

Scottish Terrier a Game Dog.

The little Scottish terrier is said by dog fanciers to have been formerly called the Aberdeen terrier. Scottie is one of the gamiest of dogs and is claimed to be one of the best of canine household pets.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Do Men of Today Kiss and Tell?—Do They Boast of Their Conquests?—Shall She Be a Movie Actress Against Her Parents' Wishes?

The Man Who Loves His Wife's Sister.

Dear Miss Dix—Do you think a man will kiss and tell? Do you think that a man will show a love letter that a girl writes him? I say that unless a man is an utter cad he will not boast of the favors that a girl shows him. My friend says that all men brag about their love affairs. Which of us is right? HORTENSE.

Answer:

I am afraid that I have to side with your friend, Hortense. Of course, if a man is a perfect Sir Galahad he will keep silent concerning his conquests among the fair sex, and wild horses couldn't drag him from any of the details of amorous episodes in which some poor, foolish, little girl, who was perfectly crazy about him, figured. Also, he would carefully file away the love letters that girls wrote him in his safety deposit box.

But, alas, perfect Sir Galahads are rare among the jellybean youth of the day, and the average young man loves to pose as a devil among the women and tell how he gets them going. Therefore, he not only kisses and tells, but he broadcasts the glad news to all who will listen.

Nor do I think the girl has any right to resent this or consider it dishonorable in the boy. Why should she expect the man to be more careful of her reputation than she is of it herself? Why should she expect a man to cover up her indiscretions? I never have any patience with people who rage so against gossip. It is only those who do something wrong who object to being talked about. As long as people discuss about our virtues they cannot say enough to please us. It is only when they begin discussing our faults that we brand them as malignant gossips.

Anyway, we are foolish to suppose that the world is going to enter into a conspiracy of silence to guard our good names. We have to do that for ourselves, and so if you don't want boys to kiss and tell don't kiss.

As for writing a man a love letter, write only such words and use only such terms of endearment as you would be willing for his friends, his mother and sisters, his landlady and the chambermaids in hotels to read. Not every man shows his love letters as Exhibit A to prove what a fascinating he is, but all men are careless. They leave their letters in bureau drawers, on writing tables, in the pockets of coats, for any prying eye to peruse, and this is a fact that girls will do well to remember when they are tempted to slash over sixteen pages with sentimental gush under the delusion that it will be sacred to some man and that nobody but he will ever know of their indiscretion. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am thinking of going into the movies. Dancing seems to be my talent. Does it require a college education? My parents are opposed to my becoming a movie actress. Should I go against their wishes? I feel that I cannot make a success of anything else. N. G.

Answer:

My poor, deluded child, there are about seven million other young girls in your frame of mind. They also want to go into the movies. All those who can rake and scrape the price of a ticket to Hollywood go there and about a week later most of them are hunting jobs as dishwashers or chambermaids in hotels.

So many girls want to be Mary Pickfords that the City of Los Angeles has broadcasted warnings telling them how little hope there is of their ever getting even inside the lots where they make pictures, still less of their ever being able to get a tryout, and of how infinitesimal the chance that they would succeed in the most hazardous of professions.

It takes the peculiar kind of beauty that screens lack; it takes a vivid personality, and it takes the biggest sort of luck to make a moving-picture actress. And over and above all these, it takes pluck and courage, and the ability to take punishment and stand discipline, and to do such hard work as you never dreamed of.

Your next choice of a profession is to be a dancer. No, it doesn't take a college education to make a dancer, but it takes a physical education that must begin almost in one's cradle, when the bones are soft and the muscles pliable. And this also takes ceaseless work, and great courage and determination. And after all your labor, unless you are one of the very best, it is an ill-paid and precarious way of making a living.

So, little girl, if I were you I would cut out these more or less romantic occupations and choose something that was practical and for which there was a large, steady demand. What about taking a good course at a commercial school and getting to be a bookkeeper, a stenographer? How about studying domestic science, or dress-making, or millinery? People will always have to eat and wear clothes, and will be ready to pay out good money to those who feed them well or make them snappy hats and dresses. Besides, when you get married it will be a mighty comfortable thing to know how to keep house and make yourself clothes that your worst enemy thinks came from Paris. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a man in my thirties, have been married about fifteen years and have two children. My wife is older than I am, and I had not been married to her for two years before I realized that her younger sister was the one woman God put on this earth for me. I do not know if this girl loves me, but she still remains single, perhaps because she feels toward me as I do toward her. I have lived absolutely true to my marriage vows, with the exception of the love that I have for my wife's sister. Neither of these women know my true feelings. What should I do? Should a man's vows be more sacred than his love? As I grow older the burden is harder to carry and the will power that it has taken to guard my secret for twelve long years grows weaker. HEAVY-HEARTED.

