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NOVEMBER, 1913

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We will show
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Our Auto Is at Your Service

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To Be BETTER KNOWN

We Believe

That if people REALLY knew about Victoria and Vancouver Island, there would be a population here of

*Five Millions
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Vancouver Island is an Empire within itself. As large as England and Wales, it stands in the same relation to North America that England does to Europe geographically. Untold mineral, forest and farming wealth, all undeveloped, call MEN AND MONEY to come here to the LAST WEST, where there is a place and opportunity for any man.

Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, is the first port on the Pacific by location, as it has been the first port of Canada for tonnage for many years. The Panama Canal will make it bigger and better.

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We Have the Finest Climate in the World.

Information Gladly Furnished Upon Request.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

Phone 5176

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DeLuxe

Magazine

Illustrated News

of
People & Events

Victoria, Vancouver & Seattle



15 Cents

THE DE LUXE PUBLISHING CO.

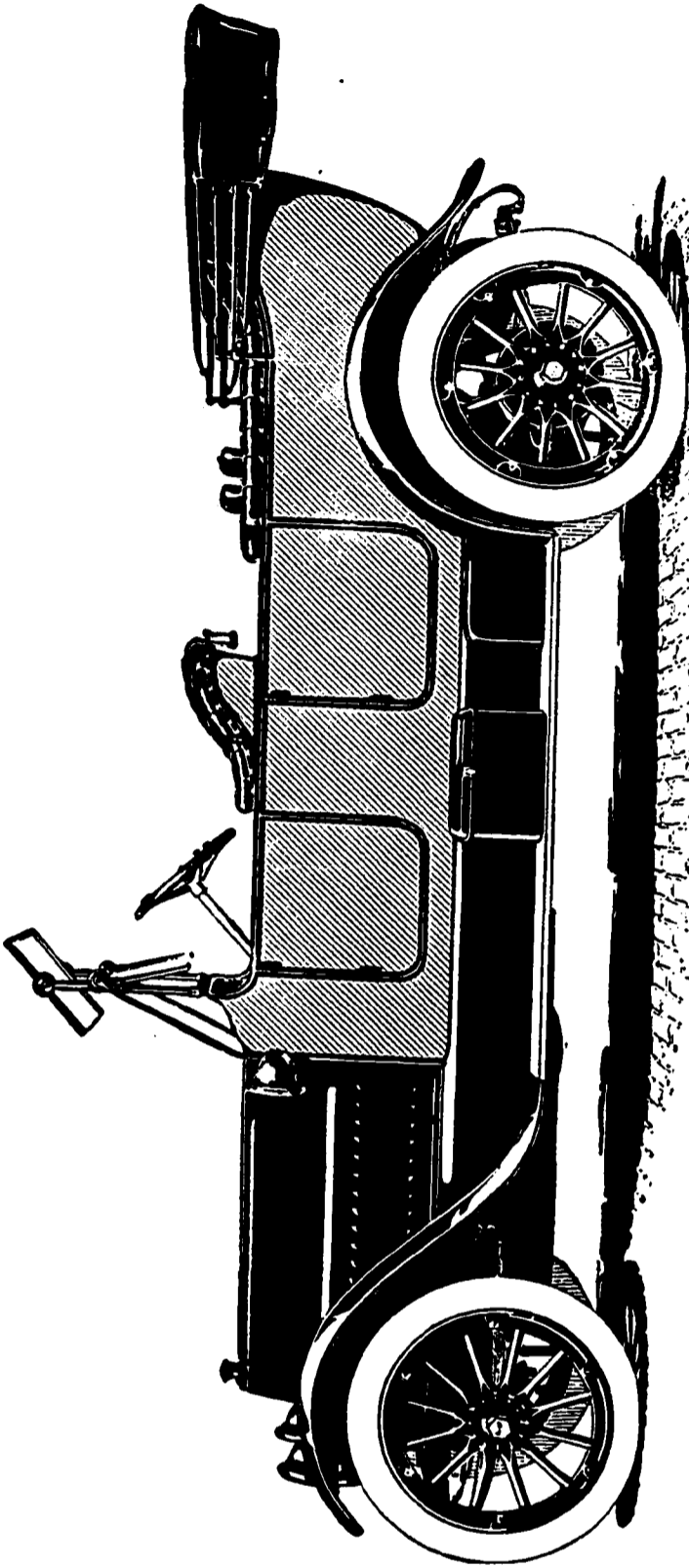
MOORE & PAULINE

Distributors, Cor. Wharf & Broughton, Phone 2527

Victoria, B. C.



Notice first that this is a six-passenger car. Instead of the usual five-passenger touring car, we have chosen this new but far more convenient and logical plan, of making the "35" a six-passenger car, with two seats of the disappearing, collapsible type. The body is long and handsome. The upholstery rich, and the cushions so deep and comfortable that it seems incredible that they can be placed on a \$1,650 car. With the 116-inch wheel base, the STUDEBAKER "35" really enters the big car class. Yet we shall build 25,000 of this type during the coming year, and the price is much lower than any other big car which approaches it. Two other models, the Studebaker "25" and six, have the same pleasing lines and finish. Look into these cars before you purchase. We can show you the reason why people are buying Studebakers.



Studebaker

STUDEBAKER "35" Touring Car. \$1,650 F.O.B. Victoria.

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Exclusive Millinery Importers

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VICTORIA

You will find our French Models the most exclusive creations on the Pacific Coast

The name "HETRICK'S" stands for
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You are cordially invited to inspect our winter showing
of Hats

The
De Luxe
Monthly

It's the Style that
carries the weight



Your clothes should *compel attention* without attracting *otice*. They should convey to others that you are a man to be reckoned with—and they will if they're

Style-craft Tailored Clothes

Put the finishing touch to your costume by adding

Velour Hats Silk Hose Smart Neckwear

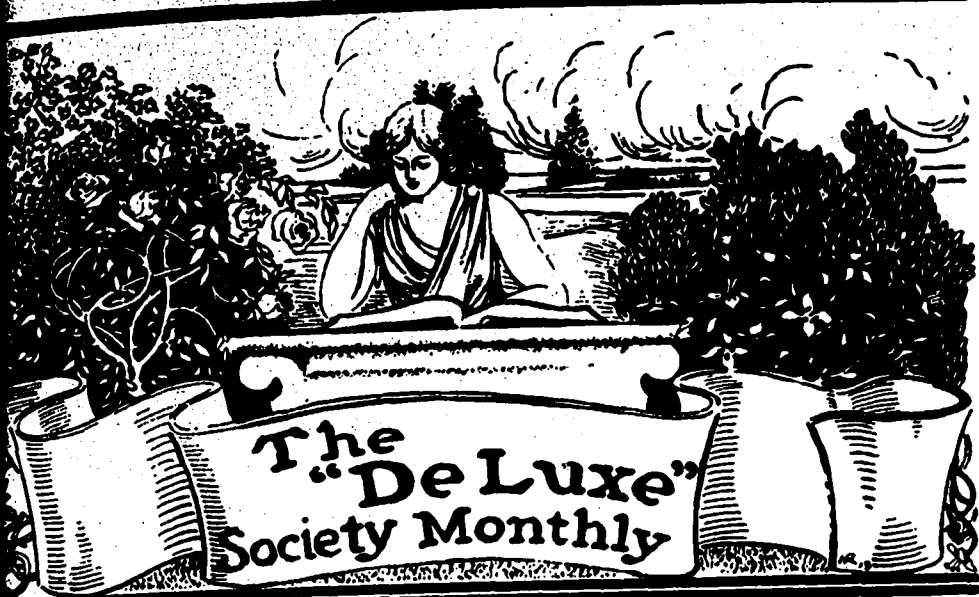
Everything of the best to be seen here to advantage, with every facility to see how it suits you.

Come and see us.

Spence, Doherty & Co.

1218-1220 Douglas St.

Victoria, B. C.



VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1913 NO. 3.

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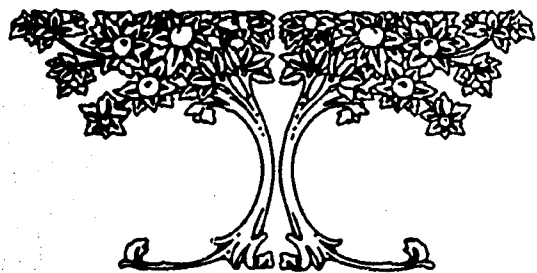
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MENTONNIERE [CHIN SUPPORTER]

Is a marvelous French invention. It is the only device that will positively prevent and overcome the double chin, the lines about the mouth, and the wilted throat.

It prevents abnormal tissue formation, rests and supports the tired neck and relaxed muscles, holding them in place while they contract and regain their natural strength and firmness, thereby insuring a perfect contour.



LADIES: Have you seen the latest, wonderful Sleeping Masks? Will keep the flesh of the face fresh, firm and youthful; prevents and removes flabbiness, lines and wrinkles.

It will be a pleasure to show you one and explain.



MADAME STANNER

Dermatologist

Hairdressing Parlors, Hair Goods and Manicuring
729 Fort St., Victoria, B. C. Phone 2135

A Word to Cautious Advertisers

THE "DE LUXE" goes into the pick of the homes.
 THE "DE LUXE" is not thrown away after having been read.
 THE "DE LUXE" January number is still circulating in December,
 THE "DE LUXE" therefore has no waste circulation.
 THE "DE LUXE" is the most expensive production on the Pacific.
 THE "DE LUXE" shows its advertising to advantage.
 THE "DE LUXE" has news that is bright and spicy.
 THE "DE LUXE" also is starting this issue with a splendid new serial.
 THE "DE LUXE" is the cheapest medium for your merchandise, providing you wish to reach the proper class in the right manner.
 THE "DE LUXE" has no dissatisfied advertisers.
 THE "DE LUXE" advertisers do not try to cancel their advertisements for they know what standing the magazine has in Society.
 THE "DE LUXE" wants you to give it a trial and see if results won't compel you to continue. And
 THE "DE LUXE" has an advertising department where courtesy is always present.

Therefore it should surely command respect and consideration when you are making your appropriations.



"A GARDEN OF VICTORIA"

5th prize, \$2.00. Miss Babe McClure, Victoria.

Every "She" Likes Jewelry



OUR business is to cater to this liking. Our stock is now very complete in every department. We are all ready for the Christmas trade.

Of special interest is our splendid array of Fine Wrist Watches, Platinum Set Lavalieres, Fine Diamond Necklets, High Grade Swiss Watches, Etc.

We have a magnificent stock of loose Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds and Rubies.

Our reputation is your safeguard.



Shortt Hill & Duncan

LIMITED

Sign of the Four Dials

CENTRAL BUILDING

VICTORIA, B. C.

Publisher's Page



The Publisher takes great pleasure in thanking the public for the kindly manner in which they have received the "De Luxe" Magazine.

Each issue has sold out entirely. This assures us that it has found a place among the society people of Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver. Yes! this is the start of our second year, and, notwithstanding the procrastinations of our friends when we started, "that

"De Luxe" was too expensive a production to be successful" we are here to-day starting a new year.

Our advertising has grown and the class of advertisement we are carrying at the present is superior to those when we started. Then again, our circulation has grown by leaps and bounds till now we have nearly five thousand subscribers, and this all in the short space of one year.

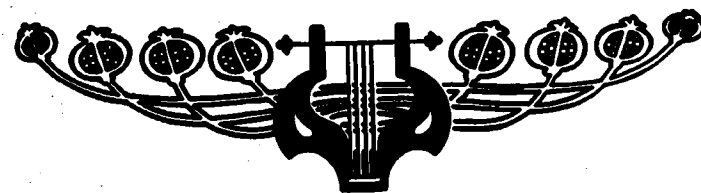
The reception of our prize contest has gratified us, when the idea of the photographic contest evolved one evening out of the smoke of our cigars after a particularly agreeable and satisfying dinner, we thought we should probably get twenty-five or thirty photographs, and did not think it would entail any great added effort to pick out the winners.

Our readers, however, have agreeably surprised us. We received several hundred photographs and the lucky contestants names are published under the photographs on the following pages.

It stands to reason there are many who will be disappointed. They must not be discouraged but enter again when we publish our next contest, which will be in the Christmas number.

How do you like the general makeup of the "De Luxe" this issue? Doesn't it strike you that the reading matter is much more interesting than in former numbers? We want our readers to write and tell us what they think of our new serial—it's a very interesting story and will compel attention to the finish.

The Publisher.



THE DE LUXE SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Published on the first of every month by
THE DE LUXE PUBLISHING Co., Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle.
605 Lyon Bldg., Seattle. 310 Jones Bldg., Victoria.
A. F. WAKEFIELD, Managing Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising Rates on Application.
All news matter to be in by the 20th of month preceding date of publication.



Typical Examples OF Favored Styles

in the accompanying illustrations that may be found in the coat and suit section of Seattle's newest department store. Moderate prices and courteous service are the rule.

No transaction is considered closed until the customer is absolutely satisfied.

Fraser-Patterson Co.

Second Avenue at University Street
SEATTLE, WASH.



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Hair Work done in all its Branches, and Workmanship Guaranteed. Theatrical Wigs for Hire and for Sale. Electrical Face and Scalp Treatment and Superfluous Hair Removed. Full Line of Bangs, Switches, Pompadours, Etc.



MRS. M. L. ROSS

Successor to MADAM KOSCHE

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Victoria, B. C.



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The FESTIVE SEASON

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YET
NOT EXPENSIVE

We will be pleased to manufacture your own design
at no greater cost than buying them read-made

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VICTORIA, B.C.



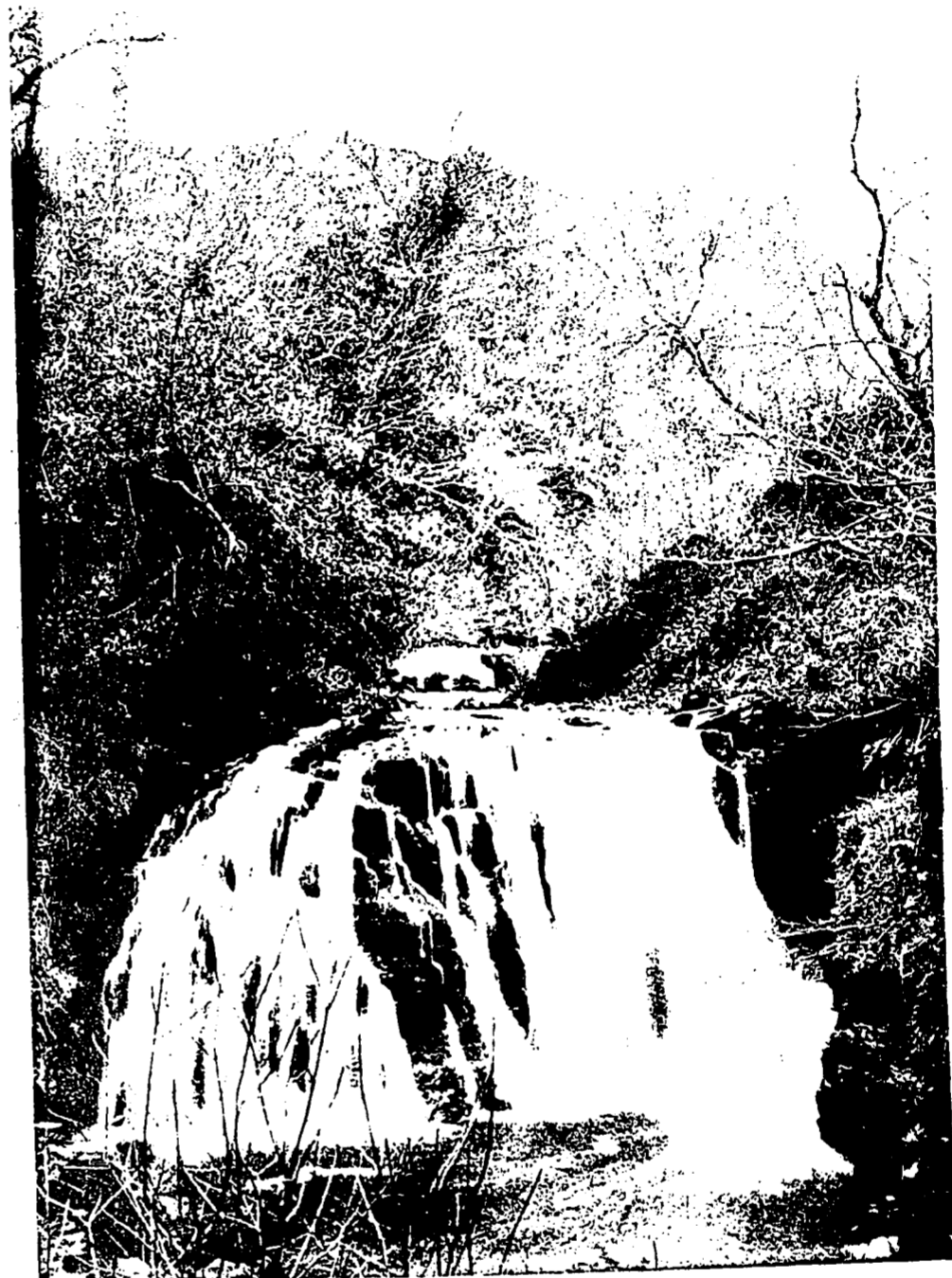
"A Wood Nymph"

1st Prize, \$10.00. C. P. Woodworth, Victoria.



