

## THE WOMAN'S CORNER

ADVERTISER PATTERNS  
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

8561

8561-8559—Charming Mode for a Young Girl.

A simple blue and white dotted linen was used in the development of this attractive model. The blouse waist is laid in a deep tuck over the shoulder in Gibson styles and is unusually chic and becoming. The low, Dutch collar and turned-back cuffs are finished by a narrow frill of sheer white lawn, headed by a band of insertion. The skirt is an excellent two-piece model, closing in either front or back. The pattern is cut in three sizes, 14, 16, 18 years. The 16-year size requires 13½ yards of 44-inch material for the waist, and 3 yards for the skirt. This pattern consists of a waist and skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each, 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 best measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or children'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.

## FASHIONS

Plaid taffetas are taking well for dresses and tailored waists.

Jumpers made of black chiffon, net or allover laces are favored.

Peasant sleeves, tuckers, and undersleeves of contrasting materials are to be much worn.

It is said the colors that are selling well in all fabrics are mignonette green, flame pink and iris blue.

Long bows of colored velvet or Persian silk ribbon are very popular for wear with Dutch, military and starched collars, and they are also worn pinned to the front of the collars that are part of the waist.

Pompadour silks and brocades are among the high style novelties shown for evening dresses for fall.

## Good Humor Just a Good Habit

[By Cynthia Grey.]

Ill-temper is a habit—nothing more—and it is one which may be easily controlled. All that's needed is persistent effort.

Did it ever occur to you that it never is the great calamity which embitters existence? It is the petty little vexation of the day, the puny disappointment, the trifling jealousy—all these are really the things that will surely sour the temper, if you but let them.

Anger wastes vitality, irritates the nerves, causes wrinkles, acts upon the blood like poison—so physicians say. It is always foolish and sometimes disgraceful; it helps nobody and hinders your whole world.

Every time you are silent when inclined to hasty speech, every time a wrathful exclamation is choked back, every time you smile when you're more

disposed to frown, you have loosened the fetters which bind you to your bad habit.

I know it is sometimes hard to do these things, for there are days or all of us when we feel that we just CAN'T smile!

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."

However, each time we DO smile, when a frown would more nearly express the state of mind and heart, we are just that much nearer victory.

When the victory is won, our hearts are infinitely lighter and our burdens are less. We are better fitted to meet the day's tasks when we are cheerful, and all those with whom we come into contact are helped by that cheerfulness—for the smile always finds response.

## THE DAILY MENU

**BREAKFAST.**  
Warm Rice, Flemish Style.  
Broiled Bacon, Sour Cream Biscuits.  
Sugared Blackberries.  
Postum Cereal.

**LUNCHEON.**  
Raspberry Shortcake.  
Cocoa.

**DINNER.**  
Clear Tomato Soup.  
Calves' Liver, Larded, Swiss Chard, with Eggs.  
New Potatoes, Dressed Cucumbers.  
Gooseberry Custard.  
Demi Tasse.

CYNTHIA GREY'S  
CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Please give me a remedy for split nails. 2. When walking with a man should he take the girl's arm? 3. Should the man offer to carry the girl's music roll? 4. If not, should she ask him to do so? 5. Is it proper for a girl to ask a man to dance with her? 6. Is it proper for a girl to ask a man to call at her home?

**CHARLOTTE.**  
A.—1. Let the corners of the nails alone. Do not pick at the loose skin. Have a manicure treat your nails and observe her methods carefully, so that you may be able to do them yourself. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. No. 5. No. 6. Yes, if he shows sufficient interest in the friendship.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been engaged three years to a man who says he will not give me up. Recently I met a young man whom I like much better and who is superior to the other. Which shall I accept?

**MISS WORRIED.**  
A.—Marry the one you love, of course. I'm sure if you state the facts to your fiancée he will be glad to release you, for no man wants to marry a woman who loves another.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Is chewing gum harmful for the teeth? 2. Should it be given to small children? 3. What is good for cold feet? A READER.

A.—1. No, not unless used excessively. 2. A half-hour after each meal would do no harm. 3. Hot and cold foot baths, warm hosiery and shoes, brisk walking, general exercise.

## ROSE TRIMMED HAT



This large square-crowned hat of shirred net in black has a flat band of deep-toned roses outlined with folded bands of black satin.

PLAYTIME  
STORIES

(Copyright, 1910, Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

**Puggie's Oration.**  
Everybody knows how terribly hard it is to speak on the last day of school, and Puggie—that's his nickname, because his nose is so short—was to deliver a real oration. For the last few weeks Puggie could have been heard reciting before the looking-glass in his room or to the pony in his stable. So Puggie felt confident. He was sure he could speak his piece all right, providing Doris wasn't there.

