand alone and unchallenged. The depth and tragedy, too, which speak to us from the two sonatas (I should prefer to give them the description "Quasi una Fantasia"), the F minor Fantasia, the Barcarolle, the Polonaise-Fantasia, etc., are typical of the skill, power, and infinite variety of the great composer.

For a proper interpretation of Chopin's muse and a complete understanding of his inner meaning, we must not look to the traditional German pianists, but to those whose tastes are cosmopolitan, their perceptions acute, their manners polished, and their manners of expression cultivated and refined. In short the true exponent of Chopin's work must be one to whom music is not science but art, who produces his music, not with studied calculations and mechanical intelligence, but with that heartfelt earnestness which distinctively marks the true virtuoso. Unfortunately the number who count it no penance to play in public, who idolize their pianoforte, and lovingly caress its keys, making them speaking in clear, bell-like tones, is extremely limited. They are the peculiar faddists (wunderliche Kauze) who, through a single mishap in a whole evening, an over-strung accent or a pause too short, have a sleepless night. No composer demands more careful treatment in his works round which are woven artistic arabesques like garlands of flowers than does Frederic Chopin. The adequate interpretation of his compositions requires extreme accuracy, subtle handling, and loving care of each individual note, with a true sense of sound and colour, accompanied by an artistic freedom in performance, aided by the possession of a faultless technique. For these reasons, those who master the pianoforte "as musicians rather than pianists—a new phrase, but rapidly growing in popularity—suffer disastrous shipwrecks on the rocks concealed in Chopin.

In our own times, when snobbery, which affects to despise naivete and melodic invention, which rushes on at high pressure to hyper-polyphony, cacophony, and a chaos of dubious experiments; in these days of sad decadence, when Art is measured by bushels, when anarchism holds the majority, and musical mathematicians and engineers are triumphant, there is, of course, much sympathetic shrugging of shoulders for pianoforte virtuosi of the old school. Chopin in heaven above looks down deprecatingly on the maltreatment so often accorded his works in concert hall and salon.





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Seen ⁱⁿ the Fashion Shops

Long before the jonquils and tulips and other early spring flowers begin to adorn the windows of the flourists' shops, maids and matrons are anxiously searching the magazines for the first hint of "What's What in Spring Millinery," and here it is at last. The popular style of hat this season will be one which has been called the Futurists' hat. The name comes from a class of painters distinguished, not by the size, form or shape of their creations, but for the daring color combinations which they employ. This hat is dazzling in its formation of varicolored straws, along with the four primary colors employed in its creation—violet, red, green and yellow.

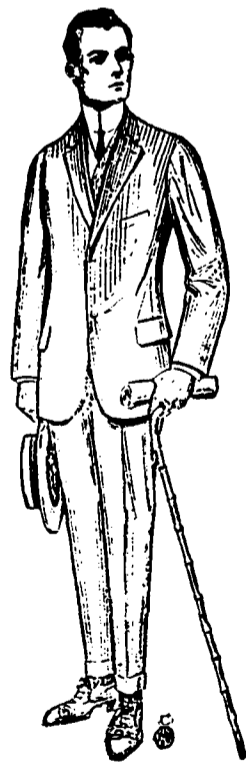
Imagine how our fair women will look in such a creation. We can think of many who would wear this and be considered smartly gowned, but these will lack the nerve to don it.

Fruit and flowers will be used again this summer, and anyone who possesses the strength to carry a bonnet laden with half a dozen bunches of grapes and the same number of cherries, besides the flowers and ribbons which must necessarily be used, will no doubt find it chic indeed.

But, of course, there will be other styles, as the first are always the most extreme.

Announcing the Arrival of

**HOBBER
CLOTHES**



*for Spring and
Summer,
Nineteen-Thirteen*

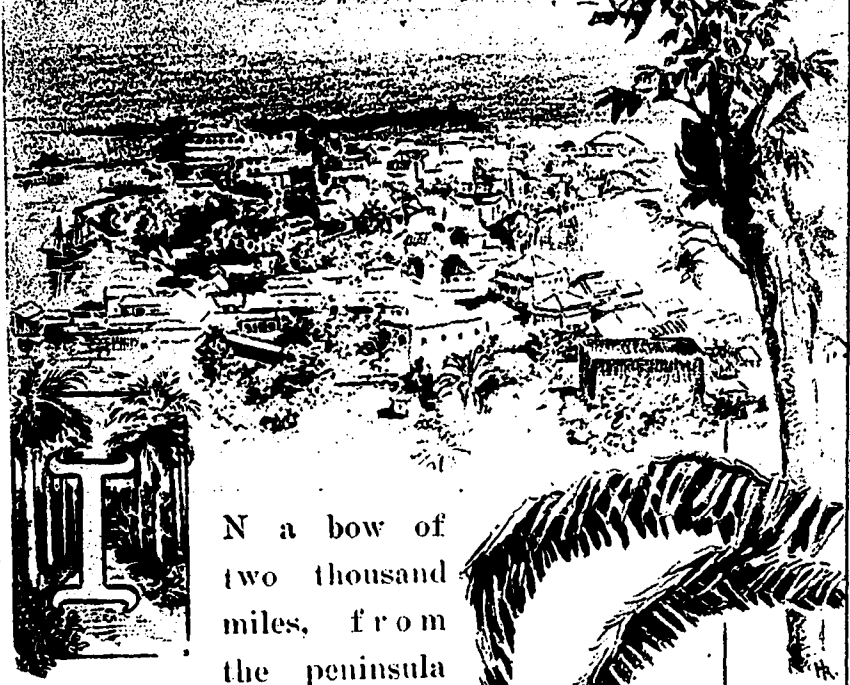
*608 Yates Street
Next Imperial Bank*

THE COMMONWEALTH



Twilight Grey
Beneath the Drowse of an Ending Day.

