

THE WOMAN'S CORNER



MOSTLY GAUZE AND FEATHERS.
The mode of 1802 is reproduced in this gauze, and feather turban, with its enormous osprey and jewels.

A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY
FRANK H. SHAW.
Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc.
(Copyright, 1910, by Frank H. Shaw.)

Marion read on here and there, until, with a sudden determination, she turned afresh to the first page and read steadily forward, the blood drumming in her ears. Little by little she traced her father's story; it commenced with a lucky speculation in mining shares that had brought a large and quick profit. It was all there in black and white: "Sent check value \$500 to Mostyns, with instructions to buy Rio Negroes. Hope this to make up the losses in the rental this year, as Mostyns assure me that margins offer a swift return and are absolutely safe." Then a few days later: "Received check value \$750 this day from Mostyns, being profits on my investment in Rio Negroes. This seems to me to be the swiftest way of reimbursing myself for past losses."

Page by page the dead man's daughter traced that concise record of a man's infatuation, noticed the growing unrest that Lord Greatheart must have felt as investment after investment failed. Then the amounts grew larger—the income had become more frequent intervals. There were notes concerning mortgages and loans, the gambling fever had bitten the old man very hard.

Mervyn sobbed on, crying aloud as every fresh peal of thunder shook the room. For by this the storm had broken in grim earnest, and solid, slugging rain was streaming down from a leaden sky.

"I shall draw a portion of the Liddell trust fund in my own name," read Marion, turning the pages feverishly. "I cannot run the risk of ruin for want of a little daring. This new investment mentioned by Mostyns seems so certain that only success can reward me. I will play boldly, and, winning, I will cease from further attempts. Once let me recoup myself for my losses, and I will be content with my income. I have had a lesson—it shall suffice me. No more frenzied gambling. If God wills that I should escape this time, I will take a solemn oath not to risk my good name more."

Hardly able to see because of the fading light, Marion peered with wide eyes over the book. A discreet knock at the door, any the maid entered.

"The carriage is waiting, my lady," Marion never looked up. "Tell it to wait—I may not need it."

"The last investment has failed. I shall try once more with the balance of the trust. If that fails—but it cannot fail. It means ruin and disgrace—that can never be my share of life." And on.

"Ebenzer Scroggs, the new tenant of Merrythought Hall, desires to marry Marion. I thought to make it conditional on his success in the stock market. I thought to make good my losses, settle a sufficient sum on me; but I cannot bring myself to the task. He would despise me, and I have always prided on my honor and dignity! No; I will not give myself into the hands of a man who might use his knowledge to devious ends. If the worst comes, the worst there is always the grave. I know a certain way. The old pistol will not fail me. One shot, and the matter is settled finally."

Marion sat up rigidly. The book dropped from her hands and fell to the floor as a brilliant light broke in upon her senses. Yet she would make sure—she stooped and peered up the book again. Yes, there was the final entry: "Chartered have fallen three points; there is no hope. Mostyns ask for a settlement at once—exposure is inevitable; better death than this disgrace."

The sudden plash of the falling rain and the crashing thunder had drowned the sound of a motor's approach. Marion's boudoir looked out on the old courtyard, and did not command the front door. She heard nothing of a footstep, hurried and firm, on the carpet of the corridor outside, but the child's ears were quicker than hers. "Daddy!" called a shrill, tearful voice. "Daddy, I see here. And she looked up to see her husband's form in the doorway."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Marion learns the truth. "What is the matter? Is the child ill? I felt that something was wrong," began the man, stooping over Mervyn, as the child ran to him with a sob of joy. Marion caught her breath—how noble he looked there, with tenderness evinced in every line of his bending figure! How she had misjudged him! Or—had she misjudged him? Twice she tried to speak, twice the words failed on her lips. And then:

"The child is well—he is frightened at the thunder, I think. He came here a little while ago." No, she could not speak. It was a tense moment.