"SUNSHINE AND SNOW"

2nd Prize, \$5.00 - Charles Wilson, Victoria



"TEARS OF THE MOUNTAIN"

3rd Prize, \$2.00 - C. Wilson, Victoria



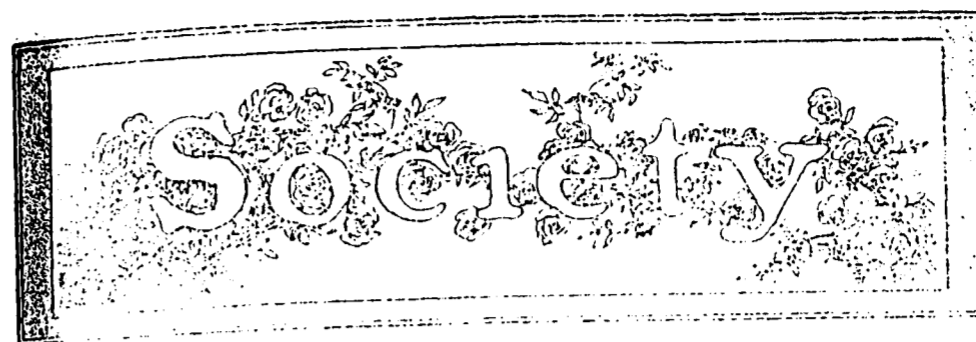
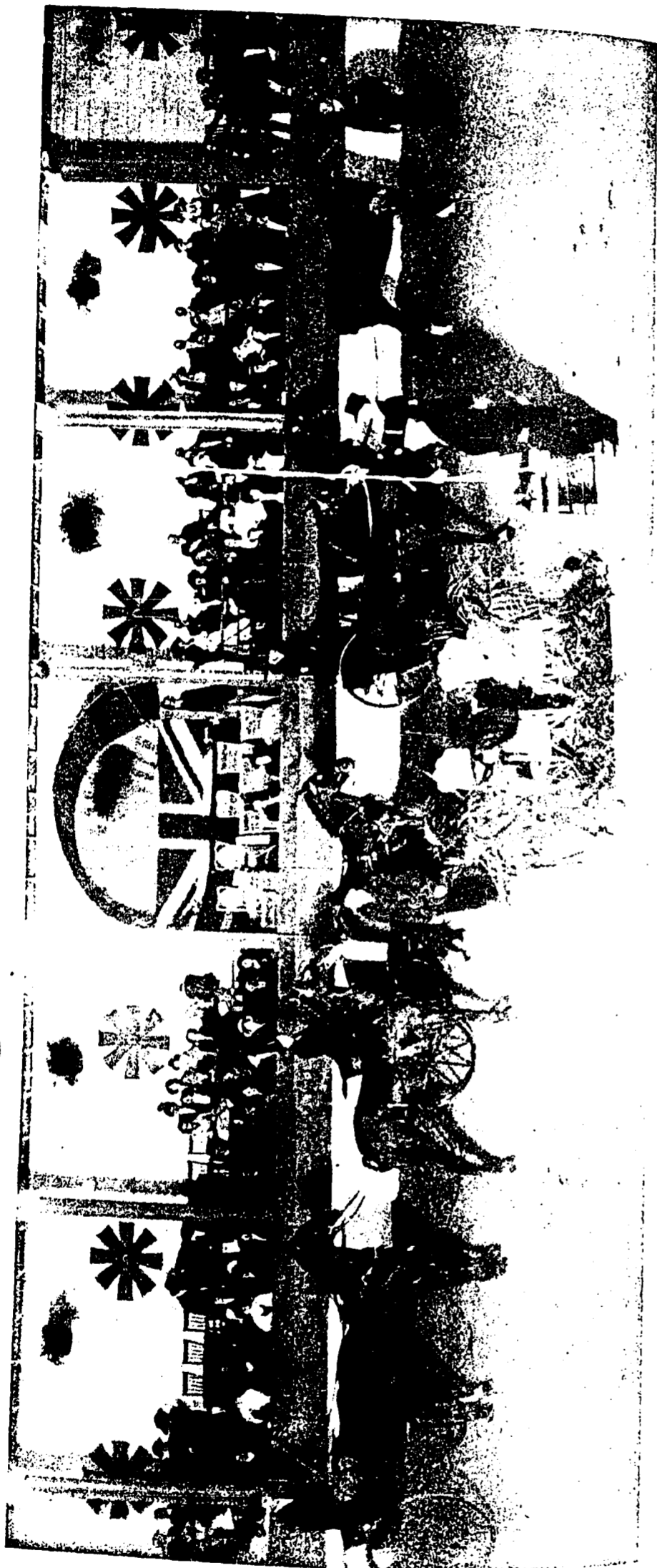
"HUNTING."

4th Prize, \$2.00. Mr. Brooker, Victoria



DAUGHTERS OF PITY TEA ROOM

Victoria Exhibition



SEATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bausman entertained at dinner Wednesday evening Oct. 8th, at their residence on Harvard Avenue North, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Spooner, who leave soon to make their home in New York.

Red cactus dahlias were the flowers used as a center piece. The table was lighted with red shaded candles.

Covers were laid for ten.

Mrs. E. S. McCord was a charming hostess Saturday afternoon, Oct. 11th, at a large bridge party given at the Sunset Club in compliment to Mrs. E. W. Purdy, of Bellingham, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Landes.

At the tea hour the fifty players were joined by a few extra guests for tea. The tea table with its epergne of pink roses was presided over by Mrs. F. H. Brownell and Mrs. Wallace Green Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Merrill entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Green, and Mrs. F. H. Brownell Thursday evening Oct. 9th, at a box party at the Hamlin concert at the Moore Theatre.

At a meeting held Tuesday Oct. 7th, of the committee in charge of the arrangements of the Junior Club dances for the winter the following dates were selected upon which to have the parties: November 20, January 23 and April 13. The last party will be a masquerade ball.

All of the dances will be given in Faurot's Hall.

The committee in charge of the arrangements consists of Miss Dorothy Stimson, Miss Dorothy Terry, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Emma Baillargeon, Mr. Stuart Agen, Mr. George Gund, Mr. Thomas Stimson and Mr. Harold Burdon.

Mrs. Frank R. Van Tuyl was hostess Tuesday Oct. 7th, at a delightful luncheon given at the Sunset Club in compliment to Mrs. E. F. Blaine and Mrs. Frederick Bausman, both of whom have been recent European travelers.

Two tables each centered with a mound of Cecil Drummer roses were used for the fourteen guests.

Mrs. Edward Tremayne Dunstan announces the engagement of her daughter, Muriel Tremayne, to Mr. Robert Lynn Whitham, of this city.

The marriage will take place November 25.

Miss Dunstan is the daughter of the late Reverend Dunstan pastor of the West Seattle Congregational Church.

One of the delightful affairs of the season was the bride-tea given on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 9th, by Mrs. Henry Ladners at her home on Boylston Ave. North, in compliment to her sister, Mrs. E. W. Purdy, of Bellingham, who is spending a week with her.

The rooms were lavishly adorned with the season's most beautiful sweet peas of different shades; the library was in red and yellow with chrysantheums, marigolds, coreopsis and cactus dahlias, and the dining room was in deep pink. Madam Chatenay roses arranged loosely with maidenhair ferns in an artistic basket finished with a pink satin bow, decorated the tea table, presided over by Mrs. P. P. Ferry and Mrs. Charles E. Burnside.

The punch bowl was presided over by Miss Hael Landes. Miss Gladys Landes and Miss Frances McGuigan.

Seven tables of bridge players were present and additional guests came in later.

Miss Ella Ten Eyck Downs, daughter of Mrs. Marcus Eugene Downs, of this city, and Mr. Harry Keyes Brooks, of Vancouver, B. C., son of Dr. and Mrs. Dwight Frederick Brooks of St. Paul, Minn., were quietly married Thursday evening Oct. 9th, at 7:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, 902 Thirty-sixth Avenue North. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. M. A. Matthews.

Miss Margaret Panton was the bride's only attendant and Mr. Phillip Brooks acted as best man for his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks left Friday morning for San Francisco, and from there will sail October 26, on the steamship Korea, for Honolulu, where they will remain until after the holidays.

They will be at home after February 1 at 885 Chilco street, Vancouver, B. C.

The bride who made her debut two years ago, is a graduate of Miss Bennett's School at Milbrook, N. Y., and has always been a popular member of the younger set in this city. One of the pleasing incidents in connection with the marriage is that the bride's wedding day was the first wedding anniversary of Mrs. John Henry Suydam, a close friend of the bride who, as Miss Margaret Smith, made her debut with Miss Downs two years ago.

The groom is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Brooks of St. Paul, his father being the head of the Powell River Paper Company and the Brooks-Scanlan Lumber Company, of which the bridegroom is secretary.

Among the out-of-town guests present at the marriage were the father and mother of the groom; Mr. Edward Brooks, brother of the groom, of Merriam Park, near St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Brooks, of Vancouver, cousins of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Brooks, brother and sister-in-law of the groom, of Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Marion Stone and Miss Harriet Stone, of San Francisco, cousins of the groom; Mr. H. C. Scanlan, of Minnesota; Mr. John Keyes, of Bend, Ore., uncle of the groom; Mr. Tracy Fairchild, of Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Vivian Swalwell, of Everett; Mr. Fred Hickey, of Detroit, Mich., and Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. C. T. Hardinger and Mrs. L. J. Marsh entertained delightfully at auction bridge Friday evening October 3, at the home of Mrs. Hardinger, 216 Thirty-first Avenue, in compliment to Mrs. Emily B. Gregory of Detroit, Mich., who has been their guest and also that of her son, Lieut. Edmond Gregory, U. S. A., at Fort Lawton.

The rooms were attractive with a profusion of Japanese clematis and sweet peas.

Three tables were in play. High scores were played by Mrs. Edmund B. Gregory, and Mr. Xura Case.

The music department of the Woman's Century Club met at

Hotel Kennedy Friday afternoon Oct. 10th, with Mrs. W. A. as chairman. It was almost entirely a Handel program. Lona H. T. Pope gave an entertaining talk on the great Handel. In Handel's time, said she, to have a son a musician was the last thing to be desired, the boy had a hard struggle acquiring musical education. He always wished to write operas, but his work in that line was never successful, while his oratorios which he wrote proved his greatest works. He became a naturalized citizen of Great Britain and is buried in Westminster Abbey near Charles Dickens. The "Largo" from "Xerxes" was played, arranged for two violins, by Mr. Gottman and Miss Ethel Hendron, with Mrs. Margaret E. A. Niblett, accompanist. This number was so beautifully rendered that an encore was asked for. The artists responded with the ever-popular "Sextette" from "Lucia." Miss Fanny Hayes sang "Where E'er You Walk," from the opera "Carmen," in a sweet, clear voice, and for an encore gave "Come to the Garden, Love," by Mary Turner Salter. Miss Hayes played at the piano. Mrs. Margaret Niblett played the "Gavotte in G Minor" in a musicianly manner. To finish the splendid program Mrs. Frederick Adams sang from manuscript two songs by native composers, "Mysterious Power," by Mary Carr Moore, and "Oh, Joy of Life," by Mrs. D. W. Hildreth.

Uniting two of Seattle's oldest and most distinguished families, the marriage of Miss Ruth Mary Gilmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmore, and Mr. Stanley Ballard, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rankin Ballard, was solemnized Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, 903 Roanoke Street, in the presence of about 200 relative and most intimate friends.

Brilliant, colorful and altogether charming in every little detail was the wedding. Shortly before the appearance of the bridal party a stringed orchestra stationed in the library behind a lattice screen of huckleberry foilage, gave several appropriate selections, followed by two solos, "Calm as the Night" and "I Love You Truly," beautifully rendered by Mrs. Fletcher Lewis.

Following this, the orchestra played the Lohengrin wedding march and Rev. M. A. Matthews, the officiating clergyman, took his place in the drawing room under a beautiful floral bower of huckleberry foilage and groupings of white chrysanthemums, flanked on either side with tall stately palms.

The two ribbon bearers, Ruth Reynolds, cousin of the bride, and Louise Studley of Walla Walla, followed, carrying the white chiffon ribbons. They were dainty in shadow lace gowns over pink satin, trimmed with pink chiffon rosebuds, with pink satin girdles and hair bows.

Then came the two tiny manly little ring bearers, Mark Allison Matthews, Jr., and Gilmore Harrison Potts, both in white serge suits. They carried the two rings for the double ring service on two miniature white satin cushions edged with lace; the golden bands nestling in a circle of orange blossoms.

Miss Bernice Short of Tacoma, the maid of honor, came next, tall and stately in a gown of deep pink charmeuse, with a fillet of rhinestones in her coiffure. She carried an arm bouquet of Killarney roses from which fell a shower of pink ribbons and maidenhair ferns.

The bride appeared next on the arm of her father. She was most dainty in a creation of white crepe meteor made with a court train, which was embroidered at the corners with seed pearls. The bodice was formed of Bohemian lace, trimmed with pearl passementerie. Her tulle veil hung from a coronet of orange blossoms and maidenhair ferns in filmy folds to the end of her long court train.

She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley. The only ornament worn was a diamond pendant, a gift of the groom. Meeting them at the altar were the groom and Mr. Leo Ross Rowe, who acted as best man.

Following the ceremony, the bridal party, with Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore and Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, received the guests. The rooms were exquisitely decorated. Besides the floral bower in the drawing room an abundance of large white shaggy chrysanthemums from every point of vantage with palms and autumn leaves decorated this room. The library was similarly beautified, except that yellow was substituted for white.

The dining room was in shades of pink. The table, where a collation was served later in the evening, was covered in Florentine lace over white satin and centered with an exquisite basket of Cecil Bruner and Lillarney roses. About the room were handsome bowls of choicest pink roses of every kind and baskets of pink roses, high-handled, and tied with satin bows. The appointments were all in pink and heart-shaped. At either end of the board were the bride's and groom's cake, which were cut by them later in the evening.