JAMAICA



Port Antonio—
Overlooking Folly Point.

IN a bow of two thousand miles, from the peninsula of Florida to the estuary of the Orinoco in South America, stretches the unsubmerged mountain ranges which we call the West Indies.

Here a mere peak, there almost a continent, the thousand islets rear their cloud-capped minarets into the tropic sky, catching the earliest rays of gorgeous morn, and holding its passing tints as one who knows that there is no twilight, for in the tropics

“The sun’s rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the night.”

But, oh! such mornings! Gaudy, dazzling, triumphant rises the orb of day, to set in purple glory enwoven with browns and greens and lakes of primrose, all mingled tenderness, fading into the whitening haze of the horizon.

Of all that galaxy of beauty well may Columbus have been the most enamoured of Jamaica as possessing, as he told Queen Isabella of Spain, “a grace exceeding beauty,” and Stephen Chalmers been inspired to write of it as

“Towering in the empyrean blue,
Green as Sargasso in the stream’s warm light,
A softly shimmering pearl of early dew,
Dropped from creation’s brow in labor’s night.”

Even the prosaic Hanoverian King George of England, who never saw it, but heard from his subjects much about it, was moved to call it “the gem in my crown”; a gem not gotten without many a fierce struggle with the fleets of Spain and France and the wild corsairs of the open seas. Oliver Cromwell singed the Spaniard’s beard, but the contest passed on through the generations until Nelson gave the coup de grace to the powers that were off Port Royal; nor was Jamaica polished to its present pristine healthfulness without two hundred years of good government and insistent sanitation, amazingly aided in its salubrity, even in the hottest season by the refreshing, and never failing, trade winds, which blow in from the sea, driving the white clouds over the purple peaks of the great Blue Ridge, the backbone of the island on whose riven sides the luxurious verdure runs riot in color and form.

It is all so accessible, too, good roads are the heritage of Great Britain, as they were of ancient Rome, and all round the island is girdled along the coast with a masterpiece of road making, shaded for miles at a stretch by the cocoanut palm, and lapped by the blue Caribbean Sea, whose waves have been bridled in the offing, by breaking on the coral reefs.

Nor are the mountains less fortunate. Across and across roads rise by gentle ascent in spirals over the great central ridge, and down again to the sea, disclosing through arches of cocorite

boughs, and magnificent tree ferns, gems of little bays whose olive-colored cliffs are gnawn by the snowy surf.

Very beautiful are these views looking downward from above, spectral almost, so airy and filmy, and rich in blended tender colors are they. What, for instance, can be more soul-satisfying than the view, which we give, of the port of Antonio, but let the travelers not forget that these scenes may be marred, should they not be prepared, by suitable light woollen clothes, and a thin mackintosh, to resist the sudden and some times frequent showers. The secret of comfort in the tropics is "keep dry." To these refreshing downfalls Jamaica owes much of her beauty and her wealth of fruit, but they have to be reckoned with.



A NATIVE

All the picturesqueness of Jamaica is not nature's handiwork. In the days—they call them the palmy days—of the old sugar kings, when the island supplied vast stores of it and rum to a thirsty world, they built huge stone mills, which nature has dressed in splendor bright, and they brought the water from the mountains in arched aqueducts to turn the overshot wheels and drive the lumbering machinery which crushed the cane. Some of these gaunt and tumbling ruins give an old-time touch to the landscape, reminding one forcibly of Italy; but all are not idle; many flourishing estates yet remain to reward their determined owners. As is mostly the case where one product sinks in importance another rises, and Jamaica has turned her attention to other fruit with a success which is attested by the hurrying fleets of rival fruit-growing companies, and the busy army of women bearing the gaudy green bananas, piled high on their heads, to and from the wharves with a cheerfulness that betokens the fact that they enjoy the mere act of living.

Then again, yearly, Jamaica is becoming a greater favorite winter resort, for which it is singularly well equipped in accommodation for travelers on pleasure bent, and whether they choose the automobile, or the yacht, or the humbler bicycle, or wander afoot, as they can well do in this land of easy grades, good roads and short distances, they will, every few miles, find all the heart can desire in welcome hospitality, and end days of pleasure and plenty with nights of peace, as they turn in

"To the cool of the deep verandahs,
To the blaze of the jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight
And the fireflies in the cane."