Scroggs looked at her curiously, aware of the emotion in her voice. To him the fallen secretaire meant nothing, and Marion had slipped the leather-covered book behind her as she turned.

"Daddy, I've fainted!" But for once he was brought to light, so he took the Scroggs was deaf to that tiny appeal, shortest way out of the difficulty and

DAILY MENU

Saturday.
BREAKFAST.
Oranges, cereal and cream, shadow rice, rice muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Stew of curried veal and rice (a left-over), sally lunn, potato cakes (a left-over), sliced pineapple and cookies.

DINNER.
Split pea soup, boiled mutton, young turnips, string beans, bread and fig pudding, black coffee.

RECIPES

Mutton Broth.—Wash three pounds of mutton (cut from neck), remove skin and fat, and cut in small pieces. Put into kettle with the bones and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, skim and season. Cook slowly until meat is tender, and strain broth. Reheat, add rice, and cook until rice is tender. The meat may be served with peas and potatoes for a dinner.

Spaghetti Rarebit. Beat yolks of three eggs with one-half cup milk. Season to taste, add two tablespoons butter and one-half pound grated cheese. Cook in double boiler until cheese is melted, pour over boiled, drained spaghetti and serve.

ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

Salt and vinegar are good to clean brass work.
Keep tacks in bottles. It saves opening many boxes to find a particular kind.

Except in extraordinary cases, every sick room should have some sunlight every day.

To keep cheese moist and fresh and free from mold, wrap in cloth wet with good vinegar.

To clean white paint, dip cloth in hot water, then in bran, and rub it. Rinse with cold water.

Fat will not burn if a crust of bread or piece of raw potato is placed in the kettle with it.

When cleaning house use plenty of turpentine in the scrub water. It is certain death to moths.

In cutting garments it is sometimes better to fasten the pattern in place by weights instead of pins.

Green lima beans boiled until they are nearly tender and then fried in butter are better than when merely stewed.

A little tin ruler should be with every sewing outfit. It is very much

easier to use in measuring bands, hems and tucks, than tape.

When making buttonholes always select a thread twenty numbers larger than the one you should use for sewing the same material.

Butter will remove almost any kind of stain except ink stains. Rub it in and then wash quickly with hot water and fine soap.

Irons should, before every wash day, be scoured thoroughly with soap and water, and then dried immediately with a soft rag.

When ironing pongee it is well to iron it without sprinkling. It will take longer, but the result will be more satisfactory.

Covering a pan when fish is frying is apt to make the fish soft. A solid, firm meat, which is at the same time flaky, is what a good cook likes.

A glass of milk to which has been added a raw egg, beaten light, a little sugar and grated nutmeg, will relieve physical exhaustion in hot weather.

In place of grape-fruit for the first course at luncheon, serve the pulp of orange, ice cold, in sherbet glasses. Add a little lemon juice and chopped mint.



PLAYTIME STORIES

HO! FOR FANCYLAND

Copyright, 1910, by N. E. A.



"Oh look there! Young Tousel cried."

By George Jacob Spinner.

"Tousel, now we're on the way to a place where strange things play."

Said Sweet Slumber, "Fancyland—That's where lives a happy band; Here we are now, let's get out, And we'll romp and run about."

"Oh! look there!" young Tousel cried.

"See that Horse Fly in air ride! Goodness! He is awful big—Large enough to pull a rig!"

Butter Cups then both did see; Churning Butter in great glee; Climbing trees that were so tall, Which were running 'cross the street;

He was looking at the shrinking figure of his wife, looking curiously.

"I hope we are not detaining you," he said slowly. "I see you are dressed; the carriage is waiting at the door. I should advise you to wait until the storm is over."

She felt her knees shaking under her; she knew that her face was deadly white. But she had a pride of her own and she called upon it now, begging of it to allow her to say the words she needed to say.

Strength was given to her. She made a swift run across the room, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Ebenzer," she said, lifting her face to his, "will you tell me everything you know about papa's death? I must know; this is not time for hiding the truth. See me—dressed as I am."

