

A MISSION FULFILLED

"By Jove! It's beautiful!"

"What?—her baby?"

"Such adorable absence of mauve as this—such an utter lack of worldly vanity."

"It won't last long," pronounced his wife, contemptuously. "But I am afraid I should call it by a less glowing title."

"What?"

"Innate vulgarity and stupidity combined."

"Would you really? Then you will excuse my thinking, my dear Liz, that you are inspired by the blindest jealousy—which, under the circumstances, is not surprising. You must look to your laurels, Lizzie. You were the prettiest woman in town last season, but you won't be this next one, if Ronaldson takes his bride up."

"What! A woman with a skin like a putney?"

"Her skin's no more like a nutmeg than yours. She's simply a perfect brunette—as you," he added, placably, aware that his previous remarks had had an irritating tendency, "are a perfect blonde."

She smiled, and made no reply. It was not a very pleasant smile, and she pressed over the little compliment in silence.

"Well, how an agreeable, good-looking man could have been such a fool as to marry a low woman like that!" she ejaculated, softly, as if to herself.

"Any man might marry her and be proud of his taste," said the colonel, hotly. "I am sure I should be, if I had done it."

"My dear Frank, how unreasonable you are. Whoever said you wouldn't? What I remarked was how an agreeable and good-looking man could do such a thing."

"Thank you," said her husband, good humoredly. "You are always polite in private, Liz, but tonight you excel yourself. I suppose your pretty speeches go to strangers—they certainly don't come my way."

"I very seldom trouble myself to make pretty speeches to anyone," yawned Lady Elizabeth. "I prefer them made to myself."

"By agreeable and good-looking men—not like me," he said, sardonically.

"Of course! You don't really suppose a woman cares for compliments from her own husband?"

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



6749

TWO SHIRTWAIST SLEEVES.—6749.

The sleeve is that part of the shirtwaist which shows most quickly its style, and no woman likes to wear garments which are out of date. Two excellent new sleeve patterns are shown here which may be used with any shirtwaist and change the entire appearance of that garment. The first is the regulation shirt sleeve, having a trim cuff and moderate fullness. The shorter is a style especially smart and well-liked by up-to-date women. The cuff of the latter is the double one, which turns back and is closed with links. Both sleeves are easily made and require but 1½ yards of 27-inch material in the medium size. The sleeves may serve for ladies or girls.

6749—Sizes, small, medium and large.

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

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Address

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

"Some women do, Mrs. Keith, for instance."

"Oh, Mrs. Keith! I dare say. I don't know anything about the ways of the peasantry."

Colonel Stockton chuckled and went off to his dressingroom. He began to forego sport in this violent antipathy adopted by his wife against the foreign bride. He was a man who preferred being amused to being loved, and having already outlived most of his first brief illusions regarding the woman he had married, and feeling tolerably secure in his power to let her run just so far as it pleased him, and no further, was not restrained in his enjoyment of her petty jealousies by any regard either for her own dignity or by any peculiar refinement in himself.

CHAPTER XI.

Margherita Makes Two Friends.

"Did I do anything wrong in this evening?" Margherita had asked her husband when they retired that night.

"Only one thing, carina," he replied, laughing. "I overheard you calling Lady Elizabeth 'lady.' I thought I had told you that in England we never say signor or signora—or rarely."

"I don't care! I never say sir or madam now, though it is, oh, so difficult to remember; but I thought this lady had a title."

"So she has; but you do not call her by it, for all that."

"What then, caro mio?"

"You call her, 'Lady Elizabeth,' full length."

"Lady Elizabeth—bet!" she repeated with difficulty. "Ah, Dio! what a queer language! Is it not very rude of the English, sposo mio, never to say sir or madam?"

"I think it is," said Keith, frowning.

"At all rates I am sure none of us is so polite as you are, Marghe. Always look as pretty and behave as prettily as you did tonight, child, and I shall be more than satisfied with you."

Her face glowed with pleasure at his praise; then suddenly a half-pained, half-puzzled look crept across it.

"But, ah!" she said softly, looking up at him anxiously, "suppose I should grow ugly, Keith mio? You would not love me then?"

