

## THE WOMAN'S CORNER

OH, DEAR! HOW RIDICULOUS  
THEY DID DRESS IN 1860

## ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

If you cannot afford to go to the best dressmakers never go in for exaggerations. Put thought into your toilet.

After shirtwaists are ironed put them on waist hangers to keep them in shape, and hang these on the broom or other stick suspended from two chairs.

When cleaning fish use a pair of old scissors for cutting off fins, tail and gillings. Saves time and your nerves.

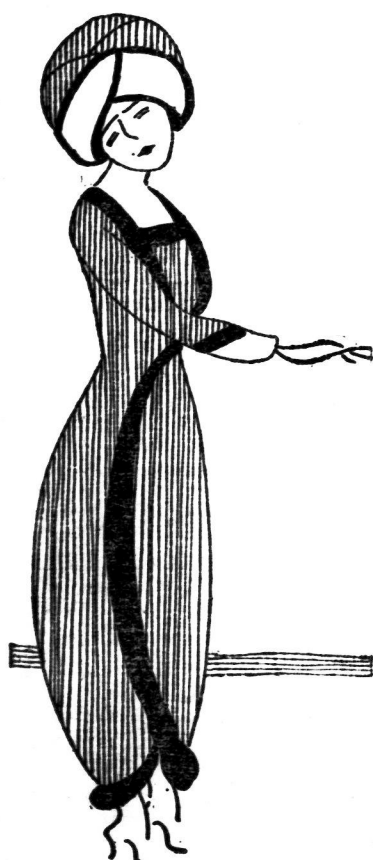
Powdered sulphur and lemon juice have magical effect upon straw hats which have become sun-baked, while

pipe clay, such as soldiers use for belts, rubbed over velvet is a useful cleanser.

When having trouble from cockroaches leave a few peelings of cucumbers near their favorite haunts.

White silk should never be hung in the sun, and when it has been rendered yellow by this means it should be washed again and hung in a shady place, and in the water should be placed a little turpentine.

A piece of yellow soap shredded among blankets stored away will effectually keep the moths out.

HOBBLE A NECESSITY  
COMES TO STAY

## THE AIRDRESS.

A look at the costumes for airwomen at the New York clothes show shows that they are hobble skirts! For obvious reasons, the airgirl must wear breeches or a skirt which is tight around the ankles. So the hobble skirt is to remain with us. This gown was a satin affair with no ruffles or ribbons to catch the wind.

The headpiece may be a turban effect, or a hood which covers head and shoulders, fitting in at the neck, like the helmet of a knight in the middle ages.

## HOT WEATHER HINTS

Here's a new way to keep meat in hot weather: When it comes from the market wipe it with a clean cloth and hang it up in a cool, dry place, with a muslin bag filled with charcoal on either side. Meat can be preserved in this way for several days and be perfectly fresh when you are ready to cook it.

Include in your picnic provisions cucumber and lettuce sandwiches. They have a cooling effect on the palate. Stuffed banana sandwiches are good for the same reason.

Barley water has long been accepted as a hot weather food for babies, but very few adults have tried it. It is just as nutritious for you as for the kids, and here's one of the best ways to make it:

Boil the barley two or three hours, carefully strain and dilute, and then with lemon juice. Sweeten to suit your own tastes. Combined with milk, barley water made in this way is a perfect food.

## FASHIONS

The latest French fad is the long black satin scarf, lined with white, ten inches wide and three yards long.

It is prophesied that late fall will bring forth the velvet or velveteen suit, fur trimmed.

Plain tailor-made suits will be leaders in suits for street wear.

The favorite corset is long-waisted even when the bust of the corset is low.

The predominating notes of the new fashions are a lack of many seams, kimono sleeves and mists of chiffon, over spots, stripes, floral patterns and vivid colorings.

Attractive bows of sheer silk and baste, trimmed with fine laces, are shown, in which the bows are short and usually in two pairs, with rather long ends. The daintiest butterfly bows are seen in the shops.

The new washable skirts of pique, duck or linen fit almost like gloves. If the skirts are any tighter it will be difficult to get into them. Pique skirts are made of five or seven gored models shaped in below the hips, the seams heavily welded and conspicuously stitched.

A decided vogue for black, for evening or afternoon wear, is indicated.

The tendency seems to be to make the sleeves larger than they were last year.

Waists made of plain colored satins to match the color of the suits with style this fall and winter.

Hair ornaments deserve the term "gaudy."

## FOR THE LITTLE MAID



This quaint scoop hat covered with pongee or a handsome India print is the smartest of all hats for little girls. Fruits made of handsome crepe de chine in deep fruit colors, with velvet or satin foliage, make an exquisite trimming for these pretty hats.

