

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

CUE-RIOS EDICT WILL FLOOD THE HAIR MARKET

New York, Sept. 2.—There is a panic among importers of human hair, due to the publication of a cable-gram from Peking that the Emperor of China is about to issue an edict ordering the greatest wholesale haircut in the history of the world. Four hundred subjects of the Emperor will be ordered to simultaneously cut their hair, and the hair importers will probably make the best of a serious situation by ordering their agents to get options on as many of the pig-tails as possible, to be brought to this country and converted into switches and rats for the American brunettes. The law of supply and demand also comes in play, for it is argued if all this false hair is dumped and the market at once, the price must of necessity come down, and there will be a slump not only in Chinese, but in all other kinds of hair goods, and the stock now on hand must be disposed of at once at a sacrifice.

It is figured out this way: Four hundred million quees to be sacrificed means about 200,000,000 pounds of false hair, and estimating that one-fourth of the population of the United States are women, figuring the population at 90,000,000 it will be found that there are in this country 22,500,000 women, each of whom will be entitled to about nine pounds of hair, equal to the pig-tails of 18 Chinamen.

It is also likely that the barbers' union of China will go out on a strike, for with the pigtail in vogue barbering is a profitable vocation. The head must be kept shaven and the que kept in good condition. With the que gone, that won't be necessary, and the barbers' vocation will be sadly curtailed.

TALES FROM ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Sixth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

After resting for a whole year, I decided to try my luck once more. My usual bad luck was evidently with me, for we had scarcely gone a day's journey from Bagdad when a strong current swept the ship from its direction and wrecked it at the foot of a large mountain. When I regained my senses, I saw that a clear river ran into the very centre of this mountain, into a deep cavern that was black as midnight. Round about me was strewn the wreckage of our ship, and I set to work and made a raft therefrom, loaded it with some valuable merchandise, and placed the raft in the river and myself on the raft, giving my life to the mercy of the current. Everything around me soon became black, and sometimes the arches were so low that they almost touched my head. For days I went on, until sheer weariness made me fall asleep. When I awoke I was floating quietly down a stream with green banks on either side and people watching me with great curiosity. They marvelled greatly at my escape, and took me to their king. He greeted me kindly and said that he was on the eve of giving a feast, at which he wished to have some unusual entertainment, for kings of powerful neighboring kingdoms were coming to see him. Such a story as mine, he said, would be just what he wanted.

After the great banquet I, clad in gleaming blue and silver, was presented to the company and urged to relate my story. The company were much interested, and, thinking to please my benefactor, the king, I began to tell my earlier adventures, until everyone was listening breathlessly—kings, court ladies, attendants, even the scullery maids stole to the door to listen.

The next day I made ready to depart, and the generous king loaded me with many gifts. There was a cup formed of a single ruby and filled with great pearls; the dried skin of a serpent that was warranted to make well



I Saw That a Clear River Ran into a Deep Cavern That Was as Black as Night.

any sick person who touched it; and a slave of wondrous beauty whose robes glistened with jewels. After a happy journey of some weeks, I regained my home and friends, who had despaired of ever seeing me again, and who pleaded with me not to go forth to sea again. But I had decided firmly on one more adventure.

HANDSOME STREET SUIT.



Soft grey cloth is the material used for this suit. The revers are made of rich brown satin and the buttons are covered with the same fabric. The brown braid is used as a garniture for the military collar, for the cuffs, buttonholes and hem.

The hat is of grey satin with a crown covering of white feathers and wings.

FASHIONS

Ratine, called also "velour delaine" is the most novel cloaking material for fall. Velvets and seal plush are strongly indicated for fall and winter.

The wide silk rubber girdles, studied with jet or steel and adorned with wide, long sashes worked with the jet or steel, are still popular where a two-piece costume admits of separate girdle.

For outside garments, sleeves will be made plain coat-sleeve style, full length. For novelty styles sleeves are often cut in one piece with the body.

The collarless waist continues to be popular. It is worn afternoons and mornings.

able to find out what the trouble really is and what to do for it. 2. Take one and one-half cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, and work in one-half cup lard with tips of fingers. Moisten to dough with as little cold water as possible. 3. Longfellow wrote the poem, "Evangeline."

FOR RENTERS.
The German Society for the Prevention of Noise distributes lists by which those wishing to rent flats or houses may discover just how noisy a place it is. If there is no noise the number and street are put on a list of a certain color, while lists of other colors contain the addresses of those houses where a little noise may be expected, and still another is classified as very noisy by the color of the list. We have no doubt but do everything in their power to keep their houses off these lists.

