

# THE WOMAN'S CORNER

## A CHARMING SUMMER COIFFURE



Simple curls, soft waves and a wreath of diminutive yellow and shaded pink roses—that's all.

## FASHIONS

Many very large flat hats are seen, trimmed underneath the brim.

New handbags are made of black velvet and colored suede leather.

A novelty in the binding of hats is to take a ribbon about three inches wide, gather at each edge, and draw up to fit over the brim edge as wide on the lower as on the upper side.

The gump of plain sheer tulle or net is more frequently used than that of tucks. The yoke is extremely shallow and flesh tint is the usual color.

Wreaths of simple white roses lie flat upon the broad brims of plain black hats for those who would avoid the flaring brim.

The kimono and obi scarf effect is strongly hinted at in some of the new Paris costumes, which lean toward orientalisms.

Pumps of panama straw for warm weather wear are made with moderately thick soles.

Lapis-lazuli, jade, malachite, ruby, crystal and coral are among the stones most frequently used for earrings.

Little fans must match the evening gown in color and material, and the same pattern of embroidery must be used for their decorations.

Pumps of black satin are finished with simple flat bows.

## PACK SUFFRAGE IN WITH THE GROCERIES

New York, July 30. — (Special.)—If Selva Lockwood had thought of the latest suffrage scheme for advertising the cause, she might easily have won her way to the White House in 1884. Over in Brooklyn they are getting suffrage with their coffee for breakfast, with their salad for lunch, and with their porthouse steak for dinner. Probably they will be getting it next with their pajamas and nightgowns, but it hasn't quite come to that yet.

And all because the suffrage promoters adopted the wiles of the modern

advertising man. They had hundreds of thousands of paper bags printed with a little suffrage boomlet on one side, and distributed them gratis to the grocers and butchers of Brooklyn. Naturally, these dispensers of provender were perfectly willing to use the bags. Now every housewife receives a little lesson in equal suffrage along with the baking powder, the vanilla extract and the shredded bath-mats. She finds out how to get in touch with her district organization, and learns that no dues are required.

## CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: My hands perspire very much, making it impossible for me to wear gloves, even in the winter. I wish you would please tell me what to do for them. INQUIRY.

A.—Improve your general circulation by long walks. Take a hot bath twice or three times a week, followed by a cold sponge or spray. Rub your entire body vigorously with a rough Turkish towel morning and night. Dust a little talcum with one-sixth part powdered alum in it, into your gloves.

Dear Miss Grey: A schoolmate has been paying a great deal of attention to me. He is engaged to a girl who is away, but he never goes to see her unless he goes on the sly, and he does not mention her to me. I invite him to call, and he says he will, but he has called only once. How can I find out if he means to be true to me? My mother is also anxious. My father is dead. Please advise me. LILLIAN.

A.—If you know this young man is engaged, you are doing wrong in accepting attentions from him. It looks as if he may be a would-be "mascher." If he does not care enough about you to call at your home, he certainly is not worthy the thought you are giving him. Drop him.

Dear Miss Grey: I had some work done with the electric needle, and brown scars have resulted. What can I do for them? GREENHORN.

A.—Better consult the operator who did your work.

## HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

She had told me of Zergald's endeavor to get a law passed in the State of fact unknown to any of us. She had no need to tell me of that and much more that she did. And so I accepted what she said and believed in her. Of course, I could not help realizing all she purposed doing would affect Heinrich's interests, and far more than my telling Sir Charles of his threat against me at her villa. Yet when she told me an underground passage connected the house where we were and the palace, and that she would lead me through it, and to the documents, I was ready and eager to follow her.

I may have been easily persuaded. I may have allowed my desire to recover my papers to outweigh my judgment, perhaps I did. And yet if I did, all I can say is that the Countess Merdith talked convincingly, and I believed her. It seems today, as I review events, I was easily persuaded, easily led. But as I write have not the countess before me. Her handsome, eager face, her deep

eyes, her frank look are not here to add evidence to the statements. Let the man who condemns my over-confidence and calls me a fool for rushing in as I did remember that. Let him meet the countess once—and she can be found today in a certain capital of Europe—it is best to keep track of a few people—and there talk with her. He'll believe what I tell him. I'm mistaken.

