

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

A Late Summer Model



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE NEW ROLLED BRIM AND CHIFFON ROSE TRIMMED HAT FOR LATE SUMMER WEAR.

What Women Are Saying

"If women are tactful enough not to always worst their husbands in argument, they seem to be little opposition on a husband's part to his wife being well educated."—Duchess of Marlborough.

"Domestic felicity depends largely on the mutual interest of husband and wife in business, social and domestic affairs. If a woman is able to conduct a home properly, she can generally make a business success. Why shouldn't she continue to work after her marriage? Wives should share the load. More husbands and wives in business partnership will mean less divorce and more domestic happiness."—Mrs. Agnes Mulligan, Real Estate Operator.

"Life without love would not be worth living. It is the most beautiful thing in the world. I cannot remember the time when I was not in love. By loving a person, I mean simply the enjoyment of their presence, the delight in their conversation, the willingness to give and to receive favors—particularly to give them."—Mrs. Philip Van Valkenburgh, "The \$8,000,000 Widow."

ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

To keep parsley fresh, wash and dry fresh parsley and place in mason jar. Cover and keep in refrigerator. Parsley may be kept in this way for several days. This is a more sanitary method than the old unpleasant way of keeping it in water.

In hanging table linens put them on the line with the two hems together and pin firmly. This will keep them even and keep the hems from being whipped out in the wind.

Old fruit can lids and rubbers that seem worthless may be used by run-

ning a red-hot poker around the cover after it is screwed on tight. Dents may be removed by pressure. The rubber is melted and the can is rendered airtight.

Pulverized plaster of paris and sugar in equal parts, well mixed and sprinkled about will drive ants away.

A little mashed potato is a great improvement when making suet crust for puddings of meat and fruit.

If your jelly does not "jell" add a pinch of powdered alum.

A WHITE ROSE.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.
But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?



Mushroom hat of black satin, edged with full shirring of cerise colored chiffon and topped by a large stiff black aiglet. The hat very large and very drooping—unusually so, even for a mushroom.

FASHIONS

It is said that cheviot will play an important part in the season's materials for fall and early winter wear.

The "newest of the new" tailormade have long jackets reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt.

Sashes are worn to a great extent just now, the Indian sashes of printed silk being particularly dainty and becoming as well.

Soft, clinging and transparent materials are in the height of fashion just now, and of exceptional popularity are the brilliant silks, muslin, chiffons and tulle.

The latest sunshade is made with a folding handle, and is thus easily packed in a trunk or suitcase.

Long-fused, superb ostrich plumes of surprising length, which shade from soft, subdued old rose to a large, full grey, or a fallow beige, are em-

DAILY MENU

DAILY MENU.
BREAKFAST.
Blueberries.
Boiled Rice. Milk.
Oatmeal Cakes. Coffee.

DINNER.
Halibut Steak, Hollandaise Sauce.
Cucumbers. Mashed Potatoes.
Apple Pie. Coffee.

TEA.
Squash Souffle. Bread and Butter.
Baked Pears. Gingerbread.
Tea.

Recipes.
For the sauce Hollandaise rub 1-2 cup of butter to a cream, add the yolks of 2 eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Stir in the juice of half a lemon, 1 saltspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika. When ready to serve add half a cup of hot water, place the bowl containing the sauce over hot water or in a double boiler. For the squash souffle at tea, peel and cook the squash until soft, mash, season well with pepper, salt, and butter, and to each cupful of the mash add 1 egg and the white beaten stiff. Bake and eat while puffed up.

HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

"Civil war!" he said again. I saw I had set him thinking in a way no amount of argument might have availed.

"What then?" he demanded. "There must be some way in, say after dark," Karl and myself could try the walls.

"Only two?"

"Sometimes two are better than an army."

"At least they make less noise and attract less attention," Karl said.

"And if you do get in?"

"Get out," I said, "and bring her Highness with you."

"But if you fail?"

"There's no such thing as fail in this," I answered.

He shot at me a sharp glance from under his heavy eyebrows.

"I'll leave it to you, Converse. God sent you here in the first place, God will see you through now."

"Amen," I answered, and we went on sharply toward the castle.

I, for one, was quite ready for breakfast, and Barnsmurk found his appetite after a bit. Kurlmurt, however, was pressed down, and scarcely touched his food.

"Come! come!" I admonished him. "It will not help our cause one whit to refuse the food. Eat, man, and have strength to go with the game. Why?"

I laughed heartily, assuming a gaily little felt. "We have the thing as good as settled. Let Karl but find Heinrich gone from the city, and we have need of no greater proof that her Highness is across the lake with him as her jailer."

"What?" the old man demanded, springing to his feet "she there with that scoundrel and you sitting here calmly eating?"

"But why not?" I asked a bit sharply, to bring him to his senses. "Let us know the forces the enemy measure up to, we may circumvent them. You'd not counsel an attack by one regiment until you knew whether you were to meet one or a dozen?"

"True! true!" he agreed, calming himself. "You are right."

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

Before the meal was half over Karl was back with the very news I had expected. Heinrich was out of the city, had been since the evening before.

And then, as if to cheer us all and make the task easier, came a confirmation of our suspicions. The servant entered and whispered in Kurlmurt's ear. The duke glanced up sharply.

"Who is he? A fellow to see me—important! Let him in!"

"He wishes to see you alone, your Grace," the servant suggested.

"Bring him in here—in here!" Kurlmurt ordered.

The servant withdrew quickly and instantly returned with a short thick-set fellow in corduroy and leggings.

