

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

New Barbaric Coiffure



Some of the most daring New York women are trying out the new "barbaric" coiffure shown above, with the hair pulled in a fringe right over the forehead, and the heavily-jewelled bandeau—all very reminiscent of the near-east. The idea comes with the Russian dancers.

Where Woman Really IS Man's Incomparable Superior

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

It's a safe wager that the question of woman's superiority or inferiority to man—which is up for occasional profound discussion—never has been, and never will be, settled by these learned men to their own complete satisfaction.

They all agree among themselves that woman is inferior, of course, but just turn any one of these old owl-hoose among a lot of babies and he'd howl for a woman to COME QUICK!

The majority of those women who were born to be mothers are content to be queens of their home, and are perfectly willing that their husbands shall reign supreme elsewhere, hence this question never causes a ripple in the little worlds they rightfully call their own.

FATHER is bound to provide his children with necessities, but MOTHER gives them the physical care and the early mental training which FATHER is totally unable to supply.

The true mother consults her children as junior partners in the home enterprise; she interests herself in the small affairs of these juniors, and as the proper times is a child with them.

When maternal counsel is needed in times of childish revolt, she is pre-eminently the mother—gentle, patient, sympathetic and compassionate. She never forgets that the education of her babies begins at her very breast, and that every spoken word tends toward the formation of their characters.

Here is an exquisite tribute to MOTHER—read it. And think! Did you ever read an equally beautiful eulogy on FATHER? Not that father isn't all right in his place, but as a mother, he IS mother's inferior! No doubt of it!

"Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high Comes easy to him. And though his trip and fall, He shall not blind his soul with clay."

The Dragon's Teeth

Each One Sprouted Into a Soldier When Planted in the Ground.

Cadmus, Phoenix and Clix, the sons of King Agenor, were out playing in a field one day with their sister Europa, when a butterfly fluttered near, and they gave chase, leaving Europa to play alone.

Looking up from some flowers she was weaving into a wreath, the little princess saw a big white bull, and although frightened at first, the bull seemed friendly, and she mounted on his back for a ride. No sooner had she done so than the bull started off at a wild gallop, and plunged into the sea.

The three boys ran back to their father with the news, and parties were at once organized to find Europa. The queen and the three boys, with a friend, made one party, and they searched all over the world for many years, inquiring if anyone had seen a white bull with a little girl on his back.

They could find no trace of her, and after a time, when the boys had all grown to be men, Phoenix and Clix and the friend dropped from the party and founded kingdoms of their own. The queen and Cadmus alone continued the search, but once they grew sick and died, and after burying his mother, Cadmus, feeling very sad, went to the oracle of Delphi to find out what to do next.

The oracle told him to follow the first cow he met, and where she lay

down to make his home. Others joined him, and they followed the cow for a long time, until she lay down, and they set about to build a house. Going to a spring after water, Cadmus' new friends encountered a big dragon that attacked them all. Cadmus threw himself upon the dragon, and after slaying it, a mysterious voice told him to plant the dragon's teeth. No sooner had he done so than a whole array of soldiers sprang from the ground and fell to fighting and killing off each other, until but five of them survived. They built some houses, and the next day they were to build a palace for Cadmus, their king.

When they awoke next day they found a big palace already made, built of marble, with stately towers. As Cadmus entered the hall he saw the figure of a young woman, approaching to meet him. "Surely," he said, "this is my sister Europa, who has come back to me!"

But there was a mysterious voice out of the sky, saying, "This is not your sister, but a maiden from the sky, named Harmonia, and in her you will find brothers, mother, friend and sister comfort you."

So they were married, and ruled justly for many years, over a mighty kingdom, and children came to call them father and mother, and to make them very happy.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With beaded seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green
In all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. I have black hair, blue eyes and fair skin. Am I a blonde or a brunette? 2. Is it true that one born in August is doomed to live unloved, and alone, unless one wears a moonstone? 3. Are princess dresses out of style? CONSTANT READER.

