Kimonos

We have just received a shipment of beautiful, artistic Kimonos that we know will meet with the approval of the ladies of London and district.

They are in four different weaves—Cotton Crepe, Silk and Wool Crepe, Habutai, Washable Satin. All are ribbon trimmed and are tastefully embroidered with floral and other designs and come in sky, rose, purple and pink.

Prices:

$4.75, $8.75, $17.50, $20

Brick & Dundas

LONDON - - - ST. THOMAS.

WINIFRED BLACK

Passes On a Remarkable Letter.

Copyright, 1919, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Winifred Black

in earnest!

Read it and see if it doesn't mean something to you:

Dear Winifred Black:

That "dear" in the salutation means more than a mere necessary convention in letter-writing—for you really have become quite dear to me these last few months. Many, many times when your editorials impressed me I decided to write you a "gossipy" little letter just to tell you what your talks are doing for me. But as I had nothing definite to tell you, and as I was well aware of the fact that you are dreadfully busy, I put it off. But now, after reading your article on "Self-Consciousness" I simply must write to you.

Every sentence, every word in that talk of yours seemed to shriek—YOU! YOU! YOU! For, dear Winifred Black, I was, until several months ago, the most self-conscious girl in the world. If you aren't too busy, will you read a little further? And I'll try to tell you as briefly as my foolish, inconsistent mind will let me, how accurately your editorial applied to me.

At the age of 16 I graduated from high school and began my business career. I was always very small and insignificant looking; in fact, when I was 16 people refused to believe that I was a day older than 13. I was certainly conscious of that "failing," and my thought omnipresent was "Everyone thinks I'm a kid!"

It haunted me day and night until I became ultra-sensitive and self-conscious to the extent that when I went to interview prospective employers I could not do justice to myself. Finally, however, I "landed" a position as assistant to an advertising man.

I had always professed an interest in writing—in fact, I was attending college in the evenings, studying journalism. An opportunity to do copywriting presented itself, and for once I allowed my ambition and enthusiasm to engulf my awkward self-consciousness. Because I was fairly well educated and had a little natural talent, I was allowed to try my hand at copywriting, despite my very tender age. I made good, better than I expected; but this work brought me into contact with "men higher up" and I became more self-conscious than ever. Finally, because of that terrible self-consciousness, I got myself into a mess from which it was impossible to extricate myself without losing my dignity and self-respect—so I left.

The Stumbling Block.

Once again my ambition and love of writing surged forward, and with a boldness born of a determination to "show" the people I had just left, I applied for a position as a full-fledged copy-writer, although I had just been an assistant, It seemed that I impressed the manager, for I am here now, a copywriter, and making good.

But here's where your part in the story comes in:

For the first few months I was dreadfully self-conscious, as I was among people much older than myself. Whenever two persons got together and began to talk, I immediately suspected they were talking about me. During those few months my pet phrases were, "Aw, please tell me!" and "What did you say?" and sometimes "What are you laughing at?"

At last I began to grate on everyone's nerves, and although I was aware of it, I simply could not help myself. I was sure that they were talking about me and laughing at me. Then two of the women copywriters who liked me quite a bit, got together and decided that they would cure me. Later they confessed that their plan had been suggested by an article you had written.

In the first place they got together and began to talk in whispers—then they would glance at me and laugh. Naturally, or rather self-consciously, I'd blush and "get hot all over," as the expression goes. When I was thoroughly uncomfortable, one of them would saunter over to me and say casually, "We were just talking about Mr. So-and-So, who wrote such-and-such an article in yesterday's paper." I'd be ashamed to say that I thought they were talking about me, so I'd simply give a sickly little smile and turn away. This kept on for some time, and then the women changed their antics.

Now She's Cured.

During the lunch hour or when our book was on press and we had nothing to do, they would begin to discuss some widely known persons, fr instancoe Oscar Wilde, Rudyard Kipling, Scott Nearing, and often we discussed one of your articles that had probably been published that day. The subjects would become so absorbing and interesting that I would completely forget myself and enter into the discussions with zest.