Mrs. Gilmour, mother of the bride, wore a handsome creation of embroidered black chiffon and white Chantilly lace over white charmeuse with a deep girdle of American beauty velvet.

Mrs. Ballard wore a beautiful gown of changeable blue draped in cream Chantilly lace, the bodice formed of gold net, Chantilly lace and touches of black tulle.

Presiding over the punch bowl were Miss Inez Hadley, Miss Catherine Hadley, Miss Marie Bernard, Miss Alice Dorr and Gladys Matthews.

Just before the departure of the bride and groom the bride threw her bouquet, which was caught by Miss Catherine Hadley.

The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cheviot, trimmed with fur, and her hat of blue to match was embellished with brocaded velvet bows.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballard left for a trip and will be at home in this city for the winter after November 15.

Among the out of town guests present at the ceremony were: Mrs. W. Kirkman, Miss Myrtle Kirkman, Mr. William Kirkman, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gilmore Kirkman, Mr. and Mrs. Allen H. Reynolds and Ruth Sarah Reynolds, all of Walla Walla, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Short and Miss Bernice Short of Tacoma.

The bride, who is a native daughter of Seattle, is a girl of notable sweetness of character and much personal charm. The groom, a native son, has spent most of his life here with the exception of several school years in the East and abroad.

Mrs. G. W. Stetson entertained Thursday afternoon, Oct. 16, at her home on Beacon Hill in compliment to Mrs. W. H. Talbot of San Francisco, who is a guest at The Washington.

The rooms where auction-bridge were played were decorated in a color scheme of pink and green.

The prizes were awarded Mrs. H. Westerveldt, Mrs. U. C. Brier, Mrs. Charles Eugene Banks and a favor was presented the guest of honor.

An impromptu program of music by Mrs. Edmundson, pianist, and Miss Veva Stetson, violinist, was followed by a talk by Mrs. Charles Eugene Banks and a character sketch by the hostess. Refreshments were served in the dining room, which was decorated with Japanese suggestions. The table was centered with a miniature representation of a Japanese village.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierry P. Ferry gave a dinner Wednesday even-

Oct. 15, at their home on Tenth Avenue North in compliment Mrs. E. W. Purdy of Bellingham. A basket of Madam Chatenay roses centered the table. Covers were laid for twelve. Bridge was played in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McMicken entertained at dinner Monday evening, Oct. 13, at their home on Sixteenth Avenue.

The twelve guests were those who formed a party entertained Mr. and Mrs. McMicken on their yacht Lotus last summer on trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. McMicken entertained again on the evening, of Oct. 15th, with a small dinner. Their guests were Maj. Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. A., Mrs. Gallagher and Mr. F. A. Wing.

One of the most elaborate affairs given in compliment to Miss Ruth Gilmore, who is to be an October bride, was the luncheon Tuesday, Sept. 30th, at which Mr. Edmund Bowden was hostess at her home on Eighteenth Avenue.

The decorations were cleverly carried out; the drawing-room was pink with a profusion of gladioli and asters. Sunflowers and autumn leaves adorned the reception hall.

In the dining-room delicate shades of pink and blue were used. The table had for a centerpiece a large mound of exquisite Madam Chatenay roses, blue hydrangeas and maidenhair ferns. The place cards were hand-painted dainty pink wedding bells tied with blue ribbons. The appointments were further carried out in pink with delicate touches of blue.

Covers were laid for Miss Gilmore, Mrs. David Gilmore, Mrs. William Rankin Ballard, Mrs. M. A. Matthews, Mrs. William Kelson, Miss Myrtle Kirkman of Walla Walla, Miss Bernice Short of Tacoma, Miss Mary Louise Rochester, Miss Louise Norton, Miss Orpha Meacham, Miss Marguerite Geffney, Miss Beatrice Clapp, Miss Elizabeth Kent, Miss Marie Bernard and the hostess.

The marriage Thursday evening, Sept. 25th, of Miss Margaret Gertrude Uushur, daughter of Mrs. C. F. Upshur, of Astoria, Ore., to Lieut. Simon Willard Sperry, Thirty-third Coast Artillery, U. S. A., was one of equal interest in navy and civilian circles. A large assemblage of relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at 8 o'clock at St. Paul Church by Rev. Sydney Morgan.

The little chapel was profusely decorated in white and green. The altar was banked with white gladioli and asters against a background of palms. A seven-branched brass candelabra holding tall waxen cathedral candles was hidden among the greens. At each pew were clusters of white asters tied with white tulle.

Mr. Fisher, at the organ, played Lohengrin's wedding march as a processional, and as a recessional a selection from Massenet. Appropriate selections were softly played during the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. William T. Chutter, wore a handsome gown of brocaded satin made en trainee and trimmed with princess lace. The long flowing sleeves were of chiffon and lace. The tulle veil was held in place with orange blossoms and a bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley was carried.

The ornaments worn were a pearl cross, belonging at one time to Martha Washington, of whom the bride is a descendant, and a pearl necklace.

Miss Marion Chutter, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a dainty gown of sky blue crepe de chine, trimmed with

shadow lace and rhinestones, and a short white tulle veil caught with forget-me-nots. She carried a shower bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses.

Lieutenant Cox of Fort Stevens, Ore., acted as best man for the groom. The ushers were Mr. Harold Chutter and Mr. Ed. Hart.

A reception for a few friends at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Chutter, 4 Garfield Street, followed the ceremony. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Chutter, the bride and groom, and Mrs. Upshur, mother of the bride, under a canopy of white tulle and asparagus fern. The remainder of the reception room was adorned with chrysanthemums and gladioli. The reception hall was attractive with red cactus dahlias and the dining room, where a buffet supper was served, was in yellow, carried out on the table with a mound of alianthus and asparagus ferns. The bride's cake occupied a conspicuous place on the board, which was lighted with yellow shaded candles.

The punch bowl was presided over by Miss Larsen, the coffee urn by Mrs. Mary E. Griffith of Port Townsend, assisted by her daughter, Miss Lucile Griffith.

Mrs. Harold Chutter received the guests at the door.

Mrs. Upshur, mother of the bride, wore a gown of taupe crepe de chine trimmed with Bohemian lace. Mrs. Chutter, aunt of the bride, was gowned in golden brown charmeuse trimmed with passementerie. Mrs. Harold Chutter wore black crepe de chine trimmed with real lace.

Among the out of town guests present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fulton of Astoria, Mrs. Dodds and Miss Mary Trenchard of Victoria, B. C., and Mrs. H. G. Smith of Portland, Ore.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Sperry left for a trip to Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., and will be at home after November 1 at Fort Stevens, Ore.

The groom is a scion of one of the oldest California families, being a nephew of Mrs. William H. Crocker. The bride is a granddaughter of Admiral John H. Upshur, U. S. N., retired.

Many congratulatory telegrams were received from Eastern cities and cablegrams from Europe.

A number of box parties were given Friday evening, Sept. 26, at the Moore Theatre to hear Geraldine Farrar who appeared under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Club.

Among those entertaining were Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Merrill, who had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kerry and Mr. and Mrs. Manson F. Backus.

Judge and Mrs. Burke entertained Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Green, Mrs. Charles D. Stimson, and Mr. Richard Brooks, of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Blethen had as their guests Mrs. Frederick Karl Struve and Dr. Frederick Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Pely, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Peters and Miss Pelly of England, were together.

Mr. Townsend E. Soper's guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Hilsman, of Atlanta City, Ga., Mrs. Elizabeth Langford, Miss Henderson, Dr. S. V. R. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Biglow and Miss Helen Perkins were together.

Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, Mrs. N. H. Latimer, Mrs. L. C. Gilman and Mrs. Ellis Morrison were together.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Parsons, Miss Milnore Roberts and Dean Milnor Roberts occupied a box.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace C. Henry and a party of friends were congenial groupe.

Miss Olive Kerry and friends were in another box.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Green Collins has as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Dudley W. Burchard and Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edward Skinner entertained a party of friends.

Mrs. Gilbert S. Meem entertained at a luncheon Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Kelleher, in compliment to Miss Emily Beattie of Washington, D. C.

The table was attractive with a centerpiece of blue hydrangeas and chrysanthemums.

Covers were laid for twelve.

The party was entertained later at The Orpheum.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. DeVeve entertained Saturday evening, September 20, with a beautifully appointed dinner given in their apartment at Hamilton Arms, in compliment to Capt. R. O. Crisp, U. S. R. C. S., and Mrs. Crisp.

The color scheme motif was pink and lavender. A low basket of sweet peas and asters with a cloth of gold bow centered the board. French favors of miniature men and women accompanied the place cards.

Covers were laid for twelve.

Bridge was the amusement of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. DeVeve gave a second dinner Wednesday evening, when twelve guests were again entertained.

Mrs. Michale Earles in the afternoon of Oct. 23, was hostess of two large musicales which were among the most brilliant and enjoyable affairs of this season. They were given at her home, 684 Olympic Place, in compliment to Miss Katherine Earles and Miss Alice Joyce.

The rooms were beautiful with masses of pink roses, most of them arranged in watteau baskets tied with pink satin ribbons.

Two programs were given, one at 2:30 o'clock and the other at 4 o'clock. Miss Katherine Earles, a recent graduate of the Bush Temple of Chicago, gave the programs, assisted by Miss Grace Gilliam, soloist. Mrs. Omar Humphrey was at the piano.

Miss Earles, who is extremely talented, will be a great acquisition to the musical circles of this city. Her program was as follows:

Scherzo, Op. 31	Chopin
Sonata (Moonlight)—Adagio, Allegretto, Presto.....	Beethoven
Barcarole, A minor	Rubinstein
Concert Study	MacDowell

During the afternoon refreshments were served in the dining room from a table beautiful in pink. It was covered in cluny lace over pink satin and centered with an immense tall golden basket of Killarney half blown roses, the high handle of which was tied with a butterfly bow of pink satin ribbon.

Pink silk and beaded candle shades covered the lighted pink candles in crystal holders. Presiding over the tea urns the first hour were Mrs. Waldo Richardson and Mrs. Kenneth Mackintosh. The second hour, Mrs. Robert H. Boyle and Mrs. Henry Baetz dispensed hospitalities. Assisting about the rooms were Mrs. Albert Charles Phillips, Mrs. H. M. Anderson and Miss Lenore Joyce.

At 5 o'clock a groupe of prominent musicians of the city was entertained at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Earles and spent the evening informally with an impromptu musical program.

VICTORIA

Mrs. Hervey Lindley, wife of the newly elected president of the Rainier Club, entertained the wives and daughters of club members October 24th with a large and brilliant reception at the clubhouse.

The guests were received by Mrs. Lindley and the wives of the other officers of the club, who are Mrs. George Donworth, Mrs. John T. Champion, Mrs. R. V. Ankeny, Mrs. Clarence Blethen, Mrs. J. D. Trenholme, Mrs. Francis Guy Frink, Mrs. Frank McDermott and Mrs. F. H. Brownell. Mrs. Treat was not present, owing to her absence in the East.

The rooms were beautifully decorated.

Presiding over the tea table early in the afternoon were Mrs. H. C. Henry and Mrs. John Collins; at the punch bowl were Mrs. Josiah Collins and Mrs. J. C. C. Eden, in the library, and Mrs. Langdon C. Henry, Mrs. John Henry Ballinger and Mrs. W. M. Somervell, in the dining room.

At the tea table, later in the afternoon, were Mrs. Burke and Mrs. J. D. Lowman. At the punch bowl were Mrs. Frederick Karl Struve and Mrs. Robert H. Boyle, in the library, and Mrs. R. D. Merrill and Mrs. Joshua Green, in the dining room.

Among those present were Mrs. M. A. Arnold, Mrs. R. A. Ballinger, Mrs. M. F. Backus, Mrs. Frederick Bausman, Mrs. H. S. Bolcom, Mrs. Scott C. Bone, Mrs. E. F. Blaine, Mrs. Jacob Furth, Mrs. J. C. Ford, Mrs. Thomas Green, Mrs. A. S. Kerry, Mrs. J. C. Haines, Mrs. James D. Hoge, Mrs. Daniel Kelleher, Mrs. Eliza Ferry, Mrs. E. S. McCord, Mrs. Maurice McMicken, Mrs. Alonzo S. Taylor, Mrs. Nathaniel Paschall, Mrs. D. A. Nicholson and Mrs. E. H. Wells.

Enthusiastic golfers came from Vancouver, Victoria and Tacoma to play for the H. C. Henry Cup at the Seattle Golf Club on Oct. 24th, when the Tacoma and Seattle teams united in playing a match game with the Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., players.

From Tacoma were Mrs. Curran, Mrs. L. H. Bean, Mrs. William Jones, Mrs. Carman, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Grosscup, Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Dempsey and Mrs. Rice.

The Seattle team is Mrs. Robert S. Wilson, Mrs. A. A. Hilton, Mrs. David H. Moss, Mrs. C. K. McGill, Mrs. C. B. Blake, Mrs. Samuel L. Russell, Mrs. J. W. Eddy, Miss Rebecca Collins, Miss Anne Turner and Mrs. Samuel P. Weston.

Coming over from Vancouver, B. C., were Mrs. Charles Gore, Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Page.

From Victoria were Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Colebourne, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. T. Gore, Mrs. Sampson, Misses Marion Pitts, Lason, Dunsmuir, Butchart, Mara and Combe.

The visitors were entertained at luncheon at the Seattle Golf Club.

In honor of the anniversary of their wedding, Paymaster and Mrs. George Brown entertained at dinner Saturday evening October 11th. The table was beautifully decorated with silver vases of yellow roses and lilies of the valley. Covers were laid for Rear Admiral and Mrs. V. L. Cottman, Commander and Mrs. Thomas Washington, Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. C. L. Arnold, Miss Jessie Miller, Mr. George Klink, of San Francisco, and Civil Engineer L. E. Gregory.

Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Rear Admiral Alfred Reynolds, commander-in-chief of the Pacific reserve fleet, with Mrs. J. H. Klein, wife of Lieutenant Klein; Mrs. Klein's sister, Miss Cornelia James, of San Francisco; Mrs. McCormack, wife of Lieut. H. W. McCormack, and Mrs. Thomas, wife of Ensign D. O. Thomas, sailed Friday to join their husbands, who left on the cruiser Charleston to attend the Portola festival at San Francisco.

The Ladies' Musical Club, Victoria, have been singularly fortunate in their selection of singers and instrumentalists for this season's professional concerts, the first of which was given on Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, when they presented one of the most popular vocalists of her time, Madame Schumann-Heink.

Schumann-Heink was born at Lieben, near Prague, Austria, in 1861, and was educated at the Ursuline Convent. At the age of 17 she made her appearance as the principal contralto at the Dresden Court Opera, in the role of Azucena in "Il Travatore." She appeared as Ernestina Heink in Hamburg in 1883, and later sang a star engagement at Krall's theatre, Berlin, gaining a national reputation at Beyreuth. When she came to this country she was already well known by name, and at New York, where she starred for a number of seasons, she was one of the most popular singers long before she went on tour for the first time in America.

On November 4th they will present Marie Rappold, a prominent Metropolitan Soprano.

A smart tea was given by Mrs. Stuart Robertson at her handsome residence on Belmont Avenue, Oct. 15th. She was assisted in her duties by Miss Agnes Robertson and Miss M. Robertson. Among the numerous guests were Mrs. Fleet Robertson, Mrs. Geo. Courtney, Mrs. H. Carmichael, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. J. Templeton, Mrs. Chas. Wilson, Mrs. David Ker, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. King, Mrs. Raymour, Mrs. Rismuller, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. Helnick, Mrs. Chaytor Payne, Mrs. C. M. Roberts and others.