However, why excuse myself? The fact is I bade the countess lead on, and we instantly set out for the castle.

The documents were in Heinrich's room, she said, and all we had to do was to go down and enter by a secret door she knew well.

Taking a candle, we went into the hall and down a flight of narrow stairs. The countess led the way, and soon we were in the cellar of the house piled high with old boxes and rubbish already begun to rot.

From there she led me on through a narrow stone-lined passage, cold and damp. The ground fell away a bit and we kept going down lower and lower.

Then suddenly we came to a flight of steps, some ten in number, down which we passed, to find ourselves in a fair-sized room containing a small pine table and two chairs.

It seemed much like a dungeon, and as inviting. For the first time the countess paused and spoke to me.

"I must leave you here for a moment. A guard is beyond. She pointed to a black spot on the other wall, which I made out to be a second opening. 'I will have to get him away.'"

My confidence in her was not to lessen. The long wall through the narrow passage and the request to wait in darkness in a dungeon-like room was not conducive to trust. Yet I had come so far and could not well turn back.

So I seated myself on the chairs by the table and bade the countess go on.

She left me without another word, and left me in black a darkness as I have ever seen. As soon as she was gone through the archway at the farther side I whipped out my revolver and sat, all nerves keen, listening for the slightest sound.

I knew if I was to be attacked it would be while I waited here, and if I passed through this I could be certain my trust was not misplaced.

How long I sat there listening and hearing nothing but the beating of my own heart I do not know. It was not over ten minutes, and yet in such a place ten minutes were like as many hours.

Then as I began to grow more accustomed to the stillness, I thought I heard a slight shuffling sound at the farther end of the room.

I leaned forward, my pistol ready, and tried to pierce the darkness. The sound came on, but came no nearer. As far as I could judge, it came from the doorway where the countess had passed out.

Then it ceased as suddenly as it had begun and silence reigned again. For a moment I sat listening for a repetition, and then it seemed I heard the sound of running water, and a slight breeze sprang up where before the air was heavy.

Wondering on this, and listening to find my ears had not deceived me, I suddenly saw a faint light, but only for an instant.

## ADVERTISER PATTERNS BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8742—A SMART SHIRTWAIST.

White dotted madras was used to make this desirable model. Its distinctive feature is the arrangement of the plaits, which are turned in and fastened at the centre of front and back. The closing is at the side, and is finished in round scalloped. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 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 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 inclose above illustration and send in pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When it is waist measure, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, inclose only one figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot be resold for 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.

## A SHINING MARK

What Parisian Sage did for Chas. S. Baker it will do for you. Read the following:

"I was so bald and such a shining mark for my friends that I, as a last resort, tried your Parisian Sage (after trying several bottles of the highly advertised and high-priced, so-called hair restorers), and I am glad to say I now have a heavy growth of new hair. I am now 44 years old, and I have a heavy growth of new hair after carrying my shining mark for over seven years. I gladly recommend Parisian Sage to all afflicted with baldness." Chas. S. Baker, 491 Main street east, Rochester, N. Y.

Parisian Sage, the only natural hair restorer, is guaranteed by Calmness & Lawrence, to cure dandruff, stop falling hair, and cure itching of the scalp, or money back. It is the ladies' favorite hair dressing, because it adds charm and luxuriance to the hair. 50 cents a bottle. Ask Calmness & Lawrence about it.



his hind foot than he had to sneeze again. The flies kept biting him, yet not a fly could he catch or see. At last he became disgusted and went into the house to sleep, and the fairies rejoiced that they had vanquished their enemy.

# BIG CLEARANCE OF ALL Ladies' Wash Suits and Dresses

Tuesday will be a record day in our Ready-to-Wear Department, for we have determined upon drastic measures to clear our stock of suits and dresses. Prices have been cut throughout the whole stock, the following items being only a few of the big values for Tuesday.