As a final test, these two women to whom I will ever be indebted, told me their own personal experiences; they played upon my sympathy, my generosity, my understanding. All selfish thoughts were banished—for days they kept me absorbed in helping them work out their problems; they would not give me a minute to think about myself. Their energies overcame the self-consciousness that had seriously threatened to put a damper on my seemingly brilliant future.

Today I am a happy, friendly, generous, hopeful, ambitious girl—you see I, too, can string a lot of adjectives together, a la Winifred Black—and I owe it primarily to you, you who wrote an article that inspired two women to help a strange girl out of her difficulty. Of course, there's a lot more to my story, but I'm not going to bore you with it.

I know I am quite bold to be taking up your time this way—if indeed you have read this letter at all. But then you must remember that it was through you that I lost my self-consciousness and became the aggressive, forward girl I am today.

With kindest regards, sincerely yours.

W. R. F.

Bore us, dear girl, if you only knew how like a deep draught of clear, sparkling water such a letter from such a girl is!

Do write us another sometime and tell us some more of your adventures in human nature.

A large and attractive display of Ladies' Serge, Satin and Georgette

Combination Dresses

Very reasonably priced at $25.00

Is Now Shown at the

Justrite Ladies' Wear

254 Dundas St. Phone 2614.

Autumn Draperies

Scientifically cleaned by our process. Have the White Wagon call today for this heavy work.

Phones—3881, 3882.

FOREST CITY LAUNDRY

"Of your service"

DRY-CLEANERS & DYERS

White Wagons.

Powder Always Shows On a Rough Skin

Do you realize that your skin would look twice as nice if you used a finishing cream every time before you put on face powder?

Just try this simple formula—

"A little CREME ELCAYA rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a very little Elcaya rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the cream is quite dry; and after that the film of face powder over all."

CRÊME ELCAYA

is a delightful, non-greasy, disappearing toilet cream that makes the skin like velvet.

Your dealer has ELCAYA and has sold it for years. Ask him.

In jars, at 35c and 75c.

James C. Crane, *Sole Agent*
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd.
MONTREAL
Distributors for Canada
Made in Canada

CREME ELCAYA FOR SALE IN LONDON BY THE DEPENDABLE DRUGGISTS.

Cairncross the Chemists

Page of Interest to Women

WHY NOT FEATURE A GHOST GAMBOL AT HALLOWEEN PARTY?

Ghost March May End Up in Dance On Lawn.

Hark! Did you hear that sound in the grass?
Mayhap a witch, or ghost, did pass.

Great fun is to be had at a ghost gambol as a Halloween frolic. Such a party is not expensive to give nor troublesome to arrange. The following outline can, of course, be varied to fit home conditions:

The invitations may be written on black paper with white ink, and convey the information that the recipient is to come garbed in sheet and pillow case, a prize to be given for the most artistically garbed "shade."

Decorate the house as lavishly as desired with fall flowers and cornstalks, hanging pumpkin lanterns near together as they furnish the only light allowed. White paper cats, witches and goblins of all sorts may be swung on black threads in appropriate places. In the entrance hall a costumed Mephisto may keep guard over two large slates upon which the "shades" may write questions for him to answer.

When the guests have all arrived the party leads off with a ghost march—hand in hand they go from garret to cellar, or follow devious garden paths if more convenient, ending in a stately dance on the lawn or a solemn Virginia reel danced to slow music in the hall.

Costume Suggestions.

Then, unmask and the judges selected decide on the most artistically draped "shade," who gets a prize of a small pair of tongs holding a little piece of ice, which vanishes in ghost-like fashion, though the tongs remain as a souvenir.

Clever costumes may follow in fashion that worn by the ghost of Hamlet's father, Lady Macbeth, the Three Wise Sisters, Ancient Mariner, Headless Horseman or the Ghost of a Chance, who shows his gambling, horse racing or other symbols against his white gown.

If head-dresses are made of white paper cambric they will be cooler and lighter than pillow cases. Games take different forms according to the environment. An old-fashioned kitchen, for instance, lends itself happily for a candy pull or the making of "dumb" cake. A recipe for the cake is posted above the baking table on which are the ingredients for its making, and each guest, without speaking a word, adds, as she passes the table, an ingredient. The mixture is then baked, and, regardless of the result, each helper must taste without a murmur.

