# Woman's World.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Be not the last to foreake the old, "Be not the last to foreake the old, "Be not the last to foreake the old, and the first to adopt the new is assisted new autumn hat from among the model whele Paris has be used to said the best among them are so startlinstly different from anything that we have seen or worn for these many, many moons, that it is perhaps a little have been accurate the horizontal provided of the changes and to make a choice that well prove both becoming and astirationly in the changes and to make a choice that well prove both becoming and astiration for the change and the very large that we have seen or compromise possible. The large and the very large and the very large that we have been accustomed to for some times one, sometimes to there has a start of the company of th

common thins to see lace and velvet and fur and chiffon and spangles all its combination on the one hat. And it is in just such combinations as these that the skill of the Parisian milliner les. There is just a touch of this, a hint of that and a scrap of the other, and the result is what our grandmothers—yes, and our mothers, too—used to call a love of a bonnet.

And speaking of bonnets, Paris has sent over several of these this year. Queen Alexandra of England, as well as her sister, the Dowager Czarina of Russia, has always clung to the bonnet, a small, close-fitting toque—beloved of royality, having been named for her during the days when she was Princess of Wales. Doubtless her accession to the throne will have its influence upon the current fashions, for Paris always likes to attribute some of fashion's fads and fancies to royality, and the return of the bonnet and the coming vogue of the small toque gives avidence that her personal taste in matters of dress will have some weight with the dictators of the modes Paris-fennes.

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These bonnets are of the close fitting yarlety, usually with a little point in front and well cut out at the back, and are intended chiefly for middle-aged and elderly, laddes. The new ones all show the little touch of jet somewhere or other that seems to be the keynote of this season's style-large hats, small hats, turbans, toques and bonnets, none of them seem to be considered complete until this one little touch has been introduced. A wide latitude, however, in the matter of strings is to be permitted. These may be narrow or wide, as taste may dictate, and they may be tied as of old under the chin, or left to hang carelessly around the shoulders, or drawn together and fastened with a brooch in front. Indeed, in the matter of bonnet strings every wearer may become a law unto herself and adjust these in the matter best calculated to set off her particular style of beauty, but the strings there must be else it is not the new bonnet.

But after all, the real and chief

be else it is not the new bonnet.

But after all, the real and chief novelty is in the small hat, the little toque, made preferably of velvet, the tight and closely fitting lines of which it will require an artist to design and make. And here many an aspiring milliner will meet her Waterloo, for the little toque when becoming is excessively so. There is a breesiness, a bewitching something—about it which defies description, but it is that something which is immediately and emphatically recognized when seen. But when it is not becoming, well then it is comething to be deplored; something the something to be deplored.

and arranged on a salid dish.

Crumbed Cucumbers.—Select large full grown, but not ripe, cucumbers, pare and cut in halves lengthwise.

Mix one cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoons of melted butter, one rounding teaspoon of finely chopped onion and a very little sweet pepper. Scoop the seeds out of the cucumbers, lay the halves in a buttered pan, fill rounding full with the seasoned crumbs. Have the oven but and bake the cucumbers until tender.

Macedoine Salad.—For this salad take any cold vegetables, no matter how many kinds are used at once. Peas, string beans, a best and a carrot, a potato or a turnip and a few flowerets of cauliflower all combine well together, and after cutting them into suitable shapes mix them with a French dressing.

when it is not becoming, well then it is something to be deplored; something to be banished from sight and forgotten guidely as may be.

The return to the small hat will make a stylish and well-arranged coiffure an absolute necessity at all times. The forg and undisputed reign of the large hats of the picture variety may have made the fashionable girl a little wee but careless sometimes as to her hair, for the large hat covered up any little straggling locks which might detract from ther appearance, but with the small toque every hair must be in its place; the impression of having just

AT THE LONDON HOUSE SATURDAY, SEPT. 19TH.

# Millinery Opening On Tuesday and Wednesday Of Next Week.

Our Fall display of Pattern Hats is to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, next, the 22nd and 23rd.

There will be shown many exclusive designs, the originals of which were Paris models imported at great cost by the leading New York hauses.

BLACK SILK

Fast Black Peau - de -Soie Waist Just in, comely Made. #8 65.

# Special Importation of Ladies' Little Fancy Glove Handk'fs.

Dainty, diminutive lace edged handk'fs for carrying in palm of your kid glove.

12c., 15c., 18c. each.

MID CLOVES.

A New Kid Glove in New Shades of Tans, Modes, Oyster, White, Grey, &c. Spicial, 95c. pair.

BEST FRENCH KID CLOVES.

Beautiful Makes of Soft Real French Kid Gloves in New Fall Shades, 2 Clases. \$1 50 Pair.

