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EATON'S DAILY STORE NEWS



Such Jolly Dishes

Cups and Saucers, Plates and Bowls, Patterned Gaily With Nursery Rhymes.

UCH EASIER to learn letters off the plate your jam's on, isn't it, than learning them out of a school book? That's why some of these nice nursery plates have the alphabet running around the edge instead of a bor-der of flowers or bands. You may have them done in green or brown-price 20 cents each.

Plates patterned with Jack and Jill and Margery Daw are also 20 cents each.

The deeper, heavier "feeding plates" that are more like soup plates—for porridge, milk puddings, etc.—are to be had decorated with Bye-Baby Bunting at 65 cents, and decorated with Boy Blue at 50 cents.

A set of plate, mug and bowl, ornamented with the cow, the moon and the cat from "Hi Diddle Diddle," is a big attraction at 75 cents

for the three pieces. Nursery cups and saucers patterned with Humpty-Dumpty, Goosey Gander and other

familiar friends are 50 cents. Porridge bowls beautified with "I Love Lit-

the Pussy" are \$1.00 each. And jam pots, with Bye-Baby Bunting, are \$1.50 each.

Soap, Tooth Paste and Powder for the Kiddies

In Wee Packages, Cakes and Tubes at-Just Imagine it-Only 2 Cts. and 7 Cts. Each.

HEY are the dear little baby size tins of talcum, tubes of paste and for a little girl's or boy's dressing table.

You may have a choice of Infant's Delight or Blue Bird soap. Blue Bird talcum powder and Taylor's tooth paste are two other preparations that are offered. All will be featured on Thursday at a special price: the soap 2 cents a cake, the tooth paste 7 cents a tube, and the talcum powder 7 cents a tin.

Cunning little vials of perfume in assorted odors are another attraction for the kiddies. Each wee bottle has a "dipper," and a metal cap on top. Some show wee imitation forgetme-nots standing in the perfume. Price, 10

AT. EATON DRUG COMP

Another Bubble Book—Number 5

The Book That Sings

HIS is a fairy story, called "The Pie Party," with three records to play on your talking machine-records of the nursery rhymes, Little Jack Horner, Sing a Song of Six Pence, The Queen of Hearts, and Good King Arthur. And, like all the other Bubble Books, it has lots of drawings of all the people in the story and the songs. The price is \$1.25.

-Book Department, Albert and James Sts.

1869 GOLDEN JUBILEE 1919 STORE CLOSES SATURDAY AT 1 PM. OTHER DAYS AT 5 P.M. SHORTER HOURS" "BETTER SERVICE "BETTER SERVICE"

May---The Children's Month in the Store

Yes, for a whole month the little tots will be the specially honored guests of the Store. All the Jubilee attractions for that time have been planned for them---lovely surprises every week. No, we won't let the secrets out until the time comes, but watch the papers for announcements. The celebration begins on Thursday

With a Merry May Day Fete of Fun and Fashions

May-pole Dancing-May Day Singing-Maytime Toggery-Also a Jolly Little Playlet Called Miss Jubie Lee's Party

Performed by a Number of Clever Little Children

This will take place in the "Auditorium" in the Furniture Building, continuing on Friday and Saturday as well: Thursday and Friday-From 10.30 to 11.30 a.m., and from 3 to 4 p.m.
Saturday Morning (two performances)-From 9.30 to 10.30 o'clock, and from 11 to 12 o'clock. Tickets for the May Day Fete may be had by applying to the Month of May Bureau, on the Third Floor of the Store.

Hello There---Little Boys and Little Girls

HAT days are next best to Christmas? "Birthdays," did you say? Of course they are—the first day you're four years old instead of three, or seven years old instead of six, or five years old instead of four. Perhaps you're going to have a Birthday yourself very soon. Or have you just had one?

