

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Speed the Spirit of the Times

BY M. E. G.

How do you like the new way of answering the telephone? No doubt, the changed system will prove itself a time-saver, but just to think that the powers that be deem it necessary to change the familiar little "Hello" to "ave, say, a couple of seconds on each message. Of course, this is perfectly defensible, as time is one of the most valuable assets we have, but though small, what an unmistakable evidence of the fast pace we are going now-days.

Truly, if our forefathers were to visit this earth again they would gaze bewildered at the changes made since their time. The wonders of electricity, the joy of the whizzing automobile, the intricate machinery, and all the mar-

vellous inventions of this age were completely unknown to them. With what astonishment would they view the modern airship, or the huge ocean liner calmly crossing the great expanse of sky and sea.

We read the other week of a party of German tourists "doing" old London in five hours! At this rate, we will soon be able to take our little two-wheel vacation trip across the "pond." If just to say "how do you do" and leave our cards.

It's a great age, anyway, this twentieth century, and well may we be proud of it. Let us do our little best to make it a bright, clean, world, even though our names and places may be unknown to future generations who may rise up and call us "slow."

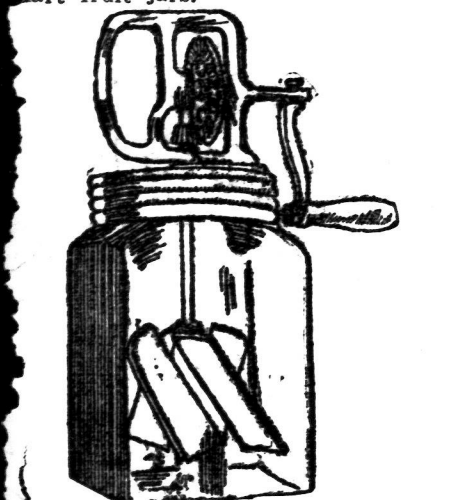
COATLIKE DRESS.



Dresses for street wear this season are closely following coat models. This illustration shows one made of a combination of deep blue cloth, blue and white barred cloth and blue velvet. Ribbon bow-trimmed hats are still popular for street wear.

City Housewives Turn Waste Cream and Milk Into Butter

Here's a churn devised for the busy housewife in a city flat, providing an easy means to use up the odds and ends of cream and milk that are frequently wasted. It is made in sizes similar to one, two and four quart jars.



Long before its invention some ingenious city women had devised ways of their own to accomplish the same object. One woman regularly saved the cream and milk until she had a fruit jar half full, then spent a few minutes shaking it, and produced a

nice ball of butter. Her family did not eat a heavy meat breakfast, but liked good, thick cream for the dish of cereal. A jar of cream every morning was not a luxury with them, but a necessity, and cost no more than a meat breakfast, besides providing as much nourishment. Some cream was left regularly—more than could be used in the occasional pan of biscuits or muffins. The happy thought of the housewife resulted in a considerable saving on the butter bill.

Another woman, with the same inspiration, attached a fruit jar containing the sour cream to the driving belt of her sewing machine, by means of a heavy wire, saving the strenuous hand-shaking by a little easy footwork. Since the introduction of the churn illustrated herewith many women living in cities have taken to making their own butter entirely, for though cream is costly in the city, butter is also expensive, and it is especially hard to secure regularly the sweet, unsalted butter which many people have learned to prefer.

For the average economical household, however, this making of all the butter supply will be found too expensive, though the new churn appeals to many as a real economy when used with cream and milk "remnants." Cream of average richness will produce about half a pound of butter to each quart.

The Latest Paris Styles

Paris, Sept. 3.—There is little that is graceful or becoming in Parisian styles of the moment, and some that are threatening—graceful, that is from any point of view, and becoming to anyone who wears a girl in her teens. All skirts are short, morning, afternoon and evening for the most part. Neckes are mostly low, and what with babyfied suede or satin shoes with flat bows and soft tushy hats or net or muslin, it really isn't a pretty season for the woman over 25, from which age, according to a French wit, every year counts two—for a woman.

This scarcely concealed anguish of mind is induced by an early view of fall

hats, which, when they are not large and hugely brimful, are tight-fitting and brimless, and permit of no softening effects either of hair or lace fabric, or the shadows that begin to fall with maturity.