## **New Goods in Smallware** Department.

New black belts, with buckle and wide back New black taffeta and moire belts, with wide 50c. each. Novelty chain belts, with gilt or silver buckles,

75c. \$1.50 each. Oxidized chain girdles, 75c. each. New "special" black belts, with buckle front

Very fine handk'f footings, 10c., 15c., 18c. yd. 25c. each. Tapestry cushion tops, woven designs-special,

Ladies' silk emb'd cashmere hose,
40c. to 65c. pair.

New steel lead wrist bags, Black leather wrist bags,

\$2 35 to \$4 95

\$1.00, \$1.10 45c. 50c.

CLOAKS. White and Cream, Furry Cloaks and Long Coats for Little Tots.

SPECIAL PURCHASE LADIES' BLACK 32 inches and 36 inches Long. Some trimmed with Black Thibet Fur. \$4.65 to \$10.50 Each.

### For Men.

Ask your wife to come and look at them if you can't come yourself.

### Sale of Hose.

All good qualities to be sold at one price to clear broken lots.

2 pairs for 25c.

8 pairs for 75c.

# DANIEL & 60..

London House, Charlotte St.

# Latest Lays of the

(By Alfred Austin.)

Dick and his girl's just left us; that's them, nigh out of sight.

I wish him luck, for it's surely a royal sparkin' night.

From our double gate to the Court House, if fourteen miles, exact—A two hour drive, we call it, when roads are good and packed;

But that auto rig contraption of his scoots up and down,

And he says it cuts the distance in half

mlie an hour about.
When Marthy was snug beside me that
old horse seemed to know
The likeliest shaded stretches where he
had best go slow—
Why, grass and the trees and bushes
along the way he cropped!
Slow! Well, on a few occasions, we
warn't aware he'd stopped.

That was the style of ridin' when I

That was the style of ridin' when I

was a-courtin'—see?
Nothin' to watch but Marthy, and both hands, bless you, free,
With oid Pete joggin', grazin', and cockin' at times an eye
Back at the seat, but sayin', "Don't mind, it's just a fig."
I s'picion ther's fun in courtin' at even breakneck pace;
And Dick is the boy to do it—I've read it in her face.
But courtin' by rapid transit don't 'pear to me so sweet
As the rambly, ambly courtin' of Marthy and me and Pete.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's,

THE SUBLIME POPULE.

Wife.

There may be more consolation the following, for the next husban who felt obliged to express his sent ments on his wife's tombstone:—

Here lies my be more consolation the following, for the next husban who felt obliged to express his sent ments on his wife's tombstone:—

Here lies my be more consolation the following, for the next husban who felt obliged to express his sent ments on his wife's tombstone:—

Here lies my wife, here let her lie; She's now at rest, and so am I.

I crossed the seas, till I was tired, To find some port I long desired.

From rocks and shoals this place seer clear,

So I in peace have anchored here.

Here is the last word of a man w

THE SUBLIME PORTE.

At midnipht, sitting up in bed,
The Sultan's look was sad and grim;
He wriggled and he scratched his
head,

head,
For many troubles haunted him.
In fancy he could see about
A score of fleets fit in and out
And up and down the Golden Horn,
And, casting looks from side to side,
Disheveled, pale and hollow-eyed.
The monarch passionately cried:
"I wish I never had been born."

At midnight, sitting trembling there,
He thought of consuls nearly slain,
Of troubles brewing everywhere
Within the precincts of his reign;
He heard the word "Indemnity"
In every sound; he seemed to see
In every shadow bristling fleets,
And, full of terror, he would start
Up with a wildly throbbing heart,
Then play a craven coward's part
And hide himself beneath the sheets.

The hours passed on, the morning broke,
The Turk looked out and saw the light;
No warships filled the air with smoke As he had rather feared they might, He called his sepretary then And, handing him his faithful pen, Said, with his hollow smile: "Send forth the day's apologies To all the nations—hurry, please, And promise large indemnities, Assume a humble style."

Thus, having done the usual thing,
The thing he did day after day,
The Sultan was inclined to fling
Aside his cares and turn to play;
"The harem keys," he said; "Tll go
To spend a pleasing hour or so
Free from the cares that claim my
time,
And if meanwhile a consul's slain
Apologize and make it plain
That we ourselves are filled with pain
And that the porte is still sublime."
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

# FRANK WHEATON

City Treasurer of San Francisco Has Some Remarkable Gravestone Say-

A two hour drive, we call it, when roads are good and packed; But that auto rig contraption of his scoots up and down, And he says it cuts the distance in hair 'twix here and town! Well, mebbe it does; but it seems like he's goir' at things wrong—On a night like this he ought to contrive at twice as long!

