

## THE WOMAN'S CORNER

## Striking Hat Is New "Zebra"



This striking and novel "zebra" hat, just over from Paris, seems certain to have considerable vogue this fall. It is a small hat of the toque order, with a black velvet brim. The "mound" crown is of black and white striped taffeta. A black and a white ostrich feather, placed one on each side of the crown, are set well back and "piled" high. There is a flat, pleated bow of black taffeta directly in front. Very smart and one of the prettiest of the early fall showing, is this "zebra" hat.

A new employment for women has appeared in Paris. It is "radium carrier," the duties of whom is to carry a precious package of radium from one point to another, where there is a demand for its use.

The lily is extensively eaten in China. Among the edible flowers of the Occident are artichokes, cauliflower, cloves, capers and chrysanthemums.

**ADVERTISER PATTERNS**  
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



These little suits are so simple and easy to make that no home dressmaker need fear to attempt the sewing. The design here shown has double-breasted fronts and a sleeve that is pleated over the wrist. Linen, chambray, flannel, or cloth may be used with equal good effect. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, 2, 4, 6, years, and requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the 4-year size.

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

**PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.**

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

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust ..... Waist .....

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 mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 32, 34, 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 "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

**PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.**

## CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

**Sensible or Foolish?**  
Dear Miss Grey: I am a young girl 19 years old. I am not pretty, but try to fix my hair and clothes in a becoming manner, and always act in a dignified manner. The girl I go with is rather pretty, but does not care how she behaves on the street. She gets all the nice young men, while I never have any. I am of jolly disposition, but cannot push myself. Can you tell me why this is? Do men like girls who try to act cute rather than those who are more sensible?  
E. B. V.

As you grow older you will find that men who have a better knowledge of the everyday world like young women who are sensible and always natural. The girl who does not try to win a man's attentions by forgetting her maidenly dignity is much more admired than one who has numerous men acquaintances just because she ignores conventionality.

**Letters From a Stranger.**  
Dear Miss Grey: I have been exchanging postcards with a young man in a city, and this young man has a very good friend who has seen some of the cards that I sent and he claims he was taken by my writing, and therefore he has written to me. I do not know him personally and I want to ask you if it would be proper for me to answer his letter? What do you think of my penmanship?  
JEAN.

I do not advise a continuance of a correspondence between persons who have never met. Your penmanship meets the first requirements of good handwriting—it is legible. Any writing that combines this with speed and a lack of all silly flourishes or peculiarities is desirable.

**Answering Invitations.**  
Dear Miss Grey: Please advise me how to respond to a wedding invitation. Tell me the correct words to use.  
CURIOUS.

It is not necessary to send a written reply to a wedding invitation unless the cards include a breakfast or luncheon at the home of the bride, or the letters R. S. V. P. appear. An invitation is always answered in the form in which it is sent. If you are the recipient of the usual style of invitation (which calls for an answer), the following may be used as a guide:

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Brown accept with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. White to the wedding of their daughter, on Monday afternoon, July fifth, at three o'clock.

Regrets may be expressed thus: Mr. and Mrs. John A. Brown regret their inability to accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. White to the wedding reception of their daughter, on Monday afternoon, July fifth, at three o'clock.

**The Term To Use.**  
Dear Miss Grey: Is it considered good form for parents to teach their children to say, "yes, ma'am," and "yes, sir"? In the basement where I am employed I am the only woman under 25. In speaking to the women of 30 and 40 should I say "yes, ma'am"? My mother always taught me to say it to persons older than myself.  
E. J. A.

It would be better to say yes or no and mention the person's name with either word. For instance: "Yes, father," "No, mother," "Yes, Mrs. Jones," etc. The term "yes, ma'am," is objectionable to the women. After all, the tone in which a reply is given means more than the words uttered.

**When a Man Marries**  
By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Copyright, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Eat a piece out of your hand," Max scoffed in a whisper.

We waited a little longer, but it was too painful. Aunt Selma demanded a hot lemon-mustard foot bath and a hot lemonade and her back rubbed with liniment and some strong black tea. And in the intervals she wanted to be read to out of the prayer book. And when we had all gone away, there came the most terrible noise. Aunt Selma's room, and everyone ran. We found Betty in the hall outside the door, crying, with her fingers in her ears and her cap over her eye. She said she had been putting the hot water bottle to Aunt Selma's head and it had been too hot. Just then something hit against the door with a soft thud, fell to the floor and burst, for a trickle of hot water came over the sill.