## A LIVING MEMORY.

My gentle daughter—gentle, gentle maid,  
Your life doth never fade!  
Oh, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine,  
And, on my heart, in healing command,  
I feel the pressure of your small warm hand,  
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sigh,  
So softly out of mine!

—Wm. A. Croft.

CYNTHIA GREY'S  
CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Will capes be worn this year? 2. How can I clean a baby's white bearskin coat? 3. Please give me a recipe for green cucumber pickles, sweet.

B. B. Not so much as last winter, except for evening wear. 2. Scrub with dry cornmeal and small brush. Renew cornmeal as it soils and shake garment sleeves larger than they were last boiling water over the cucumbers and let stand four hours. To every gallon of vinegar take one pound sugar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon pulverized alum, one ounce cinnamon bark and one-fourth ounce whole cloves. Boil this and pour over the cucumbers. Seal while hot. If the vinegar is very sour, add more sugar.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) How can I clean black suede shoes? (2) What is the latest style of wearing the hair? (3) Are puffs worn? (4) I am nineteen and am five feet eight inches tall and weigh 101 pounds. Am I too thin? (5) Is it proper for a girl to ask a young man for "Ladies' Choice" at a ball?

A. (1) Shoe dealers sell a preparation for that purpose. (2) Parted, combed loosely from the face and coiled low below the crown of the head. A very small roll or "rat" is worn at the back of the head. (3) Puffs and curls are still worn. (4) You are rather slender for your height, but if your health is good you will develop never fear. (5) I am sorry about it—in a few years you will be asking me how to get thin. (5) Yes.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS  
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

No. 8636—Ladies' Dressing Sack, With Two Styles of Sleeves.

Every woman needs a dressing sack. The model here shown is entirely comfortable and practical and at the same time trim and dainty. The neck edge may be finished with the flat collar, or may be trimmed with a frill or ruching. Either style of sleeve may be developed in full or short length. Cotton crepe, wash fabrics, flannel or cashmere are appropriate for this model. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration, mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents 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 enclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 32, 34, 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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

## EMPIRE DAY PLANS.

London, Aug. 17.—The secretary of the Empire Movement reports that Empire Day would have been celebrated in a far more extended manner than previously had King Edward VII. not died, arrangements having been made for 755,000 scholars to celebrate the occasion by a programme of entertainment.

One week free trial in Edison, Victor and Columbia phonographs from Williams Piano Company, Limited, 194 Dundas street.

\$11 00, Atlantic City and Return, Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, from Suspension Bridge, Friday, Aug. 26. Tickets good to return within fifteen days, and stop-over at Philadelphia. Particulars, 4 King street east, Toronto.

## HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

The seat I dragged after me, holding the rope in my teeth. Speed was essential for the water was cold and I knew ridges and glist would get wet.

I backed on and on. The pipe seemed longer than I had thought it could be, and the feeling of being in a trap came over me.

The bottom was so slimy that my hands and knees slipped as I worked my way backward. Once my hands struck a mass of weeds, and I pitched forward, my head going under water.

By good luck I got hold of the rope again and drew the seat back to me. Thus I worked on, going an interminable distance, as it seemed.

I was soaked through and through, and the cold of the water, heightened by the feeling of being shut up in the pipe, set me shivering all over.

At last, when it seemed as if I had traveled far enough to be half way under the castle itself, my feet slipped over the edge of the pipe, and with an extra effort I pushed my legs out until they reached back, took hold of the edge of the pipe with my left hand, and catching a deep breath, ducked my head under the water. Then with a shove slipped out into the moat.

It seemed almost light when I pulled myself out from the pipe and looked at me. The castle rose at my back and the wall before me. I was inside at last.

The boat seat I pulled out, tossed it onto the ground above me and climbed over the end of the pipe. The water ran from me in streams and my boots were full. These I emptied, pulled them on again and unwrapped my coat. I was fairly dry, and after wringing out my shirt I slipped it on.

My revolver I wiped dry, buckled the sword to my belt and looked about me. I was on the side of the moat under the wall, and the strip of ground was at least twelve feet wide. Counting the width of the wall and the length of the pipe outside, it must have been at least eighteen feet in length.

Down beyond me the light from a window caught my eye, and then suddenly the figure of a man crouching close to the wall passed with a dart through the shaft of light.

I drew back against the wall, pistol in hand, as the fellow came on. In an instant I recognized Valtier, but as mistrust was in me for his failure to open the door, I covered him with my revolver.

He stopped beyond me, and I saw he was opening the gate in the wall. I called to him and slipped along to his side.

"You, sir?" he exclaimed, surprised to see me already within.

"Yes. What's the trouble?" I demanded.