"You ugly, piccola? It would be impossible. But don't look so worried, child. I wouldn't desert you even then!" And he laughed gayly as he pressed another kiss upon her thoughtful features.

The next morning, after breakfast, Keith and his wife, finding themselves alone in the morning-room, had amused themselves with practicing over their duets one after the other. This was a delightful occupation to Margherita, who loved nothing better than singing herself, except hearing her husband sing.

It became, however, a little less interesting when Lady Elizabeth entered, and seated herself at the piano to play their accompaniments; for, after that, Keith gave much less attention to his work and much more to his accompanist; and a good deal of time was wasted in a quick light dialogue, partly musical, partly general or personal, between the two—a dialogue both in matter and manner beyond Margherita's comprehension. She was not in the least bit jealous that her husband should enjoy the society of a pretty, witty Englishwoman—witty natures strong and deep as hers—jealousy has some difficulty in forcing an entrance; she thought it indeed quite right and natural. But it was of course a little dull for her; and presently, feeling somehow from the other woman's manner, not her words, that she was in the way, she retired from the piano, and left Keith to sing alone, at first looking with a puzzled smile to the swift interchange of words, and then, with innate tact, giving up even this unappreciated effort, and carrying off a book of engravings toward a low chair beside the open window.

She had not been seated many minutes when Colonel Stockton entered and approached her.

"I was going to ask your husband to take me round the garden," he said, glancing toward the piano, "but I see he is engaged. May I not persuade you to go a little turn with me, Mrs. Keith? It is so warm today, and the laborious walk looks lovely."

"Oh, I will come with pleasure," said the Capri girl, with a smile, rising to fetch her parasol from the hall. This she carefully remembered always to do, at Keith's request, even under the April sun, as he had a horror of freckles.

"May I fetch you a way?" asked the colonel. "The wind is still somewhat fresh. It is only the first of April, you know."

She laughed merrily as she refused his offer.

"I never wore any wraps in my life since after I came here," she said simply, and Colonel Stockton recalled what his wife had confided to him the night before.

But he was a gentleman, though perhaps not a very refined one; whereas, his wife was by no means a lady, refined or otherwise; and he never dreamed of putting inquisitorial questions to his companion. On the contrary, he was a little embarrassed.

"Ah, of course," he said, quickly; "the climate of Italy is so much warmer than ours. Is it not?"

"In the summer, yes, in my country, Capri, it is hot. Even in winter it is not so very cold. When the spring storms are over, then it is more beautiful than any country I have seen—the rocks are so wonderful, and the sea is so blue and green, and you can see the stones far, far below, down under the water."

"You love the sea, Mrs. Keith?"

"Ah, yes, every day I love it! I have sat beside it every day since I was a little lambino. It washes up against the steps of our house. I do not care how rough it is. And when I was a little child Stefano used to put me on his shoulders and make me hold him round the neck, and then he would swim out with me."

"Stefano—is that your brother?"

"Yes, my eldest brother."

"Is he like you, Mrs. Keith?"

The colonel's query had no flavor of inquisition about it. He was really interested, and watched the absent face with curiosity, as they stood leaning over the park railing, she looking back into the far distance of the little Mediterranean island.

"I know not—he is taller and darker. But yes, I think we are alike."

"And you are very fond of him?"

"The dark eyes filled with sudden moisture."

"? Ah, Dio! do I not love them all—the madre, and the poor padre at

Africa—and Rafaela, and the bimbo!"

She seemed to have forgotten him and to be talking to herself, but somehow her untutored simplicity, instead of making him smile, roused in him an unaccustomed sensation—a sort of tender reverence for her innocence and her womanhood.

After a moment she lifted her face and smiled; and he turned the conversation.

"You are very musical, Mrs. Keith?"

"I love music, yes," she said, simply. "But I can only sing. I cannot play like Lady Elizabeth."

"Singing is much better. Everyone enjoys a song more than an instrumental piece."

"Ah, but it is better to do both, as she does, and as Keith. I am learning, but it is so slow."

"Why on earth should you learn? I am sure, if any one sings as you do, it ought to be enough to content them."

"Ah, no, it is not well to be ignorant. I would learn to play for him when he sings—that is what I wish."

