

## THE WOMAN'S CORNER

## LISE-THREAD'S BANK PERILED!



New Fall Shoe Novelty.  
Goodness! Here's a new idea dis-  
counting the old, reliable, "Lise-Thread"  
bank, where woman has kept her  
money on deposit these many years.  
An enterprising shoe manufacturer is  
making boots for fall wear with a  
dainty patent leather pocket on the  
side, near the top, where it is supposed  
to be covered by the skirt.  
It's a novelty, all right, but whether  
women generally will regard it as safe  
is another matter. There's never any  
question about the little wad of bills  
pinned to the inside of one's stocking,  
however. Except in instances like that  
of the woman who went bathing in the  
pair she wore to the beach, then don-  
ned a dry pair, and left the wet ones,  
money and all, on the line to dry!

## CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Do you know of  
anything that will remove superflu-  
ous hair?  
M. P.

A.—There are numerous preparations  
in the market which are said to do this  
work, but the electric needle is the  
only permanent and satisfactory cure.

Dear Miss Grey: I am nearly 13,  
6 feet 4 inches tall. Am I too large?  
2. How long should my dress be?  
3. Am I too large to wear my hair curled?  
CURLY.

A.—1. No. 2. Just below the knee.  
3. No.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I take  
bananas out of white lawn? The  
goods have been washed since stained.  
MRS. G.

A.—Fill a bowl half-full of boiling  
water. Pour in it half this quantity of  
alcohol. Hold the stain over steam until  
it disappears.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS  
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

No. 8663—A Dainty House Sacque.  
Ladies' Dressing Sacque with Pepp-  
lum and Two Styles of Sleeve. Dress-  
ing sacques are always desirable, and  
a necessary adjunct to a woman who  
likes a comfortable garment for wear  
about the house. The design here  
shown may be finished with a ruffled  
or sailor collar, and bishop or flowing  
sleeve as preferred. The skirt piece  
or peplum is cut circular, and joined  
to the sacque with the best Lawn,  
dimity, organdy, crepe or challis will  
be suitable for this model, and silk or  
flannel are equally appropriate. White  
dotted Swiss, with edging of French  
Valenciennes will be very dainty and  
effective. The pattern is cut in six  
sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches bust  
measure, and requires 3 yards of 44-  
inch material for the 36-inch size.  
A pattern of this illustration mailed  
to any address on receipt of 10 cents  
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 include above  
illustration and send size of pattern  
desired. When the pattern is bust measure,  
you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever  
it may be. When in waist measure, 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 10 cents in cash  
or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,  
LONDON ADVERTISER.

Your Opportunity to Visit the Cana-  
dian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Return tickets at single fare will be  
issued via Grand Trunk Railway Sys-  
tem from all stations in Canada, west  
of Cornwall and Ottawa, good going  
Aug. 27 to Sept. 10 inclusive. Special low rates  
limit Sept. 13, 1940. Special low rates  
will also be in effect on certain days.  
Full particulars and tickets from any  
Grand Trunk agent.

## TALES FROM ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE SECOND VOYAGE  
OF SINBAD—PART TWO

(On his second voyage, Sinbad is  
left by his comrades on a desert  
island, from which he is carried by  
a large bird to a rocky place covered  
with diamonds. While he is picking  
these up a piece of raw meat falls  
close beside him.)

Now, I recollected a tale I had  
heard some time ago about diamond  
hunters—a tale that had always  
thought not true, but that here  
proved itself to be so. Merchants  
came to diamond valleys like these  
merchants, and the eagles have young ones  
for whom they must provide. They  
throw these great pieces of meat  
into the valley, and the diamonds,  
on whose points they fall, stick to  
them. Then the great eagles pounce  
down and carry the meat up to the  
tops of the precipices to their nests.  
The merchants run to the nest,  
drive away the eagles, and take the  
diamonds that stick to the meat. I  
saw that this would be the means of  
saving my life.

First I collected the largest dia-  
monds that I could find and put  
them in my leather bag. Then I tied  
myself to the largest piece of meat,  
placing the latter on top of me. In  
a very little time one of the eagles  
picked up the meat to which I was  
fastened, and carried me to his nest.  
The merchants began their shouting,  
drove away the birds, and coming to  
the nest where I lay, were much sur-  
prised to see a man inside it. The other  
merchants came crowding about me,  
and all were amazed to hear my tale.  
To each one I gave a large diamond.