'Tis part of the age, however, an age of rush and run. When unless you're fairly jumpin' you can't be havin' fun, When a couple must take their ridin' at gallep speed or more. With a choo, choo, choo, behind them, and nothin' at all before, In a rig that can't be trusted to mind a crooked road. And right in the midst of matters is liable to explode; I reckon that ons feels clever to make the doin' whirf.

The days when I was a-sparkin' the main point was the gir!

When I was a-courtin' Marthy I hitch up old white Pete. And the only thing I asked him was that he'd keep his feet.

I wasn't obliged to guide him; he did the turnin' out, And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

And he rounded all the corners at a mile and a coord and own, and to read the corners at a mile and hour about.

the turnin' out,

And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour about.

When Marthy was shug beside me that over my head.

Over Scolding Wives.

There have been men in California with scolding wives, for a bedeviled husband in California has copied the following:—

There may be more consolation in the following, for the next husband who felt obliged to express his senti-ment son his wife's tombstone:—

Mr. McDougald locates this epitaph in Laurel Hill Cemetery, marking the grave of an old sailor:—

This for a plain statement of simple life:—

Here lies the wife of Simon Stokes, Who lived and died like other folks. A jockey was put to rest with the ollowing effusion to mark his grave:—

Here lies John Michel Snider, He was the fastest rider; He won at every race. At last he turned his face.

Mr. McDougald classifies this stanza But he lost his mind after threescore and ten, And here with his wives he waits till again The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out "Amen!"

Nothing of good the Lord will give To you, O sinful men; Only the pure in heart can live One hundred years and ten.

Those who believe that heaven and hell are here on earth might object to the definite location indicated in this: He's left this world, where griefs

I bid farewell to all the boys,

FOLLY VILLAGE, N

Here is the designation of a courage Here lies interred P. C. Bird,
Who sang on earth till sixty-two.
Now up on high above the sky.
No doubt he sings like sixty, too.

This epitaph is in California; it tells

Here lies buried Ezekiel Mame,
He was master of a baseball game,
One day when hurt by a straying ball
His leg got fractured by his fall,
The worst then came when he went
lame;
He died—bemoaning his last game,

TROUBLES OF MILLIONAIRES. They Find the Public Somewhat Prone
To Fleece Them.

"To be a millionaire is not all joy," he said, setting out of his \$12,000 motor car.

"The deuce it isn't."

"Well, it isn't."

"Why isn't it?"

"On account of the way everybody plies it on to you in the matter of prices. For instance, this morning a dentist sent my wife a bill for \$150. He hasn't donem uch to her teeth, and the bill seems exorbitant. I am on my way now to get another dentist's opinion on it, and this other fellow will certainly charge me for his advice, and he may be, furthermore, a friend of the first man's, and on account of friend-ship he may say the bill is all right."

"How provoking."

"Isn't it? I have to bind everybody. I do business with down to a contract. Unless I say, "Now, how much are you going to charge? Draw up a paper. Put it down in black and white-unless I fence myself in with every precaution. I am fleeced on all sides. Because

Put it down in black and white—unless I fence myself in with every precaution, I am fleeced on all sides. Because I am a millionaire people take me for a fool. They think they can charge me double, treble and quadruple. I'm in hot water with them all the time. "Remember," he went on, "that eight dollar pair of shoes you showed me last month? Well, I went to your bootmaker and ordered a pair just like them, and when the bill came home it was for 315, I had made no contract. Hence I had to pay up.
"Dectors and lawyers chage me tremendous prices. They don't gain, any-

To find some port I long desired.
From rocks and shoals this place seems clear,
So I in peace have anchored here.

Here is the last word of a man who invoked the muse to tell of his joys and his fear:

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er:
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day;
"Tis time to part, but Oh! what is to pay?

This for a plain statement of a Record account of the long to the lock and the length of the lock and the lock away, when they hear my namewhen they perceive that they have millionaire. But it's seldom that I get the better of a bargain in this way."

Philadelphia Record.

Feccusive and lawyers chage me tremendous prices. They don't gain, anything by it, but they gain more than I do, at that. I keep getting mad at they expect change from one to another. But it does me no good. They're all alike.

"When I go to buy a horse I leave my own carriage thre blocks away, and make my purchase before revealing my name. How mad the deal when they hear my name when they perceive that they have given reasonable rates to a well known millionaire. But it's seldom that I get when I go to buy a horse I leave my own carriage thre blocks away, and make the properties.

When I go to buy a horse I leave my own carriage thre blocks away, and make they expending the particular than I way and the particular than I way a the particular than I way and the particular than

Recent escapes tend to awaken the suspicion that the criminals who remain in custody are only those who do not know how to take advantage of their opportunities.