Answer:

It is a horrible situation in which you find yourself, but it seems to me that your duty is clear. You should conquer your guilty love for your wife's sister and be true to your wife and your children. DOROTHY DIX.

ELECT MISS NELLIE BROWN HEAD OF NIGHTINGALE CLUB

The Nightingale Club held its first meeting of the season on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. H. Husband, Grosvenor street. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Nellie Brown; vice-president, Miss Jean Manson; secretary-treasurer, Miss Fern Nash; press representative, Miss Tony Jervis; social secretary, Miss Irene Chalmers. Plans were made for activities during the season just opening, among them being a rummage sale to be held in the near future.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the announcement by the hostess that it was the ninth birthday of the club, the first meeting having been held on Oct. 7, 1915.

LATEST EARRING.

London, Oct. 9.—The newest earring is a throw back to cave man days. On a thin chain are hung two stones or baroque pearls of irregular shape, and at the end a sharp arrow head of brilliant.

"Eczema on My Face Completely Relieved"

Miss Winifred Ernest, Box 46, Blockhouse, N. S., writes:

"Ever since I was a little child, I suffered with eczema on my face. At times my face was completely covered with large sores, and I tried nearly every kind of medicine that I heard of with no results. This lasted for over twenty years, until one day I asked the advice of my druggist, who bade me give Dr. Chase's Ointment a trial. After using the Ointment for a few days, the sores began to heal, and soon I was completely relieved of the disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment
60 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

WOMEN and THE HOME

THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.



MRS. FRIEDA STEPHENS, who was elected president of the London Life Club at the annual meeting held this week at Dufferin hall.

ANNUAL IS PLANNED BY GIRLS' WORK BOARD

Initial Meeting Is Held at "Lenore" To Make Arrangements For Program.

Mrs. J. D. Detwiler presided at the meeting of the executive of the London girls' work board, which was held at Lenore. Initial business for the fall season and plans for the annual meeting were the features of the meeting.

WEDDINGS

STAPLETON—STONE.

Special to The Advertiser.
Henshall, Oct. 9.—A very quiet wedding took place on Monday, Sept. 29, at 4 o'clock in St. Paul's Anglican church, Hamilton road, London, when Miss Evelyn Stone, eldest daughter of Wm. Stone, of this village, became the bride of Mr. James Stapleton of London. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Bice. Little Miss Beryl Cice, looking quaint in a frock of orchid habutai trimmed with gray marabou, was the bride's only attendant. The bride looked charming in a gown of powder blue Indian silk, trimmed with gray marabou, gray shoes, stockings and gloves and blue and gray hat. She carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton will reside in London.

ASTLES—HAMBLEY.

An interesting wedding took place yesterday at 2 o'clock at the Ridout street Methodist church, when Lilian Edith Hambley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Hambley of the Base line, became the bride of Joseph Astles, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Astles of this city. The Rev. J. E. Agnew officiating. The happy couple were attended by Miss Mary Webb and Mr. George Astles, brother of the groom. After a brief honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Astles will take up their residence at 94 Langarth street.

LEGATE—EWENS.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Russell Waide, Grosvenor street, this city, yesterday, where her sister, Phoebe Mildred Ewens, daughter of Mrs. Martha Campbell of Owen Sound, became the bride of William Benjamin Legate, also Owen Sound. The Rev. James McKay, of New St. James' Presbyterian church, officiated. The bride wore a modish gown of crepe maroon, with small hat to match, and wore a corsage bouquet of orchids and Ophelia roses. Numerous telegrams and telephone messages of congratulation were received during the day. Mr. and Mrs. Legate left on their wedding trip to Montreal and other eastern cities and on their return will reside in Owen Sound.

PEARSON—DOBBYN.

