

CHILDREN  
FASHION

## WOMAN'S INTERESTS

HOUSEHOLD  
COOKING

## Personal

Miss Maud Bland, of London, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold Hughes, Kingston.

Miss Winnie Smith, 582 Dufferin avenue, is visiting her brother, Henry T. Smith, in Toronto.

Mrs. Charles Bourne and daughters, of this city, have returned from a holiday trip to Detroit.

Mr. R. H. Wilson, of the staff of the Imperial Bank, St. Thomas, has returned from his vacation at Britannia, Lake of Bays.

Mrs. Pococke and her little daughter, Mary, of Windsor, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roselle Pococke, 379 King street, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLaughlin and son, Jack, of London, have returned from visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Owen Sound.

Mrs. (Dr.) D. P. Stratton, with her daughter, Frances, has returned to Windsor after an enjoyable visit with her sister, Mrs. Kew, Hellmuth avenue, city.

Miss Angela Price, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been spending the past month with relatives on Waterloo street north, is leaving to-day for New York.

Rev. T. A. and Mrs. Symington, with their little sons, who have been spending their vacation in the Peace River country, Banff and throughout the West, expect to return to their home the early part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Browne, Parkhill, Ont., announce the engagement of their only daughter, Lorna Catharine, to William James Entwistle, formerly of Belfast, Ireland. The marriage to take place in September.

Mrs. M. Fuller, 507 Nelson street, was hostess of a happy family gathering at her home this week. The guests of honor were Mrs. Lewis' tearoom at Springbank on Saturday last, when her four sons and two daughters, with their children, were present. Mrs. Lewis comes from Eastborne, Sussex, the former home of Mrs. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawrence and granddaughter, Miss Leona, have returned to their home in South London after spending the summer in England and abroad. This was Mrs. Lawrence's first trip to England, and both she and her husband are planning to spend their next summer in the Old Country.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent recently at "Willow Grange," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will T. Kernohan, when a children's party was given in honor of their little niece, Hattie Kernohan, of London. The children had a very happy time and the grown-ups also enjoyed the fun, coming in at the tea hour.

Miss Thomason McCormick, a charming bride-to-be, is the raison d'être for a number of delightful affairs given in her honor. Mrs. Francis, 790 William street, gave a handkerchief shower on Tuesday evening, and Mrs. R. V. Allen will entertain on Tuesday evening, Miss McCormick's marriage to Mr. Leonard Gustin Sage takes place this month.

Sister M. W. Harrold, matron-in-chief of Manor Court Military Hospital, Folkestone, Eng., who is making an extensive visit in Canada, is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Hills, 35 Springhurst avenue, during her stay in Toronto. Miss Harrold has just left London after spending a week as the guest of Mrs. Reason, mother of Lieut.-Col. Reason, D. S. O., O. B. E.

Mrs. J. B. Heritage, of this city, has just returned from an extended trip to the coast. Early last April Mrs. Heritage left to visit relatives in Vancouver and Seattle, upon the advice of her physician. Mrs. Heritage also visited in every city and town in Alberta and

## Saskatchewan, having numerous friends and relatives in that district. Mrs. Heritage has greatly benefited by the change, her health being much improved.

Miss Marjorie Talbot has been the guest of honor at a number of delightful affairs in view of her approaching marriage, which will take place on Saturday next. Mrs. Stuart Thompson was hostess at a delightful bridge on Tuesday last. Mrs. Norman Humphries also entertained at bridge recently for the bride-elect. Miss Madeline Simpson, Wolfe street, is having a tea this afternoon for Miss Talbot, about 20 girl friends of the bride will be there.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Hiles, 150 Larch street, were the guests of honor at a surprise party given by members of the club to which they belong, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, 98 Worley road, when the presentation of a beautiful cut glass bowl was made to Mrs. Hiles on behalf of the members of the club. Mr. and Mrs. Hiles are leaving shortly for Chicago, where Mr. Hiles will attend the Illinois College of Chiropractic. The evening was spent enjoyably and dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. After which good-byes were said to Mr. and Mrs. Hiles, who will be greatly missed by their many friends.

