

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

BREEZY AND NEWSY NOTES

JOURNAL READERS
are cordially invited to send in items of persons' interest for publication in this column. Kindly phone M. 1919 and ask for Social News Department.

SOCIAL NOTES

The S.P.C.A. is greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster, who collected the articles for the rummage sale, which was held on Charlotte street at Number 90, Saturday afternoon, and to Mr. and Mrs. Pooler, who kindly lent their car for the occasion. The Boy Scouts were most helpful and furnished assistance that was valuable and most necessary. Besides putting out of the way those animals that are in misery, this philanthropic society cares for the well animals that are abandoned, often finding good homes for them and sometimes returning them to their owner who could not otherwise trace them. The affair on Saturday was well worth the effort put forth.

Miss Alicia Heales, of Wright street, was hostess at an enjoyable dinner on Thursday evening, in honor of Mrs. Audrey Turnbull and her sister Miss Rowe, of New York and Mrs. Gordon Kribbs. Covers were laid for ten. During the evening delightful music was furnished by those present, several skilled musicians being among the guests, whose selections were classical and beautifully executed.

Miss Daisy Weddall, of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. R. B. Irving, Mecklenburg street.

Returned From Europe.
Miss Georgie Pope, sister of Sir Joseph Pope, who has been in Europe for a year, has returned to Canada, and is again at her home in Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Chatham Lady Honored.
Mrs. Percy Myles entertained at bridge on Thursday for Miss Lillian Snowball, of Chatham, N.B.
Miss Schofield, who has been visiting Mrs. J. P. Hannington, Montreal, has returned home.

Hospitable Government House.
Rear-Admiral W. S. Sims, U.S. Navy and Mrs. Sims have arrived in Ottawa and will stay at Government House for a few days.

General Sir Arthur and Lady Currie are in Ottawa from Montreal and spent the week-end at Government House.

Those who had the honor of dining with the Governor-General and Lady Byng of Vimy at Government House Friday evening were Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada; Mr. J. G. Foster, Consul-General for the United States, and Colonel J. Ralston.

Hon. H. Greenfield, Premier of Alberta; Hon. C. A. Dunning, Premier of Saskatchewan, and Hon. J. Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, who have been staying at Government House, have left for their homes in the West.

Mrs. Louis Barker returned on Thursday to her home in Montreal, accompanied by Mrs. Hester Vroom, who will be her guest for a short visit.

Mrs. Caldwell entertained Saturday evening at a small bridge for Mrs. Carson Flood of Montreal.

Mrs. Stanley Elkins' bridge of four tables on Saturday evening at her residence in honor of Mrs. Frazer, Sherbrooke, was voted a most enjoyable affair by those present, who were Mrs. Fleming Paterson, Mrs. Gordon MacDonald, Mrs. Alexander Fowler, Mrs. Hugh Bruce, Mrs. Bruce Burpee, Mrs.

Arthur Carter, Mrs. Hugh H. McLean, Mrs. Percy Turcott, Mrs. William Vassie, Jr., Mrs. J. Lupton McAvity, Mrs. G. McA. Blizard, Miss Allison, Miss Catherine McAvity, Miss Scammell, Miss Kathleen Sturdee, Miss Blizard. Those fortunate in winning prizes were Mrs. Hugh Bruce and Miss Catherine McAvity.