"He kept me at work cleaning one of the old dungeons, sir. I just slipped away."

"That's his room, sir, at the light. Her Highness is beyond."

"Did you tell her to expect us?"

"I only had a chance to make a sign to her, but I think she understood."

"Good! Lead me there."

"They could not come, I'm alone."

"And you, sir?" he touched my arm.

"Through the pipe."

"I could not see his face, but I felt him start."

"Will you try it alone?" he asked.

"Assuredly. Where are his men?"

"Above. See?" he pointed above my head toward the left wing. "The light is out and they are asleep."

"Any one on guard?"

"No one. Heinrich looked up the doors himself. He has the keys."

"Then he suspects nothing?"

"I think not. He just called me from

my work, bade me go to bed and went back to his room."

"How do you get in?"

"This way."

He led me around the moat, passed the window from which the light shone and nearly to the front of the castle.

Finally he stopped, leaned down and picked up a long plank.

"There's a pillar of stone in the middle of the moat," he said. "This will reach him to me."

He laid it across, picked up another plank from under the wall and walked out over the first one. The second spanned the moat and brought us to a narrow ledge under one of the smaller towers.

"Steps here, sir, and mind they are slippery."

I nodded and followed him up. A small door was at the top and it swung open. In a moment we were within.

As soon as he closed the door I drew him to me.

"Whereabouts are we?" I asked, wishing to get my bearings.

"Down the steps and through a narrow passage, then up on the other side into the main hall, near the great doors."

"Yes," I said, recalling the plans.

"There you turn to your left, and the door to his room is on the same side as the far end."

"And he has the keys?" I asked.

"To all the doors, but I'll wait in the hall and you can go out with her Highness this way to the boat. I left the gate in the wall open."

"That's better," I agreed. "Lead on."

"We went down the stairs through a long, narrow passage and up on the other side. At the top of the stairs there was a door, and I opened it cautiously and peered out."

The great hall stretched before me, a dim light burning in a pair of antler brackets over a huge fireplace. On the other side, far down, the shadows of a great staircase could be seen.

"Wait here," Valtier asked, touching me on the arm and holding out a coil of thin but strong rope.

"There'll be no need of rope," I said.

He asked nothing more, and I pushed the door open slowly. It creaked on its hinges and I paused to see if the sound had attracted attention.

I crossed the hall, at the far end, the light fell in a shaft from the open door to Heinrich's room.

I pushed the door again and stepped out. As I did so a shadow fell in the light and I drew back close to the wall and behind a suit of armour.

The shadow lengthened and Heinrich stepped into the hall.

He stood for an instant, looking about him, and then crossed on tiptoes to the foot of the stairs. He peered up into the blackness overhead, listened for a moment, and then walked back.

"I don't trust the castle," he muttered as he went into his room.

I watched his shadow as he crossed the floor, and then I heard him move out a chair and sit down.

"He's at his desk," Valtier whispered. "He's always there—it's straight in from the hall."

"And the light," I asked, "where is it?"

"Good," I said, and stole down the hall.

I stopped twice to listen, and then in two more steps was at the side of the door.

I could hear Heinrich's pen scratching on the paper.

Carefully I turned back the wet covers about my wrists, cocked my revolver, and stepped softly into the doorway.

Half way across the room, bending over some papers, with the full light of a large lamp shining on him, sat Heinrich of Vankle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

For possibly thirty seconds I stood there, looking into the room, where under the bright light over the desk Heinrich sat busily writing.

It was not over a half minute, I am sure, and yet in that short time the cool deliberation and calm of Heinrich had prompted my movements up to then gave way to anger.

Whenever I had met Heinrich, no matter under what circumstances, I had in a way found myself attracted by something in his manner. There was a re-

less dare-devilry about him in approaching a subject that appealed to me, for the man who flaunts danger or plays with consequences is liable for the very risk he seems to be taking. Now, however, such liking vanished, and my blood boiled with a desire to strike him down where he sat.

Beyond him, through a door in deep shadow, was Hilma, and that this man could have brought her here and so calmly sit as her father, made every nerve in my body quiver and my muscles draw taut.

I half raised my pistol and then lowered it, for while I longed to end him and his vile tricks and plotting with one single shot, a shot easy to make, I feared the outcome of such an act. I might have finished Heinrich, but I surely would have brought his dozen blackguards down about me from the floor above.

Caution was demanded, if I was to accomplish Hilma's release, and so I was forced to deal with him not as I might wish, but as would best serve our purpose.

The hot blood rushed to my face, and, goaded by the knowledge that I could not with one shot finish the vilest one of them all, I found myself striving for some thought, and a way to accomplish the thing that seemed so near and yet so far from final completion.

