

## A Microscopic Pocketknife.

Solomon L. Baxter's latest achievement is a miniature pocket-knife consisting of seven pieces, which is a replica of the knife he carries in his pocket, although it is only one-eighth of an inch long.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

What Qualities to Look for in the Man  
You Marry—Idolizing Mother After Mar-  
riage—The Cure for a Lazy Wife.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of twenty-three and have two suitors. One of them is very good-looking and is a suave-mannered sort of a chap. His business prospects are not favorable. The other man is homely, rather brusque in manner, kind hearted, blue, a college graduate, and going up the ladder in business. Both of these young men want to marry me.



My girl friends all think the first man is wonderful, but say nothing about the second. The former has a fascination for me, because I worship good looks and nice manners. The second one I could love if he were better looking. I always feel that people will say of us: "Is that the best she could do?" You see, I don't know which man I really love. What qualities would I seek in a man you were going to marry?

A. B. C.

Answer: If you don't know which of two men you love the better, you do not love either one well enough to marry him. Wait until you do not have to ask anyone to read your heart for you.

From your account, I should say that the homely man is incomparably a better chance than the good-looking one. It is the substantial qualities, and not a Greek profile, that make a man a desirable running mate.

Of all idiotic things for which either a man or a woman can marry the most idiotic is beauty, because those who marry for that are foredoomed to lose out within a few years, possibly a few months, and then they have before them a lifetime of association with an individual who has no attraction for them. A puny stomach, a bald head, false teeth, and your "he-ave" rump, you no more. A few wrinkles, twenty pounds of fat, graying hair and a fading complexion, and your living picture has become a chromo. And where are you then?

So, for heaven's sake, don't marry a man just because he is handsome and because the other girls think he is wonderful. You won't care so much to have other women crazy about your husband, anyway, after you are married. It will be peace and comfort in your soul to know that you are united to a man whose pulchritude does not catch every roving feminine eye.

Homely men are desirable as husbands for many reasons. First, because they don't keep you always watching your fingers. Secondly, because they admire you, instead of expecting you to burn incense before them. Thirdly, because you don't have to listen to people wonder why that sort of a looking sheik tied up with an ordinary-looking woman like you. And lastly, because the plain, or garden variety, of man is likely to have more sense than the beautiful one.

As to the desirable qualities in a husband, they are honesty, uprightness, intelligence, sympathy, understanding, good nature and an ability to get along in the world. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Why is it that before marriage a man's mother is plain woman to him, while after marriage she becomes a saint?

Before we were married my husband was no model son to his mother, and showed her no particular affection. But now he has developed an almost unearthly devotion which causes him to lavish many attentions and spend much money upon her, while I have my head snapped off if I even mention the fact that I am in need of a few dollars. LACHRYMAE.

Answer: I think most men and women love and appreciate their mothers more after marriage than they did before.

Children and young people take everything that their parents do for granted, and as no more than their right, but when they grow older they realize the sacrifices that their fathers and mothers made for them and the burdens they bore in order that they might have a carefree childhood and youth.

Also, of course, blessings brighten as they fade, and no people are so perfect and admirable as those with whom we do not have to live. The sons and daughters who idealize their old mothers and fathers, and who sash over with the most beautiful sentiments concerning them, are those who do not have to live with the old people and put up with their grumpiness and ways. Mother's halo would get quite a few dents in it if your husband had to listen to her tell over the same old stories and endure her eternal nagging and gratify her never-ending curiosity.

It is the flavor of one's youth that makes mother's pies and mother's bread taste like ambrosia. In reality, they were generally soggy creations against which our stomachs would now revolt.

It is well and good for men and women to idealize their mothers. Nothing they can do can repay mother for the love she has given them, the care she has bestowed upon them, the sacrifices she has made for them.

But they have no right to put mother above their husbands and wives, and if they have a grain of sense in their heads they would put the soft pedal on their praise of mother.

For no man wants his wife to be always telling him what mother says and what mother thinks he should do, and no woman wants to hear what a marvelous cook mother is, nor how mother can run a house without money, nor what an angel mother is.

I should advise my wife whose husband was still tied to mother's apron strings to go off on a visit, and leave him to spend a long time with mother. He would think a lot better of wife's methods when she got back. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—What would you do if you were married to a big, strong, husky woman, who wouldn't get up and do your breakfast? I have to cook mine and take my wife's to her in bed. Then she gets up and goes off in the car and spends the day gadding around. The only meal she pretends to cook is supper, and she buys most of that at the delicatessen. JOHN.