The usual Saturday afternoon gathering of the Badminton Club at the Armouries was enjoyed by many. Among those present were Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Pinston Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stead, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Daniel, Mrs. Daniel Mullin, Mrs. Allen McAvity, Mr. and Mrs. Lugsden, Colonel and Mrs. Sparling, Mr. and Mrs. Daryl Peters, Mrs. Anglin, Major and Mrs. Vassie, Mrs. Shawwood, Skinner, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Jerry Foster, Miss Emily and Miss Kathleen Sturdee, Miss Kathleen Coster, Miss Ford, Miss Catherine McAvity, Miss Isobel Jack, Miss Barbara Jack, Miss Doreen McAvity, Miss Elizabeth Foster, Miss Roger Carter, Miss Edith Skinner, Miss Leslie Grant, Miss Robertson, Miss Dawson, Miss Audrey McLeod, Miss Althea Hazen, Miss Katherine Skelton, Miss Elsie MacLaren, Miss Hortense Maher, Miss Jean White, Miss Lila Foster, Mrs. Bowman, Miss Portia McKenzie, Mr. Cecil West, Mr. Murray Vaughan, Mr. Gerald Anglin, Captain Poston, Captain and Mrs. Gerald Ford, Mr. Harold Peters, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Donald Skinner, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Winter, Mr. Heams, Mr. Hazen, Mr. Charles Bowring, Mr. Arthur Schofield, Mr. John McCreedy, Mr. Douglas McKean. Tea hostesses were Mrs. Stewart Skinner and Mrs. Walter Harrison.

LARK.

Miss Ella Thorne, of Fredericton, who is well-known here, as a teacher and as an active member of the Kings'

Daughters, met with a painful accident last Friday afternoon at her home. She fell in her kitchen and broke her right arm above the elbow and was taken to the Fraser Memorial Hospital, where an X-Ray disclosed the extent of the injury sustained. The bone was set and, though painful, there is every hope of a sure and permanent recovery.

Mrs. Edward Shillington, of Silver Falls, arrived home from Prael, Saskatchewan, last Saturday morning, after an extended trip.

FUNDY CHAPTER
I. O. D. E. HOLD TEA

Pleasing Function Held in Trinity Church School Room Saturday Afternoon Was Largely Attended.

Among the many functions of Saturday, Fundy Chapter was quite busy and important as any, with its levy of young women, who as members of this chapter of the I. O. D. E. have written a record of helpfulness to be envied. Miss Alice Fairweather, the regent, was general convenor of the affair held in Trinity church school room, and was assisted by a large committee, who decorated the room in red, white and blue, with artistic effect. The background of greenery gave a very fine setting to the patriotic design of the decorators. Music was furnished by Miss Ida McKay and Edmund Cameron, with piano and violin, that was an addition to the social aspect of the hour.

Mrs. J. Boyle Travers, regent of the Municipal Chapter and Miss Nan Brock, of Rothesay, poured, while they were assisted in serving the guests by the members of the chapter, of whom there was a good representation to attend to the many patrons. The Misses Sandall, Sheldon and Short sold the dainty articles at the fancy table; Misses Upham, Mellick and Baird, the home cooking, and Misses Brayley, Wilson and Colston at the candy table. Misses Margaret Bolton, Harriet Smith and Grace Fleming, the latter also being on the committee with Miss Hatch for the sale of tickets, which Miss Beatrice Frink received at the door. Mrs. Travers and Miss Brock being obliged to leave early, the Misses Alward and Boyer poured.

Mrs. Pugsley, Mrs. L. P. D. Tilley, Mrs. Edmond Raymond and the Chief White Elk were present, the last named attracting much attention, because of his distinguished appearance, though dressed in regulation

Where shall we shop today?

A sweater that can be utilized in three different ways is the newest on display at F. W. Daniel & Co., Ltd. Shown in this city for the first time on Saturday morning, it offers for your approval first the Tuxedo, then the sport sweater buttoning well up to the neck, and again as a vest-Tuxedo, this by the addition of the separate front. They are all pure wool, and come in such pretty colors as Humming Bird, King Fisher, Poppy and Blue Bell, also the ever-popular black and white.

On the same floor you will find the new tunic slips, tailored style with satin shoulder straps, rendered shadow-proof back and front by the addition of another layer of material. You'll find them here in navy, black, white, blue and black, in splendid quality silk and reasonably priced.

The new heavy quality saten bloomers are also worthy of your best attention. Like the tunic slips, you may have these in many different and pretty colors, such as navy, black, purple, cerise and paddy green. They all have the double shirring at the knee and are finished off with a touch of contrasting color. Yes, you can get them in all sizes, that is if you do not put off the buying of them too long.