A.—1. Neither. 2. Not the moonstone, but the August-born himself is to blame if he lives unloved and alone. Don't be so foolish as to pay attention to such superstitious rot. 3. Not much worn, but the one-piece dresses with belt at waist are more popular than ever.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What part of the home furnishing is the bride supposed to do? 2. What is an appropriate gift for the bride to give the bridegroom? 3. Which would be better for all around wear for winter, a coat or a suit? I can afford but one.

INQUIRER.

A.—1. There is no "cut and dried" rule, but she is supposed to furnish the linens at least. The rest depends largely upon the state of her finances. 2. A watch fob, a scarf-pin, cuff links or a wedding ring. 4. A full-length coat.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. How can I wash white silk gloves and keep them from turning yellow? 2. How shall I prevent color from running in tan silk gloves when washing them? 3. What is the authority for "kimono"? 4. What is the best way to press a cloth skirt? EXPERIMENTER.

A.—1. Wash with good white soap, rinse well and dry in a dark place. 2. Dip them first in salt and vinegar water. 3. Kimono is a Japanese word, the name of the outer garment worn in Japan by both sexes. 4. Lay skirt on ironing board, dampen seams slightly and press with ordinary newspaper between skirt and hot iron.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Grape-Fruit.
Fried Perch. Potato Patties.
Johnny Cake. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Lobster Cutlets. Horseshoe Sauce.
Potato Salad.
Grapes.

DINNER.
Citron Cake with Chocolate Icing.
Grape Juice.

Clear Vegetable Soup.
Fried Oysters. Mashed Potatoes.
Shredded Cabbage. Stewed Corn.
Coffee.

TOMATO RECIPES.
When the family is tired of ordinary

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8796—A PRACTICAL AND COMFORTABLE PATTERN FOR PLAY OR FEEDING TIME.

This model may be made of crash, linen, towelling, gingham or sanitas. It is made with sleeve portion, so the parts of the child's dress that are most exposed are well covered and protected, and the bib gives additional protection. The pattern is cut in two sizes, 1 and 2 years. It requires three-quarters yard of 48-inch material for the 2-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

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 2, 3, 4, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 2, 3, 4, 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 10c in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

stewed and baked tomatoes try these recipes:

With Cream Gravy.
Cut in half without peeling, which holds them together without breaking, season with salt and pepper and roll in flour or very fine bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat until brown, but not blackened. Take up carefully with a pan-cake turner so as not to break the slices, and arrange neatly on a hot chop platter. Add a tablespoonful more of drippings or butter to that remaining in the pan (if there is only a little), stir in a tablespoonful of flour, and add soon "bubbly" pour in a cup of hot milk. Stir until smooth and creamy and pour over tomatoes. Garnish with parsley.

Frenched Tomatoes.
Scald and peel half a dozen small, solid, round tomatoes. Make half a pint of good cream sauce by cooking together a rounded tablespoonful of flour, then adding a cup of milk, cooking until thick and stirring until smooth. Season with salt and pepper. Put a tablespoonful of this sauce in the bottom of a buttered custard or flax tin. Lay one of the little peeled potatoes, cover with another tablespoonful of the sauce and a dusting of bread crumbs. Stand the cups in a pan of boiling water and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve in the cups.

When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Copyright, 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Your brains, sir," Flannigan retorted gravely, and presented a pair of boxing gloves. Jim visibly quailed, but he put them on.

"Do you know, Flannigan," he remarked, as he fastened them, "I'm thinking of wearing these all the time. They hide my character."

Flannigan looked puzzled, but he did not ask an explanation. He demanded that Jim shed the bath robe, which he finally did, and lay on his back with the sun. Then for fully a minute there was no sound save of feet running rapidly. Each time a door opened and a grumpy silent. Once there was a smart rap on the door from the policeman, and a mirthless chuckle from Jim. The chuckle ended in a crash, however, and I turned to find Jim lying on his back on the roof, and Flannigan was wiping his ear with a towel. Jim sat up and ran his hand down his face.