On Tuesday, Oct. 14, Miss Mable Burnett, of 1256 Fairfield Road, was united in matrimony to Mr. Ivan G. Mitchell, recently of Winnipeg. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents by the Rev. John Inkster, of the First Presbyterian Church. The bride who was given away by her father, Mr. P. Burnett, was attired in a charming dress of white duchesse satin, with an overdress of shadow lace, ornamented with pearls, with a bridal veil entwined with orange blossoms. Miss Van Sicklin, who was bridesmaid, wore a dress of pink satin, with beaded cap to match. The bride's mother wore a dress of brown duchesse satin trimmed with lace. The groom was supported by Mr. Gaston, and Mr. G. Ogard played the Wedding March. The presents were numerous, the bridegroom giving a pendant agna to the bride, signet ring to the bridesmaid, and a cigarette case to the best-man. There were many guests, including several relations from Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, who left later in the day for Vancouver and the Sound cities, will upon their return, take up residence at the Bell Apartments, Cook street.

Victoria's musical circles have recently been added to by the coming to the city of Mr. James Trethewey, a talented young violinist of London, England, who intends making his home in Victoria, and taking up the profession of teaching.

A native of Devonshire, Mr. Trethewey studied in London, Leipzig, and Prague, Bohemia. Some years ago he came to this country and taught the violin in the Toronto Conservatory of Music for a time. Three years ago he returned to Europe, where he has been studying and giving recitals ever since. His coming to

Victoria is a great acquisition to the musical world here, as it is his purpose to enter into the musical life of the city and to take part in concert work here. He will commence classes in violin almost immediately.

Mrs. D. M. Rogers entertained on October 16th a number of young people at a most enjoyable dance given at her beautiful home at Beach Drive, Oak Bay. Among the guests were Miss Mara, Mr. Boulanger, Miss Boulanger, Mr. A. Williams, Mr. E. King-scote, Miss Brownie Bodwell, Miss Jessie Prior, Miss Lucy Little, Mr. R. Ford-Young, Miss Daisy Macdowall, Mr. Victor Macdowall, Miss G. Bridgman, Miss S. Street, Miss Maude Scott, Mr. Carew Martin, Mr. Hugh Peters, Miss Gladys Peters, Miss Muriel Dunsmuir, Mr. C. Sullivan, Mr. W. Wardle, Miss Naomi Holmes, Miss MacFarlane, Mr. C. Barton, Mr. Columbine, Mr. Major, Mr. Charles Wardle, Mr. T. Pemberton, Mr. Dugald Gillespie, Miss Ethel Pitts, Mr. Percy Keefer, Mr. H. Paterson, Mr. T. Ambery, Mr. Clarence Pitts, Mr. Monteith, Miss Canbe, Mr. Trewartha James, Mr. D. Bullen, and Mr. and Miss Nation.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 14th, Mrs. R. E. Brett was hostess of a smart tea give at her pretty home at Carberry Gardens. The handsome drawing room was a mass of autumn leaves and flowers. Among the guests were Mrs. Rithet, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. R. Wilmot, Mrs. H. J. Heisterman, the Misses Lawson, Mrs. W. C. Berkeley, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Beavan, Mrs. Bowser, Mrs. Coulhard, Miss Dupont, Miss N. Dupont, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Erb, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Finlayson, Mrs. Foulkes, Mrs. Campbell McCallum, Mrs. Herbert Gray, Mrs. C. H. Todd, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Jos. Hunter, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. J. D. Helmcken, Mrs. Richard Jones, Mrs. Bernard Heisterman, Mrs. Heisterman, Miss O. Heisterman, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. King, Mrs. D. Ker, Mrs. Tay, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Phipps, Miss Phipps, Mrs. Stuart Robertson, Mrs. Fleet Robertson, Mrs. Alister Robertson, Mrs. Cecil Roberts, Mrs. Rismuller, Mrs. Raymur, Mrs. W. Roper, Miss Smithe, Mrs. Chas. Spratt, Mrs. Ross Sutherland, Mrs. J. H. Todd, Mrs. B. Wilson, Mrs. Wasson, Mrs. Warren, and many others.

A wedding of wide interest took place on September 29th at 11 o'clock at Christ Church cathedral, when Rev. Canon Silva-White, rector of St. Paul's Church, Nanaimo, and Clare, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Key Battle, of Minister Yard, and Mrs. Battle, London, England, were united in marriage. The Bishop of Columbia officiated, the Hon. and Rev. T. R. Heneage acting as bishop's chaplain. The service was fully choral, the choir meeting the bridal party at the door, and preceding them up the aisle, singing "How Welcome Was the Call." The bride, who was given away by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, was very handsome in a white serge suit with a white hat to match, trimmed with an ostrich plume, and an ostrich feather ruff, and carried a bouquet of white bridal roses. She was attended only by Master Edward Slingsby, the tiny, golden-haired son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. R. Slingsby. Rev. C. A. Seager, of Vancouver, was best man. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends of the happy pair, among them being His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson, who afterwards signed the register. A very enjoyable reception was held at the residence of the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven and Mrs. Scriven, Vancouver House, Wilmot Place, at which Canon and Mrs. Silva-White received the congratulations of their friends. The Bishop of Columbia proposed the toast to the bride and bridegroom, which was responded to by the canon, and the health of Archdeacon and Mrs. Scriven was proposed by the bride.

The Victoria Horse Show was brought to a pleasant conclusion Sept. 27th. Throughout the entire week Society was very much evidence.

Of the competitions perhaps the most interesting was that for the carriage horse championship, which was carried off by Co. and Mrs. D. McRae's Perfect Dream in a strong class. Other outstanding features were the saddle contest, in which Mr. Andrew Laidlaw's Rosalind, and old favorite here, was ridden by the owner's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, and took the blue, and the hunters, which brought another well known local animal—Mr. E. Henderson's Warwick Lily—to the front. In the high jump, unfortunately, there was practically no competition.

Dr. Tolmie, the President of the B. C., Agricultural Association, made two presentations during the evening. The first was the Maplewood Farm Challenge Cup, given by Miss Helen Farrell, of Portland, Ore., for best demi-mail in the demi-mail and spider phaeton class. Mrs. A. D. McRae, of Vancouver, received it personally, Rowland's Orchestra playing "The Maple Leaf Forever" as she did so. The other, which was the president's trophy for ladies, single phaeton class, was won by M. J. D. Farrell, of Portland, Ore., with Miss Blanche McRae, of Vancouver, driving. "Marching Through Georgia" was the musical accompaniment to this ceremony. In his preliminary remarks Dr. Tolmie thanked those who had helped make the Horse Show a success by their patronage, and similarly acknowledged the generous support accorded by the public, which had made the Exhibition greater than any of its predecessors.

A pretty wedding was solemnized October 10th at 2:30 p. m. in St. Mary's Church, Oak Bay, when Rev. G. H. Andrews, M. A., C. F., united in marriage Mr. Edwin James Francis Lewis, third son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, of Antofogasta, Chile, and Miss Florence Madeline Guernsey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Guernsey, Beach Drive, Oak Bay. The church was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, with Madrona lilies, hydrangeas and chrysanthemums. The youthful bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in her wedding gown of white charmeuse and ninon, edged with pearls, with a full court train of broche ninon over chiffon, finished with a large true lover's knot in white satin, surmounted with a knot of white heather, orange blossom and maidenhair fern. Over her tulle veil she wore a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by two bridesmaids, the Misses Marjorie and Gladys Guernsey, dressed in most becoming gray satin charmeuse Quaker girl costumes, while little Miss Mollie Guernsey made a very picturesque figure in a miniature Quaker girl costume, carrying the bride's train. A charming finish was the schaves of Madrona lilies tied with cerise satin streamers, carried by the bridesmaids. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Tweedle, while the young brother of the bride, Master H. C. Guernsey, acted as usher. The bride's mother was becomingly gowned in mauve satin. The bridal party was met at the church door by the choir, who preceded them up the aisle, singing "Thine Forever, God of Love," while "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," was sung during the service. At the close of the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents at Beach Drive, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with sweet peas and smilax. The happy pair received the congratulations of their many friends, standing under a beautiful arch of white flowers in the drawing-room, and left soon after for San Francisco en route to Chile, amid a shower of rice and confetti. The bride traveled in cream serge and pale blue, and a cream coat. The bride-

groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and diamond ring, and to the bridesmaids, pearl brooches; to the train-bearer, a tiny pearl ring, and to the best man and usher, pearl tie pins. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a tie pin and dressing case. The bride also wore a beautiful pearl and gold pendant and bracelet, the gift of her father-in-law.

The School of Handicrafts and Design, which was founded last May by a number of art enthusiasts in the city, have resumed classes for the autumn and winter season. Classes will be held each evening from 7:30 to 9 o'clock, with the exception of Saturdays. The following teachers will have charge of the respective departments: Miss Hendy, wood-carving; Miss Lang, bookbinding; Sven Bergvelt, practical design; Mr. Mold, clay modeling; Miss Meadows, jewelry; Miss L. M. Mills, grammar of design; Mr. Mold, metal work. Dr. Hasell, Miss J. Crease and J. J. Shallcross are the committee.

The school since its organization has made good progress, and the efforts of the organizers to establish something by way of a polytechnic for arts and crafts has been justified in some measure by the number of pupils who joined the classes in the early summer. But the supporters hope that the public will give greater encouragement and support to an idea which is fundamentally for art's sake and the sake of its devotees, by making use of the classes wherever possible. The idea sprang out of the Island Arts' and Crafts' Club, which during the past few years has been one of the most active agents in promoting a love of art in all its departments in the province.

WOMAN'S CANADIAN CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Women's Canadian Club was held Wednesday afternoon Oct. 15th, at the rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. Jenkins, the vice-president, occupied the chair. A letter was received from the honorary president, Mrs. Paterson, regretting that other duties rendered it impossible for her to be present.

The secretary, Mrs. T. Nichol, read her report of the last year's work, which met with the entire approbation of the large gathering of members. A marked feature of the year's record is the largely increased membership, and indisputable evidence of the success and progress of the Club. In December, 1912, the membership was 122, while at the present date there are 238 members, and 12 others proposed for membership. During the unavoidable absence of the president for several months, her place was adequately filled by Mrs. Jenkins, first vice-president, and by Mrs. Reid, second vice-president, and during the indisposition of the secretary, her place was filled by Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Ballentine. During the past year the club has been addressed by the Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster Abbey; Dr. Bowes, of Ottawa; Mr. Ernest Lloyd, of the Society of Miniaturists, London, and Mrs. Mary Rita Hamilton, Canadian artist, gave an exhibition of her art. Miss Constance Boulton, of Toronto, and Miss Helen Bulnoirs, of London, England, have also given addresses under the auspices of the club.

The treasurer's report showed the satisfactory balance of \$117.31. Special mention was made of the late treasurer, Mrs. J. S. Gordon, who had to resign in December last, owing to her removal to Vancouver, and the committee acknowledged a great obligation to her for the help she rendered in assisting to get the books put in order. The club had also been fortunate enough in that she was succeeded by just as able a treasurer, in Mrs. F. Andrews.

It was decided that a class should be formed in connection with this club, for the study of Canadian History, which should be in the charge of Mrs. Hanington. Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Hart and Mrs.

Hanington were elected as the committee for the arranging of these classes.

Though the membership has increased in a very satisfactory manner, Mrs. Jenkins said that seeing that other towns could number so many more, that it would be advisable, and show more enthusiasm, the standard was made higher for the coming year, and it was therefore moved and passed that 800 members should be the membership that would be striven for before the next annual meeting took place.

The election of officers and executive committee resulted in the following ladies being appointed: Mrs. Jenkins, president; Mrs. J. Reid, vice-president; Mrs. McPhillips, second vice-president; Mrs. F. Andrews, hon.-treasurer; Mrs. T. Nichol, hon.-secretary; Miss McTavish, literary secretary; and on the executive, Mrs. Hanington, Mrs. Doull, Mrs. Ker, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Roper, Mrs. McDiarmid and Mrs. Galliher.

Ere this magazine is in the public's hands, Miss Elizabeth Rosene Schooner, the daughter of one of the early pioneers of Port Townsend and a present resident of that town, will have become the wife of Dr. Frank Mellwood Bryant, the son of a prominent Manitoba farmer. Dr. Bryant is one of the most promising professional men of Victoria; 1911-12 he was house doctor at St. Joseph's Hospital, where he first met the lady who is now his wife. After staying at the hospital for one year he started a general practice where he has been very successful. Miss Schooner is a graduate nurse of St. Joseph's Hospital. We extend them both the heartiest of congratulations.

Mr. Ivel, the Druggist, next to the Westholme Hotel, pointed out to me some handy presents which would be very acceptable around the Xmas season and I propose to tell my readers about some of them—for instance, there were: Ebony hair brushes, clothes brushes, shaving brushes and sets, some of the traveling sets really made me envious; then there were Prsian ivory sts, kodaks and enlarging outfits, safety razors and perfumes, which he assured one were rare—Dralle's Concentrated and Rallett's Russian perfumes. It would take pages to tell of all he has there, while a visit would acquaint you in one tenth the time. See what you think of them yourself.

WORTH KNOWING

When cooking a blanc-mange, while yet boiling, mix a piece of butter with it, then you will find it will turn out of the mold when cold without any trouble, and also that it will have a much glossier appearance.

Patent leather shoes should be treated very carefully if they are to be kept in good condition. The dirt should first of all be removed from them with a damp sponge, then carefully dry with a duster and apply a very little vaseline. Polish with a silk handkerchief, and you will get a brilliant shine.

One of the best old remedies for sore throat is to roast a potato, then crack it, place it in a piece of flannel, and apply it very hot, when the steam from it will be found to have effected a cure in one night; or an obstinate sore throat is cured with a little alum dissolved in sage-tea, sweetened with honey.

Swabbs married a widow on being told that she had an ocean of money. He afterwards found she did not have a bank. He had only been told that she had a notion of money, which he found out soon enough.

THE REAL TEST OF LOVE

A young woman asks me if I can give her any reliable recipe by means of which she can diagnose her own feelings and tell whether she is in love or not. She says she is engaged to be married to a nice young man, but that she does not thrill at his approach as the heroine of novels do under such circumstances, and this leaves her in doubt as to the real state of her feelings.

I would that I could answer this query definitely with a fellow this-rule-and-you-can't-fail formula for ascertaining whether a heart has sustained a compound fracture from Cupid's dart from which it will never recover, or whether it has merely got a scratch wound that will heal over without leaving so much as a scar.

There is no other piece of information in the world so important to her, or that would be so valuable to her—or any other woman—as to be able to tell whether she is really in love or not. Most of the domestic misery that we see about us is the direct result of people having made mistakes on this important subject. They interpreted their symptoms erroneously. They thought that a passing fancy was a deathless passion, and by the time they found out their error it was too late. They were married to the wrong people.

The danger of mistaking "near love" for the genuine article is one to which womankind is peculiarly liable, since women spend their lives in seeking love, and they are so anxious to find it that they are apt to pick up any sort of a pinch-beck article and delude themselves into the belief that it is the real thing.

To a woman it is far more important to love than it is to be loved, because as long as a woman loves enough she can forgive every fault and shortcoming in a man. Her affection makes a halo, through which she sees him glorified.

A woman will do well, therefore, not to waste her time, as most girls do, in asking "Does this man love me with an affection that will last through a life time?" but "Do I love this man with a love that will never falter, or in six months will I be wondering what on earth I ever saw in him, that I even imagined to be attractive?"

But by what acid test shall a girl try her love to find out whether it is pure gold, or merely gold plated.