Well, once upon a time a Store had its first birthday. It was a long time ago—long before you were born. 'Way back in eighteen

hundred and sixty-nine was the year it was born. There weren't any telephones then. If it had wanted to have some other little Stores in to tea—if such a queer thing could have happened — someone would have had to go and call on them, or write a letter to invite them. And if they lived far away they would not have been able to come to the party in a motor car or a trolley car-even if they had been small enough Stores to ride around that way. For it was long before electric cars or motor cars were made. It was when street cars were drawn by horses. Just think of it. Though you mustn't imagine that the driver drove in a fast, jolly way like a

butcher's boy. No, he just jogged along about like a man who's driving a load of hay. But then there was no need to hurry. He hadn't

very far to go-only from the market on King Street (near the big old Cathedral, you know) along to Yonge Street and up

Yonge Street to Bloor. That was the only car line there was in Toronto. No Belt Line, no Avenue Road, no Dundas. And I wish I had room on this page to tell you how nice the trip was between Bloor and College Street—past pretty cottages with flower beds and farms with lovely vegetable gardens. Not many farms on Yonge Street, below Bloor, now, are

But to go back to the Birthday we were talking about. It was a mere baby of a Store, needless to say—with only about three teeth and only learning to walk, as it were. It had no elevators, of course, and no such thing as a moving stairway—oh dear, no. It stood, in fact, only three stories high, and had only two show windows in front-one on each side of the door. Over this door was written its name, which I had forgotten to tell you was THE T. EATON & CO.—a name that you knew how to say almost as soon as your own name, didn't you? Did anyone ever tell you it was once a little one-year-old store, with only one wagon to carry its parcels—drawn by a pony called

But, bless you, Stores grow up just like little boys and girls. It went on having Birthdays. There was the day it was eight years old! It was, as you might say, by this time wearing short trousers—a sturdy, independent, little Store, as they often sa about little boys who are eight years old. It was able to sell a lot more things. Before this it sold only ribbons, silks, prints, cloth, buttons, needles, and things like that. But it was quite a bit bigger by this time, of course. It had about twenty people selling at the counters. It stretched forty feet farther back on Queen Street, for, as I was almost forgetting to tell you, the place where this little Store stood was the southwest corner of Yonge and Queen. And now it began to sell carpets, oilcloths and mantles, as they used to call ladies' coats in those days. Ask your grandmamma some time to tell you about the mantles that

were worn in those days when she was young -and about the queer wire thing called a "bustle," for all the world like a bird-cage, that people stuck into the backs of their skirts to make them stand out.

But you will be interested more in the Birthday when our little friend, T. EATON & CO., was twelve years old, because it was just about this time it put away the stoves it used to have to heat it, and got its first real furnace—with pipes shooting off in all directions. And not only a furnace, but three horses to take round the delivery wagons, one of which—one of which horses, I mean—was called Black Jack. What had become of Maggie, by this time, I'm sorry to say I've never heard.

Then came one of its special never-to-be-forgotten birthdays in the year 1882, when it was thirteen years old, when it left off little boys' clothes, so to speak, and put on long trousers, and a grown-up hat—left the corner of Queen and Yonge, the building it had "worn" all along as a little codger, and moved up into 190 Yonge, which is where the Main door is now, you know. Though there were a lot of things you would be surprised to hear that it didn't have—no telephone even then, no type-writers to do its letters, no adding machines—oh, I should think not. Get your granddaddy to tell you how different his office was those days from what your daddy's is now, and how he wrote his letters with a pen instead of speaking them to a stenoinstead of speaking them to a steno-grapher, as he does now.

After that the Birthdays flew quickly by, one after another, and

shouldered. There were almost sixty

the place. When it was nearly fifteen it began to have a book written about itself, called a Catalogue, telling of some of the things it, sold. And when people came to Toronto from the country to go to the Exhibition—the same Exhibition you go to each Fall—they were given one of these little thin Catalogues to take keepes with them. these little thin Catalogues to take home with them. And soon after it gave out Catalogues this way it built a factory, where it made shirts for men and boys, and white underclothes for women. This was something to be proud of in those days, for very few Stores of any age had places to make the things they sold.

Then, alas, next year there was a war-ask your daddy or your teacher to tell you about the war in 1885, called the Riel Rebellion—and most of the young men in the Store joined the regiment called the Royal Grenadiers and went away off to fight in the Northwest.

