

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

NEWEST OUTING VEIL



This is the new square outing veil, which is held in place by a ribbon fastened under the chin. It is made of chiffon with wide hems, and a long broad satin ribbon is sewed to it about a third of the way across the ribbon, of course, being the color of the veil. It crosses the hat, ties under the chin, and can be thrown back over the hat or left to fall gracefully over the face. Plain-meshed face veils are still worn and many new ones in heavy and light weight mesh are coming in, but the popular one is of the cob-web design.

VERBAL SALAD FOR SUPPER

What do you talk about at the supper table? Or do you just pour in the food, a gulp at a time, and let it go at that, without conversational frills? Most of us eat in silence—as fast and as hard as we can. We think we enjoy food. We are, in fact, rather finicky about what we eat, and have our favorite dishes. But we don't get half the enjoyment out of the food, nor half the mental and physical relaxation and comfort we might, because we don't take time to eat, and more time to talk between mouthfuls. America, as a nation, is a victim of the quick lunch habit, just about as much at home as downtown. There's some excuse for a hasty breakfast, perhaps. Circumstances may compel a gulped meal. But why not really enjoy your supper (or maybe you call it dinner) at home in the evening? One family I know realized what they were missing. They decided to make their supper table a real pleasure. Instead of the usual silence, or the occasional chatter about "baby's teething," or "the boss," or Dick and Mamie's love affair, they decided to indulge in a little real conversation. They began discussing the news of the day—that a bill before parliament really would do, what effect that airship accident would have on aerial navigation safeguards, how Laurier's tour will help Canada. Pretty soon they discovered that each was a whole lot brighter than previously suspected, that intelligent discussion brought out their own ideas, that such talk was much better for the children than silence or gossip—and that they enjoyed their food more and digested it better with a little verbal salad.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Should a girl sit on her dinner partner's right? 2. Who should do the ordering of the meal at a hotel? 3. What words should I use if a young man with whom I am walking asks me if I should like some ice cream? 4. Should I thank him afterward, and how? 5. Should I thank a boy for bringing me home? How? Please give exact words. Don't tell me to use my own.

A.—1. Yes. 2. The host. He will consult his guest, of course. 3. "Thank you, yes." 4. Yes. "I thank you very much. It was most refreshing." 5. "You were very kind to bring me home, and I thank you."

Dear Miss Grey: 1. How can I cure a seed wart? 2. What can I do for

hard, dry hands, which crack and peel? MRS. M. W. A.—1. Apply with wooden toothpick a drop of nitric acid until it smart. Then apply two drops of ammonia. Repeat daily until wart is killed. 2. Use dry oatmeal to dry the hands after washing. Wash hands twice a week in sour milk with raw cornmeal stirred in. Rub until dry and leave the meal on until morning.

Dear Miss Grey: Last winter I invited a boy friend of mine to come to my place to spend part of his holidays this summer. I haven't said much about it to him since, because I regretted asking him here. I answered his letter simply with a card, and I got a card back from him saying "that he was still waiting for a letter from me, that he was to have his holidays in August (naming date), and that I could look for him Aug. 1 (date, the first week in the month)." I do not want to have him here. Can I get out of it, or will I have to have him? Please advise me. I am not 20. If possible, answer immediately, be-

PLAYTIME STORIES

(Copyright, 1910, Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

A Bathing Party. "Mother, it's raining," called Toadie from his seat under the lily to his mother, who was trying to catch flies in the sweet clover blossoms. His mother, looking up, said: "Be still, Toadie. That isn't rain. It's a girl with a sprinkling can watering the flowers."

"I don't care," she can't see me under this umbrella, dear. My, it's nice!" exclaimed he. Whereupon he puffed and swelled himself all up in delight as the tiny drops trickled down, tickling his back.

"Does she water the plants often?" he asked.

"No," snapped his mother, as she caught a big fly. "Only at sundown."

"I'll have a bathing party tomorrow," chuckled Toadie to himself. Early next morning he had invited his guests to come under the big lily by the fence at sundown. There was Pokey, the toad who was too slow to ever catch any bugs; Fatty, who lived under the barn, where he had feasts and feasts of flies; and the two big black beetles who lived under the panny bed.

