

SUMMONED TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES

Continued from page 7

ARCH-AID

There's smileage in their mileage

She Slipped Out of Her Shoes



at every opportunity. Even a few minutes' respite relieved her aching arches. Since the first time she slipped into a pair of

Model illustrated is of tan lizard, priced at \$14.00.

MENIHAN ARCH-AID SHOES

her feet have been comfortable, her aches and pains have gone. She knows what foot ease is. Let us show you the many new styles we carry in this famous footwear.

GEO. L. CONQUERGOOD
Graduate Chiropodist, in Attendance.

ARCH-AID BOOT SHOP
24 Bloor St. West, Toronto

Gently Support the Arch

Ruby Cook

LIMITED

Millinery of Genuine Distinction

140 Yonge St. Toronto (Over Dineen's)



Ruby Cook who has spent the last three weeks in Paris and London will arrive home Aug. 25th with an exclusive line of fall designs as portrayed by the leading salons of Europe.

"Where do you suppose we are," we asked each other breathlessly. "Have we really been stalled in an anteroom?" Suddenly our dazzled eyes saw the Royal Dais. "Heavens! It's the Throne Room!" It was one of the most tremendous moments of my life because I knew that only so few of those presented, ever attain one of those coveted seats actually in the Throne Room. Those who have not been presented can never realize what a difference it makes to get into that room. It had been dined and dined into my ears that it would make or mar my evening. And so convinced had we been that we were too late, that it took some minutes to recover from the surprise of having actually achieved it. Otherwise our fate would have been that of the majority whom later we saw being crowded into the several ante-rooms opening off the long corridor we had recently passed through. They would have to wait there until their time came to make their bow, while we saw the whole ceremony from the beginning—the entry of their Majesties and the colorful presentation of the whole of the Diplomatic Corps.

The Throne Room seemed very small in relation to the Palace but the ceiling is high. It was ablaze with crystal chandeliers on ivory walls, but the soft crimson of the dais and the upholstered seats made it exceptionally inviting and not at all alarming. It was never austere and not even appallingly formal. It was more than surprising that one should feel so very comfortable in it—train, feathers and all! Four wide entrances led into it; one on either side of the dais which was sufficiently large to accommodate a considerable group of royalties, members of the Royal Household, etc., who stand in a semi-circle around their Majesties. To the immediate right and left of the dais, tiers of seats graduated, which were corded off for the Diplomatic Corps etc., while an aisle divides the room into two tiers of seats which in reality were very very wide armchairs, joined together, upholstered in cerise brocade that blended marvelously with the crimson rugs. Another circle of seats is placed at the extreme end of the room, above which is a balcony where a regimental orchestra played softly and almost continuously.

The scene defies description. The gowns of the women, mostly in pastel shades, made a rainbow of color which almost faded into a background for the vivid uniforms of the men. Never did mere male look so superior! The full dress scarlet of Field Marshals gorgeous in gold braid and the courtly figures of the Civil Servants in white breeches and black coats ablaze with decorations the blue medal-covered uniform of an Air-Marshal—the magnificence of the Admirals; the clanking swords and plumed helmets of officers on duty—the brilliant Eastern garb of foreign potentates. The female of the species was less deadly than the male! And I believe the male knew it, too!

The gallant knight by my side exerted himself to point out celebrities and then the animated scene quieted as a Bodyguard of Ten Life Guards clanked into the room and lined up in a row in front of the dais, followed by four stalwart Indians in native dress. The scene was set for the arrival of their Majesties who, as God Save the King

was played, entered on the left, preceded by the Gold Stick (a Colonel of the Household Cavalry) and the Silver Sovereign, and several quaintly garbed personages walking backward. Two small pages in satin costumes carried the Queen's train. The Household in attendance followed, and while the King and Queen stood in front of their Thrones, the various foreign representatives were presented. In some cases the men and women bowing in couples—a special privilege.

Then their Majesties seated themselves upon the two gold chairs only slightly raised from the floor, and the presentation of the "General Circle" followed. None of the gentlemen attending, pass before the throne as they must already have been presented at a levee. But the ladies form a line at the extreme end of the room and passing out of a side door, traverse a long mirrored corridor, to re-enter an entrance on the right of the dais. It is a palpitating moment as one drops one's train. And did the gorgeous officer on guard there perhaps sense it was a "verdant colonial", for he smiled beatifically and said, "That will be arranged perfectly for you."

Then two footmen carefully spread out the *manteau de cour*, your card was passed on to the Court Chamberlain at the King's right and as your name is announced, one curtsied low to His Majesty George V. A grave courtly smile, and three paces farther one bends in homage to the Queen. Strangely enough, it was not the grandeur of Queen Mary clothed in the blue-white glitter of brocade and gems—I saw not a jewel though she was ablaze with them as a perfect Queen—but it was the woman herself—the sincere eyes as she graciously acknowledged my bow—that is indelibly impressed upon my memory! The magnificent pomp of Court failed utterly to overwhelm her humanity. And so also with the King. That is my humble tribute to their Majesties.

As one passed out of the Throne Room, footmen placed one's train over the arm and one entered the salon beyond, which at that moment was not crowded. It was amusing to sit and watch the expression of the women as they passed from the Royal Presence. Excitement, nervousness, composure—all registered plainly. Beautiful gowns, triumphs of the couturier's art; terrible gowns; relics of priceless fabrics; fabulous gems! But mere dress did not distinguish one at Court. What seemed most necessary was a good carriage! Height, poise and a good walk, I reflected, were the essentials to fit suitably into the background of a Palace. Those only seemed to mark people as part of the picture—dress was but a detail.

Many passed back into the Throne Room to see the other presentations, but having been advised as to the later proceedings I remained in this Salon and when the Court finished the Royal party formed into a procession which passed just beside us. Dignified Beefeaters, quaintly historic with their pointed beards, and scarlet and black uniforms, coquettish pom-poms on their shoes lined the way at intervals with their spears. I was lucky enough to be standing in the front line and it was a