## Ladies' Cotton Repp Suits

In brown, blue, green and white, also stripes. Regular \$5.50, for... **\$3.95**

## Gingham and Chambray Dresses

Dainty One-Piece Dresses of gingham and chambray, in stripes and checks. To clear Tuesday at... **\$2.50**

## Ladies' Linen Suits

Ladies' Rajah and Plain Linen Suits, trimmed with braiding. Regular \$10 and \$12, for... **\$7.50**

## Princess Mull Dresses

In blue, mauve and pink, with panel tucking and lace insertion. Sale price... **\$6.00**

# Ladies' Colored Waists

In navy, brown, mauve, pink and sky, in stripe or fancy polkadots, tailored effects, with laundered collar. Special clearing price... **75c**

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

# GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182.

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

a shot when the sound of some one moving again fell on my ears. "John!" It was Karl's voice, and the relief at finding friends instead of an enemy almost drove caution from me. "Yes," I whispered, and moved across to where Karl and Barnsmurk crouched in the corner.

"We followed you in through the window," he explained. "What's happened?" For a moment I hesitated, and then before I could speak a dim light flashed in the entrance to the passage.

Drawing Karl and Barnsmurk back with me, I crouched behind a huge pile of boxes, and the next instant Heinrich and the countess moved like ghosts across the further end of the cellar.

Karl stirred ever so slightly, and like a vice my hand gripped his arm. "The steps!" Heinrich cautioned. "Be above."

We heard them mount to the first floor, their steps echoing in the darkness over loud.

"Well?" Karl demanded as the heavy footsteps of Heinrich sounded on the floor above.

"Wait!" I cautioned. "Let's see what they do."

It was turning over in my mind a plan that had come to me suddenly.

"There," I said, straightening up again.

"The street door closed. They've gone," he eagerly. "Did you succeed?" Karl demanded.

I paid no attention to his question, but turned to Barnsmurk and said: "You'll find a spring in the wall on the left side. It opens the street door. Go! Follow them, but be certain they do not see you."

"Shall I come back here?" Barnsmurk asked. "Undoubtedly they'll go to the countess's villa. If Heinrich goes in, leave him there and go back to the castle. Tell her Highness nothing has been accomplished. Hurry!"

Without another word he moved silently across the cellar and up the stairs. As the street door clicked after him Karl turned to me, disappointment in his voice.

"Nothing accomplished," he cried. "Why didn't we stop them?"

I explained quickly what had transpired; how I had talked with the countess and of the close call in the passage. "By God, John," he exclaimed, "it was a close call!"

I nodded while a cold chill ran up my spine and I had a gone feeling in the pit of my stomach, so vivid was the recollection of the moment when I discovered I was standing on the edge of the open stairs, where one false step

would have sent me to eternity. "Yes," I said, speaking slowly. "It was as close a call as I ever met with, and once I had a wounded grizzly on my hands and not a cartridge left in my magazine."