The guests were all waiting when

the girl and sprinkling can arrived. Happening to peep under the leaves, the girl laughed softly to herself at the sight of the bathing party.

That night there was a longer shower of water. The girl filled the sprinkler twice to help the party along, so the swelled up little toads and the big beetles wouldn't be disappointed.

The Wise Housekeeper's Choice. Clark's Pork and Beans have undisputed supremacy. The thoughtful housewife finds them a great economy of time and hard work on a hot day. Wm. Clark, Manufacturer, Montreal.

Ladies wishing to join a party for a trip to Europe, sailing Sept. 10 and returning before Christmas, may communicate with Miss Smith, care of Rev. Canon Smith, city.

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, ALLEVIATES THE PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.

cause I must know before the end of this week. **WORRIED.** A.—Your inquiry received, and, frankly, I am afraid the only course now open to you is to entertain the young man when he comes. Of course, if your people object to his coming, why not write him a frank note stating it will not be convenient to have him as a guest at present. This will probably offend him, but if you don't wish to continue your friendship the sooner he understands it the better. But be more cautious next time and withhold the invitation.

THE DAILY MENU
BREAKFAST.
Blackberries.
Boiled Rice.
Buttered Toast. Cocoa.
DINNER.
Veal Pot Pie. Cabbage Salad.
Water Melon. Ginger Wafers.
TEA.
Bread and Butter. Cress.
Cheese. Raspberries.
Tea.

Talk With the Cook.
For the veal pot pie at dinner buy the breast, rack, shoulder, or front shank, wipe off, cut up, and place with a sliced onion in the pot or casserole dish, cover with boiling water, cook gently for two to three hours, add the potatoes the last hour, and twenty minutes before serving, season well, lift out the meat and potatoes on a platter and keep warm. Make a batter for the dumplings of two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted fat, one egg and water to make a stiff batter. When the gravy is boiling, drop in four tablespoonfuls at a time, keep boiling, turn and when done remove to form a border to the meat and potatoes. Cook the next lot until batter is used. If more than 4 or 5 dumplings are cooked at once, the cooking is too slow, and they are heavy. As much as possible have no cooking at the tea meal.

ALL AROUND THE HOME
Cold meat becomes dry soon after cutting, but if wrapped in waxed paper it will remain moist for three or four days. If a towel is wrapped closely over the whole roast, it will keep the juices from drying up.

When making pie crust add a tiny bit of baking powder—about the size of a pea for one pie. This makes the crust light and flaky. When the pie is ready for the oven, pour milk over the surface and let it run off, then dust

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8651—Ladies' One-Piece Apron. Here is an apron that is not only simple and practical, but becoming as well. It is fitted to the figure under the arm by a dart, and the skirt portion is ample enough to protect the dress worn underneath. The back portion is extended to form straps that cross at the centre and fasten over the shoulders in front. Gingham, linen percale or alpaca are suitable for this garment. Sizes, small, medium, large. Requires four yards of 36-inch material for the medium 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 missed 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 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When missed or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." 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.

lightly with flour. This makes a most delicious-looking crust.

The flavor of coffee is greatly improved by placing the dry coffee in the oven until it is quite hot before pouring on the boiling water. To settle it without the use of egg, add a dash of cold water just before removing the pot from the fire.

IN DEATH.
How still the room is! But a while ago the throbbing sobbing voices vexed my ears, and on my face there fell a rain of tears—

I scarce knew why or whence, but now I know.

For this sweet speaking silence, this surcease of the dumb, desperate struggle after death, this painless consciousness of perfect peace, which fills the place of anguish—it is Death!

What folly to have feared it! Not the best of all we know of life can equal this, blending in one the sense of utter rest, the vivid certainty of boundless bliss!

O Death, the loveliness that is in thee, could the world know, the world would cease to be.
—Mary Emily Bradley.

HILMA
William Tillinghast Eldridge.

"Attract his attention?" whispered. "That's what we don't want to do." "Get him in here," Karl explained, "and tie him up as we did Zergah."

I removed the lantern from my belt and put out the light. Then as the foot-steps drew near, coming down the hall, I rattled the slide on the lantern.

It failed to draw his attention, and he passed on. As he returned I dropped the lantern to the floor and kicked it lightly. The steps stopped instantly. Again I rattled the slide, and in an instant the man moved close to the door. Another rattle of the lantern and the door knob turned over so slightly, while I moved to Karl's side to be behind the door as it opened.

