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FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1911.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

THE FAVORITE IN
A MILLION HOMES

Seal Brand
Coffee

Packed in
cans 1 and 2 pound
only.

Of Interest To Women

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Cereal. Cream.
Fried Whitefish.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Stuffed Cucumbers.
Blueberry Tea Cake.
Cocoa.

DINNER.

Cream of Spinach Soup.
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.
Potatoes. Pear Sauce.
Bananas on Half Shell.
Steamed Pudding.

Stuffed Cucumbers.

Take six small cucumbers, carefully cut off the lower ends, and with a spoon scoop out the seeds and pulp with out breaking the outer wall. Soak them for ten minutes in cold water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Then parboil them in boiling water for three minutes. Let the cucumbers drain and cool, and fill the insides with a forcemeat, preferably of chicken or veal. Line a baking pan with thin slices of bacon, lay in the stuffed cucumbers, seasoned with salt and pepper, a little stock, a wineglassful of sherry and two cloves. Cover and bake gently for twenty minutes. Lay the cucumbers when done on a hot platter, strain the sauce into another pan, thicken with a little flour, and pour it over the cucumbers.

Bananas on Half-Shell.

Trim ends of bananas, split lengthwise without removing skins, then section crosswise with a knife, and squeeze a little lemon juice over them, and sprinkle with sugar. Serve on a lettuce leaf and garnish with slices of lemon.

Steamed Pudding.

One cup molasses, one cup sour milk, three cups flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, steam two and one-half hours. Sauce for this pudding: Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of hot water, stir in pulverized sugar and beat till as stiff as desired and serve on pudding.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Dear Miss Grey: When giving wedding presents, what initial should be used—the bride's or the bridegroom's?
J. S. G.

A.—It is customary to use the initial of the bride's surname.

Dear Miss Grey: I wish to announce my engagement. Please tell me how to go about it. Also what to serve for refreshments?
M. R.

A.—Have your best girl friend give a luncheon in your honor to your intimate girl friends and announce it for you. If you prefer to give the

announcement yourself, do so, and ask your mother or your "chum" to announce your engagement. If you do not wish elaborate refreshments, serve a fruit cocktail for the appetizer, then a course of cold meats, creamed potatoes, peas, rolls, jelly and olives. An ice and cake, with coffee or an iced drink, for the third course.

Maple Candy.
Dear Miss Grey: Please give me a recipe for maple candy.

A.—Boil 1 cup maple sugar broken into bits, ½ cup water and small bit of butter about ten minutes. When done add 1 teaspoonful vanilla and pour into buttered plates. It must not be stirred.

Dear Miss Grey—A short time ago my nephew was married. I have never met his wife, and was not invited to the wedding. We received a piece of the cake, however, and with it a card saying that they might be around, but they did not come. Should I send them my card and those of the rest of the family? They live in the city, and I cannot go to call on them very well. Thanking you in advance.
D. G. W.

Ans.—Instead of sending cards, it would be more cordial to write a friendly note of congratulation, and extending them an invitation to visit you.

To Clean Corsets.
Dear Miss Grey—You have some queer questions asked you. Now I am going to ask you one: How would you clean an expensive pair of artist model corsets that are soiled. They have elastic sides, so I do not want to put them in water if I can help it. You will oblige me greatly if you can give me an answer. Yours
C. K. S.

With a clean cloth, give them a thorough going over with whitening, slightly dampened. Then brush well with a clean handbrush. Give a second application if needed.

FADS AND FASHIONS.
Fringes and galleons are used to weight down tunics.

Boleros are Oriental in style—the Greek, Byzantine, Egyptian embroideries—are used to simulate the bolero line in many dresses.

Beads worked in designs are very effective on evening costumes and are used as well on afternoon blouses and simple little dresses.

Hair "swirls" have come in again, held in place by tortoise and amber combs, sometimes studded, and again of metal set with mock gems.

THE SEVENTH NOON

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT,

Author of "The Web of the Golden Spider."

Donaldson found the oddly-matched couple absorbing his interest not only in the other guests, but also in his dinner. He finished in about ten minutes, and with which ordinarily he devoured his daily lunch, and with scarce more appreciation of the superior quality of these richer dishes. With his black coffee he rolled a cigarette. The familiar old tobacco brought him back to himself again, so that for a few minutes he was able to give himself up to the swirling strains of the Hungarian orchestra. But even so, the personality of this girl asserted itself to him. He got the impression now that she herself was in some danger. He wished that he had asked Barstow more about her. She had not noticed him as yet. He had watched closely to see if she turned. As he studied her it seemed certain that she was no more enjoying herself in her present company. If given half an opportunity he would go over and speak to her.