"She won't let me hold her hand," Betty wailed, "or bathe her brow, or smooth her pillow. She thinks of nothing but her stomach or her back. And when I try to make her bed look decent, she spits at me like a cat. Everything I do is wrong. She spilled the foot-bath into her shoes, and blamed me for it."

It took the united efforts of all of us—except Bella, who stood back and smiled nastily—to get Betty back into the sick room again. I was surprised that the nurse at that time had not drawn the nurse's slip. With dinner ordered in from one of the clubs, and the omelet ten hours behind me, my position did not seem so unbearable. But a new development was coming.

While Betty was fussing with Aunt Selma, Max led a search of the house. He said the necklace and the bracelet must be hidden somewhere, and that no crevice was too small to neglect.

We made a formal search all together, except Betty and Aunt Selma, and we found a lot of things in different places that Jim said had been missing since the year one. But no jewels—nothing even suggesting a jewel was found. We had explored the entire house, every cupboard, every chest, even the inside of the couches and the pockets of Jim's

clothes—which he resented bitterly—and found nothing, and I must say the situation was growing rather strained. Someone had taken the jewels; they hadn't walked away. It was Flannigan who suggested the parrot and as we had tried every place else, we climbed there. Of course we didn't find anything, but after all day in the house with the shutters closed on account of reporters, the air was glorious. It was February, but the day was sunny, and we could look down over the river, and the Hudson, and even recognize people we knew on horseback and in cars. It was a pathetic joy, and we lined up along the parapet and watched the motor boats racing on the river, and tried to feel that we were in the world as well as of it, but it was very hard.

Betty had been making tea for Aunt Selma, and of course when she heard us up there, she followed, tray in hand, and watched the motor boats racing on the river, and tried to feel that we were in the world as well as of it, but it was very hard. Betty had been making tea for Aunt Selma, and of course when she heard us up there, she followed, tray in hand, and watched the motor boats racing on the river, and tried to feel that we were in the world as well as of it, but it was very hard.

## FAIR WEEK CELEBRATION



## Great Fair Week Saving Opportunities For Our Friends and Fair Week Visitors

While the town is all agog with the Fair excitement, we will create a little excitement on our own hook by doing the greatest drygoods selling this store has ever known.

And we will cause some little stir—a BARGAIN STIR—for we will hold a Bargain Fair at this store. The offerings include the new and wanted Fall Merchandise. Every department will offer rare bargains and exhibits of bright, new things. Every department will be a hotbed of saving opportunities. Drop in here in the morning or afternoon, buy, and through your purchases save enough to pay for your fun at the Fair.

## Big Values in Embroidered Linons

Manufacturers' immense job line of Tea Cloths, Dresser Scarfs, Tray Cloths, etc., bought at prices whose exceeding smallness enables us to offer you values such as will bring swarms of eager purchasers clustering round our bargain counters. See our Windows.

## Tray Cloths

Fancy Embroidered Tray Cloths, scalloped and hemstitched edges, some with double row.

Worth to 50c for.....29c  
Worth to 75c for.....39c

## Tea Cloths

Fancy Embroidered Tea Cloths, with scalloped and hemstitched edges.

Worth to 75c for.....49c  
Worth to \$1.00 for.....59c

## Sideboard and Dresser Scarfs

Embroidered Dresser and Sideboard Scarfs, scalloped and hemstitched edges, good width and well worked.

Worth to 60c for.....39c | Worth to \$1.00 for.....59c

## Suits

Ladies' Fall Suits in extra quality French Venetian, semi-fitted coat with welt seams and long roll collar with fancy braid, gore pleated skirt. Colors, light and dark grey, navy and black.

Our special .....\$15.00

## Skirts

Ladies' Fine All-Wool Panama Skirts, full gored, with pleated sides. Colors are brown, navy, green and black. This is one of our best specials. Only \$3.95

best specials. Only \$3.95

SOME OF THESE LINES WILL LAST ALL WEEK, OTHERS WILL GO OUT THE FIRST DAY, SO COME EARLY AND OFTEN.

## GRAY &amp; PARKER

Phone 1182. 150 Dundas and Carling Streets

## Ladies' Kid Gloves Regular \$1.00 for 59c

It would not be Fair Week without our Glove Sale. These are Suede Kid Gloves, in black, white and a few colors; a manufacturer's odd lot bought at a very low price. Sale for Saturday morning at 8:30.

## Taffeta Silk Bargain

One piece only of French Taffeta Silk, in black, 36 inches wide. Regular \$1.25, 73c Saturday .....

