

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially for this Newspaper.



IF ONE IS CONTEMPLATING GINGHAMS.

A delightful way to make a plaid gingham would be after the one-piece dress pictured here. The simple skirt is gathered to the waist under a belt of plain gingham, the collar and cuffs being of the plain material also. One very fashionable may substitute organdy for gingham, if desired. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards plaid and 1/2 yard plain material.

The blouse costume is in white linen with a vest of tucked organdy. Pockets, collar and cuffs of self-linen trim the blouse, while the skirt is smartly finished with a deep hem. Medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch material.

First Model: Pictorial Review Dress No. 8251. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.
Second Model: Blouse No. 8245. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 25 cents. Skirt No. 8295. Sizes, 24 to 36 inches waist. Price, 20 cents.

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The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and physical fatigue, loss of energy, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, etc. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. None returned for medicinal purposes. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor).



Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$2 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

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Primus Jellies, put up in various flavors such as strawberry, raspberry, cherry, plum, red-currant, lemon, vanilla, orange, Sherry Wine, Port Wine, chocolate and natural or (calf's foot), are to be recommended on account of their absolute purity and delicate flavor.

They are invaluable for the economical and instantaneous preparation of wholesome, delicious and attractive desserts. No other dessert can be so refreshing and appetizing for summer as those prepared with Primus Jellies.

On this occasion, insist on getting them and remember that the brand "Primus" is a guarantee of quality and purity.

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS,

Author of "The Story of Julia Page," "Heart of Rachel," "Josselyn's Wife," "Sisters," etc.

"Luckily she didn't sell it to a regular customer, or she would have had Lucas in her wool!" remarked another young woman. "Lucas doesn't like us to work off blue tags on old customers," she elucidated, to Geraldine. "Now, let's see—you get two per cent, anyway, that's one-fourty, and seven more, that's eight-forty—not so worse!"

Geraldine smiled for the first time in "Emelle's."

After that, suddenly she began to feel at home there. Coughing and headachy, she was timidly friendly with the fitters. And she tried to understand the saleswomen themselves, but this was more difficult.

They were smooth-headed and rose-skinned, like young actresses. They wore marvelously fitting corsets, and heavy silk stockings, and outrageously high-heeled boots. They had an alarming armor-of-jabber and whisper, but under it they were quite simple, almost childish, and always glad to be amused. There were two mannish, who displayed the gowns, rather stupid girls for all their reddened lips and absurd shoes, six or eight saleswomen, three or four fitters, and the messengers, besides Mrs. Lucas, who made occasional sales, and the three bookkeepers. Among them all Geraldine was as strange as a child in a jungle; they had seen much, but never her kind before, and they rather liked her.

Having accepted her, the girls came to love "Mollie," as they called her. They confided in her, while they changed to their shop stockings and shoes, and they laughed at her, and said that she was "cute." She gave them no cause for jealousy. Upon one occasion she remarked that she was just twenty-six. She saw that nobody believed her, and reflected with a little pang that she must look more than a few years older.

Women and clothes—women and clothes—women and clothes—the whole world began to revolve about them, to Geraldine. She began to notice types, and costumes; what was daring, what was really smart, what was simply handsome and expensive. She lived among stout women trying to look thinner, thin women complacently eyeing their angles in long mirrors, all women trying to buy clothes for less money than was reasonable, trying to look prettier and venger than they were. Many of them stooped quite admittedly to cheap and humiliating devices, to buy "Emelle's" frocks, and some of them had lost everything else in life—place, family, position and honor, wifehood and motherhood—for these fascinating combinations of spangles and crepe, for stretches of creamy lace, and the coquettish tip of big hats.

Weeks flew by, and there was heaped gray snow between the constantly moving stream of limousines on the Avenue. Geraldine, in the quiet mornings, would stand musing at the window—a window exquisitely draped in peak with one hat, and one mahogany chair, and one carelessly-flung furred wrap its only dressing.