The traveler has abundant choice of routes. He can enter by the north coast port of Antonio, and thence through Annotto, Port Marie, and Rio Novo reach far-famed St. Ann's bay: cross over Mount Diabolo to Ewarton and so to the twin ports of Kingston, the seat of government, and Port Royal, or vice versa, recrossing the island's sixty-seven miles back to Port Antonio, with this consolation that whichever route is taken, the Queen of the Antilles will be a memory ineradicable.

Especially will this be the case if the tourist avoids, as far as possible, the railroads, and takes one of the three alternatives, the automobile, the motor cycle, or bravely dons his knapsack on his back and foots it. In either case he will not only be nearer to nature's heart than by the rail, but he will come in contact with the natives, both black and white, at close range, and be well rewarded for his detour. He can thereby follow the great industry of the island, the growing of tropical fruits, from the ship's side, whence it is transported to the temperate zones, up to its source in the fertile plains: through forests of the richest greens and airs of spice; by bread-fruit trees, embraced by giant creeping lianas and upon whose bark the delicate tinted and exquisitely perfumed orchid makes its home; and over roads made perfect by the careful cunning of the native women, who pound the white calcareous limestone into minute fragments, which when mixed with yellow earth produce a surface which makes the traveler glad; especially when, as they are, they are shaded with the wild orange and lime, laden with golden fruit and fragrant blossom, and trailed with a million convolvuli, of every shade and color.

There is only one bar to the absolute perfection of these West Indian roads, and that is the sprawling brooks, which must be forded; but even these have their recompense, when, as they often are, they are utilized by companies of native women for the domestic laundry.

Exclusive Paris Head-dress



THE LATEST CREATIONS IN PARISIAN MILLINERY, at prices that are not extravagant.

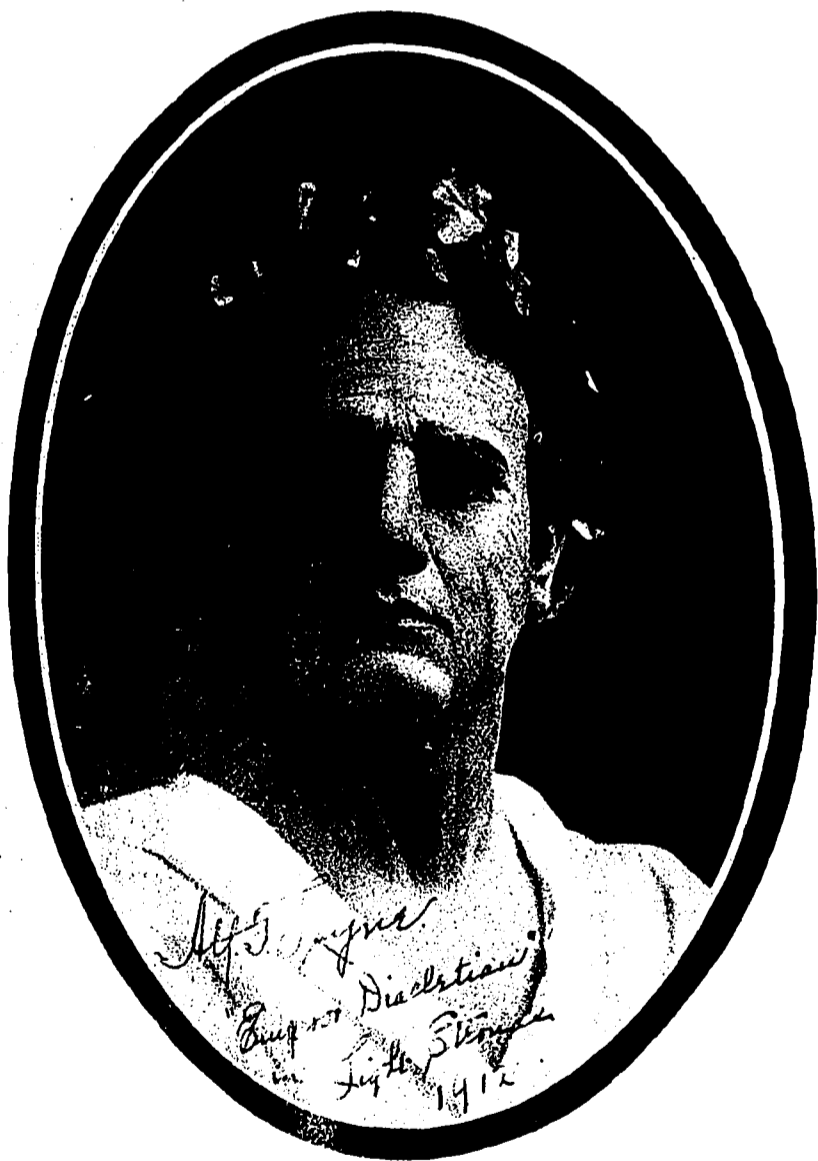
Paris Millinery and Hair Shop
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Realizing the necessity of having a Hair-dressing and Beauty Parlor in conjunction with the Millinery Department, we have recently installed a thoroughly up-to-date Beauty Parlor with competent attendants.