When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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I had floundered miserably, with his eyes on me, and I half expected him to be shocked, or to say that married women should be satisfied with the nice things their husbands say to them. But he merely remarked apropos of nothing, or following a line of thought he had not voiced, that it was true but true that a good many men owed their success in life to their wives.

"And a good many owe their wives to their success in life," I retorted, cynically. At which he started at me again.

It was then that the real complexity of the situation began to develop. Some one had rung the bell and been admitted to the library, and a maid came to the door of the den. When she saw us she stopped uncertainly. Even then it struck me that she looked odd and was not in uniform. However, I was not informed at that time about bachelor establishments, and the first thing she said, when she had asked to speak to me in the hall, knocked her and her clothes clear out of my head. Evidently she knew me.

"Miss McNair," she said in a low tone, "there is a lady in the drawing-room, a veiled person, and she is asking for you."

"Can you not find him?" I asked. "He is in the house, probably in the study."

The girl hesitated.

"Excuse me, miss, but Miss Caruthers—"

Then I saw the situation.

"Never mind," I said. "Close the door into the drawing-room and I will tell Mr. Wilson."

But as the girl turned toward the doorway, the person in question appeared in it, and raised her veil. I was perfectly paralyzed. It was Bella! Bella, my first love, my first sweetheart, my tragic eyes I ever saw and could not believe except for a dab of rouge in the middle of each cheek. We stared at each other without speech. The maid turned and fled down the hall, and with that Bella came over to me and clutched me by the arm.

"Who was being carried out into that ambulance," she demanded, glaring at me with the most awful intensity. "I'm sure I don't know, Bella," I said, wriggling away from her finger. "What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe!"

"You are hiding something from me," she accused. "It is Jim! I see it in your face."

"Well, it isn't," I snapped. "It seems to me, really, Bella, that you and Jim ought to be married, and you are an affair, without grating me in." It was not pleasant, but if she was suffering so was I. "Jim is as well as he ever was. He's upstairs somewhere. I'll send for him."

She gripped me again, and held on, while her color came back. "You'll do nothing of the kind," she said, and she had quite got hold of her senses. "I hope you don't think, Kit, that I came here to see James Wilson. Why, I have forgotten that there is such a person, and you know it."

"Somebody's brains landed, and I was growing nervous. What if Aunt Selina came out of the den?"

"Why did you come, then, Bella?" I inquired.

"I was passing in the motor," she said, and I honestly think she hoped I would believe her, and I saw that she was.

"She stopped and began again. 'I thought I ought to tell you, and I came to see Takahiro, and he was so busy. He was devoted to me, and Evans is going to leave. I'll tell you what to do, Kit. I'll go back to the dining-room, and you and Takahiro. If anyone comes, I can slip into the pantry.'"

"It's immoral," I protested. "It's immoral to steal your—"

"I'm not stealing," she broke in impatiently. "You're not usually so impetuous, Kit. Hurry! I hear that hateful Anne Brown."

So we slid back along the hall and I saw that she had no one came. "I think I ought to tell you, Bella," I said, as we waited, and Bella was staring around the room—"I think you ought to know that Miss Caruthers is here."

"Bella shrugged her shoulders. 'Well, thank goodness,' she said, 'I don't have to see her. The only pleasant thing I remember about my year of married life is that I did not meet Aunt Selina.'"

I rang again, but still there was no answer. And then it occurred to me that the stillness below stairs was all most oppressive. Bella was noticing things, too, for she began to fidget. "One of the things I remember my late husband saying," she observed, "was that he could manage this house, and had done it for years, with flawless service. Stand on the bell, Kit."

I did. We stood there, with the table, just as it had been left, between us, and waited for a response. Bella was growing impatient. She raised her eyebrows (she is very handsome, Bella is) and said to her, "If she had begun to enjoy the horrible situation."

I thought I heard a rattle of silver from the pantry just then, and I hurried to the door in a rage. But the pantry was empty of servants, and full of dishes, and all the lights were out but one, which was burning dimly. I could have sworn that I saw one of the servants duck into the stairway to the basement, but when I got there the hall was empty, and something was burning in the kitchen below.

Bella had followed me and was peering over my shoulder curiously. "There isn't a servant in the house,"

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CHAPTER V.
From the Tree of Love.
There is hardly any use trying to describe what followed. Anne Brown began to cry, and talk about the children. (She went to Europe once and stayed until they all got over the whooping-cough.) And Dallas said he had a pull, because his mill controlled I forget how it all. It all came over me at once and I was overwhelmed by it, while Anne was crying and saying she wouldn't cook if she starved for it, and Aunt Selina was taking off her wraps. I felt queer all over, and I sat down suddenly. Mr. Harbison was looking at me and he brought me a glass of wine.