A very lovely October wedding took place yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Dobbyn, Worley road, when their eldest daughter, Bessie Margaret, was married to William E. Pearson, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Pearson and the late Arthur Pearson of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. J. Millard. The wedding march was played by Miss Miriam Pearson, the groom's sister, who wore a very smart gown of cocoa cotton. Miss F. Dobbyn, who was groomed in almond green tulle, sang "O Promise Me" very delightfully.

Yellow mums, gladioli, roses and lovely branches of autumn foliage stood out beautifully against their background of palms and ferns, making an attractive setting for the young bride, who wore a graceful gown of poudre blue georgette, beaded in white, with becoming black velvet hat. Her wedding bouquet was a shower of roses and valley lilies. There were no attendants.

Following the ceremony a reception of the bride, wearing a French blue beaded gown, with corsage of roses. Mrs. Pearson, mother of the bridegroom, wore a black crepe gown and black hat with osprey. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson left later for eastern points, the bride's going-away costume being a navy tailored suit and black hat. On their return they will reside in London. Among the out-of-town guests were Miss Winifred Dobbyn of Florence, Miss McLean of Newbury, and Miss Gregory of Stratford.

CHAPTER XVIII (continued).
Rosamund's weary eyes quickened to horror as she watched her—a horror prompted as much by the fate awaiting that poor child as by the undignified fury of the futile battle she waged against it. But it happened that her behavior impressed a Levantine Turk quite differently. He rose, a short, squat figure, from his seat on the steps of the well.

"Sixty philips will I pay for the joy of taming that wild cat," said he. "But Ibrahim was not to be out-bidden. He offered seventy. The Turk countered with a bid of eighty, and Ibrahim again raised the price to ninety, and there fell a pause. The dala! snored on the Turk.

"Will thou be beaten then, and by an Israelite? Shall this lovely maid be given to a Persian of the desert, to an inheritor of the fire, to one of a race that would not bestow on their fellow-men so much as the speck of dust of a date-stone? No, no! I will shame upon a True-Believer."

Urged thus, the Turk offered another five philips, but Ibrahim, however reluctantly, refused to be entirely unadvised by a tirade against him, the like of which he had heard a score of times a day in the streets of the city. He pulled forth a heavy purse from his girdle.

"Here are one hundred philips," said he. "But I offer it." Ere the dala's pious and seductive tongue could urge him further the Turk snatched the money and with a gesture of finality. "I give him my joy of the sea," said he. "She is thine, then, O Ibrahim, for one hundred philips."

The Israelite relinquished the purse to the dala's white-robed assistants and advanced to receive the girl. The covetous thrust her forward against him, still vainly battling, and his arms closed about her for a moment.

"Thou hast cost me dear, thou daughter of Spain," said he. "But I am content. Come. And he made shift to lead her away. Suddenly, however, fierce as a tiger, she writhed her arms upwards and clawed at his face. With a scream of pain he relaxed his hold of her, and in that moment, quick as lightning she plucked the dagger that hung from his girdle so temptingly within her reach.

"Valga me Dios!" she cried, and ere a hand could be raised to prevent her she had buried the blade in her lovely breast, and sank in a laughing, coughing heap at his feet.

A final convulsive heave and she lay there quite still, whilst Ibrahim glared down at her with eyes of dismay, and over all the market there hung a hush of sudden awe.

Rosamund had risen in her place, and a faint color came to warm her pallor, a faint light shined in her eyes. God had shown her the way through this post-Spanish girl, and assuredly God would give her the means to take it when her own turn came.

Lengthy Ibrahim roused himself from his momentary stupor. He stepped deliberately across the body, his face inflamed, and stood to beard the impassive dala!

"She is dead!" he bleated. "I am defrauded. Give me back my gold!"

"Are we to give back the price of every slave that dies?" the dala questioned him.

"But she was not yet delivered to me," raved the Jew. "My hands had not touched her. Give me back my gold!"

"Thou liest, son of a dog," was the answer, dispassionately delivered. "She was thine already. I had so pronounced her. Bear, her hence, since she belongs to thee."

The Jew, his face empurpling, seemed to fight for breath. "How?" he choked. "Am I to lose a hundred philips?"