Musing on the Absent Face

First, I should say by the amount of a man's company she can stand without yawning. A poet has said "Unless you can muse in a crowd all day on an absent face, that has fixed you then never say love." Rats! Anybody can muse on an absent face. It's the present face that is the trouble, and unless you can spend, say a long, hot summer day in joyous conversation with a man, and still pine for more of his society when it is over instead of feeling that you are a candidate for a rest cure, then you may be very sure you are not in love.

The second test is to call a halt on the love making, and see if you'll like the man as well when he is discussing the political situation, or the financial outlook, as you do when he is telling you that you are the most beautiful creature on earth, with the most fascinating ways and that he fell in love with you at first sight.

All of us, little sister, just warm up to a man while he is flattering us, as a kitten snuggles up to a hot brick. Unfortunately, however, the language of matrimony is not couched in complimentary terms, and the question is whether a man has a charm for you that will make you hang upon his utterances, no matter what he says, or whether you merely enjoy him because he jollies you.

A third test of love is to be found in whether the man, alone, is sufficient to you, or whether he has to be perpetually offering a chromo with himself, to get you to take him. If you prefer spending the evenings with him, quietly conversing in the back parlor, you may

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SERIAL STORY

A Brigand in Love

By LOUISE WINTER.

"When a woman begins to philosophize, she is contemplating a way out of extremity," said Miriam Gray, her shrewd eyes turned toward her friend's troubled face.

Loring Bryce shifted her position slightly, as if to shield herself from close scrutiny. "I thought philosophy brought us resignation," she ventured.

Miriam shook her head. She was a tall, thin woman, decisive in manner as in thought. "Resignation to follow our own inclinations. We say the life that is, is impossible; we will make another for ourselves, an easier, better life; it is so simple. Since we have no voice in our entry into this world, since our poor human nature is fashioned of frail stuff, we must make the best of what we have."

"And what is wrong with that?"

"That we seldom do make the best of things. My dear Loring, I never would have spoken had you not given me this opening, but today you appear to wish that I would cease counterfeiting blindness. Your situation is not unusual. It is a very common one, and you are taking the common view of it. Married to a man coarser in fiber than yourself, you ignore the fact that most men have this coarser streak. You see only your husband's defects, and he long ago gave up any attempt to gloss them over. He drinks, he gambles, he neglects you and makes light of the marriage tie. Don't protest—he is my own cousin, and I know him as well as I do you—but you are his wife and he will not let you go from him publicly. In the eyes of his business associates he occupies a high position. He has a certain financial skill which enables him to make money easily. He takes tremendous chances and he comes out in a way that elicits admiration, for men appreciate success, often no matter how attained. He is proud of you. To praise you mildly, Loring, you are very good-looking; you have tact, charm and instincts of a good hostess; you grace his home and you reflect credit upon his wealth. Either through disillusion or temperament, you have built up a reputation for coldness which my cousin Percy is quick to perceive. You have been married for ten years, and you have kept the skirts of your social frock free from the dust of scandal. Percy goes his way and you go yours. His is a wicked way. Yours till now has been innocent; but now, my dear, you begin to philosophize, and I your friend, begin to wonder."

Loring stretched out her slender hand and studied it reflectively.

"To wonder what?" she said.

"That is the question I am asking myself. Why do you seek consolation from philosophy?"

"Perhaps because I am tired of pose; perhaps because for once I wish to unbuckle the armor of affectation. If I unburden myself to you, Miriam, it is because I trust you."

"Don't!" Miriam spoke sharply. "I am like any other woman. If you have a secret, keep it to yourself. If you want my help, don't bother to tell me in so many words why you need it."

Loring smiled. "You will give it blindly?"

"Perhaps not blindly, but specters take perfect shape only when they are put into words. You feel a danger, you sense a temptation; but don't give it verbal form; let it remain nebulous; it will die more easily that way."

"Oh!" The cry burst from Loring's white lips, as she sat

up suddenly and faced her friend with astonished eyes. "How you understand!"

Miriam rose and came over to the couch. She seated herself beside Loring and slipped her arm about her waist. "Perhaps I, too, have tried philosophy and got no comfort from it," she said. "Miriam, I wish I could die!"

"We all wish that when our path seems too complicated. Fortunately we can live down most things, and un nourished emotion has a brief tenure of life. I don't belittle your trouble, dear; I have seen it coming for two years, and I am sorry for you, so sorry. Had things been different, you and he might have been very happy; but if I read him aright, he loves the woman you are, not the woman you would become. There are certain doors to which we dare not offer any man the key."

"He has gone, Miriam, and I let him go; but was it worth while, when I love him? I love him!" The bars were down at last, and she would have given free rein to the first big emotion that had ever come into her singularly sheltered life, but Miriam Gray would not listen. She checked confidence at the outset.

"What a paradox you are! The sharpest tongue and the kindest heart in the world."

"Thanks. I don't know that I deserve either compliment."

Loring laughed at the dubious expression that crossed Miriam's face, and for a moment the load which oppressed her so heavily lifted.

II

Loring Bryce had gone through the earlier chapters of her life without having her heart really touched. Left an orphan in childhood, when she was not at boarding schools she was parceled out among her various relatives to visit, and they looked upon her as an incumbrance. A pretty child, her prettiness increased as she approached womanhood. She was slenderly formed, taller than the average, with a natural grace of carriage. Even in early youth she had a high bred air, a look of birth and breeding that distinguished her from the mass of her companions passing through the formless period of schoolgirlhood. She was singularly direct, frank in speech and pure-minded; it was only after years of bitter experience that she began to dissect motives and to distrust principles. As her means were limited, her several aunts decided that an early marriage was the best way of disposing of her, so at eighteen she left school, was brilliantly launched, went through her first season without mishap, and at the end was awarded to Percy Bryce, a successful young manipulator of the stock market, who was captivated by her beauty.

He was madly in love with her—he told her so repeatedly, and she did not doubt him. She did not know how requisite it was to a happy marriage that her feeling for him should be more than a tolerant liking. She was a burden to her relatives, and it was her duty to accept the first opportunity of relieving them of her care. There was a short engagement, during which Percy Bryce was on his good behavior. He gave dinners and theatre parties, and planned one affair after another, being of the opinion, as he said, that "if a fellow gave a girl a good time, she was bound to like him." He rather admired her reserve before marriage; he had a glimpse of depths in her nature that he felt some day would be worth exploring, but he did not realize that it would be impossible for a man of his limitations to fathom those depths. She was sweet and submissive in the beginning of their married life; the barrier of reserve that had fascinated him before continued, and soon proved to be an irksome restraint. When he once realized that she could never respond to the only affection he was capable of giving, he ceased to care for her, and his indifference gradually deepened into actual dislike. Lor-

ing bore it all stolidly, at first with dull wonder, then with proud egotism. That he should prefer the society of such common creatures as he associated with was in the beginning a source of amazement; afterward she accepted everything, coming in the end to believe him more guilty than he really was.

Had Miriam Gray come into her life then, with her cool judgment of men and their ways, Loring might have been persuaded to make an effort to reclaim her husband, but at that time she had no friend to whom she could turn for advice, and she did not know how to stoop and rekindle a waning interest. When the Grays did come East to live, Loring had been married for six years and her position was definitely outlined.

The Bryces occupied a handsome modern house near the Park. Percy had his motor car, one of the first in New York, but Loring clung to her brougham and victoria. He had his suite of rooms, she had hers. They seldom dined at home, never alone together, sending for anyone at the last moment rather than face a *tele-a-tele*. He had his friends, she hers; and her set was comprised of people mostly older than herself. She declared she had little in common with women of her age, yet she was welcome wherever she went, being gracious in manner, a trifle distant toward men, but charming to women.

Miriam Gray knit her brows over the situation, then held out the hand of good fellowship. She made one attempt to talk it over with Percy, who had been brought up in her home; but he told her brusquely to mind her own business, and she took his advice up to a certain point. She gave Loring the secret sympathy that women know how to impart to each other, but she never made an open reference to the existing state of affairs in her cousin's household.

And he never had an unquiet moment until the year Paul Redding came into Loring's life.

Redding was a lieutenant in the navy, who loved the sea, and bore a berath of it about him. He had a masterful way, as if youth gave him royal prerogatives. His smile was particularly winning. It was a wholesome face, and the mind that lay back of his clear eyes was honest. He was not intellectual, though fairly well read, but he was quick-witted and he had a deep sense of humor. He had a warm heart, an affectionate disposition and a ready tongue. At first he misunderstood the nature of his attraction toward Loring. She was a pretty woman to be flattered, and, when the proper moment arrived, to be made love to, in the conventional fashion; but long before that moment arrived the fleeting impression had deepened to one of grave significance.

They met at a week end house party. He had been invited to amuse the debutante daughter, but it became so apparent that he was attracted by Loring Bryce that the girl, having a prior attachment of her own, took opportunities of throwing them together. He did not realize how plainly he was showing his feelings, and Loring did not dream that the unrest she was experiencing came from other causes than nerves. He was pleasant to be with; his appearance gratified her critical eye; he had a deferential manner that disarmed suspicion, and he was so openly devoted to her that her woman's vanity could not fail to be touched. When they parted he won her consent to an early meeting.

Face to face with a serious temptation, Paul Redding threshed the matter out and vowed that no word of his should offend her. After registering that vow, he felt strong enough to see her frequently and keep his passion under control. Fate favored him, and they met from time to time; and he kept true to his vow, but at great cost to himself. Then he began to notice that her eye faltered as she came upon him suddenly, that her lips trembled, that her hand

in touching his was strangely cold; and he exulted in these signs, for they told him that she was beginning to care.

It was the strangest summer Loring ever spent. Percy Bryce was yachting in the waters around Norway. She was mistress of her own time, and she refused to reckon how much of it was spent in New York with Paul Redding. She was constantly passing through the city, from one house party to another, and it was remarkable how her wardrobe needed replenishing.

Redding was stationed at the navy yard, and a wire brought him to the train to meet her. He was frequently consulted about her purchases, trivial things which he took seriously, as she would have him take them. As the summer drew to a close both realized that they were approaching the danger line, but both were assured of their ability to draw back in good season. So it was not until one evening, when they had been to a roof garden together and were driving slowly uptown, that the incident occurred which showed them the folly of pretense. A fire engine dashed through a side street and swung into the avenue just in front of their hansom. The horse attached took fright and started to gallop. Loring was thrown violently against Redding and his arms closed round her.

"Don't be afraid, sweetheart; it's all right," he whispered, his mouth touching her ear.

She gave a sigh and turned to him impulsively. "Do you think I am afraid now, Paul?" It was the first time she had used his name, and she gave it all the tender intonation that love inspires; and he, thrilling with the contact of her form held close to his breast, understood that fear was eliminated in the joy of the moment. The driver gained control of his horse, and the terrified beast after a few plunges settled down to a walk. Then Loring stirred, and instantly Redding's arms relaxed and dropped to his side. Neither spoke again until they stood in the vestibule of her house. His hand was on the bell, but he withdrew it without ringing.

"Loring," he pleaded, putting all his pent-up longing into his voice as he breathed her name. His arms ached to hold her fast once more. She knew what he was asking, but she steeled herself against surrender. She shook her head and moved away from him. He understood and rang sharply. Her maid opened the door.

"Good night," and she held out her hand.

He took it in his, trying by pressure to wrest another sign from her, but she would not respond.

"Good night," he answered.

She dared not send him a backward glance, though she knew he was still lingering. She was fighting fiercely for her self-control.

And, though she passed a sleepless night, she conquered. In the morning she left town on an early train, and did not return until she opened her house in November. He had written to her, but she left his letter unanswered. This thing which had come into her life was too sweet to degrade.

They met again by chance. Redding was thinner, and suffering had turned the humor in his eyes to bitterness. He was not bearing the strain well, and her heart went out to him in pity. He seemed so young to be weighed down by sorrow. Her agony of remorse for her share in his unhappiness made her kinder than she had ever dreamed of being. They agreed to banish love from their vocabulary, and to call this thing friendship; for only in this way could they hope to stamp out the violence of their mad fever.

They rehearsed arguments to convince each other, and they honestly believed them for a time; but Miriam Gray, who was looking on, foresaw a crisis and stood at one side, waiting.

III.

All that winter they kept up their fiction. In the spring Redding was transferred to another post, and came to her to tell the news.

What he hoped from the interview he scarcely acknowledged to himself, but he carried away from it the conviction of a great love. Yet she sent him from her promising nothing. She idealized him as well as their passion. She was anxious that it should uplift, notabase them, and she succeeded in imbuing him with part of her ardor. She was willing to annihilate self, but she must keep the pure spirit of love alive; and how she told him these things, and made him accept them, was a mystery to him afterward. Viewed at a distance from the magnetism of her presence, he did not believe in altruistic theories. He was a man in love and he wanted the woman he loved for his own. He was jealous of even the nominal part her husband played in her life. He could see no valid objection to a dissolution of her legal ties. A marriage such as hers was no marriage at all. Why then pretend that it was a binding ceremony, and cling to the outward semblance of a union? He wrote to her for a year—brave, manly letters, urging her to take steps to free herself, though he could offer so little besides his love in comparison to what he asked her to give up. And she answered, pouring out her soul in reply, but steadily refusing to adopt the course indicated. She knew Percy Bryce too well. He would bitterly resent any attempt on her part to end a comfortable domestic arrangement; he would fight her effort to obtain a release. His wealth would give him every cost of her self respect, and the name of her lover would be soiled by the ignoble struggle.

Miriam agreed with her—there was nothing to do but wait; and yet neither woman could tell what was to be gained by waiting. Once, when he got leave and came to New York, Loring refused to see him. He hung about the house all day, hoping to catch a glimpse of her; but she watched him from behind the curtains of her room and scourged her heart when it cried out in longing.

Redding went back to his duty, and his next letter showed the first sign of discouragement. Loring's heart sickened with fear as she read. Men were differently constituted than women; they could not see the beauty of self-sacrifice. Suppose he tired of his long waiting, and the fierce flame of his love died out? She scanned the brief line of the letters that followed and curbed the outpouring of her own facile pen. So another year drifted by. He was ill, and he sent her a note from the hospital. Twice she packed her bag to go to him, and twice she unpacked it. She was learning to hug her grief to her bosom, as she had once hugged her joy. When he was convalescent, he went home on sick leave. He wrote her once after his arrival and again six weeks later, to deal her the blow which altered her whole life.

He wrote: "God knows, I thought my love was the most stable thing in my world; but Agnes and I were boy and girl sweethearts, and I was lonely and despondent when I came home, and she was good to me. You were as far out of my reach as ever, and our future looked so hopeless. You would not yield one step, and, after all, what right had I to urge you to give up everything for me? I am not trying to excuse what I have done; I am just stating facts as they happened. It is to be a long engagement. I'm in line for sea duty, and my orders may come any day." There was an incoherent plea for leniency, a wail of bitterness, and the letter ended abruptly. There were not quite two pages of writing, yet Loring poured over them for hours. That it should end by her sending him to seek happiness with someone else had been one of the dim possibilities that had tortured her consciousness, but that he should be the one to break the slender chain that bound them together had never suggested itself. Paul was hers!

He had protested his love so often that he had come to regard it as her surest possession. She could not credit his defection. She had assured herself that he would wait and trust even as she waited and trusted. Yet here was his own letter to attest that he had tired at last and had come to accept a second best in life. And it was a second best, for even now he only spoke of Agnes' goodness; he never said he had grown to care for her.

Then, as if to mock her with the futility of striving to win over fate, Percy Bryce was killed in an automobile accident. The paper which chronicled his death had an item in the Army and Navy news under the heading of orders: "Lieut. Paul Dencla Redding to the U. S. S. *Poughkeepsie*." And the U. S. S. *Poughkeepsie* would sail from San Francisco for duty in the East in a fortnight.