Then the fear that Heinrich might look up drove the cold beads of perspiration to my forehead, and I seemed rooted to the spot. With an effort I pulled myself together, gripped my pistol as if to steady myself, and I had to fire now the sound of the shot would be less likely to draw attention.

I stepped across the threshold, keeping my eyes on Heinrich and my pistol levelled at his head, and then with my left hand swung the half-opened door closed. If I had to fire now the sound of the shot would be less likely to draw attention to the upper floor, and yet I dreaded to shoot for fear of such a possibility.

Still keeping Heinrich covered, I groped behind me for the key, but found none. A bolt, however, was on the door, and I shot it home with a feeling of relief and exultation.

The door was heavy, the bolt strong, and even if we raised the heavens before the instant was settled, it would be ended now without interference.

For an instant I watched him. His forehead rested in his left hand and he kept tapping his teeth with his pen. Then he fell to writing again.

It seemed an interminable distance between us, and I could but wonder how many steps I would take before he heard me and seized the revolver lying on the table before him.

One step—two steps—three—then more. Heinrich wrote on. My revolver covered him, my fingers as tight on the trigger as his.

THE LADIES OF LONDON MAY NOW HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR—MR. STRONG HAS THE ARTICLE AND GUARANTEES IT TO GROW HAIR.

Mr. Strong, backed up by the manufacture of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower, guarantees it to grow hair. SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and fed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually.

Ladies of society and influence use no other.

SALVIA is a non-sticky preparation, and is the ladies' favorite. A large, generous bottle, 50c. The Scobell Drug Company, St. Catharines, Canadian distributors.

## BE A CHARMING WOMAN

You never saw a beautiful woman who didn't have beautiful hair. The charms of a beautiful woman lie in her hair. Many women do not realize the attractions they possess because they do not give proper attention to the care of the hair.

The women of the "400" are famed for their beauty, not because their facial features are superior to those of other women, but because they know how to keep young by supplying vigor, lustre, and strength to the hair.

Up to a few years ago Parisian Sages could hardly be obtained in America. But now this delightful hair restorer can be had in every town in America. Cairncross & Lawrence sell it in London for 50 cents a bottle, and they guarantee it to grow beautiful, luxuriant hair; to turn dull, lifeless hair into lustrous hair; to stop falling hair; to stop itching of the scalp. Understand, Cairncross & Lawrence will give you your money back if it fails.

As I dared, and almost the dread my nerves would draw taut and without intent it would be ordered.

Half the distance was covered. The light burned like a ball of fire in my eyes, but still, his back nearly turned to me, Heinrich wrote on and on.

Then there were only a few feet more, and with a spring my left hand covered the pistol on the table, and Heinrich looked up into the barrel of my revolver.

As I stood there glaring down into his face, my body half over the table, admiration for his nerve took possession of me.

I was the last person he could have expected to see, for surely in his security he had no idea that either Karl or I could be nearer than across the lake.

Yet he looked up without a start or even a tremor, the slight flash of irritation at the interruption instantly gave way as a smile broke out over his face.

"The Meddler again! Really," he leaned back and let his hands drop on the arms of his chair, "you do turn up in the oddest places."

"Stand up!" I ordered.

"Really?" he began.

I pushed my pistol into his face till it nearly touched his forehead and repeated my command.

With a shrug he rose to his feet, the smile still on his lips. I picked up his pistol in my left hand and threw open the chamber, turning out the cartridges on the desk.

A second one?" I demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Turn around!" I ordered.

I felt of his pockets, and making sure I had cut his claws, sat on the edge of the desk.

"Will the Meddler allow me to be seated?" he asked with mock courtesy, glancing at me over his shoulder.

"Sit down!" I answered.

He dropped into the chair again and crossed his knees.

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"There's no time," he asked.

(To Be Continued.)

The World's Standard

Since 1847, the world's standard of fine silverplate has been set by pieces marked "1847 ROGERS BROS."

With this name in mind you will be sure of getting the heaviest grade of silver plate.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITS CO.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Your  
Grocer Knows

EVERY good grocer is willing and anxious to please his customers.

Sometimes, if he happens to be out of the goods you ask for, he may recommend a different brand rather than keep you waiting.

But when it comes to flour, he knows that Ogilvie's

## Royal Household Flour

is one of the things for which there is no substitute. No other flour is "just as good." Ogilvie's "Royal Household" is in a class distinctly by itself. To offer a substitute for "Royal Household" would be like offering oleomargarine to a customer who wanted prime dairy butter. No good grocer would do it. When you tell him you want Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour, he will send that and nothing else.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," with 125 pages of recipes that have been tried and tested, will be sent free if you will send us your address and mention the name of your dealer.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED,

MONTREAL.