

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

SMART BUT UNUSUAL HAT



This wide-spreading hat of pure white straw has a brim and crown application of deep blue fowlard with large white spots. An immense bow of handsome lace adds smartness and lends height to the hat.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Strawberries and Cream.
Potato Omelet.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Lettuce and Tomato Aspic.
Caramel Custards.
Tea.

DINNER.
Baked Fish. Egg Sauce.
Potatoes. Beets.
Pineapple Souffle.
Coffee.

FASHIONS

The best leghorns, with black velvet facing, now sell for \$18.

Travelling cloaks are made of black and white checked English worsteds.

Striped voiles rival foulards in popularity.

The black satin coat of all lengths is favored.

About nine out of ten handsome gowns are collarless.

The yoke and collar matching the color of the material are not often seen now.

Many of the summer coats have long levers that cross and button below the waist line.

A box-pleated quilling of net is the finish at the wrist of a pretty sleeve seen recently.

Small black velvet bows are considered smart on blouses of all colors. Handsome waist made of fine batistes and handkerchief linens are

trimmed with embroidery and lace insertions. Colored embroideries are often used.

Upon all handsome or dressy gowns, sash, girdle, belt, or bow effects of ribbon appear.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Where can I get a book giving directions for dancing? 2. Please give me a formula for a note of thanks for a graduation present.

A GRADUATE.
A.—1. At a book store, or ask a dancing master. 2. Write an informal note using the same words you would employ in thanking your friend personally.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. When potato water is used for washing furniture, should the potatoes be pared or not? 2. Should the furniture be cleaned before polishing? HOUSEKEEPER.

A.—1. No. 2. The potato water will cleanse, and a soft, dry cloth should be used to polish. Rub vigorously.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What shall I do to be more attractive? I seem to have plenty of friends, but I can't keep them. 2. Does a boy like a girl who talks loudly, uses slang and runs after him? GIRL.

A.—Be natural and sincere. (2) Boys admire in girls the traits that make them known as the "gentler sex." It's man's nature to seek for that which he craves, and to be disgusted with the over-attention of women.

Onion Souffle.—Cook onions in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and pass through a colander. To one and one-half cups onion pulp, add four tablespoons flour which has been stirred with the same amount of butter. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one-third cup water in which onions have been cooked and one-third cup cream; then add onion pulp. Season with salt and pepper. Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick and lemon-colored and add to thick mixture; then cut and fold in the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once.

Tongue with Tomato Sauce.—Cut cooked corned tongue in slices a little less than one-half inch thick, dip in bread crumbs, egg and crumbs; brown in butter, place on a dish; pour around this sauce; cook one-half can of tomatoes with one onion, two peppers; cook five minutes, strain, add two tablespoons butter, two table-spoons flour cooked together. Salt to taste.

Coffee Cake.—One cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, two eggs, one-half cup lard, one teaspoon each cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, two cups flour, one cup raisins, one-half cup coffee with one teaspoon soda and pinch of salt.

No man or woman can afford to affect carelessness in dress.

Of course, a woman can't remember very far back; she isn't old enough. Think not your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



3674 LADY'S DRESSING SACQUE, WITH BODY AND SLEEVES IN ONE.

A pretty dressing sacque is always a comfort for wear at home, and the model here shown is most desirable because of its simple but none the less attractive lines. The sleeves and body portions are cut in one and the neck edge may be finished high, with a small-shaped collar, provided in the pattern, or cut out in square Dutch neck as illustrated. The sleeve may be finished with a cuff in bishop style, with ruffle, Dinty, lawn, batiste, silk or flannel, with finish of lace edging or braid, as may suit the material. Pattern cut in six sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure, and requires 2 1/2 yards of material for the medium 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

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, please specify what you need only mark it 32, 34, 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 "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.

THE MESSAGE

BY LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheels of Fortune."