Doris was Puggie's best girl. She was in the grade next below. He had heard that it was barely possible that the pupils in her grade might be allowed to come in his room during the exercises.

The last day of school arrived, and Puggie, after a final rehearsal before the mirror, was sitting proudly at his desk. His mamma was there, and lots of other mamma's, but who is afraid to speak pieces in front of mamma's?

Then, just as the teacher rang the bell for order, in filed the next grade, Doris was gaily reciting in a new pink frock, with big pink bows bobbing on her hair. The boys grinned at blushing Puggie as the teacher called on him first to speak. He walked to the platform and started, but after two lines he couldn't think of anything



more, and all he saw was those big pink bows on Doris' curls. He stammered, stuttered and wanted to cry—then the teacher told him to take his seat. On the way home the boys teased him, but just to show Doris he hadn't really forgotten it he stopped at her house and recited it on the back porch to her and the family cat.

## HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

We went down the wide steps and along the gravel path between rose bushes in full bloom. The fragrance of the flowers was in the air, while a cool soft breeze came from over the lake. "This is the garden my father liked so well," the princess said gently. "I felt suddenly that no matter how fully I had been accepted before, I was by that simple remark now more truly one of them than ever."

"It is very beautiful. One could walk here and rest or decide grave matters," she looked at me gladly.

"You understand. He would walk here on an evening, down this path to the end, then back to here," she stopped by a low bench on the edge of the cliff. "Here he would sit and watch the distant sun sink to rest over the hills beyond the lake. In the air was the fragrance of the flowers, as now, and behind him, far beyond, the hum of his city."

As she spoke we stood there by the seat overlooking the lake. The light fell away abruptly and the sun was travelling fast toward the distant hills. The lake flashed in its rays, and the hum of his city was in the air.

There was something holy in her speaking as she did. I had never even seen a woman like her. Her face was like a picture of a grey-haired man with a strong yet kind face standing there, as if he had just died, and she was smiling softly at his empty place.

His brow would have been deep and full, as was hers, his chin firm, and in his hair was a gleam of silver. His look of perfect understanding and faith. Men would have followed him to death. As her father stood, and she was smiling, his face would have followed her. I suddenly understood why she had brought me to the spot and why she had told me of her father.

"You would have come to me, Zerkald; why I should try to help?" I said. "Yes," she answered simply as she seated herself on the stone bench. She did not look at me, but kept her eyes on the distant hills. Yet I knew it was she, under cover of the words, the truth, if any possible deceit was in me, that I was to explain to her the reason for my custom.

"I should like to hear," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"And Karl has told me of your trip," she said. "Then I spoke slowly. I told her of the strange coincidence on the train, how I had come to meet Karl von Merldor and taken the papers from him, only to give them to the wrong person; how we had met that Sunday morning in my room at the hotel, and then of our sudden decision that I should come."

"We both seemed to feel that it should be so at the same instant," I said. "Perhaps there is really nothing in Fate, and yet I think we both knew that we had fallen and we were cast to move on, our forces joined."

"If I should suddenly go away — if Zerkald got these papers, you could not be crowned."

"No! You must not think of that," she answered quickly. "Because I spoke as I did only meant to explain. I did not mean to complain. I did not mean to hint."

"Ah," I exclaimed eagerly, "I wish I could carry you away so that you might escape all this. Then you could not help yourself, you would have no choice."

God knows my words were meant innocently enough. I spoke in metaphor only. Yet she turned upon me suddenly with a startled look in her eyes, and by her glance made me see more in them than I had meant.

I made no explanation but stood my ground, looking down into her eyes as she studied mine.

Then suddenly she seemed to understand my true meaning, or at least she made an end of the discussion. "I shall be their queen," she said, smiling slowly and looking out across the lake.

"Aye, your Highness, we will make you queen," I said, for I knew it was the only way.

She did not turn and look at me, but stood staring straight before her, yet on her lips came a faint smile as she spoke again.

"But not your queen, not queen to the one who will help the most."

"In your country I have none, so I claim you as the others do," she said, growing serious. "Aye, they claim me and I must obey."

She turned at that, and we walked back toward the terrace where Kurlmurt and Karl still talked. The sun shot colored shafts of every shade across the heavens as slowly we went back through the winding paths and with their fragrance, and a hush as seems to come when soft music is played fills the air.