Hair-dressing - Manicuring - Shampooing
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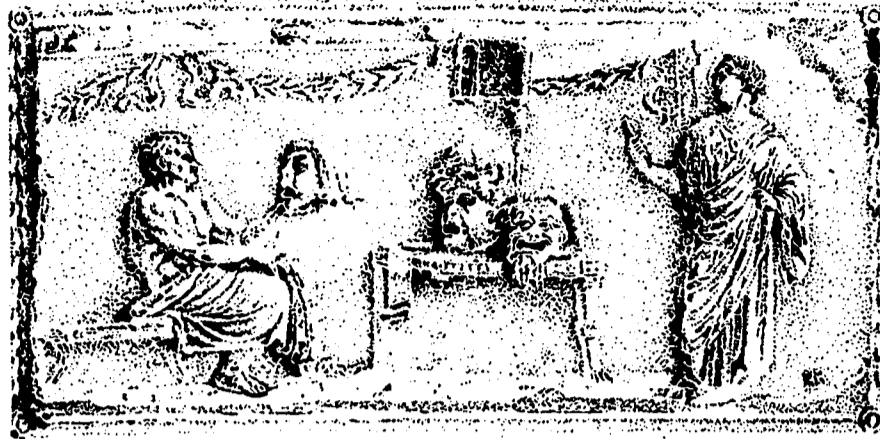
COMING ATTRACTIONS OF THE STAGE

- March 31st and April 1st**—"The Bachelor's Baby," Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.
- April 2nd**—"The Bachelor's Baby," Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 3rd**—Concert, Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 4th and 5th**—Concert, Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.
- April 7th**—Wm. H. Crane in "The Senator Keeps House," Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 8th and 9th**—Wm. H. Crane in "The Senator Keeps House," Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.
- April 15th**—"The Prince of Pilsen," Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 17th, 18th and 19th**—"The Prince of Pilsen," Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.
- April 22nd and 23rd**—"Little Miss Brown," Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 24th, 25th and 26th**—"Little Miss Brown," Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.
- April 28th**—"Freckles," Victoria Theatre, Victoria.
- April 29th and 30th**—"Freckles," Imperial Theatre, Vancouver.



ALF. T. LAYNE

As "Emperor Diocletian" in "Light Eternal." Mr. Layne is now playing prominent parts with the Lawrence Stock Company, at the Avenue Theatre, Vancouver.



The Theatre

W. H. Crane in "The Senator Keeps House"

It was only a question of time until Mr. William H. Crane would be sent back to Congress, so to speak. In Mr. David D. Lloyd and Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's old play, "The Senator," in which he acted with great success just twenty-one years ago, he was Senator Hannibal Rivers, a Solon from the Northwest, who was busy championing the "Denman claim" and wooing Mabel Denman, the daughter of the claimant. Now, in Miss Martha Morton's new comedy, "The Senator Keeps House," he is Senator Christopher Larkin, engaged in opposing the "Mason Claim" and resisting the charms of the claimant herself, who is an elderly widow. To all intents, Senator Christopher Larkin is still Senator Hannibal Rivers, but two decades older and serving another term at Washington under an alias.

The new play is a pleasant, if not very exciting, little affair which reveals Mr. Crane in those moods and perplexities in which his audiences like him best. Senator Larkin, whose pet aversion is widows, is harassed at home by the servant problem and in the Senate by the Mason land claim, which, he feels confident, is a political steal. At a time when his housekeeper has suddenly walked out and left him and his nephew in the lurch, one of his dishonest colleagues who is promoting the bill, succeeds in introducing Mrs. Flower, the claimant, into his home to take the vacant position. The Senator does not know that Mason was her family name before she married and was left a widow. As for Mrs. Flower, she does not suspect that the land for which she thinks she is entitled to \$50,000, is going to be worked off on the Government for \$400,000 the difference to find its way into the pockets of Congressman Adolphus Judson and his thieving clique.

Mrs. Flower proves to be a model housekeeper—which pleases Senator Larkin immensely. Her daughter, Eva, is adorable, which is equally consoling to Patrick Henry Larkin, the Senator's nephew and secretary. With their coming the domestic trials of the two men take flight. Order reigns where confusion once held sway. The Senator's papers are now always in place and tied up with pink ribbons. His black satin senatorial cravat is tucked away in lavender in his bureau drawer. His house and library are spick and span. Everything suddenly runs on greased wheels. So carefully does Mrs. Flower guard even the Senator's health that he finds himself reduced to the necessity of stealing his own cigars.

All unsuspecting, he goes on fighting the Mason claim. He investigates the land and finds that, instead of being a salubrious plateau, ideally situated for an old soldiers' hospital, it is a dark, malaria-breeding swamp. When the question of the purchase comes to a crisis, he boldly sets out to expose his dishonest colleagues and to brand the Mason claimant as a fraud.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fowler's domestic virtues have completely altered his opinion of the feminine sex. The quiet, efficient little woman, who seems to know intuitively how to anticipate his most trivial wishes, is slowly but surely making her way into his heart. As for Eva, her daughter, her slightest whim has become his law. Patrick Henry is completely enthralled by her, and this, too, pleases the Senator mightily.