But the men of Oku were running, running for their lives and throwing away their cherished rifles, lest they should not be able to run fast enough. Through the drifting smoke of the burning bus and the haze now spreading up the bank from the river, she saw little squads of dark-clothed Hausas rushing in pursuit of the flying blacks. Greatest marvel of all, scattered among the Hausas were a number of British sailors. There were no mistaking their uniforms or the exceeding neat with which they entered into the last phase of a first-rate fight.

When the wondrous fact that success was at hand penetrated the ecstasy of that mute appeal to death, she did not cry it aloud to Warden. Not only would she imperil both him and his two companions by distracting their attention from the cut-and-thrust combat on the stairs, but, sad to relate, of a tender-hearted girl, she found a delicious satisfaction in watching the sweep of gun-barrel and adze and the wicked plunging of the Hausa bayonet. Why should not these ravening beasts be punished? What harm had she or any one in the mission done them that they should howl so frantically for their blood?

But she prayed—oh, how she prayed!—that the "reluctant" force would "bury" the white contingent with officers and men. She could not tell that officers and men of the white contingent were astounded by the spectacle of a slight, girlish figure, robed in muslin and seemingly in no fear of her life, standing under the bright rays of a lamp on the veranda of the beleaguered mission house. It did not occur to her that they would see her; and, simply because she was there, by no means expected. But he, a desperate fight being waged in the narrow space of the staircase. But they, the men of Oku, were not to be deterred. The foremost man came near enough to discover the black figures wedged in both gangways.

"Come on!" he yelled. "This is what we're looking for!"

"No shooting, boys!" roared a jubilant naval lieutenant. "Bayonets only! Dig 'em out!"

And dug out they were. In a manner not prescribed by the drill book, until the passages were clear, and the newcomers were marvelling at the way in which the mission house was held, and Warden was free to lay aside the useful gun-barrel and stoop to lift the dead Hausa off Fairholme's almost breathless body.

The officer, who was first up the stairs, looked round for some one in authority. He saw an Arab and a girl supporting a white man between them. To his profound amazement he heard the Arab say:

"He is all right, dear. Those cuts are superficial, just like gasped. Here is some one who can tell us," said Warden, looking at the lieutenant, while he placed Fairholme on a chair in the living-room.

"May I ask who you are?" demanded the sailor, frowning and looking slowly. "My name is Captain Arthur Warden, of the Southern Nigeria Protectorate—and yours?"

"Never more so. Won't you follow my example?"

"I'm Belairs, of the Valiant."

"Did Captain Mortimer send you?" cried Evelyn, who was mightily afraid that the moment she spoke she would come into tears.

"Well—yes. You are Miss Dane, I suppose? And this is Lord Fairholme. Is poor Corville gone?"

"Not very far," said a weak voice from an inner room. "My collar-bone is broken and I've lost chips off several sections, but I'll be able to shove along my arm in a sling."

JULY CLEARANCE SALE

All Who Are Desirous of Saving Money Should Investigate These Offerings

- 20c Vests, 2 for 25c**
Ladies' Sleeveless and Short Sleeve Vests, fancy trimmed top two for 25c
- \$1.50 Black Parasols for \$1.00**
Ladies' Black Parasols, gloria top, oxidized handles. Regular \$1.50, for \$1.00
- 300 Yards Cotton Voile**
27 inches wide, in greys only. Very special, yard 5c
- 15c and 20c Dress Muslins for 12 1/2c**
Dress Muslins, in spots, stripes and Paisley patterns. Worth to 20c per yard, for yard 12 1/2c
- Ladies' Drill Dresses**
Jumper style, in tan, pink, blue and mauve, trimmed with white strapping tape and revers. Only \$3.50
- \$5.00 White Skirts for \$3.95**
White Repp Skirts, yoke trimmed with embroidery, kilted skirt; \$5.00, for \$3.95
- \$1.50 White Parasols for \$1.00**
White Linen Parasols, braided border. Regular \$1.50, for \$1.00
- 10c Dress Muslins for 6 1/2c**
Dress Muslins, in spots and sprig patterns, in light and dark colors. Only 6 1/2c
- Cotton Towelling for 5c Yard**
Diced and Twill Towelling, good roller width, yard 5c
- Ladies' Bathing Suits**
In navy blue lustre, trimmed with fancy braid. Only \$3.50
- \$1.25 Night Dresses for 98c**
Night Dresses, slipover and Hubbard styles, trimmed with embroidery or lace. Regular \$1.25, for 98c
- Millinery Bargains**
\$1.00 Shapes for 25c | \$2.00 Shapes for 50c
\$2.50 Sailors for \$1.00
Trimmed Millinery at about half price.