He wished to see her eyes again. He remembered them distinctly. They were not black—not gray, but black with the faintest trace of silver, the sunlight on a deep pool. The whites were clear and blue-tinted. Just then she raised her head and looked at him as though she had been called. At that moment the orchestra swept their strains in a minor, and swirled off in a mystic dance, like that of storm ghosts in the tree tops. It caught him up with the girl and for a measure or so bore them along like leaves in a new comradeship. To them the light laughter

shook that nearly tossed him off. To save himself he sprang to the empty seat beside the girl. The man at the wheel had apparently not noticed him, he had plenty to occupy his mind to control the machine, which was tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The girl leaned forward and gripped Donaldson's arm.
"You must stop him," she said. "He has lost himself again! Do you understand? You must stop him!"

CHAPTER IV.
Kissed.

The machine whirled around a corner at a speed that swung the rear wheels clear of the ground. It righted itself as a frightened dog scrambles to his legs, and shot on up the avenue, which was for the moment fortunately clear of other vehicles. It took a crossing at a single leap, and shot on as had a thing as the man who ran it. It was clearly only a matter of minutes that this could last. Bending low, the madman, with still enough cunning left to know how to manage the machine, held it to its highest speed. But his arm was weakening. He did not have the physical strength to hold ready the vibrating steering gear. The big car began to wobble.

Donaldson saw the girl's eyes upon him. They were coincident with an instinct that in woman's sixth sense. A man has not lived until he has seen that look in a woman's eyes. Nor has a man suffered until he realizes that she has seen that look. Donaldson had never been in an automobile in his life. He knew no more how to control one than he did an aeroplane. And the air lights were flashing by at the rate of one every four seconds—and a madman at the wheel—and a woman's eyes upon him.

Donaldson was naturally a man of some courage, but he was doubtful if under ordinary conditions this situation would not have brought the cold sweat to his brow. As it was, he was conscious of only two emotions: an appreciation of the grim humor which had called upon him so early in his week to fulfill his oath, and a grinding resentment at the fate which had thrust him into a position where he should show so impotent before those eyes. As far as personal fear went, it was nil. He was oblivious to possible pain, possible death, as though he were now merely recalling a dream. Such contingencies had been decided the moment he swallowed his scarlet syrup. Fear had been annihilated in his because the most he had to lose was this next six days. He was too good a gambler to resist, in a fair game, the turn of the cards against him.

He stepped past her and out upon the running board, feeling his way along to the empty seat. The machine swayed dizzily. The wind tore off his hat and tossed it into the air. He could not have made that distance yesterday with the assurance of today. He swung himself into the empty seat.

He had but a thing in mind, he knew that these big machines, in spite of their tremendous power, were as nicely adjusted as wheelbarrows. They had their spots, their tricks, in spite of their power, but he knew that he could find a small wooden box fastened to the dashboard. He did not know what it was, but on a blind chance he reached for it and again until it splintered across the road, and he fought with the crowd man for the possession of the wheel. He was strong, and he had this much at heart, but the other had the supernatural strength of the crazed. Even as they struggled the machine began to slow down, and within a few hundred yards came to a standstill. In destroying the coil box he had reached the heart.

The driver turned upon him, but Donaldson managed to secure a good grip and dragged the fellow to the ground. The latter was up in a minute, and faced him with that gleam of madness, the girl struck marks the foiled madman. He snatched to separate the two men, but it was unnecessary; she saw the murder start from her companion's face before the calm, untroubled gaze of the other. She saw his strained body relax, she saw his first unclench, and she saw him shrink back to her side, and in a flash the demon in him had been quelled by the unflinching eyes of the same man.

There was, luckily, no gathering of a crowd, for no one had witnessed the struggle in the machine. A few steps behind, the blue and red lights of a drug store stained the sidewalk. The girl seized the man's arm and turned to Donaldson.

"He is my brother," she explained. "We must leave the machine and get him home at once. Can we order a cab from somewhere?"

"At the drug store we can telephone for one, and also reach your garage." "Would you mind attending to it?" she asked anxiously. "We will wait here—in the car."