So well regulated has Senator Larkin's household become that he decides to give a reception at a time when the fight over the Mason claim is the topic of the hour. Mrs. Flower is to preside as the hostess and Eva is to make her debut into the whirl of Washington social life. But the wives of the other Senators and Congressmen do not appear. The reception is turned into a humiliating fizzle and not until then does Senator Larkin discover through a designing woman who has been angling for his heart, that he is harboring in his home the Mason claimant herself.

Naturally Senator Larkin feels that his confidence has been imposed upon. He is in no mood to listen to explanations. It doesn't occur to him that Mrs. Flower is only the innocent tool of Congressman Judson and his crowd. These disclosures are not made until the next day, when Patrick Henry and Eva have further added to his mortification by eloping. Then come the necessary explanations, and Mrs. Flower's complete exoneration. With his knowledge of the land deal, Senator Larkin is able to put the conspirators to rout and defeat the claim, which does not harm Mrs. Flower at all, since he retains her, not as a housekeeper, but as his wife.

Senator Larkin is a typical Crane role. He is outwardly bluff, aggressive and hot-tempered, but inwardly he is kindly, tender and generous. All these qualities Mr. Crane makes clear with the little touches of humor and pathos which he knows so well how to apply. Before the play is ended you cannot help pitying the Senator a little, in fact, for Mrs. Flower is such a quiet, determined domestic tyrant that you feel sure the Senator will have to go through the remainder of his life stealing his own cigars and finding his papers tied up in pink ribbons.

"The Bachelor's Baby"

Walter Perkins impersonates Tom Beach, an incorrigible bachelor and a virulent hater of children. His brother, who is a widower, does, naming Tom in his will as the guardian of his five year old baby girl.

All Tom's household know the calamity which has overtaken him. So do his club friends. Tom, alone, who has been absent on a hunting trip, does not know. When the curtain rises, his friends and cronies are gathered in his drawing room, waiting to confront him with the discomfiting surprise.

They can hardly restrain their impatience. What will Tom say? What will Tom do? How will he escape this sacred legacy from the grave?

They watch from the windows for Tom's approach. Presently he is seen coming up the street. Now for the surprise!

Tom's hatred of children amounts to an obsession. He curses his ill luck. He doesn't even want to lay eyes on little Martha. He positively refuses to be bothered with her in the house.

All the time he is in love with Winifred West. She will not marry him because she cannot bring herself to approve of his hatred of children. She has another admirer in Colonel Calvert, Tom's dead sister-in-law's brother, and by the terms of Tom's brother's will the Colonel is to become guardian of little Martha in case Tom declines the responsibility.

Tom knows about the Colonel's suit, and it sets him to thinking. After first acquaintance with little Martha, which, after all, he doesn't find unpleasant, he conceives it to be his duty to relinquish her to the Colonel because he is sure the latter is going to marry Winifred, and he knows that Winifred adores the child. Once the baby is gone poor Tom grows miserable. At first he cannot understand why. The truth is that, without his suspecting it, little Martha has crept into his heart. To make matters worse, he is sure that he has lost Winifred.

But one thing he does not know it, that Winifred has no intention of marrying Colonel Calvert, who is not fit for any girl to marry. Still in the dark, he finds that his life has suddenly grown lonely and forlorn. Baby Martha's toys mock him. While once her sobs and laughter irritated him, the very silence of the house now oppresses him. He struggles in vain against a sudden impulse. Yes, he will bring Baby Martha back! And with her, just before the last curtain, he also gets Winifred.

Mr. Charles Frohman quotes himself as saying that he believes "The Bachelor's Baby" is the best farce seen in New York since he produced "Charley's Aunt." As Mr. Frohman owns "The Bachelor's Baby," he may be a trifle prejudiced in his view. I am quite sure it is not so uniformly amusing as the other farce of long ago with which he compares it.

"Little Miss Brown"

Little Miss Brown is a demure and unsophisticated lassie who arrives in the city late at night and promptly gets into trouble; she loses her baggage and has been robbed of her purse. Going to a hotel, she asks for a room, but because she has neither money or baggage, the clerk is suspicious and refuses to lodge her. In despair she dallies about the writing-room. Falling into conversation with the telephone girl, she learns that a suite of rooms has been engaged for a Mr. and Mrs. Dennison, who have not arrived. And on the telephone girl's advice, when the clerk who had refused her is relieved by another one, Little Miss Brown marches up to the desk, announces herself as Mrs. Dennison, and accepted by the clerk as such, is shown up to her room. A little later Mr. Dennison arrives, and without exploring the other rooms of his suite, goes to bed in a vacant one. In the morning Mrs. Dennison turns up to meet her husband, and when she finds strange feminine apparel in his rooms, there is trouble with a big, big T. An aunt and uncle of the Dennison's, and the fiance of Miss Brown are now drawn into the difficulty; and for a time the tangle seems inextricable. It only seems so, however, and when the curtain falls, it is upon two pairs of happily reunited lovers.

"The Prince of Pilsen"

The appearance of "The Prince of Pilsen" once more in Victoria will give another opportunity to the admirers of the work of Pixley and Luders of seeing what is admittedly their best production. In reviving this musical comedy, Col. Savage, the well-known entrepreneur, expressed his opinion that as long as the world loved musical comedy, so long would it love "The Prince of Pilsen." Those who contend that "The Burgomaster" excels this production are unanimous in stating that "The Prince of Pilsen" is entitled to rank in the same class, but there are far more who believe that it should take precedence.