STORE CLOSING AT FIVE O'CLOCK (EXCEPT SATURDAYS).

GRAY & PARKER

Phone 1182 - - - - 150 Dundas Street

Satisfaction Is the Basis of Our Relationship With Our Customers

Unless every purchase carries with it our customer's satisfaction, we'd prefer not to take the money. Ask any OAK HALL CUSTOMER. He'll tell you more forcibly than we can, and we're just as insistent on our CUSTOMERS' SATISFACTION in THIS GREAT SALE as we are in our every-day regular business.

Men's and Young Men's Suits

All the new cuts, styles and materials. Every one Sovereign Brand, and every garment guaranteed.

\$25.00 for \$17.95
\$22.50 for \$15.95
\$20.00 for \$14.95
\$18.00 for \$13.95
\$15.00 for \$11.95
\$13.50 for \$9.95

Men's Odd Trousers

Pure Wool Worsted in blue and black. \$4.50 for \$2.95

EXTRA SPECIAL

For Friday and Saturday

Men's blue and black pure wool worsted guaranteed Suits, \$18 value for \$11.95

Men's Odd Trousers

In fine grey tweed and fancy worsted. \$3.50 for \$1.75
\$4.50 for \$2.95

WE GUARANTEE EVERY ARTICLE SOLD DURING THIS SALE TO BE JUST AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY BACK.

OAK HALL

Where Quality Counts

200 Boys' Suits

In plain and fancy Two- and Three-Piece Suits, single and double-breasted styles of Norfolk and plain Sack Suits. Regular \$5.00, \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00, for \$3.95

100 Childs' Skeleton Waists

Just what he needs these hot days. All will go at 19c

PLAYTIME STORIES

(Copyright, 1910, Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

THE WITCH'S FAILURE.
Under a chestnut tree was sleeping the blacksmith's baby daughter. A witch on her way to market stooped to admire the pretty babe, but the child was frightened and began to cry. That made the witch angry and she laughed horribly, saying: "I'll leave a gift for you. When you grow into a young lady your first suitor shall be stricken blind," and away she vanished.

Of course, as the child grew older she had few friends, though indeed she was one of the sweetest and most beautiful of girls. All young men avoided her, so afraid were they of being made blind.

At last, however, a king out hunting in the forest passed the blacksmith's home and saw the girl sitting at her wheel spinning. He stood entranced at her beauty and dismounted from his horse came over to the window. He asked her to marry him and go to his palace to live. No sooner had he said these words than there was a clap of thunder, terrible laughter and he was stricken blind.

Long and loud wept the girl and all the king's retainers and servants. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise the spinning wheel began to turn and sing a queer tune, saying:

In the heart of the rose
A magic charm glows—
If this charm you can find
'Twill give sight to the blind.

A drop of clear dew
Makes clouded eyes new—
This magic charm grows
In the heart of the rose.



At once every lady set out searching for the red roses. The maiden was the first to find them and bring the healing dew to the king, whose sight was restored by the first drop.

You may be sure the spinning wheel stood in a place of honor at the castle. In fact pictures of it were graven on the shields of the king's warriors as a coat-of-arms.

The witch, they say, became so angry when she heard the king's sight had been restored that she stamped her feet on the ground so hard that she disappeared right into the earth, and hasn't been seen from that day to this.

The Advertiser's New Story

The Advertiser on Monday will begin the publication of a new story, by William Tillinghast Eldridge, entitled "Hilma."