Answer: I would tell her that I was going off and get a divorce, and marry a wife who would get my breakfast for me. There is no reason why a man should support a woman who is a lazy loafer, who lays down on the job and refuses to do her part. If I were a man I wouldn't do it. DOROTHY DIX.

## BRUCEFIELD

Brucefield, July 2.—Mrs. Wm. Ross has returned from visiting his daughter, Mrs. Monteith, at London. Mrs. Vango of Toronto, a sister of Mrs. Rev. C. G. Armour, is visiting at the manse.

Miss Alice Rattenbury is in Toronto attending the funeral of Master John, little son of Mr. and Mrs. John McGowan.

Hugh Thompson has returned to Moose Jaw, Sask.

Thos. O'Rourke of Mount Carmel

spent a few days at the home of his brother, Mr. B. O'Rourke.

The managing board of Bairds Cemetery have secured the services of Simon Grant as caretaker.

In a game of football, played here, the Seaforth Hurons were defeated by the Rovers by a score of 3 to 0.

The goals were all scored in the first half, which was at times fairly fast.

The second half was a petting party. Snider acted as referee in a satisfactory way.

Robert McCartney, who visited here and also attended the graduating exercises at McDonald College, Guelph, where his daughter Jean graduated, has returned to Moose Jaw, Sask., accompanied by his daughter.

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## WOMEN and THE HOME

NOTED SPEAKERS  
COMING TO CITY

Plans Being Made by Women  
For General Labor  
Convention.

Meeting last evening, the members of the Women's Labor party made tentative plans for the entertainment of the women delegates, who will attend the general labor convention being held the middle of September in this city. Over four hundred delegates are expected from all parts of the world, including noted speakers from England, among the entertainment arranged will be a banquet for the women in charge of the local women's party, with Mrs. W. P. Bisset as convener. Further announcements regarding the program for the convention will be made next week. In the absence of the president, Mrs. William Burnard, the first vice-president, Mrs. F. White, presided last evening, and arrangements were made for a social to be held at Mrs. Lewis' tea-room at Springbank on Tuesday evening. Following the meeting, light refreshments were served in the home of Mrs. Jean Taggart, Thompson and Mrs. Lacey, and a social hour was enjoyed.

## CLUB NEWS

**ACKNOWLEDGES DONATIONS.** The following donations are gratefully acknowledged by the Women's Christian Association: A splendid flag donated by the Royal Canadian Regiment of Wolsley Barracks; Mrs. Jeffery Hale, \$25 towards payment for a flag pole; Mrs. R. W. Travers, \$30 for awnings for Victoria House.

## Fashions by Wire

**MUST BE TALL AND SLIM.** Paris, July 3.—One needs must be very tall and slim in order to look well in the seven-eighths coat with which many tailored suits are now equipped. The coat is tub-like and buttons down almost to the knee.

**HANDFULS OF FEATHERS.** London, July 3.—Handfuls of ostrich feathers decorate almost everything now. They are seen on parasols, lace frocks, wrist bags, and even in the form of rosettes on shoes.

**PHILIPPINE LINGERIE.** New York, July 3.—Philippine lingerie is much favored this season. Nightgowns, chemises and step-ins of sheer linen or batiste, decorated with characteristic Philippine embroidery, depend for any colorful effect on knots of gay ribbon with fluttering tails.

**SPOTTED AND STRIPED SHOES.** New York, July 2.—May you have your shoes spotted like the zebra or spotted like the leopard at present. Leopard skin shoes look well with a topcoat that has leopard kitten fur on it.

**ALL AGREE ON ITS QUALITY.** Folks who use RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA all agree that for quality, aside from its economy, it is the best they ever used. It's only 7c more a half pound package than other package teas, and it's well worth the difference in price. Have you tried it? Your grocer sells it. Adv.

## NORWICH

Special to The Advertiser. Norwich, July 2.—Misses Faith and Ella Kendall are home, having completed their courses at Toronto Normal. Miss Dorothy Nethercott is also home from London.

Warren Robinson of Toronto is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crabbe.

Miss Marguerite Nethercott of Thamesford spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Nethercott.

Bert Skusey of Woodstock was home for the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Nethercott.