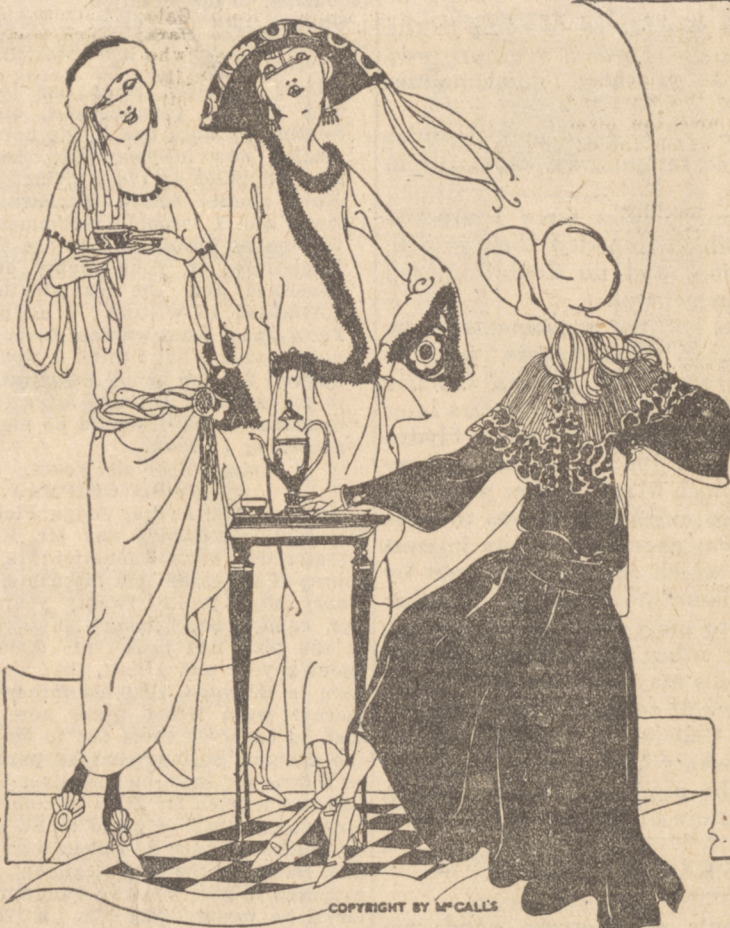
Many have

afternoon attire. Many were interested to hear that he is to speak before the Women's Canadian Club on Tuesday evening in St. Andrew's Hall, when he will demonstrate his histrionic ability by giving one of his many comic sketches and will also sing.

THREE SENTENCED

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 19.—Fred Leblanc, George McLeod and William Peltley were each sentenced to three years in the Dorchester penitentiary yesterday by Magistrate C. A. Steeves on charges of breaking, entering and stealing from the store of Peter McSweeney Co., Ltd., on the night of November 11. Furs valued at \$900 were stolen and later recovered.

SEASONABLE STYLES



At this time of the year it's 5 o'clock that's the witching hour for women. Gathering in the smart shops and ten-shops one may see all the newest styles for fall in all the newest fabrics and trimmings.

Chiffon is very good just now—according to pleated or embroidered and beaded. Chiffon velvet is extremely smart, especially if it be embroidered in silver.

Laces of all kinds are worn. Other

frocks of crepe Roma or similar stuffs are quite popular with only a jeweled buckle at the waist for ornament.

Brown is the color of the season and frequently in combination with tan. Among the velvets black is the preferred shade and many navy blues are worn.

Great emphasis is being put on the careful matching of colors for a costume—shoes, hat, gloves and stockings as well as jewelry must match or harmonize.

Nerves So Bad That
She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."

(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Triumphs of
M. Jonquille

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.
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THE LAUGHTER OF ALLAH

MONSIEUR JONQUILLE, the Prefect of Police of Paris, told me this story. We were on the deck of his yacht in the Mediterranean: the coast of Africa was in the distance. We had been talking of that strange, famous Englishman whose tragic death in the North Sea had stirred the world. Why had he never married—the greatest Englishman of his time? We did not name him. Monsieur Jonquille called him "Sir Henry" in the story.

