

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

AN ECHO OF SUMMER



This chic little gown is made of blue and white silk, trimmed with bands of blue satin and a Richelieu collar of embroidery.

The lingerie hat has a blue satin band swathed about the full crown of their material.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shone them with thine eyes.
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister of the night
—Edward Coate Pinkney.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



No. 8498—A Pretty House Jacket.
This pretty little garment for morning wear is most simple and becoming. Tucks are arranged over the shoulders, giving a graceful fullness that may be belted in or left to fall free from the shoulders. The model would develop well in pink or blue dotted chalis, or the wash fabrics, such as lawn, cotton crepe and dimity. The pattern is cut in six sizes—72 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 24-inch material. Pattern illustrated will be mailed to any address upon 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 of child's or misses' pattern.....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 28, 30, 32, 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.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease, but can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery. It has never been known to fail. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and when reduced with water and sweetened, it is pleasant to take. Sold by all dealers.

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 GUMS, ALLEVIATES THE PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold everywhere.

TALES FROM ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

My second voyage proved a great deal more exciting than my first. For some days all was very peaceful and quiet. One evening we passed close to an island that was covered with fair streams and with wonderful fruits and flowers. We decided to disembark for a few hours and enjoy ourselves. I, being of an exploring turn of mind, followed the course of one of the streams. When I returned, I found the ship had sailed away without me. I climbed a tall tree and looked about. At some distance I saw a big white something. I hastened towards it, and found it to be a great white dome, very smooth and shiny. As I was regarding it, a cloud seemed to come over the sun, and, on looking up, I saw a bird of enormous size flying towards me. Then I remembered that I had often heard of some strange bird call the roc, and I realized that the dome was its egg. During the night I tied myself securely to the leg of the bird, hoping that next day the roc would carry me away from this desert island. In the morning my hopes were fulfilled; I was carried through the air so swiftly that I almost lost my senses, and as soon as I found the roc had settled on the earth I cut myself loose and let myself roll down a little hill. Round about me were mountains that seemed sky high, and the valley where I found myself was one mass of steep rocks. As I walked through the valley I discovered that it was strewn with diamonds, some of them of remarkable size. I took much pleasure in picking them up and observing their lights, until I suddenly noticed that near to me were many serpents, each big enough to have swallowed an elephant. Night was coming on, so I hastened to cave, hid myself therein, and covered the entrance with a large stone. I could not sleep well, however, for the serpents hissed about me all the night. With daylight they went back into their caves and I came forth from mine, trembling. I walked on diamonds whatever way I turned and began picking up some of the largest of them and putting them in my turban.



As I was busied with this something fell beside me with a loud thud. It was a large piece of raw meat, and while I was looking at it I heard several others dropping around me.

(Tomorrow we will tell you how meat happened to be dropped into such a queer place, and we will find that Sindbad was very glad it had been dropped there.)

Games For Children

There are many games with which young people and children may beguile spare moments at the holiday hours. Beginning with the favorite old pastime of blowing soap bubbles, if a little glycerin be added to the water the bubbles will assume most beautiful colors.

Rural Spellings.
For this game, collect a number of long straws and stand them up to meet at the top and spread out like a haystack at the bottom. Now get two good little sticks, and make a hook at the end of each and the game begins. Each player takes a hook in turn, and tries to remove a straw without shaking or throwing down any of the other ones.

The one who cleverly succeeds in moving a straw under these conditions scores one; and he or she who gets most straws wins the game. Sometimes the straws are marked to count two or three, or four, and are called king, queen, or bishop. The king removed counts four, the queen three, the bishop two. The straws thus removed should be larger than the rest, or have a tiny flower stuck in.

May Dew.
For this game the children divide into two parties, one party being called the roses, the other the dew seekers. The children on one side are provided each with a leaf, and advance singing:

Here we come gathering May dew,
May dew, May dew,
Here we come gathering May dew,
Early in the morning.

The roses reply:
Our pretty cups are full of dew,
Full of dew, full of dew.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Leamington, Aug. 20.

Dear Miss Grey: Please answer these questions as soon as possible:
(1) My knuckles are very large, and as I play the piano a great deal I wish you could tell me something I might do to make them smaller. Surely, if I raise my fingers 10 or 15 times daily will make the knuckles smaller, there is some physical exercise that will make the knuckles smaller.

(2) My hair is short and very curly. How can I care for it, and what hair dressing can I use to make it grow long and curly?

(3) Which of the two will be more popular this winter—suits or long coats?

(4) I am sixteen, and am very short. Shall I grow any more, do you think? Is there anything I can do to make myself grow taller?

(5) Is rowing good exercise for girls?

A.—(1) Leave your knuckles alone. Your hands will likely grow plumper and conceal the enlarged knuckles.
(2) Massage your hair every night, rubbing the scalp with the tips of your fingers. Persevere in this, you will find it helpful.
(3) Suits and long coats will both be much worn. The long coat should be becoming to you.
(4) You will likely grow for the next two years. Advise you to go in for physical exercises.
(5) Rowing is excellent. It brings every muscle into play.

