

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

Told in the Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Eighteen guests sat down to Mrs. Henry Joseph's masquerade dinner, given on Saturday evening at her residence on Mountain street. All arrived masked and costumed, and as they were announced only by their assumed characters and not by their names, there was considerable mutual speculation as to identities. So original and well-designed were the costumes that even the most intimate friends failed to penetrate another's disguises before the removal of the masks revealed "who was who." The carnival spirit thus engendered at the start was continued throughout the dinner, and the whole evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the participants. Among the characters represented were Cardinal Wolsey, in flowing red robe and wearing the golden chain and cross; Henry the Eighth, portly and pompous; Cleopatra, resplendent in silk and satin; a goose girl, with her two awkward geese; an "Egyptian legend," "Miss Pearl White," a Western girl, two "Raggedy Anns," Dante, two mandarines, a Persian queen, an Egyptian lady, a Gainsborough lady, and a lady of the harem. A diminutive and agile page was kept busy delivering humorous telegrams all evening.—Montreal Gazette.

The Toronto I.O.E. gave a luncheon on Thursday in the Imperial room at the King Edward, Toronto, in honor of the delegates attending the meeting of the provincial chapter. Kingston was represented by Mrs. J. B. Carruthers, formerly of Kingston, to James Thorpe Crawford. A reception followed at Suite 31, Strathmore apartments, corner Broadway and Hargrave streets.

Queen's Alumnae hope to hold a bridge and tea some time before Lent.

Miss Gay Bishop, Ottawa, will be one of the girls in town for the Royal Military College dance, and will be with Mrs. Henry Wilkinson, Bagot street.

Miss Francesca Foulkes, Calderwood Apartments, will return from London this week.

Mrs. G. Ogilvie, Montreal, spent the week-end with Col. and Mrs. Norman Stuart Leslie, Bagot street.

Miss Grist, Ottawa, is with Mrs. W. Linton, Gore street.

Dr. W. F. Clark has returned to Montreal after spending a few days in town.

Mrs. James MacIntosh (formerly Miss Olivetta Clark, Pictou, Nova Scotia), who has been the guest of Miss Norma MacEvedy, left on Friday for Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie have left Ottawa for Kingston, to spend a few days.

Miss Hetty Cartwright, Kingston, is on a visit to Ottawa, the guest of Mrs. F. R. Godwin.

Mrs. Donald MacPhail, Kingston, was the guest of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Omond, at "The Manse," Prescott, for a few days.

Garnet Higgins, Kingston, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Higgins, Brockville.

out a glance, and the boys, gathering eagerly about them, saw her as little. She went into the room where two maids were murmuring together between pyramids of cloaks and furs, but even these minced monosyllabic answers to her timid observations, and stared after her as if she had been a strange animal.

The aunt had gone to bed now, and the bridge table was completed by a relative of Mrs. Rose, a retired army officer who was quite deaf. At twenty minutes to one Ellen found herself watching the game; Mrs. Rose made no attempt to get her into the dancing now, the matron's face was flushed, and she seemed excited. She was playing with Mr. Josselyn, and it was evident that the luck was running against them.

"You don't bid them when you have them, Tommy!" the bride said lastly, scoring a fourth consecutive rubber for herself and partner. The old man only gave his wife an indulgent look. But Mrs. Rose said with some acerbity:

"There's no bidding hands like these! I declare I never saw anything like it!"

"I suppose we can't start another—we said we would stop at one," young Mrs. Josselyn smiled. Ellen saw Mrs. Rose give her a venomous look as the jeweled hands tumbled the cards idly, and the army man earnestly and quickly added the various scores.

"I love you seventeen and Captain James nine," said Mrs. Rose. "Now come, everybody, and have something to eat. I'm starving."

"Nothing for me at this hour!" Mrs. Josselyn said lightly. "I shouldn't have a complexion or a figure for a week!" The inference was plain.

"And I'm going upstairs, now," Ellen put in shyly. "I am—a sort of a headache—I think I'd really better!" And Mrs. Rose, will you tell me about trains tomorrow?—I think I had better—Aunt Elsie expects me—"

She had nerved herself for opposition, but Mrs. Rose made none. "I'm sorry you can't stay," she said, fighting a deep yawn. "Scuse me, everybody, but cards always make me so sleepy! They're all going over to Dorothy's tomorrow, I think. Better stay and have a little more good time. Auntie will forgive you! Anyway, come down and have some supper now!"

But Ellen murmured of her headache again. She would not face that hilarious supper room; or appear under her hostess's wing, as one unable to make her own way. She slipped upstairs.

And once in the safety of her own room, she began to undress automatically, with scarlet cheeks and a heaving breast. They had been rude to her, they had been rude to her! She had only wanted to be innocently happy, she had only asked that they be reasonably kind, and they had turned her world upside down,

and scarred the old happy confidence forever!

In Mrs. Rose's room, beyond the bathroom, a fire was burning, and Ellen went in to it, and sat down before the steady glow of the bed of coals. It was an old-fashioned steel-rodded grate, the furnishings of the entire room were old-fashioned. Mrs. Rose's ideals in furnishing had stopped short with the period of her first marriage, nothing to her would ever be so beautiful as solid brass beds and furniture of polished maple. A table loaded with handsome objects was pushed against the broad foot of the bed, and every chest and bureau and bookstand was filled with expensive things, boxes and frames and lamps and small statues and trays.