"I wouldn't bother myself if I were playing in a nuisance nowadays; everyone strums."

"But to play well, like madam, your wife—like Lady Elizabeth, I mean, she is very clever; I should like to be as she is."

"Heaven forbid!" was upon the verge of the colonel's lips, but he suppressed the too candid comment in time. He still admired his wife after a fashion, but for this lovely piece of womanly sweetness and simplicity to wish to convert herself into a specimen of the fast and fashionable type, seemed to him at the moment perfect profanity. But he misinterpreted Margherita's had no desire of the kind. It was simply in matters of education that she wished to resemble his wife.

"Don't want to be anything but what you are," he said, almost with vehemence. "If you were as clever as all the Muses together, you could not be more charming."

Margherita looked at him with an astonishment in her eyes that suddenly embarrassed him. Evidently she was so untaught as not to have realized that to be charming was woman's—at any rate, young woman's—whole mission in life.

"But I don't like to be ignorant," she repeated, gently; "I want to know things."

She was so simple that she actually brought a blush to the colonel's cheek. "Well," he said, apologetically, "the truth is, I'm sure of leaving myself. We middle-aged men are all put to school so incessantly now, in my profession, to pass examinations, that one gets to hate the very look of books. Like a schoolboy."

But Margherita's face had lit up with a sudden gleam, and she was scarcely listening to him.

"Ah!" she said, "there is my husband and Lady Elizabeth."

And as the two couples met in the avenue, she slipped her arm through Keith's, looking up lovingly into his face. And Stockton could not resist a grin mixed of amusement, as he noticed the glance of amazement evoked by the action upon his own wife's features.

"Old style and new," he thought to himself, "nature versus art." But he was silent, and even in his mind his little ironies of observation, faded out; for it was a singular fact that the presence of this peasant girl seemed to kill the mocking spirit generally so active within him.

"Where is your father? Does he not come down to lunch?" asked Margherita of her husband, an hour or two later, when the mid-day meal was over, and Mr. Ronaldson was still absent.

"Oh, he often doesn't put in an appearance till dinner time," he remarked, carelessly. "He isn't up to much in the morning, I suppose."

"And your mother—she is nursing him?"

"Good heavens, no! My mother never nurses. Smith looks after him, he's a very good servant."

"May I go and see him, Keith mio?"

"Not now, Marghe. We are all going out riding, and you must come too. I have secured a beautiful horse for you—so quiet, he can't frighten you."

"Want you to get on with your riding; every lady rides round here."

"But may I go afterward?"

"Oh, go whenever you like. But I warn you, you will probably find him very crusty, and perhaps get turned out."

"Then I can try another time," said Margherita, undaunted, as she flew off to don her riding habit.

About two or three hours later, Mr. Ronaldson was sitting in his arm chair among his books, when there came a tap at the study door.

"Come in," he said, somewhat testily, for he was busy, and did not like being interrupted.

But as the door opened, his expression changed. Framed within it stood his son's Italian wife, blushing and smiling shyly.

"Come in," he repeated, a little more graciously, and she entered, closing the door softly behind her.

"Well, and what did you want here, my dear?" he asked.

The latter term escaped him involuntarily, for he had been greatly prejudiced against Keith's bride before her arrival, but somehow or other the prejudices and objections all melted away before her bodily presence.

"I came to ask you how you are to-day," she said, earnestly. "I did wish to come before, but I could not."

"Oh, my dear, I am always much the same. It's of no use youth and beauty wasting their time coming to inquire after decrepit age. I shall never be anything but a helpless log now, until I die."

The sweet face looking into his became sad and serious.

"Never any better?" she asked. "Ah, Dio! I am so sorry!"

He smiled, but not gratefully.

"My dear, it's the way of old people. Don't distress yourself. I've got my distractions—plenty of friends, you see. And he waved his hand toward his well-filled bookshelves. She turned and eyed them eagerly.

"Ah!" she said, with awe, "you read all these! How learned you must be!"

He smiled again; but so kindly that she was moved to continue talking.

"May I read some, dear Mr. Ronaldson?" she asked, with her quaint pronunciation. "Keith is so learned, and I know so little; I cannot talk like the English ladies and gentlemen."