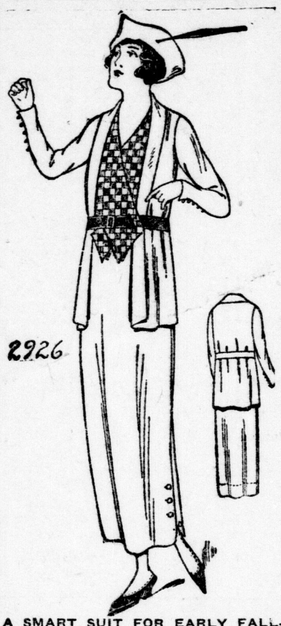
Other Games.

Other games sacred to Halloween night, are bobbing for apples, hunting the thimble in the flour mound, blindman's buff, games of magic, and the telling of ghost stories, while marshmallow toast, corn pops and chestnuts roast.

The next excitement is the cock crow call for refreshments. The refreshments should be strictly old-fashioned as befits a "shade" feast, and may be passed on trays or served buffet fashion. By way of suggestion, a variety of sandwiches, chicken salad or croquettes with peas are nice, followed by old-fashioned ice cream, frozen custard type, and generous slices of real plum cake. Ginger, lemonade or fruit punch and coffee are all the liquid refreshments necessary.

The "fate" cake, which has baked in it the lucky ring, coin, thimble, little silver horseshoe, crown, button and bean, is always productive of good fun.

Advertiser Patterns



A SMART SUIT FOR EARLY FALL.

2926—For this style, tricotine, serge, taffeta, velour, gabardine, or velveteen could be used. The vest may be if contrasting material as illustrated or of the cloth, braided or embroidered. The skirt is cut so that the side seam edges may be unconfined at ankle but if preferred, the seam may be closed.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1⅝ yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver, or 1c and 2c stamps.

Name .....

Province .....

Town .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25, 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 "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than ten days from the date of application.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Rev. W. J. Knox has returned from Winnipeg.

Mrs. A. E. Evans has returned to Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Marie Coughlin has returned from St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Luesby were visitors in town for a few days.

Rev. Canon T. J. Pughe has returned to Toronto, later leaving for Montreal.

Miss Minnie Newman of Hamilton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Mack, 319 Central avenue.

Mr. Charles Christie of Los Angeles, and Mr. Alan Magee of Montreal were in town for the funeral of Mr. George S. Gibbons.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ritter and daughter, of 206 Ridout street, have returned from a delightful visit in Ireland and England, where they have been for the past three months.

Rt. Rev. J. O. Stringer, Anglican bishop of Yukon, is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Whalen of the rectory, Ailsa Craig. Bishop Stringer has just returned from overseas and is preparing to return to his work in the far north, where he has been giving strenuous and heroic service.

FENTON—WHITE.

A pretty but quiet wedding was solemnized on Friday, October 24, when Helen, the third daughter of Mr. Thos. P. White of the Grand Trunk Railway, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Fenton of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fetnon left on the evening train for eastern points, followed by the best wishes of hosts of friends of the bride, who was one of the most popular girls in the Forest City. On their return from the honeymoon the happy couple will reside in Toronto.

McCORMICK—LOVE.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Christopher's Church, Forest, when Nina M., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Love, became the bride of Ronald J. McCormick of Detroit. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father J. G. Labelle. During the signing of the register Miss Beatrice Hubbard sang sweetly "Lauda Miriam." Miss Kathleen McCormick of Detroit, sister of the groom, assisted the bride, and Alexander McEachern of Dashwood, acted as best man. The church was tastefully decorated with autumn foliage, ferns and ivy. The bride wore her travelling suit of silvertone elephant velour with hat to match. After a dainty wedding breakfast at the bride's home, the happy couple left for Cleveland. On their return they will reside at 205½ West Warren avenue, Detroit.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Politness in Children.

