

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Men Not Eloquent in Proposing to Their Choice

If all the world does not love a lover, and it is by no means certain that he makes himself agreeable to all the world to that extent—it is surely loved love-making when it is well spoken, staged, or written.

Wise men are always wondering why it is that the glib, glib-tongued rascal wins the woman who has discarded many wise men; but if they could once listen to the halting speech of their own love-making as compared with the fluent flow of the glib-tongued rascal, the mystery would become as plain as daylight. A woman likes to be made love to ideally, and there isn't a 16-year-old girl in the world who hasn't her own ideas as to the manner in which Reginald or Percy should propose.

The reason why a woman so rarely marries the first man who asks her is because his love-making falls so infinitely far short of anything that she has ever dreamed of in that line. Love-making in real life is so rarely artistically done that one of the uses to which both the stage and the craft of writing have been put is to teach the man how to win the maid as she expects to be won.

Of course, when a woman is very much in love with a man she usually supplies his deficiencies in love-making by her gentle powers of imagination, which are quite capable of turning such a simple declaration as "Lucy—I—do you care for me?" into "Darling, you are the day star of my life," or words to that effect; but the merits of his or her making when a woman is wavering in the balance, ready to be tipped this way or that by his words of eloquence or his awkward utterances, he is lost if he is not quick to perceive her mood and respond to it with the very best language in his repertoire.

"There be three things which never satisfy a woman," said a wise man; "yea, four which say not: 'It is enough.' Her photograph and the fit of her hair, a novel with a sad end, and the wooing of her lover." "The wooing of her lover" this is the slough of despond in which every woman lingers.

Even the married woman who accepted her lover in spite of his inadequate appeal, looks back upon his words at that critical moment with a little contempt. It seems so strange to her that the man who can now wax so eloquent on the subject of household expenses and his wife's extravagance could only find a few stammering commonplace phrases in which to express his soul's strongest emotions at such a crisis.

It is not argued that a man should study his words or learn by heart what he has to say to the woman he wants to marry; but it is urged that the man who really wants to win a woman as she likes to be won will pay as much attention to the manner of his wooing as he does to the collar and tie he shall wear on the momentous occasion.

The man who really wants to make a record proposal should not propose in a tight collar or tight boots or any clothing that is uncomfortable. He should not propose on an empty stomach or after too heavy a meal, or after a drink or a smoke, or a hard day's work, or after the loss of a night's sleep.

As to when he should propose—well, that is a psychic moment which each man must discover for himself. The best that can be done for him is to prepare the way by the process of elimination.

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SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yonder azure deeps
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! While in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

—Longfellow.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8795

8795—AN UP-TO-DATE AND COMFORTABLE COMBINATION GARMENT.

Lady's combination drawers and corset cover, with or without ruffle, and in square or round neck edge. A practical garment that has shown excellent features in the past. It has darted body portions that tend to give the fashionable slight effect to the figure. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, with ruffle; without ruffle, will require 2½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 50c in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement—Bust

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, measure, you need only the 2, 3, 4, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 2, 2½, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "neck or years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 50c in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

STRAIGHT-LINE SKIRTS FOR FALL.

It is distinctive of the coats designed for wear during the fall season that the narrow silhouette is obtained in these garments as well as in dresses and skirts. In fact, the object seems to be to give the figure as slender an appearance as possible.

There is such a variety of skirts and coats to choose from that the woman who studies her own individual styles and makes her suit with a view to its becomingness will be wise. All the smart tailored suits are made on simple lines. The skirts are narrow, either gored, circular, or with a few plaits. Panels front and back are stylish.

The one object with the smart woman this season is to attain the flat effect at the back of her skirt, and the panel back certainly gives that desired flat appearance. The straight-line coats give rather a jaunty, boyish appearance to the wearer, and go well with the almost straight lines of the narrow skirts.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Clark's Pork and Beans

The advantages of Clark's Pork and Beans are—nourishment with palatability and uniformity of excellence with economy in cost. A Canadian product where quality is not sacrificed to pay high duties. Wm. Clark, Mfr., Montreal.

"Can be depended upon," is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and is the best remedy for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

For the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, the Grand Trunk will sell round trip tickets to Detroit at single fare (\$3.05), good going from Sept. 19 to 24, inclusive, and good to return until Sept. 26. Full particulars at the ticket office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets. R. E. Ruse, C. P. and T. A. 86-n

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE GUMS, LAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM.

When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Copyright, 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Max came after me. "Don't be cross, Kit. You haven't said a nice word to me today, and you go around bristling with your chin up and two red spots on your cheeks—like whatever-her-name-was with the snakes instead of hair. I don't know why I'm so crazy about you. I always meant to love a girl with a nice disposition."

I left him then. Dal had gone into the reception room and closed the doors and because he had been acting so strangely, and partly to escape from Max, whose eyes looked threatening, I followed him. Just as I opened the door quietly and looked in, Dallas switched off the lights, and I could hear him groping his way across the room. Then somebody—not Dal—spoke from the corner cautiously.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown, sir?" It was Flannigan.

"Yes, is everything here?" "All but the powder, sir. Don't step too close. They're spread all over the place."

"Have you taken the curtains down?" "Yes, sir."

"Matches?" "Here, sir."

"Light one, will you, Flannigan? I want to see the time."