"I don't like to leave you here alone," he said. "I shall be quite safe—really."

He hesitated.

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Gray & Parker

"But in the drug store it is warmer."

"No, no," she broke in hurriedly. "I would rather not." Without further parley he took the address of the garage where the machine had been hired, and walked on to the drug store. He was back again in five minutes, relieved to find a physician to meet them when they reached the house. But Miss Arsdale objected at once to this.

To Be Continued.

Clean Within!
Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills
Purify the Blood and Prolong Life

If as much intelligent care were given to keeping the body clean and pure within as well as without we would see more healthy, vigorous old men and women. The daily bath does its part by keeping the pores of the skin open so that they throw off much of the body's impurities, but it is even more important that the bowels and kidneys should be kept regular and active.

If the bowels fail, as they often do late in life, to move regularly at least once a day, the waste matter from the food accumulates, decays, poisons the system, and upsets the stomach.

If the kidneys are sluggish the impurities which they should filter from the blood remain and cause rheumatism.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills regulate the bowels, stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. The result is a body clean within—pure, red blood—good digestion—and a hale and hearty old age.

Three generations have proved the value of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and their sale is steadily increasing all over the world.

25c. at all dealers' or from W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd., Brockville, Ont.

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Hot Weather Sale

There is everything in a name. A hot weather sale immediately suggests that cool wearables can be had at prices below usual, and that is just what this hot weather sale provides.

SHORT SILK GLOVES, in green, navy, black, champagne, tan and fawn. Clearing at pair.....15¢

SHORT SILK GLOVES, white, cream, champagne, black and gray, small sizes, regular to 50c, clearing at, pair.....19¢

LADIES' SAILOR BLOUSES, in white lawn or Indian Head; sale price.....89¢

LADIES' KIMONO WAISTS, made of fine allover embroidery; sale price.....89¢

LADIES' BATHING SUITS—Made of navy blue lustre, skirt and waist attached, trimmed with three rows of white military braid with good full bloomers. Clearing at, \$2.95

50 DOZEN LADIES' VESTS, short sleeves and sleeveless, fine weave. Special for Saturday.....10¢

BALANCE OF SUMMER SUNSHADES—Clearing at each.....75¢

The Absolute Purity of

St. Lawrence Sugar

makes it especially desirable for Preserving. The recipes work out right when ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED is used—and the Jams, Jellies and Sweet Pickles are sure to keep.

St. Lawrence Sugar is sold in convenient 20 pound bags—also by the pound and barrel.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL 35

MONARCH KNIT

—the comfiest coat you can wear in the cool of the evening on the water.

"MONARCH KNIT" is justly the vogue. Because of intrinsic merit and apparent style, fit and shape. Most woollen coats and sweaters are knit in sections and sewn together. The shape is a chance—the style not even a good guess, and there's no surety of the lastingness of either. It's different—a good deal different with "Monarch Knit."

If you want a stunning, comfy coat for evening wear on the water or for auting just tell your merchant that you want a "Monarch Knit" coat. He's a personal friend of yours—besides he has excellent reasons for giving you full particulars.

Here are two—you'll tell your friends where you got your dandy coat or sweater, and—you'll buy more "Monarch Knit" goods.

The Monarch Knitting Co. Ltd.
Donville, Ont.
Factories also at:
St. Thomas, Ont.;
St. Catharines, Ont.,
and Buffalo, N.Y.

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The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single male will number about a million in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using

WILSON'S Fly Pads

early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

DIZZINESS

Mrs. J. B. Renaud, of Goldrich street, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., says: "I have suffered for months with a very weak stomach. I had dizzy spells, and at times could not retain any food at all. I tried any number of remedies and prescriptions, but none seemed to relieve me until I tried Mi-o-na Tablets. I used one box only, and they have completely cured me of my troubles. I am pleased to recommend Mi-o-na as I know it to be a remedy of merit."

Mi-o-na is sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box, and is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, heavy stomach and car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy and the after effects of over-eating or drinking—or money back. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Port Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by Taylor's Drug Store, 385 Talbot Street.

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HOT ?? Dalton's Lemonade

For those hot, sizzling days, nothing so refreshing as Dalton's Concentrated Lemonade. Made from lemons and sugar only. Guaranteed free from Tartaric Acid. Sweetened and ready to serve.

1 bottle makes half a gallon. Try it once and you will never again make lemonade in the ordinary way.

10c. ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

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