Dear Miss Grey and Readers, — As someone wanted to know how to teach children manners, I thought I would tell my way. I raised six children, three boys and three girls. My children were no better than any other children, but they had good manners. I started with my babies, for I did by them as I wanted them to do by me. When little babies were playing on the floor, if I would drop my thread or anything they would pick it up. I would say, "Give it to mama, dear." If they did not want to I would say "Please," and took it. Then "Thank you; you are a good boy" (or girl, which ever it was). Next time they would be more willing to give it up, and they soon notice the way you speak to them. Children have feelings as well as we. As soon as they can talk at all, teach them to say "thanks" by you saying it to them, and "excuse me," if they leave the table. I never told my children to go and do this or that. "I wish you would do this or that" sounds kinder, and they like it. If they hand me anything I always say thanks. Now many mothers will say that's too much trouble, but, dear mother, they will reward you for it. My children love me, and their father does by them as I do. We have only one boy not married. His father will say, "Please go and get me the hammer, son," or anything he wants. It doesn't cost anything to speak that way, and it makes the heart feel better. I heard a mother say once that it was all right for children to say "please" and "thank you" when away from homee, but it was silly to make them say it at home. If you have the care of those who have never been taught, when they want anything tell them to say "please," and then "thanks." They will soon pick it up. Teach them kindness to others, and to respect older people. I hope I have not tired everybody.

When making your vinegar, as I said some weeks ago, don't put it in a "sugar-bag." I said to put it in a jug, or anything to keep it in. Some way it got mixed—not the vinegar, but the words.

We never hear from Faded Lily or Curly Head any more. If I never come back, good-bye, everybody.

TIRED.

Ans.—Oh, please, don't feel too "tired" to call again. We'll hunt up the softest chair and cushion, and you may even wear your carpet slippers, if you like. I'm ever so sorry the printer man put your vinegar into a "bag" instead of a "jug." It was so near election time I suppose the poor dear got confused. Thank you very much for your remarks re manners and children. The writer inquiring will certainly appreciate your advice.

She Speaks Her Mind.

Dear Miss Grey,—As the frost has ended the need of "beanpoles" in the garden, I though I would get busy some place else. Someone was wondering if I had pricked by finger, but no, I didn't. I sure enjoy those patches, and so do my children. It was quite a drawing string to get my boy to the postoffice for the mail. He kept wondering if we would get some patches, and could scarcely wait until mail time.

I saw where someone had trouble in canning tomatoes, so here is my method, and say, I never experience any bad luck.

Take the tomatoes just of the correct ripeness. Pour boiling water over and peel. Have ready some sterilized jars, and drop tomatoes in as soon as peeled. Fill jars and steam in kettle or boiler. That is, fill kettle with cold water and set jars in. Let boil about one hour. Leave rubber off jar. When the hour is up, remove jars and refill the space at the top with tomatoes previously cooked in a granite saucepan, put on rubber and seal real tight. Have everything piping hot. This is good.

I see where P. A. was "wantin' fer ta be a ackter." Well, well; it's too bad the war didn't take our actors, "female and he-male," all and everyone to France. Talk about nonsense—but tell me what ruins more young lives, both boys and girls, than the 5-cent picture shows? Come, you mothers, speak up. No doubt I've started an endless chain poem or something else, but I'm just speaking my mind.

Wouldn't it suit a person better to have, or be more anxious to have, a fine education and a clean reputation than to be a movie actor? Then, if they are naturally inclined to be an actor they can have plenty of space to develop their gifts and show their talent just wherever they happen to be. I've been to some real good plays in country school houses, just put on by the young people of the section, and why couldn't young people from churches put on plays, and still live good, clean lives? My idea is that we are just living a short space of time, and we must have a fair amount of work and some good times to enjoy life, but we must have a real clean occupation to live a happy old age. There, you'll think I'm preaching, but no, I'm not. But next to booze, out with the "playhouses." Yours in hopes, A BEANPOLE.