But finally they came back again, and other young men and boys, and girls and young women, too, were needed to look after all the people that began to flock to the Store. Have you ever heard the story of Jack and the Beanstalk? Well, the Store started to grow about as fast as the beanstalk. It began to sell toys, mattresses, wallpaper, window blinds and a whole lot of other things besides things to wear. It

built more factories, and even another Store like itself in Winnipeg—up in Mani-toba, you know. The Catalogues got thicker, and soon had pictures in them. A day came when an elevator ran from one floor to another. It began to buy lots of tablecloths and carpets and curtains in England, and hats and purses and gowns and flowers in France, and coats and dresses in New York, and silks, and laces and ribbons in Switzerland, and kimonos and china in Japan. You've heard of all these places, haven't you? Perhaps you've been in some of them. Anyway, after a while the Store rented offices of its very own in these places and kept people there to buy for it all the year. Your mamma will likely tell you, if you ask her, that she would sooner

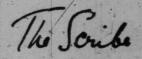
"There were twenty seven hundred people waiting outside for the doors to open."

have a hat from Paris than from any other place. And think of the great big motor trucks that deliver the furniture!—different from the little cart drawn by the pony Maggie, eh? Well, to make a long story short, the Store went on and on growing up and having birthdays, until now, this year, 1919, here it is, if you'll believe me, the biggest Store in the British Empire—England, Ireland, Scotland, India, Australia, South Africa and Canada, you know—with twenty-six thousand people working in it and its factories and foreign offices, and one morning lately there were twenty-seven hundred customers waiting outside for the doors to open so they could get in to buy. Here it is, as we were saying, having, actually, its fiftieth birthdayderful and particular birthday that it's called the Golden Jubilee-the same name that good old Queen Victoria—King George's grandmother—called her celebration when she had been a queen for fifty years.

One lovely thing about the Jubilee birthday is that it lasts for a whole year. And, listen to this, the Month of May, which begins tomorrow, is to be the Store's month-long Birthday for children—with no end of things to see and enjoy all over the place—Surprises! Secrets!!—heaps of them.

Liittle Boy and Little Girl, whoever you are or wherever you are, the Store requests the pleasure of your company, in the month of May, for all the fun and jolly things it has planned. Watch the newspapers every day to find out what's going on, and then come and bring along your Mamma and Papa and Big Sisters and Big Brothers and Aunts and Uncles, too, if you want to. Come as often as you like. As we said before, you are to be the special and honored guests.

T. EATON COLIMITES





Skipping Ropes—such a fine lot to choose from, priced 5 cents, 10 cents, 20 cents, up to a splendidly long, thick rope with big painted handles at 35 cents.

-Fifth Floor.

For Little Gardeners

Rakes, Hoes, Spades and Watering Cans

OME OF THESE gardening tools are done up in sets of three—rake, hoe and spade. You can get them in various sizes to suit little, littler and littlest size girls and boys-35 cents, 50 cents, 90 cents and \$1.00 the set.

Children's size watering cans are 30 cents

In the smaller sizes garden tools can be had separately—forks 20 cents and spades 35 cents.

These For the Sand Pile.

Or for the beach, for that matter-sand pails with shovels at 15, 25 and 35 cents and \$1.00 for the two pieces.

And the most fascinating moulds to make sand pies, turning the cakes out patterned with ducks, elephants or horses-6 moulds in a set -price 40 cents the set.

Six patty pans and a wee spade are 25 cents

Sand sets of pail, shovel, sieve and 4 moulds

-75 cents the set. Big painted sand pails—rose or green—are

-Fifth Floor,

Kazoos, Bones and Mouth Organs

Trumpet kazoos, 15 cents each; imitation "bones," 10 cents a pair; and mouth organs at 40 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents each—these are some of the attractions for the small boy, in the Musical Instruments Department.

-Fifth Floor,

Boys and Girls Who Live Out of Town

F you see something advertised on this page during Children's Month that you vant your mother to buy for you, get her to write to the Shopping Service about it, if she cannot come to the Store herself. One of the Shoppers will do the choosing and buying for you in splendid fashionjust as well as if you and your mother would do it yourselves. Address your order to the Shopping Service.