

**Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

55.—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.



All women who have little duties to perform about the house know the advantage of a large apron. Here is one that is intended for use during the evening hours, and will be found equally serviceable for the busy housekeeper, artist, and home gardener. It covers the entire front of the dress. The skirt flares prettily and as meets in the back, the whole skirt protected. Generous sized pockets add greatly to its usefulness and will be appreciated by the wearer. Linen, crepe, gingham, and Holland are all used in the making. Sizes: 24, 28 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 18 yards of 36-inch material for the inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these aprons can be procured from AYRES & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

56.—A STYLISH LITTLE TOP GARMENT.



Girl's Coat.

In velvet, plush, caracul or cloth, this model will be very effective. The model is box shaped, and has plaited reversals at the side and back. The sleeve may be made in bishop style or in one-piece coat sleeve. A notched collar that may be of velvet finishes the neck edge. The Pattern is in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Requires 4 yards of 37 inch material for the 12 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

Economizes Butter, Flour, Eggs; makes the food more appetizing and wholesome

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

**The Evening Chit-Chat**  
By MUTH CAMERON

"I was surprised the other day to hear the lady-who-always-knows-somehow speak slightly of a certain kind act on the part of a neighbor of ours. Molly also noticed the unaccustomed tone in the lady's remarks. 'Why, that isn't like you, big sister,' she commented.

The lady-who-always-knows-somehow flushed up a distressed pink. 'I should hope it wasn't,' she said. 'I am ashamed of myself. I have a confession to make, and this is a good chance to make it. I don't like that woman and I can't seem to be just to her. I know she is kind hearted, wonderfully clever, well educated, agreeable, and everything estimable; yet I see everything she does through blue glasses. I know I ought to admire and like her, yet I can't. I try to control my feelings and hide them, but every once in a while they break out in something like what I just said. Won't you please consider it unsaid?'

I wonder how many people could say in all honesty that they never felt towards anyone just as the lady-who-always-knows-somehow confessed she felt towards this person.

Not many, I fancy.

'Pess up, now. In all your acquaintance, isn't there some excellent and worthy persons to whom you feel an unaccountable dislike and to whom you know in the bottom of your heart that you do not do justice?'

'You hear of some kind act of his and you catch yourself looking for an unworthy ulterior motive.'

When someone expresses a liking or an admiration for his person, you feel a quick pang of hurt as if the eulogizer had said something unkind or detrimental to you.

You hear of some mistake made by somebody with which this person is connected, and you immediately assume that all the blame belongs to him.

You are told of some good fortune that has befallen to his lot, and at once you try to find a chance to suspect that he obtained it by undesirable means, or else you hunt diligently for a fly in his ointment, and are not content until you find it, and point it out to others.

And yet none of these things is the least bit like you. You despise such feelings on principle and you never do feel that way towards anyone else.

What is it, then, that makes you feel this way?

I wonder.

If the lady-who-always-knows-somehow will pardon me, I'm going to make a suggestion. I'm frankly confess I found it by searching out the blackness of my own heart, so perhaps she will forgive me for asking her to share the stigma of the explanation.

The lady-who-always-knows-somehow admitted that her scape-goat was a most estimable and much praised person. I think, if you will examine, you will find that yours is of the same nature and never by any chance, a generally disliked, discredited and worthless person.

How does that happen?

Oh, there's the rub. How does it? Would it make it any easier for you to conquer and crush out this unreasonable dislike if you admitted to yourself that it had its deep, unacknowledged roots, not in the unavoidable queeriness of human nature and your own particular eccentricity as you may have been flattering yourself—but right in two of the meanest, most hateful and most shameful of human passions—envy and jealousy?

If it would, I am pretty certain you may give yourself that help.

**Strong Healthy Women**

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

**It Makes Weak Women Strong.** **It Makes Sick Women Well.**

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drug. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

**Shot at Police.**

14 Years' Penal Servitude—Speech From the Dock.

Fourteen years' penal servitude was the sentence passed by Mr. Justice Grantham at the Old Bailey yesterday on Harry de Vene, twenty-one, artist, who pleaded guilty to shooting at Police-Constable Askew, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, and who also admitted stealing a camera from the shop of the Westminster Photographic Exchange in Oxford-street.