Dear Miss Grey: Is it wrong for a young man to go with a girl who is his third cousin?
A.—No; if there is no objection from the parents.

Dear Miss Grey: Please answer these questions as soon as possible:
(1) What is the proper length of skirt for a girl of 14 who will be 15 in the winter?
(2) What style and length of jacket

Which we will gladly give to you Early in the morning.

The roses then all bow their heads. The leader touches one with a leaf, and the two then take hands, and try which can pull her over to the other side. If the dew gatherer succeeds in pulling the rose over to her side, she joins that party, and the game begins again in the same words. The party which draws the greater number wins.

The Danish Game of Barr.
Someone in the garden cries out: "To the barrel game!" A medium-sized barrel is then suspended to a bough or between two posts. The barrel is filled with sweets, nuts, oranges, apples and funny little gifts—all unbreakable ones. The guests are placed in file, and each one bears a small club. The one who knocks off the first hoop gets the prize, but he who breaks the barrel itself receives the chief prize—that of the barrel king. As soon as the contents are scattered on the grass a general scramble ensues.

The Flower-Pot Game.
Set up a row of flower pots on a garden wall and weight the pots. Mark a number on each, that counts so much in the game. Let each player hit at the flower pots along the line with a bag of beans. He who hits the greatest number, according to the value marked on the pot, wins. He who breaks a pot, or by chance sends it over the wall, forfeits his game.

Guarding the Balloon.
Get an air balloon and inflate it. Let one player guard it, whilst the rest of the players go after it, each hitting it with a knotted handkerchief. The one who ursts it wins, but if the guardian succeeds in warding off the players the game is his.

would you suggest for same?
(3) This girl has only a small amount of hair, so little that it seems mockery to let it hang down her back; it is slightly curly. How would you suggest doing it up? Also what will make it grow thick and long? It is very fine.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,
MOTHER S.

A.—(1) Almost to the shoe tops.
(2) A girl of 14 should have a coat the length of her dress. (3) Massage the hair regularly for 10 or 15 minutes each night. If continued you will find this successful. Roll the hair softly back off the face and tie with a large bow at the back.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) How should a girl of 14 wear her hair? (2) What will make the hands white? They are not unnaturally dark, only tanned. (3) Are pumps worn as much as they were last winter and summer? GLADYS.

A.—(1) Part the hair, roll softly back from the face, tie with large bow at the back. If long enough braid and tie ends with another bow. (2) Rub well into the hands for about five minutes a small handful of oatmeal and olive oil. It will whiten, soften and cleanse. (3) Pumps are still much worn, but on dull leather instead of patent.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Please give me a recipe for removing watermelon stains from a colored silk dress? (2) I am a young girl, 18 years old; my young gentleman friend is very religious, but I am fond of dancing and playing cards. He will not keep company with me any longer if I do not give these things up. Would you advise me to give up all these? ISABELLA.

A.—(1) Try gasoline or a little soap and water. Anything else would be likely to take the color out of the silk. (2) If you care enough for your friend you will be willing to abide by his wishes.

Today there are 132 "dry" counties in Ohio and Indiana, 30 are "dry" in Michigan, and three-fourths of the counties of Washington, Oregon and Idaho are also "dry."

THE ADVERTISER'S NEW STORY

The Advertiser will on Monday begin the publication of Mrs. Rinehart's famous story, "When a Man Marries." With two books Mrs. Rinehart made herself the most popular living writer of mystery stories. She put something new into them—humor. Now she has gone a step further, a big step. She has written a humorous story with a spice of mystery. In "When a Man Marries" her rapid, rollicking, irresistible sense of fun for the first time gets free chance and full chance. The result is a clever, snappy, sprightly, most delicious, ludicrous comedy novel.

To recount the plot would only state its perfect freshness. To mention the characters would only dull their complete spontaneity. To hint at the nature of the fun would only take the edge off the glorious gaiety. "When a Man Marries" is a frolic, a thing of hilarious joy, a most egregious lark, an iridescent bubble of love and laughter.

HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

As Barnsmurk disappeared a cry went up from the stairs, and Heinrich's men rushed down, driving our forces back by sheer weight.

Then I saw Heinrich at one side, fighting with some poor devil who was no match for him.

Some one blocked my way, and I was forced to fight and beat the man down before I could pass.

By then our men had driven the others back, and a cry went up from Karl, who I saw in the front of the fight, that we had won.

"Aye! Won! Won! Won!" I shouted, and made for Heinrich.

He saw me coming, but at the same instant realized his men were beaten and that the few left were taking to their heels. I could pass.

As I made for him he raised his pistol and fired. The bullet went wild and I was myself with no better luck and then rushed on, my sword drawn.

"Once again!" I cried, "and this time no table."