He was about to leave her roof for ever. I was about to add dishonor upon dishonor! I who prided myself upon my honor! I shall not need the carriage, unless it be to go at your bidding, for I believe that I am all unworthy to remain beneath your roof. But will you tell me what you know about papa's death?

He looked at her, his face suddenly ashen white, and he caught his breath with a deep sob.

"So it was that which called to me, and told me that I was needed here? My poor child, had it gone as far as that? I ask no questions, but if I have even dreamt of such a contingency I would have kept silence no longer."

She was half-drooping towards him, and she felt she deserved no pity; so she asked her question again.

"I know very much," she said, showing him the book. "Here is papa's diary; he tells me a lot. But, there is something that still remains to be told. Will you tell me, please?"

"I had sworn that wild horses should never drag the truth from me," he said slowly. "But it is time for me to speak now. Your father shot himself in the arbor because he was afraid of a disclosure. He had been careless with a fund that was intrusted to him. It seemed that the whole story of his delinquencies must inevitably be brought to light, so he took the Scroggs was deaf to that tiny appeal, shortest way out of the difficulty and

Bachlor Buttons and Dog's Pants, Lady Slippers worn by Ants; Foxgloves pushed tried to wear, But he couldn't find a pair to wear. (Now, the strangest thing they found, Was a Sandwich walking 'round—All these things may seem so queer, But they're up there in the air.) 'Cause young Tousel saw each one, And he had a lot of fun. (Only boys and girls, you know, Who are good to this place go; For, 'tis said, the naughty kind, Fancyland never find; If you're good, why then, tonight Maybe, you will see this sight.)"

ended his life with his own hand." He did not raise his voice above an even monotone. Marion felt that a great contempt was present in every accent.

"I heard the shot fired—I was walking across the fields; I had left my motor in the road. I wanted to see you—I was hungry for a sight of your face. I intended to call, and entreat him for permission to have one word with you. That is neither here nor there. Attracted by the sound, I made towards the arbor; and there I saw your father lying on the ground; he was quite dead. The pistol—which was found near him—was clamped never found, and in his other hand was an envelope I do not know what possessed me to read the letter contained therein, but I did. It was from a firm of bucket-makers. I knew them; they were not altogether honest. The letter told me that your father was ruined, and I destroyed it. I knew instinctively that to think of your father as a suicide would give you great pain. I thought swiftly: If I removed the pistol and the letter it would be said that he was murdered; someone would fall under suspicion, but to no one could the crime be brought home. I thought that this would be easier for you to bear than the disgrace of a suicide. So I removed the pistol and destroyed the letter, as I said."

"Oh," she said, "oh! I for more months than I can think of I have accused you of my father's murder! Ebenzer—but wait, there is something more. Why did we never hear his—father's losses? If the case were as you said, exposure must have been inevitable. Or was it—a wonderful light, breaking in upon her; she was overwhelmed by it.

"It was necessary to make the thing quite complete. I am not seeking for praise; I was actuated simply by a desire to save you pain. I went from the arbor and drove straight to Munster's office; there I arranged matters so that there should be no exposure. It was comparatively simple. I had a slight hold over Mostyns; they were only too ready to accede to my terms on condition that all liabilities were paid up forthwith. Munster carried the work out in secret; I paid him to do so."

Still one more question: "How much were my father's liabilities?" He made as if to evade the question but she caught at the lapels of his coat and dragged his face nearer hers; he stammered, tried to loosen the grasping hands, but she would have none of it. "How much did you pay?" she demanded.

"Quarter of a million," he said slowly; and then she released him with an inarticulate sound, drew her outfit to her face, and broke out into frenzied sobbing. "But why, why?" she cried wildly.

The man's face was the face of a god; only by dint of the most tremendous effort could he keep from seizing her and crushing her to his heart. But no, what advances were made must come from her.

"Because I knew that to you honor was everything, and I had taken a solemn oath that if it were ever in my power to stand between you and dishonor, I would do so, and it seemed to me that that was the only way to fulfill my vow."