On Tuesday evening Miss Marjorie Baker was the guest of honor at a delightfully arranged miscellaneous shower given by the girls of the Congregational Sunday school, at the home of Miss Northey, 738 Lorne avenue. About 20 friends of the bride-elect were present, and a very happy evening was spent. Miss Baker was presented with a lovely shower bouquet of roses, and at the end of each satin streamer was a little card telling in clever rhyme where a gift would be found, and much laughter was caused as the bride-to-be searched for her party gifts. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and dancing. Miss Baker's marriage to Mr. Charles Dealey, of Detroit, will take place in the city on Saturday, September 3.

Miss Wilhelmina Hueston, 645 Grosvenor street, a popular bride-to-be of this month, was the guest of honor at three miscellaneous showers held at her home this week. On Monday evening she was given a shower by the ladies of the North End, and on Tuesday evening friends numbering about 75 gathered at her home and presented her with lovely gifts. At the close of the shower refreshments were served. Mrs. Edward Strathmeyer, Mrs. Frank Lang, Mrs. Samuel Taylor and Mrs. A. B. Lang acting as hostesses. On Tuesday evening the girls of Maitland street church choir also showered Miss Hueston. Many beautiful gifts were received by the bride-elect, among them being a handsome set of dishes given by her friends in the North End, and silverware. Miss Hueston, a well-worded little speech, thanked her friends for their many tokens of friendship and for the good wishes for her future happiness.

**ICE WHEATH.**  
The wreath of Australian flowers which, frozen into a solid block of ice, has been sent by the Perth (Western Australia) branch of the Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' League, to be placed on the grave of the unknown warrior at Westminster Abbey, arrived in London and was safely "hauled out" at a wharf, says The London Daily Mail. There was the faintest of sweet perfumes as the ice block began to melt away under the stream of cold water poured over it, and when it had completely melted the flowers were seen to be as fresh as on the day they were plucked. The wreath was perfect. There were yellow wattle, red roses and carnations, violets, and some beautiful shell-pink lilies.

It took several hours to free the wreath and the two bouquets—one of them for Princess Mary—which accompanied it. It was feared that a stream of warm water might have blackened the flowers.

Before the flowers started their long journey they were put into a tank of water, which was afterwards frozen. The solid block of ice, still in the tank, was then taken on board and kept in cold storage all the way.

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GUARANTEED

## A Soldier of The Legion

BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON  
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Max would have liked to break the mirror, but, instead, he saw that it was safely hung on one of the tent-poles and supported by a brightly painted Moorish chest.

As he stepped out of the tent when all was finished and ready for the bride—even to a vase of orange blossoms brought by the priest from Touggou—Max moved slowly to the tent. He had not yet arrived. Two elderly Arabs hovered near, however, the men who lived in the oasis to guard the well and the date palms in season. As Max spoke to them in his labored Arabic he saw in the distance the form of a woman. Standing as she did, in the open ground with no trees between her and the far silver horizon, she was a noble and commanding figure, slender and tall like a daughter of the palms. She was for Max no more than a graceful silhouette, majestically poised, for he could not see her face, or even be sure that the effect of crowns and veils on her high-bred head was not a trick of shadow. Indeed it seemed probable that it was a mere illusion, for crowns and waving plumes were worn by desert dancers, and it did not appear likely that a wife or daughter of the well-guarded oasis should be so adorned.

As he exchanged elaborate compliments with the Arabs the woman's figure vanished and he thought no more of it, for Sanda and Stanton were arriving. Max turned away his eyes as Stanton took the bride out of her baskin and carried her toward their tent with out waiting to thank the man who had placed it. Max busied himself feverishly in superintending the arrangements of the camp, which Stanton had asked him, as his "lieutenant," to undertake that night.