Loring came across the item by chance. She was free. The vague regret that he had been cut off so suddenly, for he had loved life; but their existence had been so separate that even his death could not effect her greatly. People said she looked like one stricken with an uncontrollable sorrow, and they wondered, if, after all, she had loved him. Her aunts came and proffered conventional words of sympathy, but even as they uttered them they were appraising her mourning wondering if Bryce's will would leave everything to his widow. But Loring neither noticed the curious looks nor heeded the common-place utterances. Paul was to sail for Manila in less than two weeks; she might never see him again; even now he was lost to her, for he had voluntarily pledged himself to another woman. Was it too late to break that tie? Was his honor involved? Would a broken engagement hurt his standing in the service? She tortured herself with vain imaginings. He had sent her no word. Perhaps he was ignorant of Percy's death. Suppose he should marry Agnes, not knowing that she was free?

"Why don't you go away, slip off by yourself—or if you want company take Frances?" Miriam said. Loring had not told her of Paul Redding's engagement, and she wondered if a morbid exaggeration of affairs were not producing a sort of remorse.

Loring looked up. "You are right; I'll go. But I don't want Frances; I'm not fit company for a young girl. I'm suffering. I'll go tonight. Tell people anything you like, and I'll write to you. Oh, how glad I am you suggested it! I wanted to go, Miriam, but I didn't dare." She spoke with feverish haste.

Miriam frowned. "I am not quite sure that I understand."

"You need not; I'll explain when I can. Just now I have a good deal to do; thank you for your kindness, and please leave me. You shall know in good time, dear; I promise you that."

And Miriam left her.

Loring did not pause to consider. She would see him once more before he sailed, before he made good his pledge to that other woman. What the outcome of their meeting would be, what he would think of her for rushing across the continent after him, did not bother her then. There would be plenty of time for reflection when the ocean was between them. She had only a few hours to make preparations. Travelling at the fastest speed, she would have less than four days in San Francisco before the squadron sailed.

She called Nanette and gave her orders. The maid an elderly French woman, raised her hands in horror.

"San Francisco! But, madame that is the end of the world." And Loring smiled faintly.

Nanette shrugged her shoulders and wondered if her mistress were quite sane. This hurried trip, so soon after monsieur's death, did not fit in with her idea of the conventions.

Loring concentrated her mind on the thought that she would

(Continued on page 46)

IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

A woman walks along a crowded city street. She is dressed in the "height of fashion." An apparently simple frock of some soft, clinging material drapes itself tenderly about her charming figure. From shoulder to ankle it hangs naturally, yet with each movement she makes every line of limb, every contour of her body is revealed in silhouette. A slit in the skirt reveals an ankle and several inches of shapely limb.

She is a refined, intelligent woman—the wife of a prominent citizen. She is also a good woman in every sense of the word. Moreover, she is dressed in no way different from hundreds of other women who are to be seen on the same street at the same time.

Yet men stare at her, and men smile at her.

Men even turn to look after her.

And when she has passed them by men turn, each to the other, and slowly close an eye.

The lady does not see the smiles. Nor does she see the stares. Intuitively, of course, she is aware of the attention she attracts, but that does not surprise her. She expects attention. In a new gown, moreover, it would be tragedy if she did not attract attention. And so she moves superbly on her way, supremely happy.

Behind her are the men she has passed.

What she thinks they have seen and admired is her lovely face, her youthful figure and the exquisite fit of her new gown. What they have really seen and admired is her dainty ankle, her shapely inner limb, and the swelling lines of thigh, hip and breast that the new gown reveals.

What she thinks they are thinking of her is: "How lovely! How beautifully she is dressed!" What they are really thinking is: "Is she all right? She can't be since she shows so much."

Thus it is that fashion works its harm. The man's opinion of the woman is entirely wrong; the woman's opinion of the man is wrong. It is a mistake that is bad for both.

Thousands of instances of this kind occur in most of our large cities from day to day.

In the last decade we of America have witnessed many changes. Nearly all the things our forefathers fought and suffered for have been roughly thrown aside.

We have seen wealth gain an ascendancy unparalleled in the history of the world. We have seen the dissolution of simplicity, economy and moderation. We have watched the decay of democracy and morality.

We have seen them all one by one supplanted by luxury, snobbery, greed and licentiousness.

And now we are witnessing the effect of it all upon our women.

While the American man has been devoting himself to the pursuit of wealth and power his wife has been devoting herself to preparing for that wealth and power. Regarding culture, refinement and a smart appearance as essential attributes of wealth, she has been determined to possess them.

Needless to say, she now has them.

Unfortunately, it is to be feared, she has acquired more of them than is safe for her to have.

The life mission of the American wife is, or should be, a practical one. As the helpmate of the practical American man, there are certain standards from which she cannot depart without impairing her value to him.

It is not safe for her to be talking in terms of Shakespeare when her husband is thinking in terms of the Stock Exchange. Nor is it safe for her to dress and act like the women of Paris, if circumstances compel him to go on working for success in Kankakee.

He may not object to her doing so. He may even praise her for it—mildly. But all the time he is more or less conscious that it is the sort of thing at which other men wink. And for that he does not like it.

The American man has nothing in common with the French man.

He does not marry for the convenience of marriage. He does not marry a woman he cares a little for, thinking that later on he will buy a mistress for whom he can care. He rarely falls in love with a woman who is too clever or too individual or too smart in appearance.

The woman he does love and marries—if she will have him—is the woman who is not extreme in any way. And she is the practical, sensible, wholly admirable and lovable type of woman, that for a century past has been envied by women the world over—the American woman.

Imported styles in women's clothes, and imported ideas of women's standards do not seem to fit that type of woman. In the eyes of the American man they change her beyond recognition.

She is no longer the kind of woman he would like to marry.

She is a wholly attractive, dazzling, daring creature whom he is perfectly content to admire and to wink at. But as to living with her and having to pay her bills, his feeling is: "Let George do it."

Let women discard their petticoats if they wish to. Let them wear frocks that look like "nighties" and reveal more than they conceal of their bodies. Let them be perfectly happy in the thought that they are garbed *a la Parisienne*. But never let them forget that dress is something more than fashion.

Dress is character. It is as much so as speech or manner or habit. And as such, if it savors of immodesty or recklessness, it is a confession on the part of the wearer that all who pass may see.

In placing his women upon a pedestal, the American man has not exalted the character of the Parisian woman. Nor has he exalted the character of the houri of the Orient whose chief business in life is to wiggle her half-naked body and roll her painted eyes.

What he has exalted is the character of the woman who has made both America and American men what they are.

The woman of '76 who starved while her husband fought at Valley Forge with Washington; she of '49 who followed him bravely westward across Indian-infested prairies; she of the South who suffered with him during the terrible period from '61 to '65; women such as they were the American man loves to honor.

For their own happiness, that of the men they are so proud of, and that of their girls, who will be the mothers of tomorrow, the women of today should never forget that fact.

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"THE DOG."

By John Fleming Wilson.

"Life is too complex," he insisted. "I admit that I am a weak wretch, that I've reached part II of what the missionaries call a Ruined Existence. But then—why have Ten Commandments? Let the strong and eager and virtuous observe all ten—or a dozen, if they are able. But I'm not equal to it. I could easily keep one commandment, and I might keep two. But when you mix things up beyond that, I confess, I quit. If life were simple, as our American poets sing, I should be among Those Present. But I fail to solve the problem in terms of x, y and x."

The speaker stared with sunken eyes at the clean bank clerk. "Get to work!" was the eager answer. "Mix in with the good folks down here—you used to know 'em—and get acquainted with some of the nice girls and make some money. Stop drinking. You could do it, Reynolds. Half the men in Honolulu would be glad of it."

"You are making things complex again," Reynolds returned. "You say, 'Stop drinking.' Done! But am I saved? No. I've got to do that and then mix in with nice people and make some money. The nice girl think I am all right, and then I've got to make some money, and so on, and so on, for ever and ever. Too complex. I can do something simple, but I'm no juggler. I can't keep ten commandments and six social must-nots in the air at once. Have a drink? No? Well, so long!"

Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds finished his third "dog's nose," and walked slowly out of Cunha's into the bright Honolulu sunshine. On his way two men nodded coldly and a third took pains to cut him.

In King street he consulted the bulletin boards, stared in the shop-windows and conducted himself inoffensively as a man of leisure for two hours. He then carelessly strolled up to a cafe where he lunched on whiskey and crackers. An hour later he was trudging slowly down Kalekua Road to the beach, a byword and a scandal to all who saw him. For he wavered and had lost his hat. Oddly enough, this was Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds' last appearance. With rambling steps and staring eyes he passed out of the complexities of a civilization which he could not appreciate at its true value into that simplicity for which his soul yearned. For one hundred yards beyond the grass hut that is pointed out to tourists as the residence of the former kings of Hawaii a very small girl clung to the step of a carriage and screamed shrilly as Reynolds came by.

A woman, leaning out of the carriage jerked at her daughter's arm and scolded her vigorously.

"Of course you can't take the dog," she said. "Hurry and get in with me! We're going to catch the steamer and go home!"

"I won't leave my dog!" wailed the child, kicking up the dust.

"Get in!" her mother commanded wrathfully: "If you don't," her wary eye discerned the shameful figure of a drunken white man by the road side, "if you don't, that bad man will get you!"

The girl stared interestedly at the Bad Man. Then, jerking her arm from her mother's grasp, she darted over to him. At her heels galloped a small, wizened animal with a string around its black neck.

"Please!" she begged. "I want somebody to be good to my dog!"

"Is this your dog?" he inquired.

"Yes! I founded him myself! And nobody is good to him! Will you be good to him?"

Reynolds straightened up and looked over to the lady in the carriage.

"It is a very simple matter, madam," he said with an air. "I am not much—as you perceive. But your daughter is correct in her judgment. I believe I am equal to being good to a dog. It is a simple matter."

He took the dirty string out of the little girl's hand and bowed as deeply as a dizzy head would allow him.

"I'll be good to him," he said hoarsely. "Now run on to your mother."

The child seemed satisfied and retreated, backwards, with loving eyes upon her late pet, who, to do him justice, seemed very loth to be left behind.

"Be very good to him!" she cried in farewell.

"Trust me!" he replied gravely. "And thank you for the confidence!"

As the carriage sped on he looked down at his new charge. The dog, a miserable mongrel, sat on its haunches and looked at him, blunt ears a-cock. Then, as Reynolds resumed his slightly erratic course down the white, it fell behind resignedly.

The strange pair wandered on and on, past bright villas, through laughing crowds of tourists, into the spacious shadows of Kapiolani Park. There, under a tree, the man subsided to the grass and fell asleep. The dog, after snapping at mosquitoes without success, howled miserably. Then it curled itself up between its new master's feet.

The sun dipped into the ocean and the shadows in the park deepened. The crescent moon threw down a faint radiance and roused the night-birds. His aching eyes saw nothing. His parched throat called loudly for a drink. He thrust his hand into his pocket and was rejoiced to find a coin. He got to his feet to start off. The tug of a string on his finger stopped him. He stared down at the dog.

"The little cur!" he said to himself. "And she wanted me to be good to you! Well, that's easy. Come on!"

He wrapped the string afresh around his finger, and walked away towards the city.

Just as he emerged from the park Reynolds crossed the road to a small shop where a huge Portugese woman dozed among bottles of soda-water and baskets of fruit and provisions. Extracting his solitary coin Reynolds effected the purchase of some ginger-ale and a piece of dried fish. With these in hand he went back into the park. Under the shadows he emptied the bottle and fed the fish to the dog. When the animal, its hunger satisfied, licked its lips and wagged its crooked tail, he addressed it solemnly.

"Now, that was simple, wasn't it, pup? Life, dog, is very complex. But one can always be good to a dog. Now run along."

He unknotted the cord from round its throat and set it loose.

"Run along!" he ordered.

But the mongrel, wagging its tail again, pursued a centipede under a root, barked at a rat on some nocturnal hunt, and returned to curl up between the man's knees.

Reynolds considered this at length. Finally, without disturbing his new charge, he took off his shoes, three his socks away, tore collar and cuffs from his shirt and thus began his new life. They slept together, mongrel and man, till the dawn blazed over Palolo. Then they went down to bathe together.

Two months later the manager of Bishop & Company, bankers, remarked that Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds did not call for his mail any more.

"He's dropped out," said the manager, thrusting the few letters into a pigeonhole. "Poor chap! he was of little account!"

"Probably," was the reply. "Better return those letters to the managers. We'll never see him again."

And thus it came about that Archibald T. P. Reynolds did not return up the white road that he went down.

Instead, a man answering to the general title of "Jim" was engaged in a hut back of the cable landing, helping the assistant superintendent, who had never heard of Reynolds, watch the safety of the big, snaky cable that plunged out over the reef and into the depths of the Pacific. The work was not hard, but it meant long watches at night, sometimes, and consequent consumption of much tobacco. At these epochs the assistant superintendent railed exceedingly at the miserable cur that followed Jim, the handy man, and refused to be separated from him even for a minute. But in the midst of his objurgation he would find Jim's eyes sharply fixed on him.

"Anybody can be decent to a dog," said that extraordinary laborer.

And the assistant would become silent, much to his own amazement. Latterly he got to bringing the dog lumps of sugar, which were gratefully accepted and assured double service from the animal's master.

One night the assistant kept the laborer working till early morning over the foundations of the long carrier-conduit that took the under cable over the jagged reef. The trades were strong and the bill. When the work was done, the superintendent pulled a dollar out of his pocket and laid it down before the dog.

"Take it to your master and tell him to get a drink for himself and a bone for you," he said.

Jim, from the other side of the room, nodded his thanks.

"I don't drink," he said briefly.

"Anything you like," was the reply. "But—pardon me—what are you doing out here, if you don't drink? Excuse my bluntness, but you're up to better things, if you're a sober man."

Jim stared moodily out into the crisp morning twilight.

"I'm doing one thing at a time," he said slowly. "Just now I'm trying to be good to the dog."

At daylight Jim considered the pup for some time, as they enjoyed their breakfast among the palms.

"We've got a dollar that we don't need, and while I don't usually take tips," he said, "I guess you've got a treat coming. Now what'll it be?"

The dog cocked one shapeless ear and panted, his red tongue quivering out of his jaws. A sudden thought struck his master. "By jove!" he said loudly. "We need a good swim, both of us, pup. We'll go down to the sand beach and swim with the rest of the good people. Come on!"

The walk to Waikiki seemed very short. Reynolds (or Jim) strode along barefooted, active, lean and with the faint glow of health on him. Now and again he glanced curiously in upon the green lawn of some villa, or drew aside as an early picnicking party fled by with jesting laughter. When he emerged into the open of Waikiki proper, and saw the Moana Hotel, and the motors chugging outside, and heard the footfalls echoing on polished floors and smelt the odors of cooking, the perfume of wines and the scent of cigars, he stopped.

"I don't believe we'll go any farther, pup," he said. "This business has got to be kept simple. If it gets complex and tangled up and mixed with various commandments, you'll get the worst of it. And I'm not much, pup. It's about all I can do to be good to a dog!"

As for the animal he addressed, after turning one inquiring glance back on his master, he trotted on. Reynolds, gazing after him, hesitated, was about to whistle a recall, started on, halted, swore, and then continued on his way.

Several people, seeing the lines of perplexity on the lean, healthy face of the barefooted haole, glanced at him interestedly. But no one recognized in him the man who had once been prominent in Honolulu, first as a young business man, lastly as a drunkard. The dog turned in under a big gateway bearing the sign "Japanese Inn."