Next morning the merchants made  
ready to depart, and took me with  
them. On our way we came to an  
island where grew a tree from which  
cambor was made. The trees were so  
large that a hundred men could eas-  
ily sit under the shade of one of them.  
In fact, families often used them as  
homes instead of building houses, for  
the branches grew down into the  
ground again and divided the spaces  
beneath the trees into different parts  
like rooms. Also on this island we

We saw a strange animal fighting  
with an elephant.

I sold my diamonds and set sail for  
home. My friends had all mourned  
for me for dead, and great was the re-  
joicing and many were the feasts when  
they found out that I had actually re-  
turned to Bagdad in safety.

## At Twenty

BY EDWARD MEEMAN.

Somewhere the "dearest girl in the world" is waiting for me;  
Today, this hour, this minute, this very second—she  
Exists! Whether dark or light, or tall or fair,  
I know not. But one thing I know, she is—somewhere!

She may be going to school, or may be she's a teacher;  
Perhaps her dad's a gambler, and may be he's a preacher;  
She may be six, or sixteen, or may be six and thirty;  
She may be modest and demure; perhaps quite fiery.

Is she strong and willful, a militant suffragist,  
Or of the snuggly kind, that wants only to be kissed?  
Is she motoring today, or sailing in a yacht?  
She may be spending millions—and then again may be not.

Does she wear gowns today, and toy with a jewelled fan?  
Or roll cigars or launder to earn the mite she can?  
"Eat supper" in a tenement—or in a mansion dine?  
Will she wait or be waited on tonight, this girl of mine?

May be her hair's in a golden braid, may be over a rat;  
May be topped by a sailor; may be a picture hat;  
Are her locks blond or ashen, auburn or red or black?  
They may not be her own at all! Ah, love! alack!

Of those eyes I will look into so often, what's the shade?  
Have they the depths of a saint, or the rippling glint of a jade?  
Are they black, or brown, or blue, or grey, or of amber sheen—  
Lord-a-mercy! What if the eyes of this woman are green?

May be she's over in China, may be across the street;  
May be I know her already; may be she's yet to meet;  
Perhaps, in print, unknowing, I've often read her name;  
A girl of the stage, or a nurse, or an author known to fame.

May be she wants to be fat; may be she'd like to be thinner;  
She may be a homely saint; may be a beautiful sinner;  
I don't know—but two things are sure as my heart's beat,  
She is TODAY, and in God's good time, our hearts will meet.

## When a Man Marries

This famous comedy-novel, from the pen of Mrs. Rinehart, will be pub-  
lished on this page of The Advertiser, beginning Monday.  
Mrs. Rinehart gives her readers a fresh measure of her story-telling  
gifts. She has adventures in a fresh field, in pastures new. With an easy  
pen, and in the higher one in which character-sketches and piquant situa-  
tions and humor—above all, humor—hold sway, she has distinctly made her  
mark.

Barrie told us a delightful story of "When a Man's Single." Mrs. Rine-  
hart tells one of when he's married. One may begin the story in a mood of  
depression, and in a state of physical weariness—one is sure to end it in one  
of exhilaration.

It is a comedy that cheers while not ineffectually. Here is the author's own  
recipe for it: "Nine people, two of them unhappy—Jim and I; one of them  
complacent—Aunt Selma; one puzzled, Mr. Harbison; and the rest hysteri-  
cally mirthful. Add one Japanese butler, and grind in the mill of the gods."

## HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

In some way I pulled up my horse at  
the sally-port, flung myself from the  
saddle, and ran like mad across the  
court and up the stairs, before the  
astonished sentinels could gather their  
senses.

I knew the way to the council cham-  
ber, and made straight for it, my head  
ringing, a buzzing in my ears and the  
floor seemingly ready to rise and strike  
me at any moment.

And then at last I was on the floor  
where the grand dukes met, and push-  
ing my way through the waiting throng  
of attendants, soldiers and guards.

Some seemingly tried to stop me, and  
I remember flung them to one side and  
went on. The luck of a madman or a  
drunkard—I had nearly drained my flask  
before I left the inn—was with me, for  
I made on through the crowd, and at  
last came to the door of the council  
room itself.

As I paused there, brought to a stand  
by the throng about the door, I gazed  
about me vaguely, and for the first time  
realized every one was buzzing with ex-  
citement over some news that was being  
passed from one to another.

Then I heard some one say:  
"She has made her plea, but it will  
be useless. He holds them in his hands."  
The words beat upon my brain, and I  
pushed madly on.