The case for the prosecution, particulars of which appeared in The Daily Mail on October 23, was outlined by Mr. Muir. The prisoner was stated to have broken a shop window and taken a camera, and to have fired a pistol at the police when pursued. He had a very bad record, said counsel, and appeared to be a most desperate character.

Detective-Sergeant Protheroe provided a number of convictions against the prisoner. His real name, said the witness, was Harry Clay, and he was only liberated from prison on September 8. As a boy of sixteen, with a revolver and mask, he was concerned with two men in an attempt to break into an office.

The prisoner's attitude during the proceedings was very remarkable. He laughed frequently, and occasionally whistled incredulously, and he said to one officer, who was describing the

**Sidewalk Sketches.**

By H. L. RANN.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.



The autumn leaf has been the inspiration of more peg-legged poetry of the fig-saw rhythm than any other victim of the poetic art, unless it is the beautiful snow. For some reason or other, whenever the goddess of poetry tackles the autumn leaf she limps worse than a small boy with a stone bruise. Every fall, within fifteen minutes after the poets light on the autumn leaf and turn loose a crop of blank verse that stutters like the defendant in divorce suit. There are only two words that rhyme with leaf in a manner to charm the aesthetic taste, and they are "beef" and "deaf," and they are so badly overworked that they are in the sarage most of the time. The only man who wastes no heart throbs on this kind of poetry is the coarse householder who lets himself into a tin easel-spoon with a whisk broom and tries to head off the autumn leaf before it lands in the cistern. An appeal to this man's better nature with a few mortuary stanzas about the beauty of the fading leaf is about as effective as applying an ice pack to a nervous chill. After a man has spread himself over the front lawn and raked autumn leaves out of the teeth of a high wind until his back has a crook in it like a side comb, he is in no mood to endorse any long-meter rhapsody about nature's shroud. The only things that will arrest his attention are a bonfire and a porous plaster in the full strength of its manhood. If some of our poets who get on a full head of steam with the deceased were obliged to chase a wooden rake over a lot sprinkled with shedding soft maples for a few hours they would lead their muse into the house and chloroform it on the back steps on the spur of the moment.

**Zam-Buk Healed Baby's Sores.**

Mrs. C. Parly of 479 Seigneurs St. Montreal, writes:—"I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the cure Zam-Buk has worked in the case of my baby son. He was troubled with scap disease and I tried everything I could think of, but in vain.

"Finally I tried Zam-Buk. I could see an improvement after two applications! After persevering with the Zam-Buk treatment he is now completely cured. Zam-Buk is certainly a wonderful balm, and I shall always keep it on hand."

Mothers should use Zam-Buk for all skin sores, ringworm, scalp sores, cuts, chafings, bruises, coldsores, chapped hands, piles, eczema, bad leg, varicose sores, etc. 50c. box, all druggists and stores.

Zam-Buk Soap 25c. tablet is best for baby bath and for delicate skins.

arrest. "You are a gentleman, you are. You ought to get a putty medal." To one witness he said, "You liar!"

"Oh, that's the truth," retorted the prisoner. "You need not hush."

The prisoner then made a remarkable statement: "What was actually done?" he said, "One window broken, one policeman slightly injured. All the rest of the charge is gas, puffed up for the benefit of the police. Press, and the sensation-reading public. As for intention, etc., who knows what I intended? If every man's intentions were known, every man would deserve hanging twice in his life.

"That is one side; what is the other? The Westminster Photographic Exchange has been amply compensated. I have been the means of the promotion, however slight, of the detectives and the police who have been brought prominently forward, and the officer who was shot is no worse off.

"Through that one incident I have been the cause of hundreds of men being employed—printers, lawyers, clerks, and policemen."

(Laughter.)