She sank slowly to her knees, and her head drooped very humbly. She made no effort to lift her, though the workings of his face told of his great distress.

"And I prayed about my honor!" she said brokenly. "I spoke to you of dishonor! Oh, my God, what a blind fool I've been. I, the one who meditated dishonor to your house; who would not hear of the first cloud, but I must be away from you like a rat leaving a sinking ship! I, whose father was a suicide, dishonored in his life, dishonored in his death!" She was growing hysterical, but she held her face up to him.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" she implored him. "Was I not to know that if you told me your share in the matter—I could have understood?"

"You gave me no chance," he said very gently, and his hand was laid to touch her disordered hair. "You merely threw the discovery of the pistol in my face and accused me of the murder. I was tempted then to make a clean breast of it. But I thought that you could better bear the thought of my sin than that of your father's. Perhaps I was unwise, but when I saw how readily you turned against me, I felt hard, I have made a mistake; I can only entreat your forgiveness."

"You—you to ask forgiveness! Ah, is there ever a hope that you will learn to forgive me? No, there cannot be. I'm all unworthy. Did you hear what I said before? I was leaving your house tonight; I was about to elope with another man. Dishonor everywhere, in me, in him, and the only clear honor that I see anywhere is in your forgiveness. Oh, if you could endure the sight of me longer! Oh, I have sinned, I have sinned—let me stay here at your feet—let my tears plead for me."

"Not at my feet, sweet," he said lifting her. "Here, on my heart," and his arms closed about her in a clutch that seemed to defy death itself to break. Marion sobbed on—and at she sobbed the clouds broke and a ray of afternoon sunshine streamed into the room falling full on her hair. Scroggs turned her face towards the growing radiance.

"After clouds, sunshine, after cold, warmth—the warmth of my love," he said tenderly. "It never failed, dearest, it will never fail. Come back to me—and the child."

"Ah! so gladly, husband mine, so gladly," she sobbed, nestling to him softly.

On the platform of Liverpool street station a man paced impatiently up and down, gnawing his nails. He was waiting—waiting—in vain. Marion had found out a strong man's devotion; and her storm-tossed heart was at rest at last.

[The End.]

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Will shashes be worn this summer and if so how tied? (2) Is a girl of fifteen too young to go with the boys once in a while?

A.—(1) Yes. Tie at the side or back. (2) Yes.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I am an office girl sixteen and expect to go with the shipping clerk of eighteen. I heard he tried to make dates with an old girl since he has been going with me. Do you think he loves me? (2) Which is the prettier name, Marie or Grace? (3) Is Albert a good name for a boy?

HEARTBROKEN GRACE. A.—There is no reason why he should not call on other girls unless he is engaged to you, and that probably is not the case, since neither of you is old enough to know what love means. (2) Both are pretty. (3) Yes.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) How can I clean a Panama hat, without making it yellow? (2) Can you tell me of an inexpensive cream for the face?

M. J. L. A.—(1) Use good white soap and warm water. Rub with small hand brush. Rinse well. Be careful about drying it in shade. (2) I do not advocate the use of facial cream.

Dear Miss Grey: I know a boy to whom I would like to be introduced. He does not know how he is known by my parents slightly, but they do not know that I take an interest in him. Please advise me. 2. When getting introduced to a boy, should you wait until the introducer is through? Should you shake hands? If so, what should you say? 3. What colors, in dress, should be worn for a girl of 15 years and what length? BLUE EYES.

Ans.—1. Why not have your mother invite him to your home? 2. Yes. Shake hands and express your pleasure at meeting him.

504—A PRETTY DESIGN FOR WAIST FABRICS.

A simple and becoming little dress could be made after this design in any of the pretty washable fabrics, also in chamois or China silk. The blouse waist is mounted on a fitted lining, and is laid in deep tucks at the shoulders. The straight skirt is gathered and attached to the waist, and requires 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c 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 include above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is best measure you need only mark it 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, 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 "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.