The bare showed Dallas and Flannigan bent over the timepiece. And it showed something else. The rug had been turned back from the windows which opened on the street, and the curtains had been removed. On the bare hardwood floor just beneath the windows was an array of pans of various sizes, dishes, cake tins and a metal foot tub. The pans were raised from the floor on bricks, and seemed to be full of paper. All the chairs and sofas were pushed back against the wall, and the bric-a-brac was stacked on the mantel.

"Half an hour yet," Dal said, closing his watch. "Plenty of time, and remember the signal, four short and two long."

"Four short and two long—all right, sir."

"And Flannigan, here's something for you, on account."

"Thank you, sir."

Dal turned to go out, tripped over the rug, said something, and passed me without an idea of my presence. A moment later Flannigan went out, and I was left, huddled against the wall, and alone.

It was puzzling enough. "Four long and two short." "All but the powder!" Not that I believed for a moment what Max said, and anyhow, Flannigan was the sanest person I ever saw in my life. But it all seemed a part of the mystery that had been hanging over me for several days. I felt my way across the room and knelt by the pans. Yes, they were there, full of paper and mounted on bricks. It had not been a deception.

And I straightened on my knees suddenly for an automobile passing under the windows had sounded four short honks and two long ones. The foot bath had fallen from its supports, and lay quivering and vibrating on the floor at my feet. The next moment Mr. Harbison had thrown open the door and leaped into the room.

"Who's there?" he demanded. Against the light I could see him reaching for his hip-pocket, and the rest crowding up around him.

"It's only me," I quavered, "that is I. The—dishpan upset."

"Dishpan!" Bella said from back in the crowd. "Kit of course!"

I felt forced his way through them, and turned on the lights. I have no doubt I looked very strange, kneeling there on the bare floor, with a row of pans mounted on bricks behind me, and the furniture all piled by itself in a back corner.

"Kit! What in the world—" Jim began, and stopped. He stared from me to the pans, to the windows, to the bric-a-brac on the mantel, and back to me.

I sat stonily quiet. Why should I explain? Whenever I got into a foolish position and tried to explain, and tell how it happened, and who was really to blame, they always brought it back to my horse, and when it was ripe, and I let them stare, and finally Lollie Mercer got her breath and said, "How perfectly lovely! It's a charade."

And Anne guessed "Kitchen" at once. "Kit, you know, and the pans, and—all that," she said vaguely. At that they all took to guessing. And I sat still, until Mr. Harbison saw the storm in my eyes and came over to me.

"Have you hurt your ankle?" he said, in an undertone. "Let me help you."

"I am not hurt," I said coldly, "and even if I were, it would be unnecessary to trouble you by being troubled," he retorted, just as evenly. "You see, it makes me ill for days if my car runs over a dog."

Luckily, at that moment Dal came in. He pushed his way through the crowd without a word, shut off the lights and looked at his watch. Then he slammed the shutters closed. Then he turned and addressed the rest.

"Of all the lunatics—" he began, only there was no more to it than that. "A fellow goes to all kinds of trouble to put an end to this miserable situation, and the entire household turns out and set to work to frustrate the whole scheme. You like to stay here, don't you, like chickens in a coop? Where's Flannigan?"

Nobody understood Dal's wrath then, but it seems he meant to arrange the plot himself, and when it was ripe, and the hour nearly come, he intended to wager that he could break the quarantine, and to take any odds that he could get that he would free the entire party in half an hour. As for the plot itself, it was ridiculously simple. We were perfectly delighted when we heard it. It was so simple and yet so comprehensive. We didn't see how it could fail. Both the Mercer girls kissed Dal on the strength of it, and Anne was furious. Jim was not so much pleased, for some reason or other, and Mr. Harbison looked thoughtful rather than merry. Aunt Selma had gone to bed.

The idea, of course, was to start an embryo fire just inside the window, in the pans, to feed it with the orange-fire powder that is used on the Fourth of July, and when we had thrown open the windows and yelled "there" and all the guards and reporters had rushed to the front of the house, to escape quiet-

Yes

ALL teas may look alike to you—but

the difference in Red

Rose Tea is in the taste

and the smell. Another

marked difference is the

agreeable strength that

puts real quality in the

cup with less tea in the

pot. Will you try it.

RED ROSE TEA is good tea

NEVER SOLD IN BULK

Your Grocer Will

Recommend It

90

ly by a rear door from the basement

kitchen, get into machines Dal had

waiting, and lose ourselves as quick-

ly as we could.

You can see how simple it was.

We were terribly excited, of course.

Everyone rushed madly for motor

coats and veils, and Dal shuffled the

numbers so the people going the same

direction would have the same ma-

chine. We called to each other as we

dressed about Mamaroneck or Lake-

wood or wherever we happened to

have relatives. Everybody knew

everybody else, and his friends. The

Mercer girls were going to cruise un-

til the trouble blew over, the Browns

were going to Pinchurst, and Jim was

going to Africa to hunt, if he could get

out of the harbor.

Only the Harbison man seemed to

have no plans; quite suddenly with

the world so near again, the world of

country houses and steam yachts and

all the rest of it, he ceased to be one

of us. It was not his world at all. He

stood back and watched the kaleido-

scope of our coats and veils, half-

quizzically, but with something in his

face that I had not seen there before.

It was not his world at all. He

big, I would have said he was lonely.

Not that he was pathetic in any sense

of the word. Of course, he avoided

me, which was natural and exactly

what I wished, for I had never been far

from him and at the last she loaded

him with her jewel case and a muff

and travelling bag and asked him to

her cousins on Long Island. I felt

sure he was going to decline, when he

glanced across at me.

(To be Continued.)

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