The kneeling camels were tethered in long lines. No zarcha would be used, for there would be many a long march before the caravan reached perilous country. Here a fire could be built, for there was no danger in showing smoke and raising a rose-red glow against the silver. The unveiled women, whom Stanton had diplomatically allowed to accompany the husband, began to cook supper for the men, couscous and coffee and thin, ashbaked bread. It was a long time since Stanton had taken Sanda to the tent under the little grove of palms, but he had given no orders yet for food to be prepared. Max thought it unlikely that he should be asked to eat with them, but he was invited he intended to refuse. In spite of himself, he could not help glancing now and then toward the tent. The door had not been let down, but there was no light inside. Turning involuntarily that way, as iron tines of a magnet, at last he saw a man and woman come out of the tent. But the woman was not Sanda.

Max realized this with a shock. He saw both figures for an instant painted in blue-black against the light khaki-colored canvas. The woman was very tall, as tall as Stanton, and on her head was something high, like a crown set

with plumes. Stanton led her away, walking quickly. They went toward the low black tents of the guardians of the oasis.

Max stood still with a curious sensation of being dazed after a stunning blow half forgotten. How long he remained without moving he could not have told. His eyes had not followed the two figures very far. They returned to the tent and focused there he had not seen. Some scene there must have been between those three. He was not surprised when, after a short time—or a long time, he did not know which—Sanda appeared. He wondered if his soul had called her, and she was coming in answer to the call.

She looked at first, as if not sure where to go. Then catching sight of him at a distance with the light of the fire ruddy on his face, she began to run. Almost instantly, however, she stopped, paused for a second or two, and it seemed to Max that she swayed a little as if she might fall. He started toward her with great strides, but he had not taken more than three or four when he saw that she was walking slowly but steadily straight toward him. He felt then, with a mysterious but certain certainty, that she wished him to go no farther, but to wait. He stopped, and in a moment she was by his side. She did not speak, but stood with her head drooping. Max could not see her face. After the first eagerly questioning glance he did not wish her eyes away. She did not wish him to look at her or break the silence. He held his tongue, but he was afraid she might hear the pounding of his heart and his breath coming and going. If she did she would guess that he knew something which, perhaps, she did not mean to let him know. At last, however, he could bear the strain no longer; besides, Stanton might come back. If there were anything he could do for her, if she wanted him to take her away, he would have to know it at the thought of it—there was no more time to waste.

His tone sounded flat and ineffectual as he spoke. The effort to keep it down to calmness made it all the more absurd, as it would have been to mention the weather in that tingling instant. "Is a soldier," he said, "to do something—something I can do?" "No," she said. "Nothing, thank you. Nothing any one can do." The voice that came from the voice of Sanda, which Max had once compared in his mind to the ripple of a brook steeped in sunshine. It was thin and weak, and it was a girl's voice. "The broken old woman. But, praise heaven, she was young, so very young that she would live this down, and some day, almost forget. If she could only let him take her, but she would not. This marriage by a priest without sanction of the law need not stand. She was not a wife yet, but a girl, and he would not let her be. He was not too late. If only he could say these things to her. But it seemed that he must stand like a block of wood and wait for her to come to him. "Are you—perhaps you're homesick?" he dared to give her a cue. (To Be Continued.)

SLEEPY-TIME TALES  
THE TALE OF  
OLD DOG SPOT  
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

**THE TALE OF OLD DOG SPOT—**  
THE GREEN GROUNDS  
The Green family ate their luncheon in the courtyard on the Main street, after the circus parade had passed. They didn't forget to give old dog Spot something to eat out of his big basket that they had brought with them from home. Although they hadn't expected him to go to the village with them there was more than enough for him, but he was body. Even Johnnie Green's appetite wasn't equal to all the goodies that his mother had provided.

People were already starting for the circus grounds, on the outskirts of the village. Johnnie Green noticed them uneasily.

"We don't want to be late for the show," he reminded his father. "We'll get there in time," Farmer Green assured him.