Another shake of the lantern was necessary, and then the door slowly swung back and we heard the fellow step over the threshold.

The open panel in the wall caught his eye instantly, and with a muttered oath he stepped across the room. We watched him, fascinated. All his interest was like a vial, and my revolver close to his face, Karl on the other side of the room also had him covered.

"Not so soon," I cautioned, "or you're done for!"

"By the Blessed Virgin!" the fellow cried. "Silence!" I whispered sharply, pressing the muzzle of my pistol against his forehead. "Keep quiet and no harm will come to you."

Quickly we took his gun and small arms from him, and then he was bound and gagged.

Before thrusting a gag in his mouth we asked for directions. "Count Heinrich's rooms are across the hall," he answered, "the first door to the left opens into a sitting-room."

"How many rooms are there?" I demanded.

"Two. The bedroom is beyond and there is a door from it into the hallway on the other side."

The door designated by the sentinel as opening into Heinrich's sitting-room was locked, but the bunch of keys secured from Zergah helped us out.

Slowly we unlocked the bolt and entered. We unlocked the door and then struck a match and lit the lamp. The room in which we stood was large and elegantly furnished. On the farther side a door hung with heavy portieres could be seen. It was instantly we moved and passed into Heinrich's bedroom.

Making sure the door from the bedroom to the other hall was locked, we turned back to begin our search, starting with the sitting-room.

Just as we reached the portiere-hung doorway a sound from the next room brought us to a stand. With a snap I closed the shutters of my lantern and we were again in pitchy darkness.

Before either of us moved a key was fitted into the lock and the bolt thrown back. The next instant a cheery whistle fell on our ears, for a man in a long, flowing robe, with a sword at his side, was standing in the doorway.

"There was no need for either of us to speak, for the voice was unmistakable."

A match was struck, and the next instant the sitting-room was a flood of light. Heinrich stood in the middle of the floor, a happy smile on his lips, and I marvelled at his coolness and good spirits so soon after arranging my death, as he supposed.

Nothing more clearly showed the disposition of the man than his words. "Cover him with your pistol," I whispered.

Heinrich had crossed to the table, near the fireplace and was leaning over, selecting a cigar, as I uttered a deep-sounding moan.

With a start he looked up, the cigar in his fingers. His glance flew about the room as if he were uncertain from whence the sound had come.

The Balance of This Week Will See Whitewear Clearance

Which will put into the shade any previous Whitewear Sale we have ever attempted. Nothing will be left from the big bankrupt stock to go into our shelves. The piles of Whitewear now upon our tables must absolutely disappear, and prices will be made the moving spirit of the clearance. Here are a few items of interest:

Ladies' White Cotton Underskirts
Full gored, deep flounce of embroidery or lace insertion and fine tucks, finished with frill to match. Regular \$1.00, for **69c**

White Lonsdale Underskirts
With 16-inch flounce of embroidery and tucks, also lace trimming. Regular **83c**

White Lonsdale Night-Gowns
Fine White Lonsdale Night Gowns, in slip-over or yoke styles, trimmed with lace or embroidery. Thursday, only **69c**

Ladies' Wash Waists
Ladies' Muslin Waists, in navy, brown, pink and blue stripe and polka dots. Regular \$1.25, for **75c**

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 118: 150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

"Thanks," he said, dropping into a chair and picking up the cigar he had let fall to the floor. "I feel better." And he stretched his long legs out as he calmly struck a match on the table.

"May I ask," he began, as he blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, but I cut him short.

"You may ask nothing," his indifference in some way nettled me and my anger flew up on the instant. "I've a mind to put a bullet through your head and end your cursed work—a murderer in heart."

"There's no use arguing," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. "You've got the upper hand and it's got to go your way just now."

Heinrich could be cool and calm to indifference, no matter if he were losing.

"There certainly is no use in arguing," put in Karl. "Finish the cur and be done with it."

Heinrich turned his head slowly and looked once at Karl.

"Come," I said, for I saw Karl flush under the glance, and I did not care for Heinrich's death on our hands if we could help it.

"You know, I suppose, what we want?"