Mr. Charles M. Granger, of the James McCready Company, Winnipeg, is visiting his parents in this city.

Mr. Samuel Munro, of John Marshall & Co., left on Tuesday for New York, sailing from there on Saturday for Great Britain.

Mrs. W. H. Ker, formerly Miss Annie Shopland, of Vancouver, B. C., is visiting with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Shopland, Dufferin avenue.

Mrs. Wm. Chapman, Mr. John Herd and wife, left yesterday for New York, where they will sail for Naples. They will visit the different cities of Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Brussels, and France, visiting relatives in England and Scotland.

Miss Pearl Talit, formerly of London, graduate of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, has accepted the position as surgical supervisor in the city hospital at Edmonton, Alta., and

leaves for there from her home in Ottawa early in June.

All through Manitoba the country people live in villages and go out from the villages to their work in the fields.

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY.

Satisfy Yourself by Sending Now for a SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE

Cut this ad., out and mail with your name and address and name of your Druggist, and 10 cents for postage, to PHILIP HAY SPEC. CO., 30 Canal Street, Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

ANDERSON & NELLES

268 Dundas Street.

Saturday Snaps

In Our Ready-to-Wear Department

Ladies' Dress Skirts \$3.49

Ladies' Wash Dresses \$3.39

In panama, venetian and voile; neatly made in pleated or plain styles. The colors are navy, brown and green. Worth to \$5.00, sale price **\$3.49**

Made of fancy striped cambric, in green, tan, grey and blue; waist made with yoke, bishop sleeves and full gored skirt. Regular \$5.00, sale price **\$3.39**

Ladies' All-Wool Panama Suits, regular \$12.50, sale price **\$8.00**

The balance of Our Spring Suits, worth to \$30.00; sale price **\$17.25**

A few of our sale Suits left at **\$4.95** Sizes 34 and 36.

Three Whitewear Specials

White Cambric Night Gowns, White Lawn Waists, White Lonsdale Skirts, worth to \$1.25, sale price **83c**

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREET

making the new acquaintance. 3. Any of the new spring shades are pretty. Would suggest a soft brown, with black velvet trimmings. Length of skirt should be to the best-top, or ankle-length if girl is very tall.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8704

BLOOD WILL TELL!

The Complexion Faithfully Mirrors Its Purity or Impurity

Massage, cosmetics and the like sometimes improve a good complexion, and occasionally mitigate the badness of a bad one. But there is only one way to get that clear, satin skin, with the rosy tint of health glowing through, and that is by keeping the blood pure.

Impure blood will show itself. It makes the skin "muddy" or sallow, with pimples, blackheads or boils breaking out. It takes away the clearness from the eye, coats the tongue, makes the breath bad. It saps the energies and brings on headaches. It is fatal to good health or to the highest happiness or usefulness.

Purifying the blood is simply a question of keeping the four great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys, the pores of the skin and the lungs—in good working order. These organs should throw off all the worn-out tissue and other impurities which the blood is continually gathering up throughout the body, and all the waste matter from the food.

The failure of any or all of them to perform these functions should be remedied at once, and it can be, quickly and certainly, by the use of **Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills**. One of the ingredients of these splendid Pills open up the pores of the skin, another regulates the bowels, a third gives ease and strength to the kidneys and a fourth clears the mucus membrane of the lungs so that the gaseous impurities in the blood can pass freely through into the air.

Thus whatever may be the cause of the impure blood, **Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills** remove it, and soon the veins are filled with pure, red, life-giving fluid.

Then, and only then, will you have a clear eye, a clean tongue, a sweet breath and a perfect complexion.

Mr. Richard Wilson, of Middlesex Co., Ont., writes:

"For some time I have been in a low and depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches covered all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointment, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood. At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy."

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS
Purify the Blood
For Sale Everywhere at 25c. per Box. 23

Personal Mention

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Everybody Likes a Story Written by Louis Tracy

A Tracy book is always one of the events of the year with the reading public.

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