A TRIO OF
STAGE FAVOURITES



NATALIE ALT

The Fascinating Star in "The Quaker Girl," Which Was One of This Season's Successes on the Coast.



PERLE BARTI

The Italian Prima Donna, Who Was Originally to Accompany "The Rose Maid" to the Pacific, But Who is Now on Tour in England.



MADGE TITHEREADGE

Leading Lady in Mr. Lewis Waller's Romantic Play "A Marriage of Convenience."



SCENE FROM "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE"



The Female of the Species Is More Deadlier Than the Male.
—Kipling

Remember
This
When
Furnishing
Your Home



Great care has been taken in choosing furniture for the Bedroom and we can promise you, you will see some very fine examples in our showrooms. We have submitted two illustrations for your approval.

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Merchants Bank

The
De Luxe
Monthly

[50]

Polite Correspondence

(No. 1, in pencil.)

From Miss Ethel Gusher (private box A) to Mr. Macready Sydecene
"Miss Gusher's compliments to Mr. Macready Sydecene, and she is charmed with his performance, which, although she has seen nineteen times, develops fresh beauties on each occasion."

(No. 2)

From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"Mr. Macready Sydecene is highly gratified with Miss Ethel Gusher's expressions of approbation, and will be glad to return his thanks in person, if Miss Gusher could spare time to come round at the end of the third act."

(No. 3.)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Mr. Macready Sydecene.

"Dear Mr. Sydecene,—I was so pleased to make your acquaintance last night, and trust that it was the commencement of a long friendship. There is a sort of freemasonry between fellow-professionals, and you know that I was on the stage once myself, though only for a week at Manchester. Can you come and lunch with me today at two? Yours sincerely,

"Ethel Gusher."

(No. 4.)

From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"My dear Miss Gusher,—I have been thinking over what you said at lunch, and, from your characteristic recitation, I am confident with you that you ought to make a great actress. There are few young ladies who could sustain the interest as you did for three-quarters of an hour in a poem only descriptive of a bird looking at a mill-stream. Why don't you go regularly on the stage?—Yours very truly,

Macready Sydecene."

(No. 5)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Mr. Macready Sydecene.

"My dear Mr. Sydecene,—Your letter delighted me. If there is one thing in the world I long for it is to act at a theatre with YOU. I told you that I do not want money, for I have plenty. When will you see me again, as I shall not rest until I know more. Do come to dinner this afternoon, and take me with you to the theatre afterwards. DON'T say no.—Yours EVER sincerely,

"Ethel Gusher."

(No. 6)

From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"My dear Miss Gusher,—What a delightful evening we had together! It really is refreshing to talk to a clever woman like yourself instead of to the dull people a wretched actor always has around him. I have reserved a private box for you every evening, as I believe that you can learn a great deal from observing other actors, and really the three guineas a night is better laid out than if you paid someone to give you lessons. I shall expect you to-night to talk over the future. How bright it looks, how dark it may turn out! Yours, ever,

Macready Sydecene."

The
De Luxe
Monthly

[51]

A
 "Royal
 Tailor"
 Suit
 for the
 Fashionable
 Dresser



THE BEST TAILORS are not owners of tailor-shops, for geniuses are seldom good business men.

That is why we can hire better tailors to work for us steadily than you can hire to work for you on a single suit.

That is why we have been able to build up, through years of selecting, training, and weeding out, the best organization of clothes craftsmen in America.

Style, fit, individuality and skilful tailoring in every details and a suit made-to-measure and to your own taste is yours at the cost of an ordinary ready-to-wear outfit.



Spence
 Doherty
 & Co.

"Hatters and
 Furnishers to
 Men Who Care"

1216
 Douglas
 Street

(No. 7)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Mr. Macready Sydecene.

"My dear Macready.—You know you said I might call you so. Your idea about having a matinee performance is excellent. Will you arrange it for me; mind, I want the thing well done, so do not let us chance a failure for the sake of a few pounds. My whole career is at stake, so whether I spend one, two, or three hundred pounds, what matter? Try to get the Lyceum, if not, Drury Lane or the Princess's, and you must promise me to be Romeo. Yours ever,
 Ethel."

(No. 8)

From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"My dear Miss Gusher.—I quite coincide with your views, and will put all my heart and soul into the performance. You must not, my dear girl, be bothered with the dry details of the business arrangements, but I have calculated all the expenses, and find that I can do everything for two hundred and fifty pounds. Please send me a cheque for that amount, and do not worry your pretty head any more about anything, but studying the part. I can be with you every evening from five till seven to coach you up. No doubt you will give me some dinner. Ever yours,
 Macready S."

(No. 9)

Extract from Daily Newspaper.

"VANILLA THEATRE.—MISS ETHEL GUSHER has the honour to announce that her first Matinee will take place on Wednesday, the 17th inst."

"VANILLA THEATRE—MISS ETHEL GUSHER'S MATINEE—Her First Appearance in London. ROMEO AND JULIET, with a powerful company. MR. MACREADY SYDECENE as ROMEO. MISS ETHEL GUSHER as JULIET. Prices as usual. Commence at 2:30."