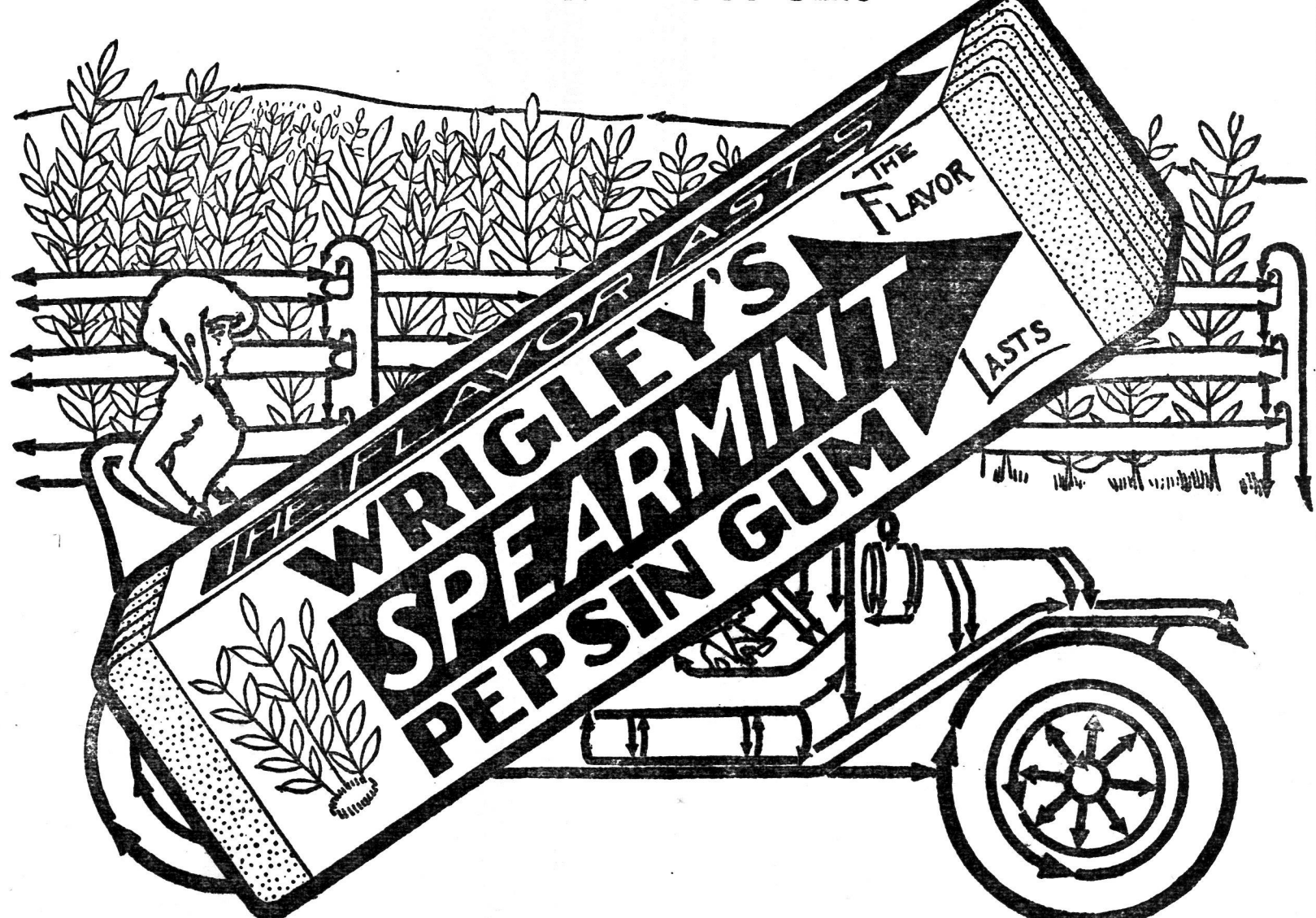
There was only one thing I was glad of, and that was to feel the countess had not had a hand in the scheme. Of course, I realized I had been duped, and she had lured me on to fall into Heinrich's hands, but for that I could forgive her. I had heard her sincere exclamation over my fate when she thought I was dead; and, too, she had called me a poor fellow.

I was one, I guess, to be so easily led. That, however, was more through my anxiety to recover the papers than because I was easily beguiled. Such a thought was a balm to my over-confidence.

(To be Continued.)

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, LAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.

# Take a Trip to the Country with the 'Beneficial Confection!'



The delicious flavor of crushed mint leaves carries your thoughts there instantly. The pure healthfulness of the fields is concentrated in it.

No other confection is so refreshing—no other is so beneficial! It keeps your teeth sound and white—keeps your breath fragrant and cool—keeps your nerves soothed and your appetite and digestion in good shape.

It's the greatest confection success ever known!

Look for the Spear!

The Flavor Lasts!

Wm. Wright, Jr. & Co., Ltd., 7 Scott Street, Toronto, Ont.



## PLAYTIME STORIES

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### PUPPY AND THE FAIRIES.

In the first place Puppy didn't see the fairies, much less did he know the upturned calla lilies on the ground were their camping-out tents. How could a puppy know about such things?

Having nothing better to do Puppy had upset the lily tents and even carried some of them away. And when the breezes blew away the uncovered thistle-down beds, he had chased them wildly through the garden, overturning all their toadstool furniture on his way.

That the upstart Puppy needed punishing, the fairies agreed.

At last when Puppy was tired from play he stretched himself out in a nice shady spot to sleep.

But dear me! What was that which kept tickling his nose and making him sneeze? He had scratched his nose with his paw and rubbed it in the dirt, yet every time he dozed off there was that queer tickling again.

Then something would bite his ear. No sooner did he start to scratch with