## Chiffon Broadcloth

In this season's best colorings. You can't afford to miss this \$1.25 Cloth for per yard .....\$1.00

## Ladies' Net Waists

Ladies' Fish Net Waists, handsomely braided and silk lined, sleeves in new style, trimmed with large tucks, open back; colors, navy, grey, rose, wistaria and cream. Unequalled value at .....\$3.50

## Coats

Ladies' Short Fall Coats, in plain or striped covert cloth, semi-fitted, 32 inches in length, neatly finished with buttons and braid. These will go quickly. Selling at, each .....\$6.50

## Raincoats

Ladies' Raincoats, in English rubber cloth, box or semi-fitted, military or rever collar. Colors are fawn and grey. Prices, representing unusual values, \$5.00 to \$13.50

gan did not give me the bracelet; instead it struck me his tone was suddenly severe.

"Now, look here, miss," he said; "you've played your trick, and you've had your fun. The Lord knows it's only folks like you would play April fool jokes with a fortune! If you're the sensible little woman you look to be, you'll put that pearl collar on the coal in the basement tonight, and let me find it."

"I haven't got the pearl collar," I protested. "I think you are crazy. Where did you get that bracelet?" He edged away from me, as if he expected me to snatch it from him and run, but he was still trying in an elephantine way to treat the matter as a joke.

"I found it in a drawer in the pantry," he said, "among the dirty linen. And if you're as smart as I think you are, I'll find the pearl collar there in the morning—and nothing said, miss."

So there I was, suspected of being responsible for Aunt Selma's loss, as if I had not enough to worry me before. Of course I could have called them all together and told them, and made them explain to Flannigan what I had really meant by my delicious speech in the kitchen. But that would have meant telling the whole ridiculous story to Mr. Harbison, and having him think us all mad, and me a fool.

In all that crowded house there was only one place where I could be miserable without comfort. So I stayed on the roof, and cried a little and then became angry and walked up and down, and clenched my hands and babbled helplessly. The boats on the river were yellow, horizontal streaks through my tears, and an early searchlight sent its shaft like a tangible thing in the darkness, just over my head. Then, finally, I curled down in a corner with my arms on the parapet, and the lights became more and more prismatic and finally formed themselves into a circle that was Bella's bracelet, and that kept whirling around and around on something flat and not over-clean, that was Flannigan's palm.

**CHAPTER X.**  
On the Stairs.  
I was roused by someone walking across the roof, the cracking of tin under feet, and a comfortable and companionable odor of tobacco. I moved a very little, and then I saw that it was a man—the height and erectness told me which man. And just at that instant he saw me. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, and

throwing his cigar away he came across quickly. "Why, Mrs. Wilson, what in the world are you doing here? I thought—they said—"

"That I was sulking again?" I finished disagreeably. "Perhaps I am. In fact, I'm quite sure of it."

"You are not," he said severely. "You have been asleep in a February night, in the open air, with less clothing on than I wear in the tropics."

I had got up by this time, refusing his help, and because my feet were numb, I sat down on the parapet for a moment. Oh, I knew what I looked like—one of those "Valley-of-the-Nile-After-a-Flood" pictures.

"There is one thing about you that is comforting," I sniffed. "You said precisely the same thing to me at 1 o'clock this morning. You never startled me by saying anything unexpected."

He took a step toward me, and ever in the dusk I could see that he was looking down at me oddly. All my bravado faded away and there was a queerish ringing in my ears.

"I would like to," he said tensely. "I would like, this minute—just a foot, Mrs. Wilson," he finished miserably. "I ought to be drawn and quartered, but when I see you like this I—I get crazy. If you say the word, I'll—I'll go down and—"

It was reprehensible, of course; he saw that in an instant, for he shut his teeth over something that sounded very fierce, and strode away from me, to stand looking out over the river, with his hands thrust in his pockets. Of course the thing I should have done was to ignore what he had said altogether, but he was so uncomfortable, so chastened, that, feline, feminine, whatever the instinct, I could not let him go. I had been so wretched myself.

"What is it you would like to say?" I called over to him. He did not speak. "Would you tell me that I am a silly child for pouring?" No reply; he struck a match. "Or would you preach a nice little sermon about people about women—loving their husbands?"

(To be Continued.)

Low, One-Way Second-Class Colonist Rates, Sept. 15 to Oct. 15.

Via Grand Trunk Railway System to Nelson, Vancouver, Victoria, Westminster, B. C., Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore., also to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Cal., and Mexico City, Oct. 1 to 15. Full particulars and tickets from any Grand Trunk agent, or address: J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

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