And they did. Soon they followed the crowd through the village streets until they came in sight of the "big top," the great tent with flags flying above it, and all around. Farmer Green turned the boys into a yard near-by, while he unharnessed and fed them. Then he tied one end of a rope to Spot's collar and the other end to a carriage wheel.

"There!" he said. "Now we're ready."

Old dog Spot didn't want to be left behind. He tugged at the rope and whined.

**THE KING'S INCOME**  
Royalty is affected by the rise in prices in the same way as the humblest subject. The civil list is no longer capable of meeting the expenses that are thrown upon it, and there is no reserve because the King insisted during the war on returning any surplus to the treasury or devoting it to charity. The deficit is to be made up out of capital for the time being, but it is obvious that the whole position of the royal family will require consideration at an early date. As Mr. Chamberlain said, it is for the country to decide whether it wishes to maintain the traditional splendor associated with the throne. It is in that direction that the money goes.

The tastes of both King and Queen are simple, and involve no great expenditure. The money goes in ceremonial

"Be quiet!" Johnnie Green's father said to him. "You followed us to the village. And now you'll have to behave yourself. They won't let you into the show."

Then the Green family turned their backs on him.

"They needn't think they can keep me here," Spot growled. "I didn't run all the way from the farm to the village to be tied to a wheel and wagon wheel."

Johnnie Green and his father and mother hadn't been gone a quarter of an hour when Spot succeeded in slipping his collar over his head. Then he dashed out of the yard and ran to the circus grounds as fast as he could go.

Spot mingled with the crowds of people that were pouring into the big tent. He worked his way in and out among the throng, all but tripping many of the pleasure-seekers.

At last Spot met a man—a circus man—who was very friendly. It was pleasant to get a kind word from somebody after so long a time. He told him to "get out," and had given him a shove out of their way.

This kindly person called Spot into a low tent, and patted him. He gave Spot a bit of meat and even thought to offer him a drink of water.

"This is a fine pointer," the man remarked to a friend of his, who was with him. "He hasn't any collar, so he must be anybody's dog. And he might as well be mine. I could use him hunting this fall."

Spot wagged his tail. He didn't quite understand what his new acquaintance was saying. But it seemed to be something nice.

And then Spot decided, suddenly, that he had stayed in that tent long enough. For the pleasant man found a piece of rope and tried to tie it about Spot's neck.

"I've been tied up once to-day, and once is enough," Spot growled. Slipping out of the man's grasp Spot ran out of doors.

Both men followed him. For a few minutes they chased him. One of them tripped over a stump and sprawled on the ground. And to escape the other Spot dodged under a canvas wall, where he lifted slightly at the bottom.

He found a huge tent, a huge tent, where hundreds of people sat all around on tiers of seats. Men and horses were capering about in the center of the place and somewhere a band was playing.

He was under the big top, and in the maintenance of an atmosphere which must at times be irksome to the personages concerned. It may be that the fall in prices will again enable the grants and expenditure to balance, but if they do not, the realization of capital can plainly only be a temporary expedient. — Westminster Gazette.

**ABOUT FLIES.**  
"I wonder where all the flies come from," grumbled Mrs. Jones as she swatted around the dining-room.

"Well, mom," said the young joker of the family, "the cyclone makes the house fly, the blacksmith makes the fire fly, the jockey makes the horse fly, and I heard you tell pa at supper last night that us children make the butter fly."

## WEDDINGS

Pearce-Rhodes.

The marriage was solemnized quietly on Tuesday, August 30, in St. Matthew's Church, London, when Florence Amelia Rhodes became the bride of Charles William Pearce, both of this city. Rev. H. B. Ashby officiated. Miss Blanche Axon was bridesmaid and C. S. Joiner acted as groomsmen. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Pearce will reside at 62 Clarence street, this city.

Lucas-Harris.