"I don't see anything amiss in your talking," said her father-in-law, with quiet humor; "I think it rather pretty. To be Continued."

PROBLEM NOVEL IS ON THE WANE

English Publisher Says Romance Will Be to the Fore This Autumn.

London, Sept. 6. — Perhaps the most distinctive features of the forthcoming literary output is the absence of anything like numbers of the problem novel.

"What the public wants now is romance, and not problems," said representatives of F. V. White & Co., who publish only fiction.

"The novels of the occult, such as 'Counsels of Night,' by Louis Cleeve; novels of light touch, such as 'Merial of the Moors,' by R. E. Verne; novels of African adventure, such as 'The Ivory Raiders,' by Walter Daley; novels of the sword and warfare in the brave days of old, such as 'Viper of Milan,' by a new woman novelist, Miss Marjorie Bowen; but the problem novel that loomed so large but yesterday is practically dead."

H. L. Farjeon has left a novel which Hutchinson announces under the title of "Mrs. Dimmock's Worries." The good old lady makes her worries profitable, however, because she writes articles on them. Her chief worry is a disagreeable old uncle, who, instead of dying nicely and leaving her family his money, sponges on her and then marries. Broadly, the novel is a picture phase of English middle-class life.

Elliot Stock is about to publish a book on the old Cornish drama, by Thurston C. Peter. It deals with the old mysteries or miracle plays, for which Cornwall was renowned in the early middle ages, and gives special illustrations from a unique play relating to the famous old Cornish saint, Meriadek, with which are woven many quaint legends. Most delightful anecdotes were cheerfully perpetrated in these places, such, for instance, as when St. George is made a confessor of Henry V. There is a good deal of popular humor in these old moralities, in spite of their religious purpose, and the drama, however crude, which represents so intimately the life and habits of our forefathers deserves to be better known.

A. & C. Black will shortly publish a work by Dr. E. A. Abbott, entitled, "Silienus, the Christian," an imaginary autobiography of a young Roman knight attending the lectures of Epictetus in 118 A. D. In order to refute the charge that his master plagiarizes from the Christians, Silienus procures St. Paul's Epistles. They draw him toward Christ, but he is subsequently repelled by unexpected details in the synoptic gospels. Finally he is converted by the personal influence of a Christian, who lends him the fourth gospel. These experiences, with remarks upon subsequent Christian developments, Silienus is supposed to record in 163 A. D.

Brown, Langham & Co. are publishing a Japanese novel by Baroness Albert Dauethan, wife of the Belgian minister at Tokio. The writer, who is a sister of Rider Haggard, has the merit of knowing Japan thoroughly, and the book, to which she gives the name "It Happened in Japan," met with a cordial reception from the Japanese press when it was published in Yokohama a year or two ago.

IRISH HOME RULE

Sir Anthony MacDonnell's Speech Considered Very Significant.

Dublin, Sept. 7. — Great significance has naturally been attached, in England as well as Ireland, to a speech made by Sir Anthony MacDonnell just before Parliament rose. It was, he said, his firm belief "that the year 1907 would see the fruition of many of those hopes which the best Irishmen had for many years entertained."

He did not suggest that there would be a complete realization of Irish desires, but he did anticipate at least so much that "if Irishmen were true to themselves, they would make it the fountain and the source from which the whole of their hopes might be fulfilled."

This coincidence sufficiently near with the promise in the King's speech of "associating the people with the conduct of Irish affairs," and with what is positively known of the intentions of the Liberal and National parties, makes it certain, declares a Liberal organ which is in close touch with the Government, "that Sir Anthony spoke with authority."

Few here are sanguine enough to expect a new home rule bill on the old lines. But what many do hope for is a "big slice of 'self-government by instalments,'" to which Sir Henry practically pledged himself during the general election. The Irish secretary, Mr. Bryce, it is said, will during recess devote himself to a thoroughgoing measure of "self-government by instalments," to which Sir Henry practically pledged himself during the general election. The Irish secretary, Mr. Bryce, it is said, will during recess devote himself to a thoroughgoing measure of "self-government by instalments," to which Sir Henry practically pledged himself during the general election.