At the door two sentinels stood, and  
barred the way.  
"Count von Merider!" I demanded.  
"Has he gone?"

"Count Heinrich of Vankle?"  
"He has not come as yet. Many are  
asking for him."  
"Not come!" I cried, feeling a trick  
aching as it was, responding in some  
way. "Then Zergald will lose. Now I  
may be too late."

People crowded around us, attracted  
by my words.  
"In the name of the Duke of Zergald,"  
I said, "stand aside. I've a message  
from Count Heinrich of Vankle."

The soldiers seemed in doubt, but  
waiting for no leave, as they gave back  
a step, looking from one to the other to  
see what they should do, I pushed by  
them.

The doors swung open into a deep al-  
cove, and heavy portieres hung at the  
farther side, so that once passing the  
guards, I was able to pause for an in-  
stant.

I felt weak and dizzy, and now, when  
so near my goal, it seemed as if I could  
not move on. I grasped the portiere  
drawn close together, and stood my-  
self, all the time trying to still the  
ringing in my ears to learn what was  
going on beyond, and whether I was  
yet in time.

Voices came to me from the council  
chamber, and yet I could not seem to  
make out the words. I looked about me  
as if to find help, and then as I turned  
back again, found the portieres opened  
a fraction of an inch by my weight upon  
them.

There sat Kurimurt; behind him Karl,  
and beyond Hilma. She was pale, but  
she sat straight in her chair, cold and  
rigid.

About the table were thirty men or  
over, while Zergald stood at the end and  
was speaking. At Zergald's right sat a  
young fellow, whose name I knew, but  
thought at that instant my mind could  
hardly grasp any facts or my eyes over-  
clearly make out even those I knew well.

I stood clinging to the curtains, star-  
ing at the blurred faces before me as if  
I had no real interest in what was go-  
ing on, but only watched as one curious  
to an extreme. Then I began to realize  
that Zergald was on his feet and speak-  
ing.

"And this wild claim!" Zergald said,  
sarcasm and scorn in his tone—"this  
wild claim, what is it?" A myth; a fancy  
born in a young girl's mind by a char-  
itable uncle? Is it that? Let us be chari-  
table and answer not for on such a man  
as the Duke of Kurimurt I would never  
place a slur. Yet, gentlemen, what is  
this claim? I would pass it by without  
a word, but the birth of his Highness,  
Joachim the First, King of Scavania, is  
questioned—his Highness, the King of  
Scavania, I say! And his cold steel  
eyes travelled around the grand dukes,  
meeting each one threateningly, de-  
mandingly, defiantly. "His Highness,  
the King of Scavania's birth is ques-  
tioned. Will you have a slur placed upon  
it? Will you let such a slur pass be-  
yond this room?"

"Here it must be stamped upon, ex-  
terminated, cast out, as such a vile ac-  
certainment should be treated. And how?  
Will you, the peers of the realm, sit  
there and calmly hear his Highness's fair  
name defiled? Rise as one body and an-  
swer this vile accusation with your vote!  
A formal matter these meetings hereto-  
fore, but today pregnant with great re-  
sponsibility, for it is for you, the grand  
dukes of fair Scavania, to answer such a  
lie by the power vested in your sacred  
hands."

"Cast one vote; on your feet as a  
single man, and cry out by acclamation  
for his royal Highness, Joachim the  
First, as your King, or—" and his voice  
sank almost to a whisper—"demand  
proof! proof! proof! And that her  
Highness tells you she has not."

As a body the dukes were upon their  
feet, carried away by Zergald's appeal,  
and a mighty shout went up from each  
of them.

Kurimurt cried out, but his voice was  
drowned in the rabble. Karl was on his  
feet; Hilma alone seemed calm, and  
then my wild brain seemed to  
spring to life, and I realized I had de-  
layed too long. With a quick movement  
I threw open the curtain, and about  
a word made for her Highness's chair.

The smile on Zergald's lips froze in-  
stantly, while the grand dukes wheeled  
forward, while the grand dukes wheeled  
upon me, but I—I only saw a pair of  
beaming eyes—for even now my head  
was a bit dizzy—while I studied its tow-  
ers and turrets.

From the one on the right side and I  
had watched the sun rise. From there  
we had hoisted her flag of distress. From  
there we had seen Kurimurt and Karl  
ride to our rescue and the assault on the  
gates.