On Wednesday, August 24, the marriage took place of Miss E. V. Pauline Lucas, fourth daughter of Mrs. William Harris, to Albert Wellington Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lucas. Both the bride and groom were residents of Adelaide. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist parsonage, Kingston, Rev. C. J. Moorhouse officiating. The couple were attended by the groom's sister, Miss Florence Lucas, and Mr. Laverne Dinning, acted as the groomsmen. The happy young couple left on the evening train for Sarnia and points west. Good wishes of a host of friends will follow Mr. and Mrs. Lucas in their new life.

McDonald-Killoran.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Stratford, was the scene of a wedding of importance at 8.30 o'clock on Friday morning, when Miss Hazel Killoran, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Killoran, 512 Downie street, was united in marriage to Mr. Alex McDonald, 232 Albert street. Rev. Father D. J. Egan performed the ceremony, and Miss Irene Bolger played the wedding march. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a suit of taupe broadcloth, trimmed with beaver and had to match, and carried a bouquet of sweetheart roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Marie Killoran, sister of the bride, wore a dress of taupe broadcloth, hand embroidered and carried a bouquet of white roses. The groom was attended by Mr. Percy Dawberly, 130 Wellington street. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, at which about 60 guests were present. The house was decorated in pink and white and with ferns and palms. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are taking a honeymoon trip to Detroit and Port Huron. The out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Trahan, Port Huron; Mrs. Delores Flint, Mich.; Mrs. James Minaghan, of Yale, Mich.; Miss MacDonagh, Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Teahan, St. Marys.

THE ORIGIN OF "TARIFF."

When travelers, sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar, round the southern-most point of Europe they see the white town of Tarifa. Its people used to force passing merchant vessels to pay tribute. The name of the town, becoming the French "tarif" and the English "tariff," is now applied, as it was by the Spanish and Arabs, to the tributes or rates or customs duties to be collected on merchandise.—Outlook.

Some husbands have quit staying home at night because they hate to be alone. —Omaha Daily News.

## The Tell-Tale of Gray Hair

To be judged 10 years older than you actually are, the tell-tale of gray, streaked hair, which detracts from a youthful appearance as much as a wrinkled face does.

Women, everywhere, prefer the easy, harmless "Brownatone" method that



tints gray, streaked, faded or bleached hair, instantly, to any shade of brown or black.

Without injury to hair or scalp, "Brownatone" imparts natural, lasting colors that defy detection. Does not rub or wash off, and requires just a few moments to apply.

Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Two sizes—50c and \$1.50 with easy, complete directions. Two colors—shading from Golden to Medium Brown—and Dark Brown to Black.

**Special Free Trial Offer.**  
For a free bottle of "Brownatone" send to: Kenton Pharmaceutical Co., 600 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky., enclosing 10c to pay postage and packing. We have no other recommendations. In London by Calvercross & Lawrence, Taylor Drug Co., Standard Drug, Ltd. and other druggists.

Proven best for 63 yrs.



**Babies thrive on it!**

**Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum**

Cuticura Soap, Talcum, 10c each. Sold everywhere. Can. Depot: Spauld, Montreal, St. Paul, St. Montreal.

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training is the best business college training that can be given.

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## A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

For this style pattern 3598 was used. It is cut in three sizes—2, 4, and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material.

Crepe, percale, linen, pongee, poplin, voile, lawn, and all gingham chambray and pique could be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**COUPON ORDER BLANK.**  
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Name .....  
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No. .... Street .....  
Pattern No. ....

Measurement—Waist .... Bust ....  
Age (if child's or miss' pattern) ....  
Allow 10 days for pattern to reach you

## HEALTH TALKS

By John R. Weber, A. M., M. D.

## THE ODOR OF THE BREATH.

I am asked to describe the breath odors that occur in various diseased states.