But why despair? Something always happens to help us evade the cruellest of fashions. A month or two ago we were in agony over the desperately tight skirts. No longer are they a menace here in Paris, however, and we may have a skirt less than now appear with respect to fullness.

The cut of the skirt requires immense consideration. To begin with, everyone must look exceedingly thin, the thin woman is the ideal, the fat woman is nearly as much of a nuisance as the fat man. Straight up and down effects are paramount, and a small waist is useful, though not essential. No hips, however, if you please, says Paris.

Satin and satin-finished materials are the topnotes of style just now. Nothing but the more poppy, the more costume, preferably black—scent-skirted, short-jacketed and very tailor-made.

A waist of chiffon, black over white, with gold or silver lace or satin ribbon veiled with the chiffon, is worn with this costume.

So that if you order a heavy satin costume now for autumn or a lighter one in planning for a supply, you will be gowning in the latest of modes, and that will persist through fall at least.

New designs are appearing all the time in foulards. There is no likelihood of a quick disappearance of this popular and much-worn material.

The dictum as to sleeves is that they shall be small and tight. Many are short, ending above the elbow, though the smartest extend below the elbow and are finished with a lace cuff or under-sleeve, and are rather elaborate in construction. Coat sleeves are tight and small, with no shoulder fullness.

Evening gowns are sleeveless or made with a perfectly tight-fitting sleeve of embroidered net.

TALES FROM ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Seventh and Last Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

This, my last trip, resulted in no shipwreck, but in something very much worse. We were captured one day by a crew of terrible pirates who destroyed our ship, seized the cargo, and sold us as slaves. Now the men who bought us were an ivory merchant, and he stationed me in a tree some distance from his house, gave me a bow and arrows, and ordered me to shoot at any elephants that might pass under my tree. For some time I continued this occupation, shooting at least one elephant a day, sometimes two. One day I heard a terrible noise, and saw a whole herd of elephants stampeding across the plain. They stopped beneath my tree, fixed their eyes on me, and held that position until I dropped in sheer fright. Then one of them threw me on his back and carried me off without attempting to do me the least injury. The other elephants followed.

Finally we came to a broad flat space where the one who carried me threw me down. Then all of them, after uttering that terrible noise that had alarmed me at first, went off. I looked about me and saw that I was evidently in the place where the elephants bury their dead. Round about me were strewn many teeth and tusks of elephants. Then I understood that the elephants had brought me to their burying ground that I might help myself to the ivory and not kill any more live elephants.

With all possible speed I hastened to my master with the tale of my strange adventure. Together we made many trips to the place, until we had carried away a vast richness of ivory. My master then presented me with my liberty, and with a ship loaded with ivory. I returned to Bagdad and have travel-

led no more—content with my wealth and with many memories of strange adventures.

Round About Me Were Strewn Many Teeth and Tusks of Elephants.

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COOKING RECIPES

Reliable Sponge Loaf.
Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs; whip the former until stiff and dry; then add half cupful of granulated sugar and beat for a few minutes more. Whip the yolks until lemon color; then add half cupful of granulated sugar and beat for five minutes, timing by the clock, as the delicate texture of the cake depends on this beating. At the end of this time add to the yolks the foam in the whites, and after mixing thoroughly fold in one level cupful of flour sifted three times. The mixture at this stage should look like a puff ball; pour into a loaf tin lined with clean white paper; sprinkle over the top some granulated sugar and bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

When done invert the pan on two little blocks or knife handles until the cake is cooled.

Velvet Layer Cake.

Cream a piece of butter the size of an ordinary egg and a level cupful of granulated sugar; then add one egg yolk beaten until light, and after stirring the mixture well add one cupful of sweet milk and half teaspoonful of vanilla. Sift two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two scant cupfuls of flour, and add gradually to the wet mixture, beating until it is smooth. Divide it evenly into two large greased layer pans and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. This cake may be varied by omitting the yolk and add two egg whites, beating them until stiff. The yolks may be used for a cream or lemon filling or a chocolate filling made as follows:

Cream Chocolate Filling.