She wondered if she had been a happy wife, in a small town, only a short time ago; a happy mother who came down to breakfast with the delicious bunch of warm little double rows and fat little fists that was Janey, under her arm. Had she really sat darning while Dan talked plans; had she been stopped, at the foot of the stairs, for his appreciative kiss on Sunday mornings when she was looking particularly well? Had it been her happy privilege once to go into his office, and announce that she had come to take him to lunch; to take the girls shopping in a Christmas week only a few years ago; and laugh and whisper over the right selection for Dad? In a word, had happy commonplace matrimony been hers, all its dear intimacies and homeliness, and was she standing here now, alone in New York, watching the holiday crowd jam by, and skilling furs and hats for "Emelle" of Fifth Avenue?

She missed her mother, and her children, but it was to Dan that her heart clung with an absolute passion of love. The others had leaned on her, but it had been her right, for so many years, to lean on him!

There were many days when she almost liked "Emelle's." It was always warm and luxurious and softly lighted, and that, in the bitter winter, was a consideration. She disliked Sundays more than any other day, simply because the distraction of her work and of the girls' conversation and of the little life of the shop was missing.

She saw no particular future at "Emelle's," and yet in spite of herself she made herself useful there. In spite of the leaden weight at her heart and the heavy cold and headache she continually fought, she adapted herself to the new calling, and somewhat distinguished herself in it. One day Mrs. Lucas, whom she rather disliked, asked her to word a rather particular note to one of the really important customers, and Geraldine was quite disproportionately pleased when her employer expressed satisfaction with it.

"When we have the sales, I'll have you write those personal notes to about twenty of 'em," Mrs. Lucas said reflectively. "That nice handwriting—no sense to have it copied by the stenographer; I'll send it just that way—it'll make a hit!"

The customer duly came in for the requested interview, and Geraldine displayed her the Spring furs.

"What's your name?" asked the customer, who was a great lady indeed.

"Mrs. O'Brien," Geraldine said hoarsely. "Mary O'Brien."
(To be Continued.)

TALKING IT OVER

—With Lorna Moon—

Kimono Lizzies.

"I have called upon her three afternoons this month and each time I have caught her in the kimono." The wise matron was speaking of the bride who had been married hardly a month. "It's a pretty kimono, I grant it. All kimono lizzies begin by wearing pretty clean kimonos, and end by wearing faded, dirty ones."

"Wives who have been business girls are the worst offenders; although I must say, that a business girl, when she is the right sort, makes the best wife in the world. But when she begins to be sorry for herself for all the number of years she has had to put her dress on until five-thirty, she takes it out in kimono wearing after marriage and she becomes the worst kimono lizzie of them all."

"I know a woman, who, before she was married, had charge of an insurance office staff. She was a model in neatness for the girls under her. Her dresses were the tailored serge sort that spelt style without nonsense, and her hair was always becomingly and tidily arranged. She got married, and in her trousseau she included several very beautiful negligees. 'I've never had time to wear them before,' she said. But she made up for it! Four years after her marriage, the beautiful negligees were worn out, and she had become a frowsy fat hillcock forever shuffling around, with a faded wrapper pinned around her and she couldn't have gotten herself inside one of her former time smart business gowns to save her life!"

"She didn't know how to take care in moderation. That is the whole trouble with girls of that type; they can't be made to realize that ease is only a luxury up to a certain point; after that it becomes a drug, which saps the intelligence and dulls self-respect."

E. Gartley, Tweed, has sold his residence to Hopkins, Corbyville, a former resident of Hungerford, and will give possession on November 1st.

Ex-Mayor Allan McGee, Belleville, died on Friday aged eighty-six years. He had been a resident of Belleville, for fifty-one years.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY



The Germans burned Louvain

Five years ago today, August 26, 1914, the Germans burned Louvain. Find a Belgian. Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Left side down nose at right shoulder.

NATURE'S LAXATIVE FOR MAN

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