Miss Margaret Hinkley of Toronto spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett of Galt were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bartlett over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong, Miss Eva Armstrong, and Mr. and Mrs. Nethercott and Maurela and Glenwood spent the week-end at Bracebridge.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Harris and Miss June Harris of Port Credit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Crabbe.

Mrs. J. Plewes and Miss Reta Lancaster left this week for their new home in Brockville.

Spent a few days at the home of his brother, Mr. B. O'Rourke.

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## THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself  
"Monsieur le Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

## INSTALMENT X.

## The Leading Characters.

PAUL, LEBRUN, known as Monsieur le Devil, a kins among cut-throats and thieves, who, after escaping from life imprisonment in French Indo-China, has sailed his revenge against Jean des Gauchons, the man who caused his imprisonment, by invading the latter's South Sea island domain and brutally killing him. Lebrun intends to murder everyone on the island, but is opposed by CUREL, a dissolute soldier of fortune, a member of Lebrun's band, and J. HUDSON SMITH, an American, who has a strong cohort of Lebrun. He and Curel counter-plot to overthrow the reign of terror that Monsieur le Devil has imposed.

FELICE BONNARD, loyal to Lebrun. The mystery of life and death. I shall endeavor to elucidate it. As he spoke, Smith moved. His foot struck the thigh of Lebrun, which had been sewed by Lebrun. It was a shrewd kick, carrying very little force, but with enough to serve its purpose quite well.

CHAPTER XX.  
A Lost Chance.

From Lebrun was wrenched a cry of agony. He doubled up, catching both hands at his wounded thigh. Before he could move again, Smith had whipped the thin triangular blade from its scabbard sheath and lunged forward with it. The thrust went home just as Lebrun was straightening up.

The blade entered the collar-bone, and Lebrun, rising as though to meet the deadly thrust, impaled himself. The blade protruded a foot behind his shoulder. He caught at it with both hands, and his mouth opened. Like an orange-ouang, shot through the chest who claws at the wound and foams great screams of agony. The Lebrun tore at the thin blade and tried to vent his rage—but no sound came from him. His mouth gaped frightfully. He tried to rush forward upon Smith, but death was loosening his knees.

"I believe," said Smith, coolly, "that at last you comprehend everything, my friend."

The eyes of Lebrun widened. He clutched at the air, and rocked upon his feet for an instant; then his knees doubled, and he fell backward through the doorway of the library, whence he had emerged. Smith

gazed after him, and a few things, said Lebrun, "I don't comprehend. I begin to comprehend why L'Etoile died," said Lebrun, his baleful grin still fastened upon the American. "I don't know what he was thinking of, but he was right forward, his small eyes glittering."

The two men stood, thus, at gaze. Lebrun produced no weapon. He was clear, but he considered Smith unarmed; he himself, doubtless, had appropriated Smith's automatic.

"Don't make a mistake," said Smith calmly. "Not I. You stated, I believe, that you were some sort of engineer, at work on the new railroad construction? Very good. Yet this girl recognizes you as the man of whom we all heard, yet whom no one knew before."

"You forget," drawled Smith, "the slight matter of my being at present wanted by the authorities."

"I forget nothing, me! I don't forget, for instance, that you are the unknown foreigner who has played the devil with all honest thieves—the mysterious foreigner! Well, there is no more mystery."

"There is no more mystery," murmured Smith, with a slight nod of assent. "That is all very true, Lebrun. But now I am your comrade."

Lebrun laughed harshly. "My comrade? Bah! I don't forget that L'Etoile was my comrade. As for you, assassin, you are a comrade of mine. I want no policeman at my side."

"But, the reward!"—"The reward?" Lebrun brushed aside this suggestion with a shake of his bulging jaws.

"No, no! Never mind all that!" He leered at Smith, brought up his hands, and began to crack his knuckles rapidly. "Hey! Do you know that I am going to kill you?"

Smith gazed at him with imperturbable calm. Only his right thumb moved, very slightly. With this movement, he unfasted the catch which would lay bare the steel of the sword-cane in his hand.

"Kill me?" he repeated. "But, in the name of everything, why?"

Lebrun laughed. From him emanated a faint but distinct reed, obviously, he had been at the brandy bottle again. He was not responsible.