Boil one cupful of granulated sugar with one-fourth cupful of cold water until the syrup just drops from the spoon in a thick bubble, but does not spin a thread. Beat the yolks until stiff; then pour the hot syrup gradually onto it and continue beating until it is cool, flavor with vanilla and spread between the layers and over the top. By sprinkling over the chocolate-coated cake some grated coconut, a fine cake is secured.

Girls—Corpulent and Lean—Your Antidote Is Housework

By Cynthia Grey.

Was there ever a fat girl who did not wish to be thin, or a lean one who did not long for more flesh? Judging from the number of appeals which come to my desk, I say, "No."

It is possible and altogether probable that not many girls will want to believe the fact that the most valuable exercises for their troubles are associated with plain, ordinary, everyday housework. It is proverbial, we all know, that girls shy at all humdrum "drudgery" as they call it.

You girls who are too plump—get right down on your knees and scrub mother's kitchen floor. And if you are not too tired, or if the kitchen is very small, scrub the cellar steps and the back stairs while you are about it. Do it twice a week, at least. Believe me, it's worth the effort. The extra layer of fat will be literally worked and sweated off your body.

Cultivate, too, a habit of picking up the newspapers and other objects which father and brother habitually scatter about on the floor, remembering to lean from the waist and keep the knees from bending. Thus you are going through one of the most approved exercises for keeping the waist small and reducing the hips.

The broom furnishes excellent exercise for the girl who wishes to develop a rounded figure, for sweeping helps to strengthen the body. The waist muscles instead of those of the knees, the hip and the back, are used, and round shoulders may result.

Strange as it may seem, it is true that these exercises, which will reduce the stout girl, will also round out the figure of her slender sister. In the meantime, mother's labors are lessened and daughter is learning to be a skillful little housewife for the one man who will come along one of these days—if he has not already arrived—and choose her for his wife.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: What is the meaning of "Recoup" with reference to recuperating is good? B. S. A.—Probably is another version of "Make hay while the sun shines."

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I am in love with a man ten years my senior. How can I find out whether he is sincere in his expressions of love? (2) I am seventeen. How long should my skirts be? (3) What day of the year did Feb. 9, 1881, fall on? J. AND N. A.—(1) If he has told your parents that he wants you for his wife, you may be sure he is sincere. (2) Five inches from the floor. (3) Saturday.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Is it possible to obtain a good complexion without the aid of massage and creams? (2) When two men are introduced, should they shake hands? (3) I work in a printing office and my hands are ink-stained. What will remove it? NELL. A.—(1) Yes. Use soap suds bath on the face and neck. (2) Yes. In hot and clear water two or three times a day. Eat pure food, get plenty of sleep, sunshine and fresh air, and your skin will be clear and fresh. (3) Yes. (4) Gasoline or glycerine.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) What is the birthstone for September? (2) What are suitable decorations and refreshments for a Supper Party? (3) Suggest a present for a man friend. (4) What is the latest way to do up your hair? J. AND N. A.—(1) Sapphire. (2) Decorate with branches of autumn leaves and flowers. Serve shrimp salad, olives, wafers and coffee. If you care to add a course, an ice and a large birthday cake would be appropriate. (3) A handkerchief with his initials on it. (4) No "rat," no false hair (or very little) large soft coils and a few puffs if liked, parted in the middle and rolled, or soft flat waved pompadour.

METEORITES EVERY HOUR.
Meteors, or shooting stars, as they are more generally called, have from the beginning of things been bombarding the world at a rate estimated by the highest authorities at many thousands an hour, of which, however, an average of only five or six are visible to the naked eye during the same period of time. Fortunately, owing to our protecting envelope of air, very few of these missiles reach us. In size, meteors vary from a few ounces to many pounds in weight, and it is only very occasionally that one is of sufficient dimensions to arrive the passage of from 80 to 100 miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached. At the moment when they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than 35 miles a second, meteors such as this are incandescent, and the iron of which the meteor is principally composed is immediately reduced to a gaseous vapor, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night. The vapor rapidly cools and condenses in form of the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper regions, and gradually descend in the millions as an invisible but never-ending shower.