The Prefect of Police of Paris presented the story as though it were a detached tale of an oriental story teller in a bazaar of Cairo. And I listened with my eyes closed, on the cool deck, moved slowly by the long swells. . . . I listened to the tragic love story of this strange, reserved, famous Englishman who had lived in mystery and died in mystery:

The man who rode north from the citadel, along the Boulevard Mohammed Ali, was no longer young. He sat firmly in the saddle, and to the distant eye, he was hard and lean like a hunter in condition, but his face discolored by wind and sun, in repose, was tired. It was an unusual face, seamed and crossed with lines, the mouth firm, almost harsh, with the muscles developed along the jaw. But it was not these features that impressed one.

It was the man's extraordinary eyes. They were large and set far apart. The color you immediately saw—a dark metallic blue—the blue of certain remote spaces in the tropic sky. The lids drooped, giving the man an expression at once of serenity and menace.

He rode a gray Arab, and his clothes were evidently the best product of a French tailor. He rode like a soldier—like one accustomed to live days and nights in the saddle.

The man felt old and tired. The vast, eternal unchanging aspect of Egypt oppressed him. Here all human effort seemed equally futile. Here, as in India, one grew only old and accomplished nothing. And, on this evening, he felt acutely the menace of Egypt.

England had only extended fingers on this great desert running south into impenetrable mystery. She had only the peace of the bayonet; and behind the indolence, the listless resignation of these desert peoples, there seemed to lie a vast, inherent hatred of the invader that never lessened, and that waited always with an unfailing patience. In India, this thing skulked in the distance, but here it seemed to approach—to be at hand.

Perhaps what the man knew staged this impression. The whole world of Islam was uneasy. She had been despoiled in Turkey and shamed. She felt that weak rulers, for gain or the love of life, had held her in leash when she ought to have been loosened with a great shout to a holy war. The heads of Islam were quiet, but the tribes were restless.

England, feeling always with her delicate antennae, knew this and, always wise, moved first. She had withdrawn this man from India and sent him here to set the butt of the Lee-Endfield a little firmer in the sand south toward Khartum.

He had a fortnight in Cairo before he took up this tremendous labor, and he used it to be free, to be

doubt, like one who trades glass for a jewel?

He reflected. There was no virtue in the thing that he had, in the thing for which he traded away his life, thus to transmute the human face. And when he should come up out of this great desert south toward Khartum, he would be old! Suddenly he realized that the horse could not go on, and that he was controlling a difficulty. He had traversed the Rue Muski, skirted the Place Ezbekiya and was about to cross the Kameh Pasha, that short boulevard entering the Place Ezbekiya from the north, when a procession stopped him.

The sacred carpet had arrived from Mecca. The streets before him were gorged with people, and the whole city echoed with weird Oriental cries. There was little new to him in the orgy of these native ceremonies, with their riot of sound and color, and their vast medley of tribes assembled from the waste places of the earth.

For a moment, as a soldier, he approved the precaution taken by the English authorities—a company of troops thrown in, here and there, to divide the tribes and the horde of natives that surged along with every color, and with every sort of cry, and every extravagant gesture.

He approved, too, the diplomacy that gave these regiments a gala air with their bands of music, as though they rivaled the Aztecs and the fellahs in doing honor to the holy relic, while, in fact, they held the fingers of England on the city lest they slip off in a sudden rising of these native hordes.

Then his mind returned to its reflection, with an idle interest he watched the strange, half-naked, primeval creatures that appeared, issuing out of the vast limitless ocean of sand that lay endlessly to the south, from tribes, old and unchanged since the days of Abraham—creatures from the uncharted depths of the Sahara, naked and subsisting like the Baptist.

What lay far off there in the dead cities of this sand-swept wilderness whence came these mad and gaunt, covered with hair, and infinitely old, no human creature could say. Perhaps the magician and the wizard of old times lived on there. And there in ancient tombs, in honeycombed walls sitting full of sand, in strange wilderness eternally dead and silent, old wise men abode who knew the ancient formulas by which the inexorable course of nature could be turned aside.