Smith perceived that there could be but one issue from this encounter. He could read this issue in the eyes of the other man. Lebrun knew him to be wounded, weakened, and unarmed. There was no pity in the eyes of the killer.

Almost instantly Smith dismissed the notion of shooting Lebrun. He could do it with a snap, but a shot at this juncture would spoil everything. A shot would bring every one, and there must be no shooting until the time was ripe. The Lebrun was merely an obstacle; the true focus of danger was Monsieur le Devil. And for all Smith knew, Lebrun might be in the adjoining room.

"Kill me," he said again. "Why?" "In the first place, because you killed poor L'Etoile," grated Lebrun, coming a step or two closer. A new gleam lighted his evil eyes.

"And, in the second place, because I have decided that this girl shall be mine instead of yours. In the third place, because you are the mysterious foreigner. I don't like foreigners, me, nor mystery, either."

"But," argued Smith pleasantly, "all this is no basis for killing, my friend! Besides, M. le Diable wishes to make use of me."

Lebrun leered. "Yes, but when he learns who you are, he may change his mind."

"At least, you will allow me to die quickly."

"As quickly as my hands will do it," Lebrun bared his teeth. "Ah! You damned gentlemen—I want to feel your throat under my thumbs! Curel is another, with his accursed lazy elegance. Well, his turn will come! Now I shall kill you."

"In effect, you understand everything," said Smith.

"Everything," repeated the other, drawing closer, his hands outstretched and tense. In his eyes was the bloodlust.

"But there is one mystery which

stepped forward and closed the door, and turned back to the rack of sticks. "Thank you for the sword-cane, M. des Gauchons!" he said. "Your gardener is avenge!"

Selecting another stick, this one of green ebony, he left the house. His first intent was to follow Lebrun, who had evidently gone to the swimming pool. Then he paused and turned. Whether had Lebrun gone? Where else lay to the little harbor in which lay the boats?

Smith decided quickly, and started for the cove. Before he had taken two steps, he put a hand to his side and sank down. That quick, swift lunge had hurt his wound.

He sat on a step of the portico, there in the sunlight and cursed softly. Admission was forced upon him that the odds were heavy—heavier than he had reckoned. After all, there was something in the sardonic suggestions of Curel that by the time he came to deal with Lebrun he would be very nearly dead!

This thought drew a twisted smile to his lips. After a moment he writhed out of his jacket and opened his shirt. It was not so bad as he had feared; the wound had not been reopened after all. Still the skin had received a shrewd pull.

"Another such jolt will finish me," he reflected.

He got into his jacket again and leaned back, feeling a bit sick. Presently he took out his pipe and tobacco and smoked. At a sudden thought he produced the automatic which Curel had brought him and examined it.

To his utter dismay, he found that it contained but a single cartridge. That in the firing chamber. There was no clip underneath. He put it back into his pocket and stared at the green tree, his eyes hard and cold.

"The cards, it seems, run worse every minute," he said to himself. "Lebrun, you are well called! You have the luck of the very devil himself!"

He might find a weapon on the body of Lebrun, but he dared not risk the effort of going to get it. Every ounce of strength left in him must be stored and saved. Every iota of energy was precious in the extreme.

## Gains Millions in Lobsters.

Fresh lobsters to the value of nearly \$1,500,000 have been shipped to the United States from Canada during the past year. Lobsters have thus become an important industry in Canada.

## Tomorrow—On the Boat.

## ATTEMPTED BEER THEFT.

## Special to The Advertiser.

Port Lambton, July 2.—An attempt was made at an early hour Monday morning by an unknown man to enter the beer scow owned by Eddie Laporte. Mr. Laporte had refused to sell the man some beer Sunday night. The case was reported to Provincial Officer W. C. Oliver, who arrested the man and placed him in jail here. Later he was taken to Wallaceburg, where he claimed his home to be.

A bottle of moonshine was found on the man when arrested.

"TIZ" FOR TENDER, SORE, TIRED FEET

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet, swollen, bad smelling, aching feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."

"TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired.

Get a box at any drug or department store, and get relief for a few cents.—Adv.

## Three New Subscriptions Win!

Since we decided to allow the subscriptions of parents to count as a new order, hundreds of girls have won a "Miss Advertiser" for their very own. If you are at present a regular subscriber of The Advertiser, your subscription will count as new provided there is a girlie in your home trying for a doll. The other three subscriptions must, of course, be new.

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