"That settles it," Reynolds remarked weakly. "They'll serve me, no matter how many bare feet I have."

He cursed the dog and his own failings. He quickly crossed the lawn, avoided the main entrance, and dived down an alleyway. At the end of this a Japanese, dressed in white apron and jacket, received him smilingly. Half an hour later Reynolds lolled on the seaward lanai of the inn, glowing with liquor, flushed with new dreams, his full, handsome face set on the shining ocean. Now and then he replenished his glass out of the bottle.

"I'm going to get away," he told the waiter. "Just you wait! Odd how a good drink simplifies matters, once you get 'em straight in your head! I'm going back home! Decent citizen! and all that!"

The tide crept in from the blue ocean, flooded the white beach and covered the reefs, and at the same time another tide, of humanity, flowed slowly down from the city to meet it, filling up the hotels, the parks, thronging the roadways with men and women drawn by idleness, curiosity, thirst, or more innocent desires. In a secluded part of the lanai Reynolds finished his bottle, watching the pageant. Now and again he stared around him, as if he would go somewhere. But each time he relapsed into his seat. When the bottle was empty and the canoes began their rides over the breakers, and the surf boardriders yelled and laughed outside, and the people along the beach hummed like a vast swarming of bees, he suddenly remembered that he had come for a swim. It was true that he might have gone swimming down by the cable landing, among the rocks, but it wasn't safe for the dog. One must look out for the dog. Where was the dog? He whistled. It crept out from under a bench and together they left the lanai and started down towards the water.

Heedless of his clothes—for how could a wetting injure them?—he walked into the warm sea. As he made his slow way down the shelving sand and the water rose to his knees, to his waist, to his shoulders, he forgot the dog in the pure comfort and refreshment of it. He looked longingly out. He had often swum to the reef before. It would be just the thing now. He stretched himself out gently on the water.

A yelp recalled to him his charge. He turned and saw the mongrel, half drowned, plunging towards him with pitiful, straining efforts. He reached out, picked it up and set it on his shoulder.

"Poor little pup," he said commiseratingly. "You never came of a swimming breed. But you've got pluck all right. You swam."

He scanned the expanse between him and the shore. It suddenly came over him how far the dog had struggled before he heard its cry and heeded it.

"By jove!" he said admiringly. "You certainly have pluck, pup!"

The animal, periously balanced on his steadily heaving shoulder, licked his briny cheek.

On a pinnacle of coral far out, Reynolds rested. About him the long rollers of the Pacific heaped themselves high, shook overhead like huge billows of blue cloth, and swept downward in crashes of foam and spray. Now and then he had to struggle to maintain

his position on the bit of coral. Each time he recovered himself in the broken water the felt the dog's trembling body pressed closer to him.

A wave lifted him up and he felt the cruel scrape of a coral branch along his leg. He regained his perch with difficulty, rescuing the dog with a sweep of his arm from the swirling brine. It was sorry for it.

"You swam a dickens of a ways, he muttered. "You saw me struggled up in his arms and licked his face. He suddenly felt headed this way and you just came, too."

He mused on this a long time. Then he felt weak. A dull pain made itself felt in his leg.

"That coral's poison," he said. "And we must get away while we can."

He glanced behind him, saw his chance and slipped down into the water. He struck out for shore very slowly. His right leg was stiff.

What seemed to him interminable hours passed resoundingly. As he swam, with great strokes, buffeting the waves with amazing vigor and address, but making infinitesimal progress, he continually heard the shout of surf-riders behind him, rose into the bosom of breakers and was suddenly overwhelmed. Each time he came to the air to see the riders flitting towards the far beach on the crest of the wave that had just overpassed. Once in a while a ponderous canoe, laden with shrieking white women, thundered by, careening down the smooth slope of a wave, the brown, intent faces of the canoemen fixed immovably upon the distant shore towards which they sped. Later a fishing sampan, rocking wildly in the broken water, was borne slowly by him in a vast smudge of foam and spray.

Gradually the blood pelting through his arteries slowed up, as the liquor died in him. Perspective returned. Instead of swimming forever in a boundless sea, he was thrashing wildly around within a few hundred feet of the shallows. And behind him he heard a scream. There was the impact of some heavy flat object on the surface of the water, a raucous call, a bellow of rage, of command, of encouragement. He turned his face quickly seaward.

Caught under the arch of a wave he saw a small canoe, its bow swung up, its stem tilted downward. With great deliberation, as he craned his neck to watch, a woman slipped from her place in the bow, clutched methodically at the thwarts as she descended and plunged into the water beneath the uphung canoe. The wave seemed to tremble forward, to totter. Foam suddenly blossomed on the crest. A huge kanaka, poised across the little craft, bellowed again, driving his paddle deep into the wave.

"That takes a long time," mused Reynolds. "The woman will likely be hit by the canoe and she will be drowned."

The wave broke. Reynolds, clutching the dog to his neck with one hand, thrust the arm down and dived. He felt the wrecked canoe wallow overhead. Something struck his leg, his right leg, too, a sharp, painful blow. He emerged to face the kanaka who was plunging around looking for his passenger. A second canoeman, spilled some moments before, swam a hundred yards away. Before his eyes the woman reappeared, rolling slowly to the surface. The native, grasping her, started for the beach with great, swift movements, raising the water before his breast in a birdle of foam, traversing the long swells with frantic and incredible speed. From the sea a second canoe swept in, its crew shouting terribly, beating the water with their paddles. Reynolds exhaled his breath with a long "A-ah!" He understood. A shark had crossed the reef and was hunting. This was what had demoralized the men in the

wrecked canoe, the source of the terror in the oncoming craft.

A second wave slopped the broken canoe directly across Reynolds's path. Something underneath a thwart caught his eye. He reached out his hand and took hold of the side. He looked in. A little girl's upturned, white face met his glance. He pondered quickly. It was a hopeless undertaking to try to take the canoe in. The girl lay in the water that washed over her lips and swept her hair round her throat. Any moment another wave might turn it all upside down. And there was the shark—somewhere. He drove his feet down, thrust his arms in and drew the child out. The canoe was flung far from him by the rush of a surge. But he had the girl safely in his grasp.

Dazed, he started slowly to swim on towards shore. He made a few strokes and his limbs failed him. By himself he could with difficulty make the distance. Burdened with the child, it was impossible. His eyes darkened. His lips sucked in brine. He was perishing. But his dulled ear caught a sharp, imperative, pitiful sound behind him. It was the yelp of his abandoned dog. It was swimming alone. With infinite pains he turned and saw it, perceived dimly the pleading eyes, the upturned muzzle, the blunt ears. Shifting the child slightly, he thrust out stiff fingers to save the dog. The animal puffed and struggled. It yelped again. It choked. And beyond them he saw the swiftly rising crest of another breaker. The child in his arms suddenly struggled, too.

In that instant he saw the faithfulness of the dog. It had followed him. It had asked neither reason nor cause. It had simply followed him. It had trusted him. In his arms he clutched a child. Something familiar in the girl's face moved him, how he did not know. The thought came to him that she might, at some, have wished that people would be good to a dog. Bitterly, quickly he made his decision. With a huge intaking of breath, he dived, without one look behind him, without a sound to signify that he heard a feeble yelp as the breaker engulfed the floundering mongrel.

Ten minutes later he strode out of the water and up the beach to a woman who sat shrieking for her child. At sight of him she rose and threw herself forward. Men crowded around, with orders, with commands, with warning.

In the midst of this clamor he stood, holding the child. His wet clothes dripped. At his feet gathered a dark pool of blood.

Somebody stepped up and took the little girl from him, calling out loudly, "She's alive! She's all right!"

Another man staring keenly at Reynolds, touched him on the arm.

"The shark!" he said.

Reynolds shook his head. Without a word to the astonished people huddled circlewise round him he turned and strode back towards the sea. They called to him. A man, waving his arms menacingly, ran toward him. He shook his head. Gathering his strength he plunged into the water, hastened out into it till it rose to his waist, to his shoulders. Then with a sigh, he yielded himself to it, swimming seaward wearily, out towards the crashing breakers, to the place where he had heard that last piteous yelp of his dog.

"It's so simple," he mused. "Anybody can do that. Just—his fact grew peaceful, as the warm tide flowed over it—"just be good to the dog!"

And with this solitary and ridiculous substitute for a morality too high for him, Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds swam on—and on—out of that sea into another, seeking a black, blunt eared, clumsy mongrel—a cur.

WOMANS WAYS.

The Sacred Invitation.

If further proof were needed of the growing laxity in social mat- it is the case of the once sacrosanct invitation. A dinner, a neon, a country house visit, once accepted in writing, was con- ed as binding as marriage, as inevitable as the income-tax. Short eath or accident, it was simply not to be got out of. The de- ent who ignored this rule was held up to the detestation of other esses, and he (or she) was apt to get left out of the next house- y, or only to be asked to the Dinner of the Bores. But now- e charming and desirable people are allowed great latitude with rd to invitations. Society is so enormous, and parties of all ls so numerous, that there can be no effective snubbing brought ear on those who shirk their engagements or insist on turning at the wrong time. The indignant hostess must always be per- ly aware that the culprit will be received with open arm next ek in some still more agreeable house than her own. Whatever does, she cannot socially extinguish him, for the "old, unhappy, off" days when English Society was ruled by a dozen tyrannical d rather terrible elderly women are no more. The modern hostess ws, in every sense, her "world."

Dating Yourself.

Every age has its ideal, its special idiosyncrasy; and the present e expects everybody—man, woman, and child—to stand on their n, to take their line, and not to hang on to other people for suc- ur or sympathy. The woman who thinks it charming to be help- s and who exacts small attentions every minute will find herself t of the movement. The young man of the present day does not mire a helpless female; he expects her to understand the insides motor cars, to carry her own clubs at golf, to punt him on the ver, and to be discriminating about cigarettes and to show judg- ent with the wine-list when she invites him to dine at her club. The d-fashioned, clinging, appealing kind may still find favor during e first few weeks of marriage, but in three months she would be assed as an incompetent bore. Above all, she must show no trace t sentiment, or else be banished to the outer darkness where dwell e Legion of Frumps. The hearts of the present generation are set n enjoying the hour as it passes. They are pleased to see you arrive, ut display no undue affectation of regret when you go. One may e reasonably sure that the Stephon of the twentieth century does not ollect the odd gloves of his inamorata, nor decorate his rooms with aded roses or cotillion favours. Regret is voted out of date, and re- norse a foolish attribute of a bygone century. That they do enjoy he passing show is certain; the question is, when old age—or even middle-age—arrives, whether these gay and casual youngsters will be as happy as certain of their elders are who possess a subtly selec- tive memory.

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A BRIGAND IN LOVE

(Continued from page 42)

soon see him face to face, soon hear the tones of his voice, and the and the long monotonous hours of her journey slipped by. As they drew into the station she summoned the porter.

"I want a quiet hotel overlooking the bay," she said, and he mentioned a name that appealed to her.

From the window of her room she saw the white cruisers lying at anchor in the beautiful harbor. Peaceful and serene they floated on the still waters of the bay like gulls at rest, but to Loring's overwrought brain there was something sinister in their very calm. She dispatched a note to Redding, a briefly worded note, saying that she was here for a few days and asking him to dine with her that night.

It was four o'clock when the messenger departed. Barely an hour later Paul came, bringing his own answer.

He was shown up into her sitting room, and as she came forward to meet him every vestige of color left her cheeks. She suddenly realized what she had done and shame made her tremble like a shy schoolgirl.

He stared at her, his heart in his eyes. "You—you!" he said, fighting to control the longing to seize her in his arms as she stood with downcast eyes before him; then he gave up the struggle and caught her to his breast, knowing nothing beyond the fact that she was here, caring for nothing but the sweetness of that moment. And after one protest she surrendered her lips to him, as she had long ago surrendered her heart.

Afterward, when they began to talk, he begged her to marry him at once. He wanted to make her his wife now, secretly if she wished, on account of her mourning; then in a few months, when

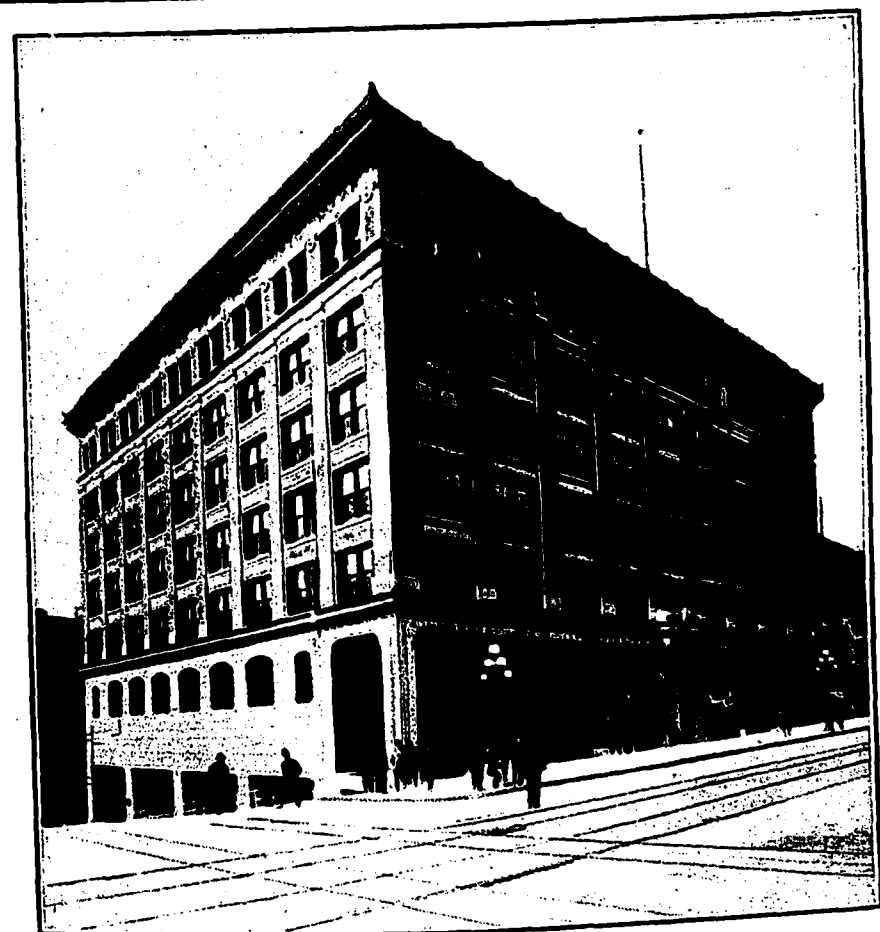
(Continued on page 58)



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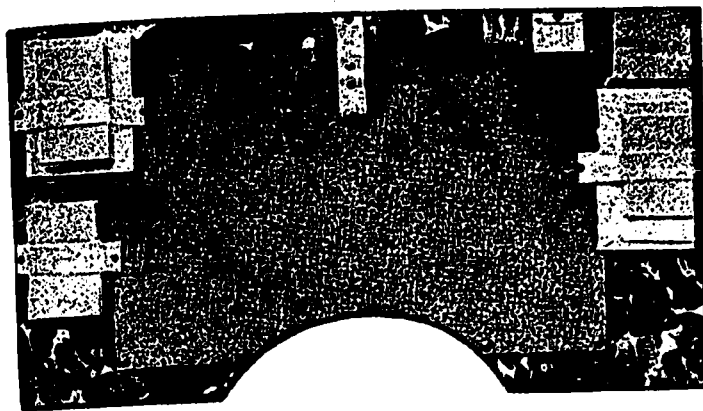
QUAINT BONNET OF BROCADE SILK

* * *

When a woman complains of loneliness, she wishes it understood she is still good.