Perhaps they maintained there to this day that mysterious power which the sacred books of all religions agree that certain dead members of the race possessed in the morning of the world.

And the streaming horde, with its cries and colors, slashed and intersected by smart European regiments, mingling the drum and the Highland pipe with the wallings of the desert, became a thing unreal—a fantastic background for that other mystery that so profoundly disturbed the man.

And while he sat in the saddle looking down at these wild people of the desert, another looked down at him.

A woman, accompanied by the resident doctor and a maid, entered the English hotel on the other side of the square, crossed the foyer and got into the lift. As she passed, a little dapper man, bald, dressed like a tailor's print, and with the air of one who is a social register, spoke to his companions pouring a cup of tea at a table by the wall.

"That's the Nelly Landseer—used to be a famous Southern beauty in the States. Jove! She's gone to pieces! Had a devil of a life! Married Bristed Ames—dirty little beast! My word, she was a wonder once! Looks fifty today."

And he began to tell the dramatic story of this woman and the creature that she had married, the story of a tireless effort to keep a weakling on his feet, to make a man of him. The story over again of Daude's "Kings in Exile." A story that was a tragedy of failures.

Another installment of this thrilling story will appear in our next issue.



HE REALIZED THAT THE HORSE COULD NOT GO ON.

yet their faces were like the faces of angels.

This was a thing that he had always hated. It was not the enemy in the front that threatened the army, it was these loving creatures in the rear. Ruthless and determined, he had set his face against it. The army should be celibate. And he had broken and elbowed out the man who would encumber themselves with a loving heart.

Well, he had lived by the rule himself! There had been no woman about him on the frontiers of the Empire! When he came, now and then, to London, the current of life in which they moved failed to touch him. They were creatures apart.

He knew of them only what appeared before the eye. And, while he saw the beauty which they assembled, he saw also the thousand follies that seemed to give them pleasure, and he wondered in what mysterious charm lay their appalling influence on his soldiers.

And on this evening, alone in this mysterious city, he began to be assailed by a curious consuming wonder. He began to doubt the value of the one thing that he had gotten out of life. What was this other thing that gave an ignorant soldier and a common housemaid, motionless and silent in the shadows of a flowering vine, the faces of the angels?

What did this mysterious word mean that men used to designate this thing? He knew what the love of life was, for he had seen every sort of creature fight desperately to live; and he knew the love of gain and the love of power. But men, all men, everywhere, imperiled and abandoned these things for the love of women, and they did it with no



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These Evening Frocks for the coming season, sparkle with iridescent trimmings, beads or fur and flowers in many startling new colors, materials and styles—from the bouffant taffeta for the debutante to the more mature styles in velvet. Come and see them.

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You'll hardly be able to tell these Electric Seal Coats from the Hudson Seals, so excellent is their quality. In fact, we believe that it would be difficult indeed to find their equal anywhere. They are made from selected pelts and the trimmings of Alaska Sable and Dyed Sable are rich and glossy furs that need to be seen to be appreciated.

ELECTRIC SEAL COATS

Alaska and Dyed Sable Trimmed

As rich-looking coats as you have ever seen, trimmed with large Shawl collars of Alaska Sable and Dyed Sable with deep cuffs of the same fur. The linings are of flowered silk and fancy poplin. The prices are exceptionally low.

\$250.00 Sable trimmed coats, specially priced \$175.00
225.00 Sable trimmed coats, specially priced 150.00
200.00 Sable trimmed coats, specially priced 135.00
150.00 Self trimmed coats, specially priced 95.00

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Beaver Trimmed

There are TWO only Electric Seal coats which we consider are priced extremely low, but we are going to cut them still lower. One has trimming of Canadian Beaver and the other is Nutria trimmed. Large Shawl collar and generous cuffs, of course.

Originally priced \$250.00, and special priced at \$175.00

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