(No. 10)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Rev. Peter Gusher, Leeds.

"Dear Brother Peter.—I suppose you have seen in the papers that I am going on the stage. Do not be horrified, for I intend only to play Shakespeare. I appear on Wednesday next at the Vanilla as Juliet, and Mr. Macready Sydecene thinks I shall take London by storm. And now, dear brother, I am going to tell you a great secret that no one is to know until after I am a real actress, but I must open my heart to you who have always been so kind and good to me. I am going to be married to Macready as soon as his theatre shuts up in the autumn. Don't be angry, but write and congratulate. Your affectionate sister,
 Ethel."

(No. 11)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Mr. Macready Sydecene.

"My Darling.—Yes—my darling. Though you have often called me so, and I you, yet, as we have met every day, and had long, dreamy, delightful hours together, this is the first time I have written the word. Whatever may be the result of my performance tomorrow, believe me I am truly grateful for all your kindness, attention, and devotion. If I am a failure as Juliet, it will be because I am stupid; but I love you as dearly as ever Juliet did her Romeo. Do come in for one minute tomorrow morning before you go to the theatre, as every second I am away from you seems a year. Certainly, pay handsome salaries to everyone. I send the further cheque for one hundred pounds as asked. Good night, my darling. Your loving
 Ethel."

(No. 12)

From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"My Sweetest Ethel.—Thanks for cheque. I am much too busy looking after scenery and your business to call on you as I wished today, so send up this note by cab. Keep up your pluck, old love, and you will make a grand success as Juliet. Already everyone is talking of you as the coming actress, and I fondly hope you will be. Nothing in my power shall be left undone to make you as great as I hope to see you. Yours,
Mac."

(No. 13)

Extract from Daily Newspaper.

Yesterday afternoon the stage of the Vanilla Theatre presented one of those piteous exhibitions of which it has been our unfortunate lot to witness so many of late. A Miss Ethel Gusher, announced on the programme as "from the provinces," essayed the part of Juliet in Shakespeare's well-known tragedy. And to say that she failed signally would be to give but an inadequate idea of her performance. At those moments when she was audible she demonstrated her utter inability not merely to deliver blank verse, but to understand the import of what she had committed to memory. Her pleasing presence was spoiled by an awkwardness of gesture and a superabundance of costly but inappropriate clothes. But if Miss Gusher has mistaken her vocation, and if most of the artists who supported her were utterly incapable to fulfil the parts allotted to them, there was one agreeable surprise in store for those who still respect the sanctity of Shakespeare's beautiful work. Mr. Macready Sydecene, hitherto known only in connection with eccentric characters, fairly rose at one bound to the eminence of a great tragedian. Handicapped, as he was, by the incompetence of his companions, he, nevertheless, in the balcony scene, in the bedroom scene, and again in the last act, held the audience enthralled with his tenderness, power, elocution, and action. We understand that Mr. Irving, who was amongst the audience, at once engaged Mr. Macready Sydecene to play Iago and Othello on alternate nights during the ensuing Lyceum season, and he certainly could not have made a better selection."

(No. 14)

From Miss Ethel Gusher to Mr. Macready Sydecene.

"My Darling Boy.—In the agony of knowing that all my hopes were blighted, that I had failed, I depended on you to comfort me, you to console me, you to be with me, yet I have not seen you ever since that fatal afternoon. I am better now, but am very, very jealous, for nurse tells me that she saw you in the street with two ladies, one old and one young one. Who were they? Do come at once and tell your loving, miserable
Ethel."

(No. 15)