In "Hilma" there is a charming princess, a hero who is a very excellent embodiment of American manhood, and a grey old castle on a picturesque mountain-side. The story moves to an accompaniment of jingling spurs and clattering swords, through lovers' meetings by moonlight, and through hot and crowded and perilous hours. It is handled with such freshness, ingenuity and enthusiasm that the reader's attention never flags.

"Has anybody got any liquor?" murmured another weak voice from a chair.

"I don't care what it is—even water. I've got a thirst I wouldn't sell for a pony."

"Some of them can only be wounded," said Evelyn. "Let us go and attend to them."

"Better not, Miss Dane," interposed the sailor hastily. "He had seen things in the compound which rendered it advisable for the women to remain indoors until the river crocodiles had claimed their tribute. 'It will tell some of my men to look after them,' he explained, 'and our surgeon will soon be here. Just now he is busy on board the launches.'"

"What? Have you been engaged, too?" asked Warden.

By Jove, we dropped in for the biggest surprise I ever heard of. Just fancy being blazed at with Nordenfeldts by niggers! Luckily for us, we came on them unawares, and two of the canoes were headed up-stream. The row that was going on here stopped them from confessing the engines, or I must candidly confess that if they had been ready for us they might have sunk the flotilla before we came within striking distance.

That raked a couple of boats fore and aft, before we got busy with a Gatling. I suppose you didn't catch the racket on account of the dust up here."

"But why in the name of wonder are you here at all?" demanded Warden. "Well, my ship reported that a yacht called the Sans Souci had landed a lot of arms and ammunition in a creek in neighboring territories. That made the

authorities think a bit. But one of your fellows who accompanied us told me that the real scare came when a Mrs. Laing—she knows you, Warden, and she had been living some weeks at Lokoja—was seized with blackwater fever. She was pretty bad, so she sent for the commissary to put her affairs in order. Among other things, she warned him that some Portuguese scoundrel was undoubtedly planning a rising at Oku, and indeed all along the line of the Benue and right through Southern Nigeria. There had been some rather curious ju-ju performances recently in a few of the seaboard districts, so it was decided to send a strong column up the Benue to investigate matters. We dropped detachments of every station we passed, and had intended halting some miles below here tonight, when we heard the drums going in the bush. Your Hausa man—Hudson his name is—urged us to push on this far. Jolly good job we did."

"Has Mrs. Laing recovered?" asked Evelyn fearfully. The sailor hesitated a moment. He seemed to leave something unsaid.

"Oh, no. She went under in a day. Sad thing. I have never met her. An awfully nice woman, Hudson says."

"I am sorry," sobbed Evelyn. "She was too young to die, and she has not had much happiness in her life."

"Let there be no more talk of death—I am weary of it," said Warden cheerily, and he broke off into Arabic.

"What sayest thou, Ben Kall? Hast seen enough of the black camel since we left Lektawa together?"

"Verily, Seyyid," grinned the native.

"I thought you and I should mount him in company tonight."

"Can you do me the exceeding favor of lending me a suit of clothes?" said Warden, seeing that Belairs was about his own height.

"Certainly. Come down to my launch. We ought to hold a council of war, I think. By the way, I suppose the 'adies will not stir out of this room till your return."

"No," said Evelyn promptly. "We shall prepare supper, but if you keep Captain Warden more than half an hour I shall come for him."

"You must remain here, sweetheart," said the grin-looking Arab. "There is a lot to be done outside. Be sure I shall join you without delay. Come along, Belairs, and rummage your kit—there's a good chap."

As they crossed the compound together the sailor appeared to make up his mind to discharge a disagreeable duty.

"By the way," he said, "I hope I am not mixing matters absurdly, but are you the Warden that Mrs. Laing was once engaged to?"

"Yes—more than ten years ago. What of it?"

"Well, she has left you everything she possessed—a regular pile, somebody told me."

"On condition that I do not marry Evelyn Dane, I suppose?" said Warden, who treated the sailor's astonishing announcement as though the receipt of a thumping legacy were an everyday affair.

To Be Continued.