The root of administrative reform in Ireland, as in most places, is economy. Until the financial relations of Ireland with the United Kingdom are revised Irish economy never saves the British treasury money. That sounds like a paradox, but it is a fact. Of course, reform will be opposed, not by Ulster as a whole, but by a handful of Ulster members and their followers and a group of English peers. But they are not strong enough to make an effective fight against it.

Already some of the Ulster irreconcilables have begun to beat their tom-toms and summon their adherents to prepare for the fray. A body calling itself the Royal Black Institution has been established whose members, it seems, are prepared to challenge even the right of the King to sanction any approach to home rule. Of this militant body, William Moore, a former member of Parliament, is one of the shining lights. "Nothing would suit Ulster better," he says, "than to have her sons called into the field, standing shoulder to shoulder, to confront her undying enemies who are now plotting and working to bring ruin upon her. Rats! and working to bring ruin upon her. Rats!"

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Very pretty waists are these made of first quality Jap silk, with duchess neck, yoke of pin tucks at back and front, and short sleeves. Front charmingly trimmed with valenciennes lace to form a beautiful ornamental design. Ivory, sky and pink. Special..... \$3

Smart tailored Silk Waists. Cardinal, navy and ivory Jap silk. Clusters of pin tucks and hemstitched pleats make effective trimmings. Sleeves with deep cuffs. Special..... \$3

Have You Viewed Our Display of New Fall Coats?

An inspection of our display of New Fall Coat Styles will do more than a page of newspaper talk to convince you that you should select your autumn coat here.

You'll be impressed with the graceful beauty of the long, loose coats—the correct styles for fall.

You cannot fail to be delighted with the nobby tweed mixtures—the most favored materials.

You'll like, too, the smart style differences in trimmings featured on our coats.

And if you desire your money to buy the biggest value, our coats bear that attraction, too. Just shop around and see if this isn't the store where your money goes farthest.

You should see these coats in light gray tweed mixtures—they're well tailored and up-to-the-minute in style. Semi-fitted backs, mannish fronts, with coat collars. \$10

And best of all, only..... \$10

Several neat styles in light and dark tweeds. Loose fitting, ¾ lengths. Beautifully made, perfect fitting garments..... \$12

We feel a trifle enthusiastic over these graceful, loose styles. Well made in every respect. Good variety to choose from. Light, medium and dark tweeds. You'll be enthusiastic too, when you see the price, \$10

Handsome Tweed Coats, trimmed with self strappings, fancy cuffs and patch pockets. Sleeves and waist lined with good quality satin..... \$15

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The Most Notable Achievements In Modern Clothing Making

The Oak Hall Ready-to-Wear For Fall, 1906.

Each season lends its experience and its accomplishments to the bettering of the next season's goods. The garments we have planned for this season eclipse anything yet put forth under the name of ready-to-wear, and tailors themselves haven't found it outside their interest to study the cut of many of the garments we are offering ready to put on.

THE FALL SUITS both double and single breasted, have the coat cut 31 and 32 inches, with deep center vent, body fitting and flaring skirt, shoulders broad and concealed without much padding. Trousers loose around the hip and thigh and taper nicely to the shoe, to 16 or 17 inches, and all have the famous "Burglar Proof Pockets." Materials blue and black worsteds and serge, medium and dark shades of gray worsteds and chevrons. Gray will be the predominating shade.

Men's and Young Men's Suits \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10, \$12, \$15

Men's and Young Men's Sovereign Brand Suits \$12 to \$20

Boys' and Children's Clothing

New, stylish clean-made clothes for boys, is the way we would describe our stock of these juvenile garments this fall.

Suits in the Sailor style, nicely trimmed, and new shape of collar. Blouses with small collars and bellows knickers. Russian blouses in very handsome styles and materials. Norfolk suits with the new style of pleats and belt. Also many styles, "just like father's" for the larger boys.

Children's Suits, \$1.75 to \$6 Boys' Suits, \$2.95 to \$10 HEWSON TWEEDS which had such a large sale with us this spring in boys' suits, we are pleased to say we have the new lines in now and ready for your inspection. They "wear like iron." Mothers, ask to see them. Humming Top given with every boy's suit.

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