"What is written is written," replied the serene dala. Ibrahim was frothing at the lips, his eyes were blood-injected.

"But it was never written that!" "Peace," said the dala. "Had it not been written it could not have come to pass. It is the will of Allah! Who dares rebel against it?" The crowd began to murmur. "I want my hundred philips!" the Jew insisted, whereupon the murmur swelled into a sudden roar.

"Thou hearest?" said the dala. "Allah pardon thee, thou art disturbing the peace of this market. Away, ere ill befall thee."

price he offered was a good one, and he offered it with contemptuous assurance that he would not be out-bidden.

"One hundred philips for the milk-faced girl!" "Tis not enough. Consider me the moon-bright loveliness of her face," said the dala as he moved on. "Chigil yields us fair women, but no woman of Chigil was ever half so fair."

"One hundred philips for the milk-Levantine Turk with a snap. Not yet enough. Behold the stately height which Allah hath vouchsafed her. See the noble carriage of her head, the luster of her eye! By Allah, she is worthy to grace the Sultan's own harem."

He said no more than the buyers recognized to be true, and excitedly stirred faintly through their usually impassive ranks. A Tagareen Moor named Yusuf offered at once two hundred.

But still the dala continued to sing her praises. He held up one of her arms for inspection, and she submitted with lowered eyes and no sign of resentment beyond the slow flush that spread across her face and vanished again.

As Arabian silks and whiter than ivory. Look at those lips like pomegranate blossoms. The price is now two hundred philips. What wilt thou give, O Hamlet?" Hamlet showed himself angry that his original bid should so speedily have been doubled.

"By the Koran, I have purchased three sturdy girls from the Sus for less."

"Wouldst thou compare a squat faced girl from the Sus with this narcissus-eyed glory of womanhood?" scoffed the dala.

"Two hundred and ten, then," was Hamlet's sulky grunt. "Thou hast cost me dear."

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LONDON LIFE CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

First Meeting of Autumn Season Is Held at Dufferin Hall This Week.

Mrs. Frieda Stephens was elected president of the London Life girls' club at the annual meeting held this week in Dufferin hall. Plans for the year's work were made, and a report of the families assisted during the year presented by Miss Carrie Fitchett. Miss Sutton, the hostess of Dufferin hall, gave a brief talk on the club house, while Miss Jones, the retiring president, gave a short informal address before leaving the chair. At the close of the meeting a social hour was spent in cards and dancing.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. Frieda Stephens; vice-president, Miss Carrie Fitchett; secretary, Miss Bessie Bence; treasurer, Miss Winifred Stewart; assistant secretary, Miss Margaret Rhynd; treasurer, Miss Ruth Houston; pianist, Miss Madeline Watson; club singer, Miss Kathleen England; editor-in-chief, story editors, Miss Ann MacGregor, Miss Winifred Stewart, Miss Carrie Fitchett, Miss Gwen Harris, Miss Betty Dale, Miss Florence Jackson and Miss Joyce Gibberd; social and personal, Miss Adeline Webster; seen and heard column, Miss Pearl Yake; Miss Ruby Cunningham, Miss Edna Merkle; Miss Madeline Pollock, Miss Helen Nichol and Miss Madeline Watson; health and beauty, Miss Jean Arkell, Miss Lottie Fisher; jokes, Miss Evelyn Greer; sports, Miss Gladys Hynd; artists, Miss Norme Springett and Miss Joyce Gibberd; press reporters, Miss Kathleen England and Miss Lotta Fisher.

AUTUMN COIFFURE.

Paris, Oct. 9.—The approved coiffure for autumn allows the hair to be drawn back from the face less tightly than in the previous Spanish mode. There is a large knot at the back of the neck, and pointed ends of hair brushed forward across the ears.

Canada's Married Population Grows.

There are fewer bachelors and spinsters in Canada. Two years ago the percentage of married men was 37.49 and of married women 38.32. In 1911, percentages were, men, 34.85; women, 36.97.