(To be Continued.)

GUARD THEIR HEALTH!

Children Who Grow Very Fast Need Careful Watching.

Next to infancy, the years between ten or twelve and eighteen are the most critical in life, especially for the boys and girls who grow too fast. Rapid growth and the physical changes that are taking place render them particularly liable to weakness and disorders of the digestive system, kidneys or lungs that very frequently, when allowed to run on, condemn them to a lifetime of suffering. It is most important that at this period of life those organs which carry off the body's waste and impurities—the bowels, the kidneys and the skin—should be kept active and vigorous.

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NINE TIMELY DESERTS

Lemon Raisin Pie—Use one cupful of chopped seeded raisins, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cupful of cold water, one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with the water, one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir lightly together and bake with two crusts.

Currant Custard—Beat to boiling point one-half pint of strained currant juice, add four ounces of sugar, and when it is dissolved, add very gradually, heating constantly to prevent curdling, the yolks of four eggs. Stir over the fire until it thickens, then pour into a bowl and stir until it is partially cool, and then stir in one-half pint of cream.

Peach Dessert—Pare and halve large ripe peaches. Into each half put a tablespoonful of whipped cream which has been sweetened, and decorate the top of each with candied or maraschino cherries. This is not expensive, as a pint of cream will serve a dozen people.

Mousse—Four cups of water, one and two-thirds cups sugar, two cups raspberry juice, and two tablespoons lemon juice. Make a sirup of the water and sugar and when cool add raspberries, mashed and squeezed through double cheesecloth, and add lemon juice; strain and freeze. Line mold with above sherbet when frozen and put in centre one cup of sweetened whipped cream; then fill and close mold and pack for three hours in equal quantities of salt and ice. Strawberries, cherries, or currants may be substituted for the raspberries.

Coffee Souffle—Beat one and one half cups cold coffee with one-half cup milk, two-thirds cup sugar, and

one tablespoon granulated gelatin in double boiler. Add one-fourth teaspoon salt and yolks three eggs. Beat until thick and remove from fire. Beat whites until stiff, add vanilla, stir into the mixture, pour into molds, and chill. Serve with cream.

Squash Pie—Mix one cup squash, one-fourth cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon cinnamon, and two beaten eggs thoroughly together and add gradually one-half cup cream and one-half cup of milk. Bake in one crust.

Peach Pudding—Add one cup sugar to the beaten yolks of four eggs. Then stir in one quart milk and two cups dry crumbs and bake in slow oven. When cold, slice peaches over the top, sprinkle generously with powdered sugar and cover with the egg whites which have been beaten stiff with one-half cup sugar. Brown lightly in oven and serve with cream when cold.

Peach Meringue Glace—Crush to a pulp one quart of peeled sliced peaches. Add to this one pint granulated sugar, one-half pint cold water and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Mix and freeze.

Plum Bavarian Cream—Soak one-half box gelatin in one-half pint cold water. Stir over boiling water until dissolved. Into this put one pint stewed and sweetened plums which have been seeded and put through a colander, and stir constantly until it begins to thicken. Add one pint whipping cream and beat well. Turn into a mold and chill. When ready to use, slice and serve with cream, either plain or whipped.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. How should a girl of 16 wear her hair? 2. What is the birthstone for July? 3. Is it proper for girls of 14 and 16 to wear flowers to school? 4. Should a girl of 16 invite boys to camp beside their cottages?

J. C.
A.—1. Simply rolled at the sides, braided and tied with ribbon bow. 2. Ruby. Yes. No. The invitation should be given by her parents or chaperon.

Dear Miss Grey: What is the birthstone, meaning and flower, for November? BET.
A.—Topaz, fidelity, chrysanthemum.

Dear Miss Grey I have two dark spots on my throat which become very red sometimes. What can I do for such pie crust. 3. Who wrote the story of "Evangeline"? MARIE.
A.—1. It is impossible to tell the nature of the spots from the description. Do not consult "Beauty specialists," but see the best doctor available.

From the Persian

Alas for those who having tasted once Of that forbidden vintage of the lips That, pressed and pressing, from each other draw The draught that so intoxicates them both, That, while upon the wings of Day and Night Time rushes on, and Moons do wax and wane, And from the very Well of Life they drink, And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain, But rolling Heaven from his ambush whispers, "So in my license is it not set down; Ah, for the sweet societies I make At Morning, and before the Nightfall break; Ah, for the bliss that coming Night fills up, And Morn looks in to find an empty Cup!" —Edward Fitzgerald.