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When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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"It won't be so bad as you fear," he said, comfortingly. "There will be no danger once we are vaccinated, and many hands will make light work. They are pretty raw now, because the thing is new to them, but by morning they will be reconciled."

"It isn't the work; it is something entirely different," I said. And it was Bella and work could hardly be spoken in the same breath.

If I had only turned her out as she deserved to be, when she first came, instead of allowing her to carry through the wretched farce about seeing Takahiro, or if I had only run to the basement the moment the house was quarantined, and got her out the way—well, that was another story. And now time was flying, and Aunt Selina, had me by the arm, and any moment I expected Bella to pounce on us through the doorway and the whole situation to explode with a bang.

It was after eleven before they were rational enough to discuss ways and means, and of course, the first thing suggested was that we all adjourn below stairs and clean up after dinner. I could have slain Max Reed for the notion, and the Mercer girls for taking him up.

"Of course, we will," they said in a chorus. "What a lark! and they actually began to pin up their dinner gowns. It was Jim who stopped that. "Oh, look here, you people," he objected, "I'm not going to let you do that. We'll get some servants in tomorrow. I'll go down and put out the lights. There will be enough clean dishes for breakfast."

It was unlucky for me that they started a new discussion then and there about who would get the breakfast. In the midst of the excitement I slipped away to carry the news to Bella. She was where I had left her, and she had made herself a cup of tea, and was very much at home, which was natural.

"Do you know," she said ominously, "that you have been away for two hours, and that I have gone through agonies of nervousness for fear Jim Wilson would come down and think I came here to see him?"

"No one would think that, Bella," I soothed her. "Everybody knows that you loathe him—Jim, too." She looked at me over the edge of her cup. "I'll run along now," she said, "since Takahiro isn't here. And if Jim has any sense at all he will clear out every minute in the house. I never saw such a kitchen in all my life. Well, I'll leave you. I suppose they are deep in bridge, or roulette, or something."

She was fixing her veil, and I saw her look at her wrist. Personally, I would much rather have told her the house was on fire.

"Wait a minute, Bella," I said. "You see, something queer has happened. I know this is his anniversary—well, you know what it is—and Jim was awfully glum. So we thought we would come—"

"What are you driving at?" she demanded. "You are sea-green, Kit. What is the matter? You needn't think I mind because Jim has a justification to celebrate his divorce."

"It was Takahiro—in the ambulance," I blurted out. "Smallpox. We—Bella, are shut in, quarantined. She did not faint. She just sat down and stared at me, and I stared back at her. Then a miserable alarm clock on the table and went off like an explosion, and Bella began to laugh. I knew what that was. Hysterical. She always had attacks like that when things went wrong. I was quite dejected at that time; I hoped they would all hear her and the downstairs and take her up and put her to bed like a Christian, so she could giggle her soul out. But after a bit she calmed down and began to cry softly. And I knew the worst was over. I gave her a shake, and she was so angry that she got over it altogether.

"Kit, you are horrid," she choked. "Do you see what a position I am in? I am not going upstairs to face Anne and the rest of them. You can just put me in the coal cellar."

"Isn't there a window you could get through?" I asked desperately. "Locking the door doesn't shut up a whole house."

Bella's courage revived at that, and she said yes, there were windows, and she could get out. And I said she would have to get out, because I was playing Bella in the performance, and I didn't care to have an understudy. Then the situation dawned on her, and she sat down and laughed herself weak in the knees. Of course, she wanted to stay, then, and see the fun out. But I was firm. She would have to go, and I told her so. Things were complicated enough without her.

Well, we looked funny, no doubt. Bella in a Russian pony automobile coat over the black satin she had worn at the Cleveland dinner, and I in a cream lace, the skirt gathered up from the kitchen floor, with Bella's ermine pelterine around my bare shoulders, and dishes and overturned chairs everywhere.

Bella knew more about the lower regions of her ex-home than I would have thought. She opened a door in a corner, and led the way through a narrow hall past the refrigerating room, to a hole, cemented cellar, with a furnace in the centre, and a half-dozen electric lights making it really brilliant.