How so much time to pass in so short  
a time? The lake was the same; the  
garden of the inn traced with many  
paths, lined deep in shrubbery, and yet  
everything seemed changed. Perhaps, I  
said to myself, the change I feel is  
because she is to be crowned. Already  
the city had taken on new gaiety. First  
because she is to be crowned. First  
then confirmation and then peal upon  
peal the bells rang forth. Down came  
Joachim's picture, up went the Princess  
Hilma's, and the people the city over  
shouted and cried for joy.

Why they were to have her for queen  
made no difference. That the grand  
dukes had selected their princess was  
sufficient. The rumor that had crept  
here and there the last few days was,

after all, of some substance, for now it  
bore fruit.

"People were half mad. Some had been  
gay because the choosing of a ruler was  
a time for gaiety, but now they went  
still farther, as that ruler was their  
heart's choice.

Others who had had no heart to shout  
for Joachim, shouted now twice as loud,  
for the reason that they shouted out of  
joy at the turn events had taken, so  
unlooked for a few hours ago.

"And this change in feeling, perhaps,  
had got into my blood and made me feel  
so different. Or was it because my task  
was done? No need this morning to  
steady my hand to see if I could shoot  
straight, for no need would come. No  
need to think, plot or plan.

The travelling of secret passages was  
at an end. Heinrich was gone, good  
horses taking him across the frontier  
before Karl could catch up with him, so  
now, no chance to cross blades with him.  
Zergald's nails were out and he himself  
in all but name a prisoner.

No need to plan to circumvent his  
schemes, for scheme he could not. No  
need to worry over papers, now back  
safe in Kurimurt's strong box. No need  
of anything, unless—

My hands gripped the railing again,  
and far up the shore my eyes sought the  
white quay, then that spot where the

grounds about her palace reached the  
waters.

And while I looked and thought of  
what I should not, Karl stepped out upon  
the balcony.

I did not turn even when he laid his  
hand gently on my shoulder.  
"Put a moment he looked where I  
looked, and perhaps felt one bit what  
I felt."

"Well done, John Converse, well done!"  
he said.  
"I'm not done yet," I answered sud-  
denly, a madness seeming to grip me and  
set my mind in a whirl.

"No, it's not actually done, it's true,"  
he answered, mistaking my meaning;  
"but in an hour she will have crowned  
me."

"Will she?" I cried, turning and look-  
ing at him for the first time. "Will she,  
think you? How do you know? If I  
lift my finger you'll have no one to  
crown this day."

He looked at me steadily for a mo-  
ment, and then his hand fell on my  
shoulder again.

I dropped into a chair on the other  
side of the table and buried my face  
in my hands.

"I mean it to be well done," I mur-  
mured.

"And no one else could have done it  
as you have."

"What does Kurimurt say?" I ask-

Saturday's Display  
Of Tempting Bargains

We are looking for big business Saturday, and are determined to have it if an assemblage  
of choice seasonal goods at unprecedented bargain prices will turn the trick. Examine these  
values and understand that they are but a few of the many such awaiting our Saturday  
customers.

## Ladies' Mull Dresses

Regular \$8.00, Saturday \$4.95  
Ladies' One-Piece Mull Dresses, in mauve,  
pink and blue, handsomely trimmed with  
panels and fine tucks and lace in-  
sertion. Regular \$8.00, for ..... \$4.95

## One-Piece Dresses

Regular \$3.50, Saturday \$1.75  
Ladies' One-Piece Dresses, in gingham and  
chambray, in brown, blue, and black and  
white checks, full gored skirt, waist trimmed  
in yoke style. Regular \$3.50,  
Saturday ..... \$1.75

## New Dress Goods

Value 75c, Price 42c  
The price and quality of these goods are  
calculated to attract and secure your interest  
in our Fall Dress Goods Display. We have  
plenty of higher-priced fabrics, but these are  
genuine price wonders. All new  
weaves and colors, at ..... 42c

FALL QUARTERLY STYLE BOOK AND SEPTEMBER PATTERNS ON SALE.

## GRAY &amp; PARKER

PHONE 1182. 150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

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white quay, then that spot where the

grounds about her palace reached the  
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And while I looked and thought of  
what I should not, Karl stepped out upon  
the balcony.

I did not turn even when he laid his  
hand gently on my shoulder.  
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looked, and perhaps felt one bit what  
I felt."

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he said.  
"I'm not done yet," I answered sud-  
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