These were all dusted by the maids every day and put carefully back in their places. The maids lifted the satin runners from the tables, and the rich lac stripes that lay over the satin, and shook all the silk cushions on the big couches every day, too. Tonight there were several enormous pots of flowers in the room, presents that had been sent Mrs. Rose for Thanksgiving: two poinsettias, a begonia, and a large fern. The cards from the senders still dangled among the foliage, and stiff ruffs of crepe paper were pinned about the clay pots. In a day or two the plants would droop in the hot air, and then Maurice would be called in to carry them out, and fling them, cards, tissue-paper, and all, into the rubbish heap near the furnace.

Ellen, huddled in her wrapper, was dreaming over the coals when the door was pushed open, and she turned with a smile, expecting to see her hostess.

But it was young Mrs. Josselyn who came in, wrapped in a splendid oriental robe, and with her thick, soft brown hair hanging in a loose coil between her shoulders.

"I saw the door open," said she, dropping into the chair opposite Ellen. "I'm tired to death, but I don't feel like going to bed!"

She stretched her slippers feet to the blaze, locked her hands behind her head, and yawned, as unself-conscious as a cat. Ellen studied the lovely white arms, the smooth low forehead from which the hair was swept, the dropped bronze eye-lashes. She dared not open a conversation, and risk another snub.

"Danced yourself tired?" asked Mrs. Josselyn indifferently, after awhile.

"I didn't dance," Ellen answered, smiling as if the fact were entirely insignificant. But her tone was hurt in spite of herself. "I don't know them," she added, her voice thickening. "and this is my first visit here—we took a long trip today, too—I really didn't want to go—and I got tired—"

She stopped short.

Mrs. Josselyn elevated her delicate eyebrows in entire comprehension, pursed her lips, and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"What'd you go for, then?" she asked, presently.

"Well, I felt I had to!" Ellen answered lamely. The other woman took a framed picture from the table, studied it for a few minutes, and again moved her eyes slowly to Ellen.

"So you've been having a perfectly rotten time?"

Ellen laughed nervously.

"Why, no, I couldn't say that!"

"I suspected it, the way you hung around the card-table," said young Mrs. Josselyn, frankly. She extended the picture she held to Ellen.

"Know him?" she asked briefly.

Ellen shook her head. She looked at the face of a young man, thin, earnest of mouth and jaw, keen of eye. Even in the picture she could see that the thick crease of hair was gray, and even in the picture the handsome face showed character and power. At one corner, in a small square hand, was written: "To Lucia's mother, from T.G.J., Jr."

"He's not spoken to his father since our marriage," Mrs. Josselyn said, dispassionately. "I've never met him. He's good looking—"

She stared silently for several moments at the face of her unknown step-son before replacing the silver frame upon the crowded table behind her. Ellen whose sense of the romantic had been touched by this situation, looked at her with new interest.

Mrs. Josselyn, again stretching her lithe body with luxurious pleasure, apparently dismissed the subject from her mind, for when she spoke again, it was of Ellen.

(To Be Continued.)



MAD MARGARET
In the Brilliant Comic Opera "Ruddigore"
ALICE MAY CARLEY
As Mad Margaret in Gilbert and Sullivan's merry comic opera, "Ruddigore," coming to Grand, Wednesday, Feb. 24.
Narrow Escape From Asphyxiation.
Postmaster J. J. McGuire, Eganville, and members of his family had a decidedly unpleasant experience the other night after retiring. Coal gas from the furnace found its way to their sleeping quarters. One of the children, inhaling the noxious element, sickened and Mr. McGuire hearing her distress was going to her aid when he was overcome and was unable to proceed further. This was alarming enough for the other members of the household. Doors and windows were quickly opened and the imminent danger thus averted.

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KINGSTON
James Eaton, Consecon, appeared before Police Magistrate Levi Wil- 26th. Death was caused from the effects of a paralytic stroke in May and of having liquor in a place other than one just before his ending. He was his usual dwelling place, contrary to Tweed.

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To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

More Men Than Women Apply for Divorces in N.B.
Fredericton, N.B., Jan. 26.—During 1920 15 divorces were granted by the courts in New Brunswick, 12 of which had been applied for by the husband; three were carried over to this year for judgment and there were five remnants. Only one case was rejected during the past year.
CONCESSION TO WOMEN
Jurors May Hear Hats and Powder Their Noses.
Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 26.—Special concessions were granted to women jurors in the Polk county district court by Judge J. D. Wallingford, who announced that they may wear hats in the jury box and that time will be given them to powder their faces during court session. Of forty women called for jury service this term twenty announced their willingness to serve.

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Mrs. E. Hayes, of Hamilton, Ont. writes: "I have tried and tried remedial, without relief—to have given up work and come South for help—to have been cured completely on half a bottle of D. D. D. This is the substance of Mrs. Hayes' letter, 29 Sunset St., Hamilton, Ont. Cases can be sent you from your own vicinity. Write for Canadian testimonials, or secure a bottle of D. D. D. today. Who suffer itching, burning, stinging, smarting, or any other skin trouble, or who do not get relief on the first bottle, we will refund without question. \$1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.
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Women's Black Kid Bal—White with military heel; reg. \$10.00; now \$7.50
Women's Black Kid Bal—French made, Louis and Cuban heels; reg. \$12.50; now \$9.50
Women's Brown Kid Bal—Cuban heel; regular \$10.00; now \$6.95

Men's Black Kid Bal—Goodyear Welts; recede toe; regular \$8.50; now \$4.95
Men's Black and Brown Bluchers—Goodyear Welts; regular \$11.00; now \$7.00
Women's 12 and 13 button Spats; regular \$3.00 and \$2.50; now \$1.95
Men's Spats—regular \$3.00; now \$1.95
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