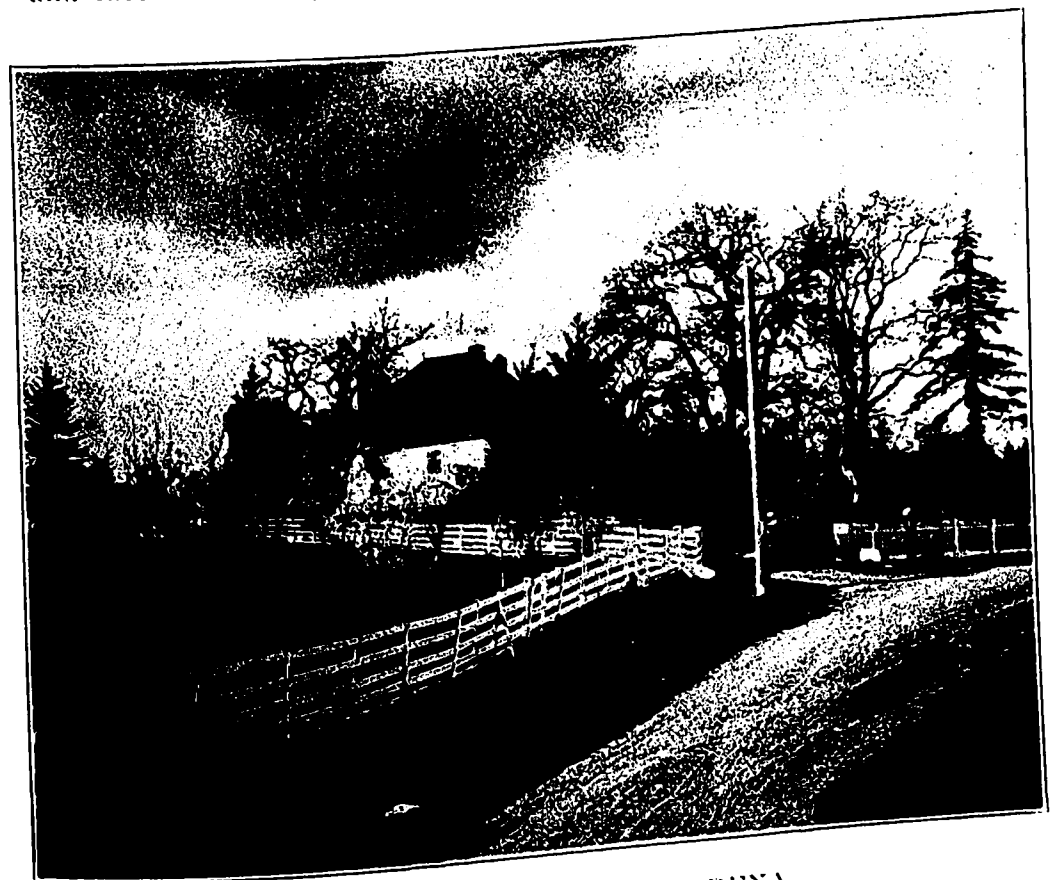
From Mr. Macready Sydecene to Miss Ethel Gusher.

"My dear Miss Gusher.—I have been so fully occupied rehearsing Othello that I have not had time to call on you, as I should have wished to do. I was deeply grieved at your disappointment, but always feared that you required more study. I hope to see you again soon. And in the meantime, I remain yours faithfully,
Macready Sydecene."

"P.S.—The OLD lady was my wife, and the young one my eldest daughter. I trust you will be well enough to come the first night of Othello."



THE WILKINSON ROAD winds from Burnside through some of the most beautiful country around Victoria. One spot on the road which catches the eye immediately is the Old Clapperton Estate with its famous orchard. It seems almost a shame that this Estate should have been subdivided, but there is at least the consolation that the orchard is to be preserved intact and that no unsightly buildings are to be permitted on the subdivision which now bears the name of "Altadena." The British Canadian Home Builders, Ltd., are the fortunate owners of this beautiful subdivision and intend building some choice homes there this spring.



WILKERSON ROAD, ALTADENA



It is pleasant to feel that no matter where we go, we are dressed "Just Right."

Lounge Suits—

The styles shown for Spring and Summer, Nineteen-thirteen, can truthfully be said to be the most rational and desirable that have been presented. The old style exaggerated shoulder with its layers of padding is a thing of the past. Two and three button soft roll coats predominate. Peg-top trousers will be correct for outing wear only. The range of patterns and weaves is very extensive and comprises besides the usual lines of staple Blues and Greys, some very new designs and novel effects. The fancy materials have brought a bewildering mixture of colors. Vivid colors have been used, but the tones chosen blend so well that the result is not garish. The plain Red-Browns that have been much used in Europe of late are here, and wonderful combinations of color on Wood Browns.

Shirts—

Comparatively little change is noticeable. Russian Cord, Mercerized Madras, Pereaes and Scotch and English fabrics in Jacquard patterns will vie with each other in popularity. A big call for the White Shirt with narrow pleated bosom is anticipated. This shirt and the Bat-wing tie go well together.

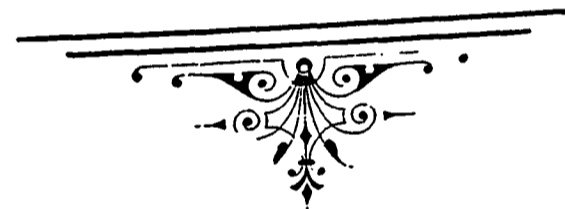
Neckwear—

When we try to describe the multifarious displays in every conceivable color combination, and in every conceivable pattern, we feel like the citizen of Arizona, who was conducted to his last resting place with a hempen tie around his neck. Crutehated silken four-in-hands in contrasting stripes, some gaudy and others of neat, refined appearance, still occupy the top rung of the ladder of popular opinion. Bat-wing ties will be very much in evidence. We do not refer to the ready-made-up wings, but the short tie about 1½ inches wide in plain black and dark colors, some with narrow stripes, which the wearer slips under his collar and ties to suit his own taste.

Altadena-Continued

Altadena has every natural advantage as a Residential District, being high ground free from rock with gentle grassy slope to the road and having the British Columbia Electric Station within three minutes' walk. One ten-roomed house has already been designed by Mr. H. Bryant-Newbold for Mr. Ernest Kennedy and work has been commenced. There are several others in contemplation. A School and two Churches are within easy walking distance.

With the Saanich suburban cars running in a few weeks' time, this will prove a most attractive place for those looking for the benefits of the City combined with those of the Country, as there are few more beautiful places around Victoria.



A VIEW OF ALTADENA

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