"They're all here," he observed after a minute. "I thought I missed one." "The only way to take a man's weight down," Flannigan said dryly.

Jim got up dizzily.

"Now," he said, "I suppose you mean," he said.

The next proceedings were mysterious. Flannigan rolled the barrel into the tent and carried it to a small glen in the woods. With the material at hand he seemed to be effecting a combination, no new one, judge by his facility. Then he called Jim.

At the door of the tent Jim turned to see his hairy robe toga fashion around his shoulders.

"This is a very essential part of the treatment," he said solemnly. "The exercise, according to Flannigan, loosens up the adipose tissue. The next step instructions coupled with that will at least have the decency to stay out of the tent."

"I am going at once," I said outraged. "I'm not here because I said about it, and you know it. And don't pose with that bath robe. If you think you're a character out of Roman history, look at your legs."

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said sulkily. "Only I'm tired of having you choked down my throat every time I open my mouth. And don't go just yet. Flannigan is going to put on my clothes as soon as he lights the lamp—and somebody ought to watch the stairs."

That was all there was to it. I said I would guard the steps, and Flannigan, having ignited the combined lamp, whatever it was, went downstairs. How was it to know that Bella would come up when she did? Was it my fault that the lamp got too high, and that Flannigan couldn't hear Jim calling? Or that just as he was about to go, Jim stepped in and should come to the door of the tent, wearing the barrel part of his hot-air cap, and yelling for a doctor?

Bella came to a dead stop on the upper step, with her mouth open. She and from then she looked at me. Then she began to laugh, one of her hysterical giggles, and she turned and went down again. I followed her, and when she was alone I heard her gurgling down the hall below.

She had violent hysterics for an hour, and Aunt Selma burning a feather out of Jim's teeth under her nose. Only Jim felt that she was doing it, and he did not tell. Luckily, the next thing that occurred was that Bella and her nerves from everybody's mind.

At seven o'clock, when Bella had dropped asleep and everybody else was dressed for dinner, Aunt Selma discovered that the house was cold, and ordered Dal to the furnace.

It was Dal's day at the furnace. Flannigan had been relieved of that part of the work after twice setting fire to a chimney.

In five minutes Dal came back and spoke a few words to Max, who followed him to the back door, and in ten minutes more Flannigan puffed up the steps and called Mr. Harbison.

"Not curious, but I knew that something had happened," said Aunt Selma, who said she had always been tremendously interested in the furnace, and he allowed to vote—I slipped back to the dining-room.

The table was laid for dinner, but Flannigan was not in sight. I could hear voices from somewhere, faint voices that talked rapidly, and after a while I located the sounds under my feet. The men were all in the basement, and something must have happened. I flew back to the basement stairs, to meet grumpy and wild, and a stream of coal dust over his face, and he had been ex-

amined his revolver. I was just in time to see him slip it into his pocket.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

"Is anyone hurt?"

"No," he said coolly. "We've been cleaning out the furnace." "We've been cleaning out the furnace," he said.

"With a revolver? How interesting—and unusual!" I said dryly, and slipped down at me. "Well, I was a fool, I admit. I heard him mutter some-

thing and came rapidly after me, but I had the voice as snail, and I was not going to be turned back like a child. The men had gathered around a low table in the furnace room, and were looking down a short flight of steps, into a sort of vault, evidently the furnace chamber. A faint light came from a small grating above and there was a close, musty smell in the air.

"I don't think it must have been last night," Dallas was saying. "And I were here before we went to bed, and I thought the hole was not there then."

"It was not there last night, sir," Flannigan insisted. "It has been made during the day."

"And it could not have been done this afternoon," Mr. Harbison said quietly. "I was fussing with the telephone wire down here. I would have heard the noise."

Something in his voice made me look at him, and certainly his expression was unusual. He was watching us all intently while Dallas pointed out to me the cause of the excitement. From the main floor of the furnace room, a flight of stone steps surmounted by an arch led into the



Formal Introduction of the New Autumn Hats

Color contrasts mark the new Millinery modes.