He glanced about, and seeing he had lost, called down the hall.

"I called to him to stand, and he turned and waited for me. A smile was on his face, his sword held ready, but as our blades met he jumped back quickly, and with an oath flung his empty pistol straight into my face.

For an instant I held my feet. I saw him turn, wave his hand at me and call out:

"If I had another bullet—!" Then he disappeared into a doorway on the right, while I, staggering under the blow, followed him. I half-dozed steps, clutched at the empty air, and pitched forward upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
The Grand Dukes Decide.
When I came to a realizing sense of myself, I hesitated before opening my eyes.

I knew I was in a bed, that a cool bandage was drawn tightly across my forehead; that the softness of the pillow was a relief, and the cool sheets were pulled up under my chin.

Then I moved my right hand and my left, and finding them still intact, opened my eyes.

I was in my own room at the inn, Karl was leaning against the door, staring at the pile of logs on the andirons.

His head was bandaged, as it had been when he rode up to the castle. "Hallo!" I said.

"He turned with a glad cry and sprang across the room.

"Thank Heaven, John, you're alive!" "Alive!" I echoed. "Of course I am. Thank Heaven!" he said again, staying at me as if I were a ghost. "The doctor said you would wake true as a die."

"What day is it?" I demanded.

"Today," he answered.

"Yes, it was yesterday. Does it seem so long ago?"

"And Hilma—her Highness?"

"Safe! thanks to the bravest man in the world."

grand dukes met to formally approve of the one to be crowned on the morrow.

"What time is it?" I demanded.

Karl looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock."

"What time do the grand dukes meet?"

"Three o'clock."

"Then what in Heaven's name are you doing here? Isn't her Highness going before them to press her claim?"

"Yes," he replied, turning to the open window.

"Well, your place is there, isn't it?" I demanded.

"I was staying with you."

"Why?"

"Karl asked in some surprise.

"Yes, why? Because I need watching? Are you afraid to trust me, or why is it you hang over me as a guard?"

I dare say I was a bit off my head or I would not have spoken as I did. The poor fellow looked hurt at my words, and I've no doubt he was, for they were uncalculated for and unjust.

"You're a bit wild yet from your wounds. You'd better sleep," Karl said.

"You must not like it," I said.

"Go, and say I sent you!"

"But you—"

"If I've got to stay here in bed, I can do it as well alone as with you."

"But—"

"Go!" I ordered.

"Go, and say I sent you!"

"But you—"

"If I've got to stay here in bed, I can do it as well alone as with you."

"But—"

"Go!" I ordered.

"Go, and say I sent you!"

"But you—"

"If I've got to stay here in bed, I can do it as well alone as with you."

"But—"

the envelope. By God, the documents! The evidence!" I shouted.

For the first time since tearing them from Heinrich's pocket had I remembered them. Like one possessed, I began to search my rooms for the coat I had worn the day before.

At last I found it in a corner of my bedroom, where it had been thrown down, and in the inside pocket lay the envelope.

A glance sufficed to assure me that its contents were intact, and then wild with the thought that perhaps already the grand dukes had cast their vote against her Highness, I began pulling on my clothes.

"You're not going out, sir?" the poor landlord shrieked. "The doctor forbade it, and Count von Meider—he—"

"To the devil with advice!" I cried.

"Order me a horse quick! Do you hear me? It's the only way to save her."

"Save who, sir?" he questioned.

"Her Highness! If I don't get to the castle with these papers in five minutes Joachim will be accepted by the dukes."

"Why, sir, of course, sir! I fear you are mistaken, sir," he muttered. "Of course it will be his Highness, Prince Joachim."

"I slam!" I said, steadying my voice, for I saw I must convince the fellow. I was in my right mind, "her Highness is going to demand the right before Joachim. These documents will place her Highness on the throne, at me a horse."

One instant he looked at me in doubt, and then, seeming to read sanity in my face, flew out of the room.

How I dressed myself I do not know. The strength that I thought was mine fled and only the excitement bore me up. At last I pulled on my boots, threw a coat over my shirt, and with the envelope in one pocket, my revolver in another, I rushed through the halls, out the door and flung myself into the saddle.

Through the park and down the avenue I thundered, and as I rode into the square, my horse waltz with its sweat, my whip still cutting his flanks, the clock in the cathedral chimed four.

Details narrow and with the clock, and my entrance into the castle, for it was all one jumble in my head then and now.

(To Be Continued.)

No doubt about an enameled bed's hygienic merit; none about its beauty. Nor any about its being worth its price—if it bears the "Ideal" Guarantee on the footrest.

That Guarantee assures you of more than mere surface excellence. It warrants real satisfaction to the buyer. Its snowy enamel will stay white; its parts will not wear loose.

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It is this rich nourishing element which makes children grow fat and happy when given plenty of bread made from this finest of all flours. Children thrive on it. It puts flesh on their bones and brings the rosy flush of health to their cheeks.

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