His object in shooting, he said, was only to keep the policeman back. He was a "crack" shot, and could have shot them dead if he wished. "I am sorry I hurt the constable, but necessity knows no law. If I go back to prison I shall end my life. They can't stop me. This girl (a girl with whom he was living) and I were two wrecks drifting on the high seas of a Christian world, and everyone firing a shot to sink us."

The prisoner received his sentence in silence.—Daily Mail, Nov. 9th.

**Electric Restorer for Men**

Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension, restores strength and vitality. Restores energy and all sexual activities arrested at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price 50c. per box, or two for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Bookish Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

**THE RIGHT HOUSE,**  
**J. M. DEVINE'S,**  
167 Water Street, East,  
**Where the People Go!**

**B**UYING in this age is now almost reduced to a science. It behoves every housekeeper to squeeze as much purchasing power as possible out of her dollar. To watch and read the offerings of the storekeepers through the newspapers should be the exclusive department of one of the family circle—these are trying times with the cost of living climbing higher and higher every day. You will always find in Devine's advertisements a wealth of money-saving information—a message from bargaintom, and a ray of hope for the family of scanty means. The following is of more importance to you Mrs. Housekeeper than any item in this paper. Read it first, it is a story of interest.

**First Floor—Table No. 1.**  
206 dozen  
**Ladies' Underwear,**  
Splendid Value.  
30c. per garment.

**Every Day is Bargain Day**  
—AT—  
**The Right House**  
You Can't Miss It.  
COME ANY DAY YOU WISH.

**First Floor—Table No. 2.**  
173  
**Ladies' Top SKIRTS,**  
In Black and Coloured.  
A Manufacturers' Surplus.  
Worth \$3.50 to \$5.00.  
Now..... **\$2.00**

**First Floor—Table No. 3.**  
509  
**Ladies' Coats, (Job)**  
at **\$2.50 each.**  
You should see this line.

**First Floor—Table No. 4.**  
500 bds  
**Cotton BLANKETS,**  
Just the thing for Children's beds, at  
**40 cents per pound.**

**First Floor—Table No. 5.**  
20 doz pair  
**Men's Linen CUFFS,**  
at 10c. pair.  
And 100 dozen  
**Men's Linen Collars,**  
at 10c. each.

**First Floor—Table No. 6.**  
49 dozen  
**Men's TOP SHIRTS**  
(Neglige),  
Worth 70 cents each, at  
**49 cents each.**

**Woolen Underwear,**  
FOR MEN,  
Is Unequalled in Price and Quality.  
The Famous "Hewson" Brand,  
—AT—  
**\$2.00 per suit.**

Let Your Next Purchase be Made  
—AT—  
**J. M. DEVINE,**  
167 Water Street, East,  
**The Right House**  
**THE RIGHT HOUSE.**  
Buy Your Overcoat  
—AT—  
**The Right House.**  
All Prices, from  
**\$5.50 to \$15.00.**

**T. J. Edens.**

Selected Winter Apples.  
Kings, No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3.  
Baldwins, No. 1 and No. 2.  
Peewees, No. 1 and No. 2.  
Bishop Pippins, No. 1.  
Wagners, No. 1 and No. 2.

75 Braze Fresh Partridge—by Portia.  
150 Braze Fresh Rabbits.  
2 Doz. Corn Fed Chicken.  
Kipped Herring.  
Flanned Haddies.  
Halifax Sausages.

10 Bks. FAMILY BLESS PORRAGE  
New York Corned Beef—  
by S. S. Florizel.

**T. J. EDENS,** Duckworth St  
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**A MAGAZINE OFFER.**

The rapidity with which the circulation of MacLean's magazine has increased in both news stand and by subscription during the past eight months, is sufficient evidence of its popularity among the most intelligent readers.

With the steady progress the magazine has been enjoying, there have been a marked improvement in the contents of each issue.

To-day MacLean's stands foremost among all Canadian and American publications.

As an inducement to subscribers we offer the magazine for the balance of this year and the whole of 1912 for the yearly subscription price of \$2.00 post paid in advance.

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POPULAR BOOKSTORE.

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**Little Cigars**

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