The Hat in a single shade is the rare exception.

Combinations that are unusual, even daring, are frequently to be seen, but none so much as border on the gaudy.

Every personal preference may find expression in these charming Hats.

In this display we have endeavored to give our patrons a comprehensive survey of the Millinery modes which will be affected by well-dressed women this season.

All are cordially invited to inspect our Opening Exhibition without the slightest obligation to purchase.

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182.

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

Every Woman who keeps house should know

St. Lawrence Sugar

"Granulated"
"Golden Yellows"
"Extra Ground"
or Icing Sugar
"Powdered Sugar"
"Crystal Diamonds"

Each of these brands is guaranteed absolutely pure, and the choicest Sugar of its kind in the Dominion.

MADE ONLY FROM CANE SUGAR.

Remember to order "St. Lawrence Sugar" whenever you buy.

The ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL.

Two Minute Talks About PANDORA RANGE for Coal or Wood

BECAUSE the Pandora Reservoir is made of one piece of sheet steel and is OVAL in shape it has no square corners, seams or grooves in which dirt can collect. The triple-coated, smooth-as-marble surface of White Enamel is easy to clean thoroughly. You can make the Pandora Reservoir absolutely sweet and spotlessly clean, so that fruit can be cooked in it without risk of taint. As it holds much more than a kettle, it is a great help at preserving time.

The Enamelled Steel Reservoir is only one of the many Pandora conveniences which save time, labor, fuel and money. Get our Pandora booklet and learn about the others.

McClary's

Stands for Guaranteed Quality

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary

FOR SALE BY

J. Maker, 256 Dundas street; J. A. Brownlee, 385 Talbot street; J. A. Page, 807 Dundas street.

The Importance of Being Careful

There may be a retinue of servants in a house, but unless there is a head to the establishment, things will go wrong. Imagine a man trying to run a business of which he knows nothing. Yet that is what women are doing every day in the home.

So few can afford a paid housekeeper to remove the burden of supervision that it behooves every woman who has a home of her own to know enough of household arts to at least see that she is not being cheated or the health of her family ruined. It is not enough to give orders. See that they are fulfilled. One may talk indefinitely of what should be done, but it will not be done unless it is systematically followed up by inspection.

Matter of Health.

If only in the matter of health it is up to a housekeeper to look sharply to her affairs. Summer is a slack time in service, and refrigerator garbage, pulled, cellar and food are apt to suffer unless it is clearly understood that the mistress is likely to pounce down with her eagle eye at any moment. The woman who sets a high standard usually achieves it.

The care of a refrigerator is a special art. If one were to follow all instructions given for its care, nothing else could be done in the household. It is essential to health, however, that drains be kept free, shelves wiped out with soda water at least three times weekly, and nothing be allowed to

stand uncovered or decaying within it.

It takes but a minute—just the small daily peep—to see that everything is in condition, and all danger of ptomaine poisoning from spoiled food is removed.

A cellar can get very moldy in a week in hot weather, especially if market baskets are allowed to stand around with decaying vegetables or fruit in them. Visit the underground part of your house every few days, and at first sight of musty smell, lime and wash all shelves.

Insist upon careful preparation of food. Meats and fish not fresh can cause sickness, while stale vegetables and fruit are almost as bad. See that no more is bought than you can use in two days, also give strict instructions that suspicion is to be read spoiled when it comes to summer foods.

Glaced Fruits.

Glaced fruits are delightful additions to the box of candy. To make them, cut Malaga or Tokay grapes from their bunches, leaving the stems long. Dust carefully and be sure they are free from moisture. Holding them by the stems, dip one at a time in some melted fondant and place on oiled paper to dry. Mandarin oranges, separated in sections and dried in a warm place until the skin on the outside is perfectly free from moisture, make a satisfactory glaze, as also blanched almonds, Brazil nuts, walnuts and chestnuts.