"I?" Heinrich questioned, displaying the greatest wonder in his voice. "Not I," and he slowly shook his head.

"We've got you," I said, "just about where the hair's short. We'll stand your company for five minutes. At the end of that time you turn over that envelope."

"I haven't it," Heinrich questioned. "You lie!" Karl answered him promptly.

"We'll tear this room of yours to pieces if you don't give it up," I counselled. "And if we fail to find it, I counselled, stepping close to Heinrich's chair, and you still refuse to produce it, I'll personally put a bullet into your head. With you out of the way Zerkah will be well rid of that envelope can, and the hiding place of a dirty scoundrel."

"I haven't it," I insisted.

I took out my watch. Three minutes passed, and I announced the fact. As I did so Heinrich took his cigar from his mouth and eyed me curiously.

"You ought to let well enough alone," he suggested.

"For instance?" I asked, willing he should talk if he cared to.

"Why, you are," Heinrich answered, his eyes narrowing. "The princess loves you, and you can't."

"You cursed cat!" I cried, throwing myself upon him. "Damn your foul mouth! I'll stop you—"

So suddenly he sprang upon him that he had no chance to even move, and his head flew back against the chair with a crash.

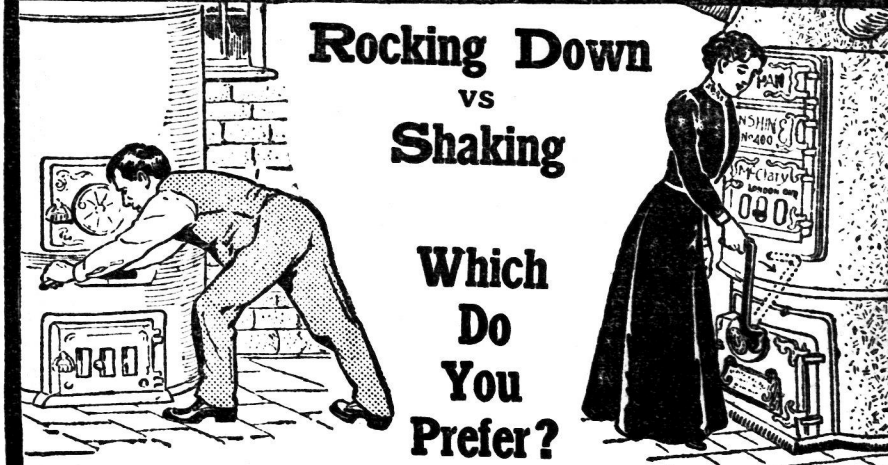
My anger was beyond control by now. I felt sure that what would have happened had not a sudden knock on the hall door sounded at that instant.

Karl sprang across the room, while I left off choking Heinrich and grabbed up my pistol.

"Keep quiet!" I cautioned as I laid the muzzle against his head. He had hardly regained his breath from my choking him, and made no effort to move.

The sound of many voices came from the hall and again a knock echoed on the door.

"Heinrich, are you there?" came the demand, and in the voice of Zergah.



Look at the man above. He's **SHAKING** an ordinary furnace. He bends nearly double, exerts all his strength, works up a perspiration, and gets a sore back.

Now, look at the woman. She stands nearly erect, gently moves the lever to and fro, a few inches, and the ashes are dropped into the Sunshine ash-pan. This is called **ROCKING DOWN**. It's so easy a child can do it.

Which method do you prefer? Why, **Rocking Down**, of course.

Go to our agent in your locality. Let him show you the many other time-saving, labor-saving and fuel-economizing features of the Sunshine. Order him to install the Sunshine with a *guarantee* to heat your home to your entire satisfaction.

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hold this side," Heinrich answered with my prompting.

"What's that?" Zergah demanded. (To be Continued.)

ALFONSO IN PARIS.
Paris, Aug. 2.—King Alfonso of Spain and Queen Victoria, who are stopping here en route to England, were the guests of President Fallieres at a luncheon at Rambouillet today.

Premier Briand and Minister of Foreign Affairs Pichon were present at the luncheon.

Harry Lumley, formerly manager of the Brooklyn Nations, has fixed up matters with his old club and has assumed the management of the Binghamton team. Binghamton paid the bill.

TO-NIGHT
They work while you sleep