"Get a chair," Bella said over her shoulder, and I sat down. "I can't get out easily here, through the coal-hole. Imagine my—"

But it was my turn to grip Bella. From behind the furnace were coming the most terrible sounds, rasping noises that fairly frayed the silk of my nerves. We stood petrified for an instant. Then Bella laughed. "They are not all gone," she said carefully. "Someone is asleep there."

We tiptoed to where we could see around the furnace, and sure enough someone was asleep there. Only it was

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not one of the servants; it was a party for the linen closet," he said, more cheerfully, "and there will be room enough, I think. Harbison and I will hang out in the studio; there are two He had slid down in his chair, and his chin on his brass buttons, and his helmet had rolled a dozen feet away. Bella had to clasp her hand over her mouth.

"Fairly caught!" she whispered. "Sartor Resartus, the arsest arrested. Oh, Jim and his flawless service!" But when we got over our surprise, we saw the situation was serious. The policeman was threatening to awaken. Once he stopped snoring to yawn noisily, and we beat a hasty retreat. Bella switched off the lights in a hurry and locked the door behind us. We hardly breathed until we were back in the kitchen again and everything quiet. And then I called my name from up above somewhere.

"I am going to call him down, Bella," I said firmly. "Let him help you out. I'm sure I don't see why I should have all this when the two of you would not be so cruel!" she whispered pleadingly. "You know what he would think. He—oh, Kit, let them all get settled for the night, and then come down, like a dear, and help me out. I know loads of ways—honestly, I do!"

"If I leave you here," I debated, "what about the policeman?" "Never mind him!" he said. "I'll take care of him. I'll be in the pantry. Run for the sake of heaven!"

So I ran. At the top of the stairs I met Jimmy, very crumpled as to shirt front and dejected as to face. "I've been hunting everywhere for you," he said dully. "I thought you had added to the general merriment by falling downstairs and breaking your neck."

I went past him with my chin up. Now that I had time to think about it, I was furiously angry with him. "Kit!" he called after me appealingly, but I would not hear. Then he adopted different tactics. He took advantage of my catching my foot in the lace of my gown to pass me, and to stand with his back against the door.

"You are not going until you hear me," he said. "I'm not going until you hear me, for all you are down on me, is it my fault? Honestly, now, is it my fault?"

I refused to speak. "I was coming home to be miserable alone," he went on, "and—oh, I know you meant well, Kit; but you asked all these crazy people here."

"Perhaps you will give me credit for some things," I said wearily. "I did not give Takahiro smallpox, for instance—and, if you will permit me to mention the fact, Aunt Selina is not my Aunt Selina!"

"What's that?" I wanted to speak to you about," Jimmy went on wretchedly, trying not to look at me. "You see, when they were rowing so about who would get the breakfast; I never saw such a lot of people; half of them never touch breakfast, but, of course, now they want all kinds of things—when they were talking, Aunt Selina said she knew you would get it, being the hostess, and responsible, besides knowing where things are kept." He had fixed his eyes on the orchids, and he looked shrunken, actually shrunken. "I thought," he finished, "you might give some down in the morning, and—oh, I would say something, coffee and so on. I would say you did it. Oh, hang it all, Kit, why don't you say something?"

"What do you want me to say?" I demanded. "That I love to cook, and, of course, I'll fix trays and carry them up in the morning to Anne Brown and Lella Mercer and the rest; and that I will have the shaving water all ready?"

"I know what I'm going to do," said Jimmy, with a sudden resolution. "Aunt Selina and her money can go to blazes. I am going right upstairs and tell her the truth, tell her what you are, what I am, and all the rest of it." He opened the door.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I gasped, catching him in time. "Don't you dare, Jimmy Wilson! Why, what would they think of me? After letting her call me Bella, and him—Jim, if Mr. Harbison ever learns the truth—I will take poison. If we are going to be shut up here together, we will have to carry it on. I couldn't stand the disgrace."

In spite of an heroic effort, Jim looked relieved. "They have been hunting

TWO NEGROES LYNCHED.

Graceville, Miss., Sept. 2.—Dangling from a trestle, just outside the town, today were found the bodies of Ed. Christian, a negro, charged with shooting Deputy Sheriff Allen Burns, and Hattie Bowman, a negress, who was arrested on the charge of being implicated in the crime.

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