My mind was full of strange thoughts. I dreamed, awake as I was, a dream of some man, would think of in his waking moments. And yet so strange had the ters turned I felt anything could happen.

I had set my grip, and a straight furrow must be driven, no matter if things would suit the fancies of my dream the better. There was but one thing to be done.

As we neared the terrace she stopped, and plucking a deep red rose, pressed it to her lips. Then as she started she stopped again, glanced toward the terrace where Kurlmurt and Karl stood talking, and slowly plucked two more, not as red as the first.

She was to be queen. A smile was on her lips and yet there seemed a serious note beneath.

"I am queen of my champions," she said, smiling gaily, and she placed one on my coat.

"—are for uncle and for Karl. I have three—good friends all, and come what may, you'll wear my emblem."

Aye, your Highness, your emblem all ways.

We went on, gained the terrace, and with laughter and deep courtesy she gave me the roses. Karl's roses, she gave me. I saw it was the deepest red of the three. I saw it. I do not mean to say that Hilma saw or realized what the one she had pressed against her lips.

**CHAPTER X.**  
Late that evening Karl returned with me to the inn.

To our astonishment, a note from the Grand Duke of Zergald, requesting me to call the next morning, was found lying on the table in my sitting-room.

What the summons could mean neither of us was able to determine. I got my feet in a low chair, a good cigar, with some brandy and soda at my elbow, and expressed my opinion. Karl, similarly fortified, his feet on a table, expressed his.

The discussion went on late into the evening or early morning. I can't say which. From the purpose of the note we resolved to the general matter in hand, then back to the note and finally back again and once again.

Karl argued against my paying the slightest attention to Zerkald's request, but I laughed him to scorn. No one would send such a letter and then knock a man in the head. Besides, what reason had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

Deep Price Cuts on  
Seasonable Goods  
Invite You to ThisJuly  
Clearance  
Sale

\$3.50 Silk Waists for	-	-	-	\$2.95
\$5.00 Black Parasols for	-	-	-	\$2.95
\$4.95 White Repp Coats for	-	-	-	\$3.75
\$5.00 White Repp Skirts for	-	-	-	\$3.95
25c Handkerchiefs, Two for	-	-	-	25c
20c Ladies' Vests, Two for	-	-	-	25c
\$3.50 Gingham Dresses for	-	-	-	\$2.69
\$3.50 Misses' Chambray Dresses for	-	-	-	\$2.98
\$2.50 Lingerie Waists for	-	-	-	\$1.50
\$1.50 Fancy Summer Parasols for	-	-	-	\$1.00

Sole Agent for the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.

## GRAY &amp; PARKER

PHONE 1182.

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

THE GREAT WHITE  
WATER WAY

Moonlight on Lake Erie a Glorious Sight.

Just imagine yourself aboard a luxurious D. and C. Line steamer on Lake Erie, right in line with the moon. Delightful to think about; more delightful to really enjoy. D. and C. steamers leave Detroit and Buffalo early every evening and arrive at destination early the next morning. Rail tickets honored for passage. Send 2-cent stamp for Great Lakes Map and Folder. Address, D. and C. Navigation Company, Detroit, Mich.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I did believe there would be an opportunity in such a visit to possibly learn how much the prime minister knew of what had transpired.

When I rose the next morning and as I ate my breakfast, with the lake sparkling before me, my thoughts were on anything but the coming interview.

I read as an excuse to being mortal with hot blood in my veins—no more. For years I had been led here and there, this woman presented to my view and then other, as if they were so many puppets, to be married for the asking. What my natural disposition toward women might

son had he of suspecting me. Certainly he did not know that I was connected with the affair, unless his spies had forwarded my description—hardly likely—as the one through whose hands the emperor had passed. It was possible that he might be suspicious simply because I had returned with Karl, and seemed to know the princess and Kurlmurt. And then it suddenly struck me that he might think I was living witness to prove that Joachim was not the Countess of Murworth's son.

This idea seemed plausible until I realized I was but a little older than Joachim. So finally we let the question rest until I should see Zerkald and ascertain first hand why he wished to see me.

I am glad to give it to you.  
It is the teeth purifying,  
digestion aiding gum.



I am glad to see you chew this gum, instead of eating things that are bad for you. It is good for you.

The fresh, delicious flavor of crushed green mint leaves makes it the beneficial confection.

It's very cheap! It's very clean! It's very digestible! It's very refreshing!

Look for the spear

Made in Toronto, Canada.  
Your dealer should sell it.

The flavor lasts

Wm. Wrigley, Jr. &amp; Co., Ltd., 7 Scott Street, Toronto, Ont.