Ans.—I'm very interested in what you say re "playhouses" and "5-cent shows." But, Beanpole, don't you think it a mistake to condemn them all because some are not up to the standard? Could one not almost as well frown upon reading of fiction because some novels are silly and evil? Or upon music, because some composers were immoral, and because we abhor the present-day "jazz" kind? As to children of tender years attending picture shows, in this city they are not admitted unless accompanied by an adult. True, there they doubtless see life viewed from a distorted angle at times, and one thing deplorable is where home life and relations are portrayed in ridiculous and overdrawn fashion before youthful eyes. But rather than seeking to do away altogether with places of amusement, should we not try to educate public sentiment towards demanding clean, wholesome entertainment? The theatre managers say, "We give the public what it wants," and if the individual would cease to attend cheap, tawdry "shows," and demand the best, the "public" could be trusted to look after itself.

As to the young people of any community developing their talent of acting and entertaining, it is an excellent idea, I think, and one that should be encouraged.

Toby Agrees.

Dear Miss Grey,—I was reading Sunflower's letter on Monday, October 20, and I quite agree with her about the whiskey and the community schools. She is sure right about that.

1. What is the meaning of Marjorie, Gladys, Joe, Iola, Lillian, Clarence, Harry, Beulah, Morley and Russel?

2. What day did August 13, 1901, come on. Yours sincerely, TOBY.

Ans.—The names in order mean: A pearl, lame, he shall add, a violet, fair as a lily, clear or bright, head of a household, land of rest. I don't know the meaning of Morley or Russel.

2. Tuesday.

Now, Ura, Explain.

Dear Miss Grey and Readers, — I noticed in your page a few days ago a letter from Ura Goat, in which she made some very detrimental statements about Ura Kid's cooking abilities. I also would like to make a few remarks about her cooking, which will perhaps correct the impressions you have received from Ura Goat's letter.

I think I am capable of judging whether Ura Kidd can cook or not, for I had the pleasure of sampling a very delicious cake she sent me a few days ago. A couple of hundred miles separate us, and, of course, you all know traveling will not improve a cake, but, in my humble opinion, Ura Kid's cakes can't be spoiled. Impossible!

Ura Goat, they say a word to the wise is sufficient. Next time you have the pleasure of dining with Ura Kid, don't eat so much that you have indigestion afterwards.

Here's hoping that Ura Kid wastes no more time and energy cooking for ungrateful Ura Goat, but sends them on to UNOME AL.

Ans.—No, I don't believe I know you, Al, but charmed to make your acquaintance, of course, and especially in such a good cause as U. K.'s cooking. Your implied rebuke to Ura Goat will have great weight with her, I am sure

Memory and mince meat

Somehow the thought of Mince Meat brings back old memories. We see again the old-fashioned cook-stove in the kitchen, in which are baking the Mince pies we loved so well. And what great mince meat mother could make! We used to think there was nothing like it—or ever could be. Childlike, we overlooked the time and labor mother used to expend in making it. Had Bowes Mince Meat been on the market then, mother would have been saved many a perspiring hour. In quality, flavor and in nourishing value she would have realized that Bowes Mince Meat was every bit as good as her home-made product. And the time, labor and money saved would most assuredly have appealed to her.

Bowes MINCE MEAT

IN TINS AT ALL GOOD GROCERS

ARTHUR'S, 662-662 1-2 DUNDAS STREET - - PHONE 3213

Month-End Clearance

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

CREPE DE CHINE BLOUSES, $4.95

Good Quality Crepe de Chine Blouses, in a range of round neck and V neck styles, with or without collar neatly embroidered fronts; colors, white, maize, peach, flesh, brown, grey; sizes from 36 to 44. Extra special....$4.95

CREPE DE CHINE AND SILK BLOUSES, $3.75

Broken ranges of Crepe de Chine and Silk Blouses, in a wide range of styles, round neck V neck and high neck; colors, white, maize, flesh, black, peach; sizes to 44. Month-end clearance $3.75

GIRLS' PLAID DRESSES, $6.75

Girls' Plaid Dresses, made from good quality union material, in blue and green Scotch plaids, pleated skirts, trimmed with black ivory buttons; sizes 6, 8 and 10 years $6.75

Same style in 12 and 14 years $7.50

BIG GIRLS' NOVELTY POPLIN DRESSES, $6.50

Seven only Girls' Novelty Poplin Dresses, in rose, sand and navy; sizes 10, 12 and 14 years; trimmed with white collar and cuffs, embroidered in colors. Special $6.50