In hydrocyanic poisoning the breath will smell of peach kernels or bitter almonds; in phosphorus poisoning there is a garlicky smell. The odors of ether,

## Any Amount of Strain

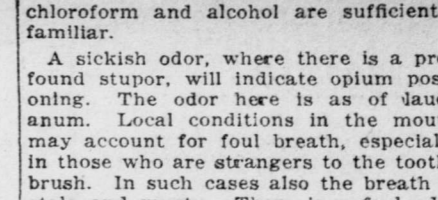
can be put on a Collene Corset. You can bend and stoop in any position as often as you like and never break a bone, and the boning will always keep the perfect line it has when new.



176 Dundas St. f Above Dowlers'

## Dr. Martel's Female Pills

For Women's Ailment:  
25 years Standard for Delayed and Painful Menstruation. Sealed Tin package only, all Druggists or direct by mail. Price \$2.00. Knickerbocker Remedy Co., 11 E. Front St., Toronto, Canada.



chloroform and alcohol are sufficiently

A sickish odor, where there is a profound stupor, will indicate opium poisoning. The odor here is as of mautanum. Local conditions in the mouth may account for foul breath, especially in those who are strangers to the toothbrush. In such cases also the breath is stale and musty. There is a foul odor in all forms of mouth and tongue inflammation; it is deadlly fetid in mercurial gum conditions and in mouth gangrene. Decayed teeth, diseased jaw bone, pharyngeal or tonsillar inflammation and diphtheria are attended with unpleasant emanations. An intensely fetid breath, in the absence of the sufficient causes, may be due to lung gangrene, or pus in the pleural cavity connected with the bronchial tube by a fistulous opening.

A common cause of bad breath is gastritis (stomach inflammation), especially in chronic alcoholics, and in those who are habitually constipated. In children with gastric disorders there is often merely a sour smell. A hot breath is common in febrile diseases, and the disagreeable odor is noticeable in typhus fever, measles and scarlet fever. An ammoniacal odor is not uncommon in the case of Bright's disease, kidney disorders. A heavy sweetish odor like stale beer, or over-ripe apples, is per-nary butter.

Answers—I should not advise without examination, but they appear to me to be tuberculous glands. This need not frighten you because tuberculous glands in childhood are seldom followed by consumption in the adult.

If one eats peanut butter every meal and eats it about 1/4 inch thick on the slice of bread, will it be harmful to the person, and will it make one sick?

Answer—You seem to be laying it on very thick. It is good, but will not digest if taken more moderately. A heavy sweetish odor like stale beer, or over-ripe apples, is per-nary butter.

## Snowflake

THE FULL STRENGTH  
Ammonia  
Softens Water.

One to two tablespoonsful makes the bath delightfully refreshing. 21

Lawson's Snowflake Ammonia  
Saves 90 Per Cent Soap  
For Household and Disinfecting Purpose  
S.F. Lawson & Co.  
London, Canada

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When you have expensive rugs in your home you want them cleaned by experts.

Our process means to not only dust your rugs, but to remove spots, stains, thoroughly clean and sterilize the nap as well as the warp. It may cost you a trifle more, but your rugs will come home to you looking like new.

Call 558-559 for our expert or for one of our service wagons to call.

## PARISIAN LAUNDRY

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## THE RYAN HAT SHOPS

## FALL MILLINERY OPENING

## CONTINUES

## FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

We invite you to be present, for we know you will be well repaid for the effort.

Duvetyn Millinery for Autumn Wear

Velvet Millinery in the New Autumn Colorings.

You will find the trend of fall fashions authentically displayed.

Duvetyn will compose many of the most fascinating autumn hats. This fabric seems to combine the soft becomingness of velvet with the adaptability of felt. It lends itself to the most captivating shapes, as you will see in the new collection of Duvetyn and Velvet Hats now appearing in the department.

In velvet all these new autumn reds and browns are effective indeed, but not more so than the clever Black Velvet Hats and the perennially becoming Navy Blue Hats shown. The wearer's personal choice defines the size. It may be tiny and saucily upturned or wide-brimmed and shadowy.

Colors of autumn are indeed. The russet and crimson of frost-touched maple leaves, and the brown of withered oak leaves, as well as more sombre shades.

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