* * *

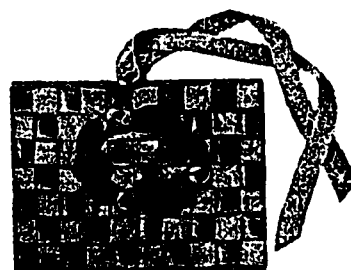
So long as truth is naked, people will continue to take liberties with her.



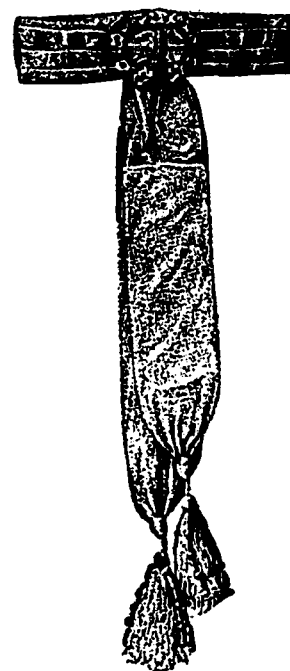
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* * *

Painter: "Rogers, the critic, has roasted my picture unmercifully!"

Friend: "Don't mind that fellow! He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats, like a parrot, what others say!"

* * *

Mistress: "Why didn't you come when I rang, Mary?"

Maid: "I didn't hear the bell, mum."

Mistress: "Well, in the future when you don't hear the bell ring, you must come and tell me."

Some Choice Deserts



Apricot Souffels.

One cupful apricot puree, one teaspoonful lemon juice, two table- spoonfuls apricot sirup, whites of three eggs, one tablespoonful gelatin, half a cupful whipped cream, two tablespoonfuls sugar. Prepare puree by rubbing canned apricots through a sieve. Use a little sirup with the apricots, and do not make the puree too thick. Dissolve the gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of sirup and strain into the puree. Add lemon juice, sugar, beaten whites of the eggs and cream. Divide into dainty dishes, and, when set, place half an apricot on top.



Pineapple Sponge.

One cupful of pineapple juice, one cupful water, one table- spoonful lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls gelatin, four tablespoonfuls sugar, whites of four eggs. Dissolve gelatin in water, add sugar, lemon and pineapple. Beat whites of eggs stiffly, then gradually beat in the gelatin. When setting pour into a wet mold. Decorate with pine- apple.



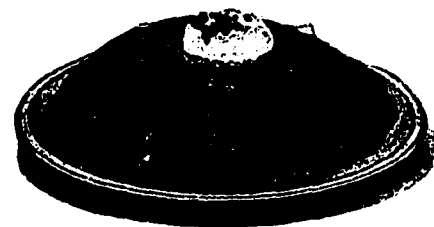
Cocoa Dessert.

Mix half a cupful of cocoa with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add yolks of two eggs, one cupful cream and a quarter of an inch of cinnamon stick; cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken. Add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in a quarter of a cupful of boiling water, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of vanilla and whites of eggs stiffly beaten. When cool add two cupfuls and a half whipped cream; strain into a wet ring mold. Serve with whipped cream in center. Decorate with chopped nuts and cherries.



Cottage Pudding.

Put one tablespoonful of gelatin into a saucepan with one cupful of milk. Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with two table- spoonfuls of sugar and half a cupful of milk, then add to the gelatin and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt and half a tea- spoonful of almond; mix and pour into a wet mold. Turn out and decorate with whipped cream and preserved cherries.



Grape Tapioca.

One cupful of tapioca, one quart of grape juice, half a cupful of sugar, two eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Soak the tapioca in cold water, to cover, overnight. In the morning put the grape juice and tapioca in a double boiler and cook until the tapioca is clear. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together until light; then beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir into the yolks and sugar, add the tapioca, and stir and boil for one minute. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and pour into a wet mold. Serve with whipped cream.



Pears A La Polonaise.

Butter a ring mold. Boil three cupfuls of milk. Sprinkle in three tablespoonfuls of farina, boil slowly until thick, let cool, add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one table- spoonful of vanilla. Pour into a wet ring mold, twist buttered paper over the top, steam gently for one hour. Turn out and brush over with two tablespoonfuls of melted apricot preserves. Put stewed pears around the border, fill with sweetened whipped cream and decorate with blanched almonds.

CHILDREN'S DANCING.

Much is said in these days against the evils of the dances in vogue, so much, indeed, that people are beginning to wonder whether those good folks of a past generation were not justified in their denunciations of this form of amusement.

On the other hand, even very old ladies and gentlemen tell stories which show that youth could not be prevented, even by the strictest of guardians, from enjoying the stolen delights of the dance. Too often, deceit and concealment made of what might have been an innocent pastime, a real sin.

Times have changed and public opinion has, of late years, looked upon dancing as one of the rights of youth. It is only within the last few years that society has permitted, under the name of the dance, behavior that no one pretends to defend.

Lovers of youth and of goodness have felt that instead of condemning dancing, they should encourage children and young people to dance naturally and innocently. The old morris dances have been revived and the folk dances of the peasantry of foreign countries been introduced into the United States. School authorities and settlement workers have combined to teach the children of the crowded quarters of great cities to dance to good music.

In some large cities the civic authorities have obtained control of the dance halls and utilized the parks and park buildings for the amusement of youths and maidens. Heer under the sympathetic supervision dancing is countenanced during the early hours of the evening. No intoxicants are permitted nor any extravagance allowed.

It is believed that in these ways there will be developed in the young a sense of decorum that will prevent many of the evils that threaten modern society, while youth will be afforded the enjoyment to which it is entitled. There is enough in this view to entitle such experiments to a fair trial.

THE REAL TEST OF LOVE

(Continued from page 30)

be very sure that you are hard hit for keeps; but if you like him when he is taking you to the theatre, or out to supper, or doing something else for your amusement, you are not genuinely in love. You care more for the good times he gives you than you do the man.

A Strong Test of Love

Finally, little sister, remember that the supreme test of love is sacrifice. Consider well how you paint the future to yourself. If, when you think of marrying a man your mind dwells only on what he can do for you and what he can give you, and how happy and comfortable he can make you, you do not love him. But, on the other hand, if you think of what you can do for him, or what you can save him, or how you can help him, then that is love.

The real test of love is not whether you would like to wear a man's tiara and ride in his automobile, but whether a gas range and a two-by-four flat looks good to you, if only some particular He is sitting across a little table spread for two.

If you love a man better than you do ease and luxury and pretty clothes and gay times, then you have got the kind of love that is a chronic complaint that lasts from the altar to the grave. Otherwise you have only a slight attack of chills and fever that will soon pass and leave you none the worse.

When the bristles of your hairbrush become soft, try the following plan: Wash the brush well in hot water, to which a dessertspoonful of ammonia has been added, then dissolve a large lump of salt in cold water, dip the brush in several times, then leave it to dry in the open air. After this process you will find the bristles hardened.

When putting blouses away in the drawers specially reserved for them, place a sheet of tissue paper between each. This means very little extra trouble, and the blouses keep fresh and uncrumpled much longer than if they are tossed in anyhow.

If mason's dust is used instead of hearthstone for cleaning steps and hearths, it will be found to save much time and labor. This dries a good color, and is also cheap. A quart bought at an oilshop lasts quite a long time, as it is only necessary to sprinkle a little on each step.

Persons recovering from influenza and like prostrating illnesses will find an egg, well beaten, and carefully mixed with a small quantity of beef-tea, a pick-me-up of value. To prevent curdling, the egg should be mixed with a little cold fluid before adding it to the hot tea, and it must be mixed by slow degrees.

The man who never kissed a woman doesn't deserve to.

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WASH.

A BRIGAND IN LOVE

(Continued from page 46)

affairs were settled, she could join him at Manila, and they could the ceremony performed over again publicly. It could only them closer to each other, and in the meantime they would have memory of their first wonderful days together. He brushed aside es's claim. It wasn't a real love, and she would get over it. Percy by this time she was wondering how she had drifted into an engagement and was regretting her mistake. He argued well, for he pleading for the happiness of his whole life, and distance lessened charm of his betrothed. He told Loring he had planned to k it off as soon as he learned of Percy Bryce's death, for it was fair to marry one woman when body and soul belonged to another. nes deserved something better than he could give her, and though had intended doing the thing gradually, so as to spare her feelings, y he would do it quickly, and in the end Agnes would thank him being honest with her.

Loring listened, and half despising herself for her ready acqui- ence, admitted that their love had the prior claim.

"But you must write to her today, telling her that you want your edom," she said.

And he promised. He did write, a manly, straightforward ter, telling as much of the truth as he could. He spoke of his love Loring, which he had come to believe hopeless, but now that she as free to be won, he asked Agnes to forgive him, and set him at erty. But he did not speak of the wedding to be celebrated on the orrow, and the letter, strangely enough, miscarried. He saw the ecessity for secrecy which Loring insisted upon.

"For what would the world think of me, scarcely two weeks a

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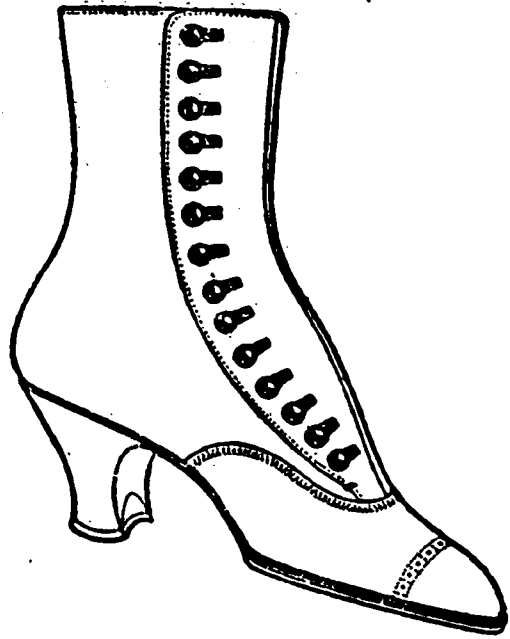
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...dow and giving my hand to another? Don't shake your head at Paul; you know it matters what the world thinks. We live in it, and we can not afford to ignore its rules of conduct. Had we been lawless, you and I, we would have given in to our love long ago; but we fought hard against great odds, and we conquered—and this is our reward."

And so they were married, and they carried out their plans so well that not one of his fellow officers suspected. The thought of Agnes, whom she was robbing, intruded once or twice during the brief interval when Redding was obliged to leave her alone, but she told herself: "I am taking nothing from her but an empty glory. What he gives me was mine from the beginning."

He never mentioned Agnes after that first day. Then he told brief facts. She was an orphan and lived with some cousins. He admitted that she was pretty, a few years younger than himself, and capable, managing marvelously well on a small income. Loring pictured her short, dark, with firm skillful hands that were never idle, but always seeking some homely household task to perform—the type of girl which would appeal to a sick man's fancy, who would make him think her mission in life was to take care of him. Loring had never taken care of herself since her school days, and she was almost ashamed to think how dependent she was upon her maid. She wondered if he would have loved her more had she been less helpless. No, this Agnes, with her managing ways, might have attracted the sick man, but Paul, in his strength, wanted a woman he could worship, not one who would worship him.

In these days love was a perfect thing between them. There were depths of tenderness and breadths of passion in Loring which

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Redding had never suspected. She revealed to him the wealth of her nature; she read his moods and fitted herself to them with the rare delicacy that comes from a perfect understanding. She loved him as a woman loves once in a lifetime, and she had treasured up so much affection in the last three years that now when she opened the flood-gates of her heart it overflowed and bathed him about with the glory of a great love. And in those days he never disappointed her. He was all she fancied him. There was no jarring note, no unpleasant moment, no bitter aftermath.

They would not think of their impending separation. When he spoke of Manila she laid her fingers over his lips. But when the final day dawned and they turned to face the future, she clung to him weeping bitterly and begging for strength to bear the loneliness which must ensue. Sore at heart, he did his best to comfort her, but his own mind was curiously full of misgivings. They had been too happy, and some of his mistrust of the future crept into his voice and made her also afraid.

He left her at midnight to go aboard his ship; she vowed to rest on the cushions he had heaped up in front of the window that day-break might find her on watch.

"You shall wave to me once from your porthole, and once as you pass out of the harbor, and then it will be good-bye, sweetheart, for a long, long while."

"God grant it may not be too long! I can't tell you what you are to me, but the rest of my life shall prove how I value your love."

"Don't! You make me want to talk of what you are to me, and if I begin I shall never have strength to let you go."

To the woman who had knelt for hours before the window, day seemed a sluggard rising from a too comfortable couch. Her eyes

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searched the bay below, and as the forms of the ships took shape out of the darkness, they fastened eagerly on one great white vessel. The fleet no longer looked like a peaceful flock of gulls; they were fierce birds of prey anxious to snatch her brief morsel of happiness away from her. The uncertain future made the present moment poignant with anguish. Now she could distinguish the *Poughkeepsie* plainly. It lay to the right of the flagship, and his cabin was on the starboard side so that she would soon catch a glimpse of him at his porthole. Unshed tears burned in her eyes, but she wiped them away hastily. Best he appear at the narrow aperture while her vision was dimmed. She could hardly make him out when he did appear, but every feature was so stamped on her heart that she filled in the vague outline, and in fancy saw the brave smile he would force to his lips to comfort her.

Her slender hands grasped the wooden sill to keep herself upright while her wavered to her. Then he withdrew and she sank limply to the pillows. She was worn with grief. The intensity of her suffering had dulled her mind. She could not look beyond the present hour which held nothing but the bald fact of their separation.

Gradually the signs of preparation for immediate departure became more active, and Loring raised herself to watch to the bitter end. It was now day, a gloomy day with fitful clouds obscuring the sun and a promise of rain in the air. She shivered as a damp wind floated across the bay and stirred the curtains at her open window.

People gathered along the water front, idle spectators and those who, like herself, had loved ones aboard bound for strange ports. The ships swung slowly into position, and the big white cruiser flying the rear admiral's flag turned majestically and steamed out of the harbor. In single file they moved, her husband's ship next in line, and she strained her eyes to make him out at the rail.

Then when the third ship came into view, blotting out his form, her strength left her suddenly, and she fell on her knees sobbing the deep sobs of the desolate.

(Continued in December Number)

To keep a carpet in good condition, go over it once a week with a broom dipped in hot water to which a little turpentine has been added.

When cutting a cake which is iced put your knife in boiling water for a few seconds. You will then be able to cut without the icing breaking.



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A little milk added to baby's bath water will help to keep his skin soft and smooth, especially if the water used is hard. Use boiled water if rain water cannot be obtained. Hard water that is boiled for twenty minutes and has a little oatmeal or milk added to it will be beautifully soft.

If a stone floor is required to be covered with linoleum get some fine dry sawdust and cover the floor with it evenly before laying the lino. This will preserve it from damp and make the floor warm and pleasant to walk upon. When spring-cleaning the sawdust is easily removed and a fresh supply substituted.

Large holes in the knees and heels of socks and stockings, if mended as follows, will be found to wear longer, look neater, and be more comfortable than if mended in the usual way. Take some strong black net, rub out any stiffness with the hand, cut slightly larger than the hole, and tack neatly on the wrong side; then darn out and into the net on the right side until the hole is well covered. The darning will hardly be seen, and you will be delighted with the results.

Most people, when intending to warm a bed with bottles, lay them down flat. This is a great mistake. The correct way is to take the bottles, the hotter the better, fill them with hot water, and stand them upright in the bed. The bedclothes should then be drawn lightly over them. The advantage of this is that the warm air circulates freely over the bed and warms the whole of it. In this way unused beds can be thoroughly aired during the winter months.

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