He held his hat in his hand, but looked about him with a brave face. His clear blue eyes shone with excitement and his cheeks were flushed.

"Well!" Kurlmurt demanded.

The fellow hesitated, and then asked if he might have a private word with Kurlmurt.

"What's your errand?" Kurlmurt demanded.

"Of her Highness," the fellow answered in a whisper.

You could have heard a pin drop before Kurlmurt spoke again.

"If it is of her go on. Speak here!"

Constraint fell off the fellow at the words, and he stepped forward and spoke quickly.

"Count Heinrich of Vankle is at Duke Zergald's castle, your Grace. I'm the gate-man and caretaker there—Bern Valters's my name. My mother, your Grace, served the family once before she married."

"Yes, I know," Kurlmurt nodded. "She married Valters, Zergald's gardener."

"The same, sir. Well, Count Heinrich has been living at the castle two days back. Yesterday he sent me off early in the day, and I did not return until twenty men or so housed in the banquet hall, while Count Heinrich had moved down himself, onto the lower floor, to the small library. I thought he was there, but said nothing, as it was not my place."

This morning while working on the moat at the back of the castle under the library window I heard a bit of a scratching and God bless my soul, your Grace, when I looked up there was her Highness at the window."

"Aye!" Kurlmurt said, his grey eyebrows coming down sharply over his eyes. Barnsmurk moved uneasily in his chair.

Karl sat with tense face, while I watched the fellow to be sure this was no fresh trap into which we were expected to fall by its apparent frankness.

It was the window beyond the small library where Count Heinrich has taken up his quarters. Valters went on as Kurlmurt signed for him to proceed. "I would have called out had not her Highness shook her head and put her fingers to her lips. I moved over to the window, and when I got below into the princess's room, she bade me come here, as I love my country, and tell you where she is."

"FORTY-EIGHT—STORY" hissed the fellow stopped and shifted nervously on his feet.

"Nothing more?" Kurlmurt demanded.

"She only added she was unharmed and had been treated kindly," Karl muttered, moving with a great indrawn breath.

I took a pencil and a piece of paper from my pocket.

"Can you tell me how the castle is planned?" I asked.

The fellow looked at me in some surprise.

"Yes, let's have the plan," Kurlmurt said.

Under Valters's direction, I soon drew a rough diagram of the castle.

"How many men are there?" I asked. "Twenty or so."

"Where are they lodged?"

"On the second floor, at the far end, in the banquet hall."

"Are they allowed any wine?"

"He looked at me and shook his head. "That would do," I said, considering.

"I spoke the scheme I had half framed."

"By the way, how did you get away?"

I suddenly remembered, turning from the plan before me.

"Count Heinrich sent for me soon after I had seen the princess and bade me come to the city with a note."

"Have you the note?"

"I delivered it."

"To be sure," I agreed, "but where?"

"At a house in the Wurtsmurton."

"No. 21?" I suggested.

The fellow nodded with a look of surprise that I should know the number.

"And who took the note?" I inquired.

"A short man wrapped in a long coat. I could not see him well, for he only opened the door a crack."

"Zergald?" Karl muttered.

Valters glanced up with a startled look, and a flash of hatred flew into his eyes at the name of the prime minister.

I had been wondering if the fellow had a motive in bringing us the news, besides his wish to serve the princess, and thought I saw it in his look at the mention of Zergald's name. Possibly, we were not the only ones who had a dislike for Old Pepper Box.

"And after you gave up the note?" I inquired.

"I came here to see his Grace of Kurlmurt."

"And well you'll be paid for it," Kurlmurt declared.

"If you're not knocked in the head by Heinrich when you get back," I suggested.

(To Be Continued.)

Save Money On Dresses



Tuesday's offerings in the Clearance Sale include the daintiest of garments at the most tempting prices. Soft, clinging Dresses of fine silk mull, stylish muslin Frocks and attractive House Dresses of gingham and chambray. All are offered at ridiculously low prices. As for these and other details, a visit to the department will do more to satisfy you than anything we could say here.

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GOLDEN RULE WOULD SETTLE ANY DIFFERENCE

Rev. Dr. McDowell's Sermon in the First Methodist Church.

"I am a Methodist and I believe in a religion of fear."

These are the words of the Rev. Dr. McDowell, the noted Maryland minister who preached twice Sunday in the First Methodist Church. Proceeding from the text, "Simon, son of Jonas, loveth thou me," he pointed out how the church of Christ is built on the rock of Peter's confession and other men's confession in the Godhead of Christ. A man may wrongly make his church the centre of his life and thought, but this will avail him little. When the tie-up between the man and Christ is something more than a mere church, when it is man's earnest love for Christ, then Christ can lift man to higher planes. Modern Christianity needs to be driven to the New Testament to look at fairly, and to fear and

obey the teachings of Christ. To love Christ is to keep his commandments. "Love thine enemies" is Christ's hardest commandment, and yet there is no crucial problem in political, commercial, social or industrial life that could not be settled readily by Christ's authority. The application of the golden rule would satisfactorily end a strike in less than twenty-four hours. If we love Christ we must do his will. Our love must be an active love. On the subject of "Prayer," Dr. McDowell declared at the evening service that the great atheistical question of today is, "Can God answer prayer?" We bow God out of the universe, when we question his power to answer the petitions of mankind.

A BELLAMY STEP.

[Kingston Whig.]
Brandon has tackled the contract of the heating of houses and stores, whole streets of them, by steam, and from a central plant. Those western chaps are fearfully venturesome. They do not balk at anything. They have the nerve, and it counts for a great deal.

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