Girls' Shepherd Check and Cotton Serge Dresses, $2.95

Girls' Dresses, made from good quality black and white check, trimmed with rose and blue poplin, also Cotton Serge Dresses, in navy blue; sizes 8 to 14 years. Special value $2.95

White Silk Blouses, $1.98

About five dozen Jap Silk Blouses, made from extra quality silk, in a neat, plain style sailor collar, trimmed with pearl buttons. Month-end clearance $1.98

White Voile Blouses, $1.50

White Voile Blouses made from good quality voile, embroidered fronts and silk stripes; sizes 36 to 42. Month-end clearance $1.50

Ribbed Cotton Hose, 35c Pr.

Children's Ribbed Cotton Hose, slightly imperfect, fine 1-1 rib, sizes 5½ to 10. Splendid school stocking .....35c pair

Ladies' Cashmerette Hose, 39c

Ladies' Black Cashmerette Hose, in a splendid quality, seamless throughout, double heels and toes, sizes 8½ to 10 ..... 39c pair

MILL ENDS OF WHITE SHAKER--WHITE COTTON--FACTORY COTTON, 25c YD.

HELP WANTED— Experienced help wanted for whole or part time, or evenings.

White Flannelette, 25c

Mill ends of White Flannelette, 27 to 30 inches wide, lengths from 2 to 6 yards ..... 25c yard

White Cotton, 25c

Mill ends of White Cotton Cambric and Madapollam, 36 inches wide, 2 to 6 yard lengths ..... 25c yard

Factory Cotton, 25c

Mill ends of Factory Cotton, 36 inches wide, 2 to 6 yard lengths. Special ..... 25c yard

Girls' Warm Winter Coats, $14.50

Girls' Blanket Cloth Coats, in blue, brown, green, grey, plaid effects, finished with high waistline, belted style, convertible collar, sizes 8 to 14 years. Special $14.50

Girls' Tweed Coats, 2 to 6 Years, $4.50

Littl Girls' Warm Tweed Coats, in grey and fawn mixtures, warmly lined with dark flannelette 2 to 6 years.....$4.50

Little Girls' Corduroy Coats, $3.75

In brown, navy and cadet, good quality Corduroy Coats, lined with sateen. Special $3.75

Girls' Warm Tweed Coats, $9.75

Girls' Warm Tweed Coats, in brown and grey mixtures, sizes from 8 to 14 years. Special $9.75

Little Girls' Plush Coats, $4.95

Little Girls' Plush Coats, sizes 2 and 3 years, in green, navy and brown, black quilted lining. Extra special $4.95

Infants' White Corduroy Coats, $3.75

Seven only Infants' White Corduroy Coats, sizes 22 and 24. Sale price $3.75

Children's Wool Mitts, 50c

One table Children's Wool Mitts grey, brown, white, navy, cardinal. Extra value ..... 50c pair

Sale of Warmer Bedding

Crib Comforters, size 27x36, silkaline covering.....$1.98

Crib Comforters, size 36x42, silkaline covering, pink or blue $2.98

Bed Comforters, silkaline covering size 66x72. Special $3.50

Bed Comforters, silkaline covering, in assorted patterns, size 66x72 ..... $3.95

Bed Comforters, silkaline covering, in floral designs, size 72x72 inches $4.50

Bed Comforters, covered with turkey red chintz, size 66x72 inches $4.95

Same style, 72x72 inches $5.95

4-Day Sale of Silk Poplin, $1.50

36-inch Silk Poplin, in white, black, navy, brown, sand, grey, taupe, purple, green, rose, cadet, saxe; regular $1.98. Month-end sale only ..... $1.50 yard

12-4 Cotton Blankets, $3.75

12-4 Cotton Blankets, grey or white, pink or blue borders $3.75 pair

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You can hear the same John McCormack sing "My Wild Irish Rose" or "A Little Bit of Heaven" on "His Master's Voice" Records an unlimited number of times at a very small cost, exactly as you would hear him if he appeared in London in person and you paid an exorbitant price to hear him only once.

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