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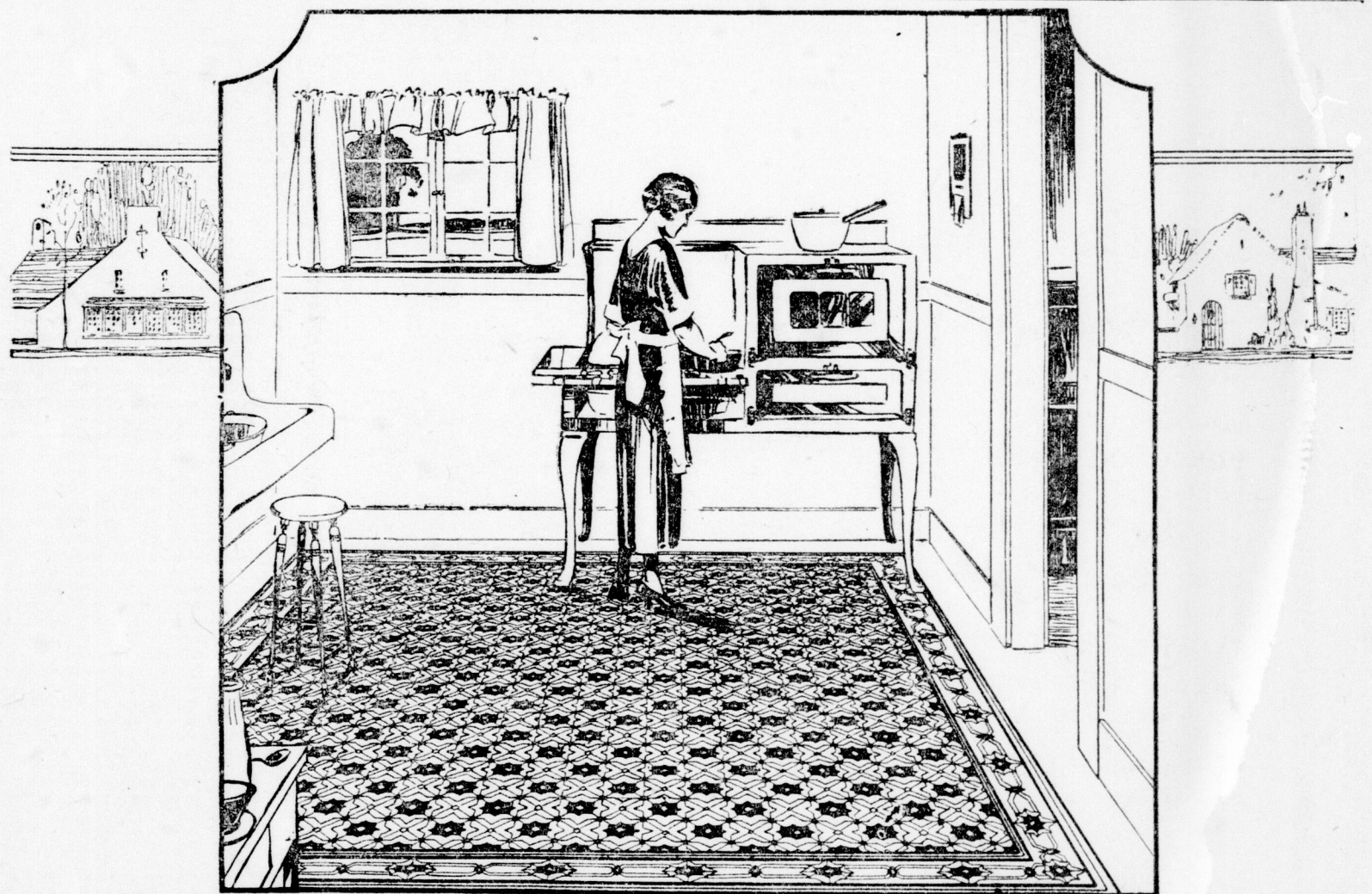
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The nervous system is the vital force of your body; the force that gives energy to every organ and every muscle. So great is the power of the nerves that a tremendous shock, such as fear, may cause death. A lesser nerve shock will pale the cheeks, make the knees tremble, cause the heart to beat wildly or almost paralyze breathing. To keep our vitality and strength we must nourish the nervous system. When we restore lost nerve power we quickly regain lost strength! Nervous, exhausted men and women can regain their nerve force and as they rebuild their nerves they see the signs of returning vigor.

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You need these sensible floor coverings. They save money and improve the looks of any room. Besides, they are so easy to clean. Occasional light mopping keeps them spotless.

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