

Attractively Priced Summer Skirts and Dresses



In every woman's life there are innumerable occasions when a smart white skirt or dainty, summery dress will save the day. Worn with different blouses, the skirt gives one a great variety of effective costumes. Hence the dresses and skirts—mostly the choice of the New York market—now on display, is of particular interest. Prices will be found most reasonable.

Sweaters

in pullover and coat style.
Pure Wool.
Latest Shades.

Radium Hosiery

Plain and fancy, white and black colors.
Lisle..... 50c to 85c
Silk..... 75c to \$3.00

Bathing Suits

One-piece, with skirt attached; regular \$3.95.
Clearing at \$2.98

Brick & Dundas, Limited

188 Dundas Street

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

TELL IT TO THE SOCIETY EDITOR.

Lloyd Rice has returned from Port Hope.

Mr. and Mrs. James Granger are at Maple Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Kerrigan are at Orchard Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Moore are summering at Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. German are summering at Sauble Falls.

Capt. Keillor and Mrs. Keillor of Ottawa are visiting friends in the city.

E. R. Newans has gone to Winnipeg to visit his daughter, Mrs. Bridgman.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gilmour are spending the summer in St. John, N. B.

Miss Dorothy Bray has returned to Detroit after holidaying with friends in the city.

Mrs. W. R. Lockie and little son from Chicago will spend the summer at Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Butler have gone to Muskoka, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Nancy Hunter, Ottawa, is the guest of her aunts, Misses Fairburn, Colborne street.

Miss Margery Struthers is visiting Mrs. Y. Ryerson at her summer home, Sturgeon Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Farncombe and family will spend the summer at Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mrs. Edward Allen of Vancouver is visiting her brother, J. E. McConnell, Richmond street north.

Dr. Jack Hunt and Mrs. Hunt are at the Sunset Hotel, Goderich, where they will spend the summer.

Hon. Charles Hyman and Mrs. Hyman are in their new summer cottage at Port Stanley for the summer.

Miss Lydia Young returns this week from New York, where she spent a delightful holiday with friends.

Rev. A. C. Bingham and Mrs. Bingham with their children will spend the summer months at Magnetawan.

Mrs. M. E. Tracey will spend the summer months with her daughter, Mrs. Cora Tracey Morris, in Atlantic City.

Miss Isabel Craig leaves shortly for

MRS. W. SANFORD



Again elected, Mrs. W. Sanford of Hamilton, who was re-elected president of the National Council of Women.

POLLY AND HER PALS—Maw Had Nothing To Say About It.



The Poet Bill Turns Naturalist and Educates "Babe"

The last time I saw him, the Poet Bill was at home. That is to say, he was enthroned on a huge packing box in his own backyard, his short legs dangling, and a pipe of ancient manufacture in his mouth. Clothed from head to foot in rather wide grey stripes, he came to a full stop at the one end by means of a large Panama hat, and was efficiently bunched below, by a pair of bull-dog shoes, fastened with rows of large flat buttons. Out of the midst of a brilliant tie, gleamed the emerald eyes of the inevitable Irish terrier, which serves Bill as a tiepin.

All around him, conversing to him in their own peculiar language, were Bill's dearest friends—his rabbit, chickens, ducks and small daughter, "Babe," literally infesting the yard and his heart. His pockets, too, did not lack attention, for every once in a while a tiny mouse would poke its head out and squeak in pure joy. Bill was at home.

Over in one corner, and attracting undue attention to itself, was a tiny grey kitten, "Toots" by name, daintily washing its face after an abundant saucer of cream. "Babe" was thoughtful, and after a few minutes she approached the parental throne and propounded the question which was bothering her.

Re-Washing Faces.
"Say, daddy! Why do kitties wash their faces, after they eat? We wash our faces before."

Bill only needed the question. Before many seconds "Babe" was firmly seated on his knee and gazing with wandering eyes, as he told her his own fascinating stories about the ways of nature.

"Babe," I'll tell you why kitties washes her face after she eats. Once upon a time, an old lady cat, called a fine tender mouse, and brought it home for kitty to eat. But kitty was so particular about having her face washed before she ate, that the mouse got away before she was ready for it. Then the old lady cat gave her a big scolding, and told her that she must always wait until after she had eaten before washing her face, and she has done that ever since. But, see here, "Babe," you're not a kitty; you're a little girl, and little girls don't eat mice. Their food won't run away from them while they wash their faces. Remember that."

And that story finished he began another.

"Say, Babe, did you ever know that cats could talk? You didn't? Well, just listen to them some night when they are fighting about your old daddy's window, and you'll hear 'em all right. As near as I can figure out, they are usually fighting about a fish. One says

Advertiser Patterns



A Practical Garment.

2806—A comfortable apron of this character will be a blessing to the industrious home worker. It is practically a dress in apron style; neat and serviceable. The model is suitable for gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, drill and linen.

The pattern is cut in four sizes—Small, 32-34; Medium, 34-36; Large, 36-38; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Name.....

Town.....

Province.....

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 sent, you need only mark 32, 34, or 36, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be, if a skirt, give waist and length measure. When for child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write address, as "you" pattern cannot reach you in less than ten days from the date of application.

Fort William is visiting her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, Alexandra apartments.

Rev. Canon G. C. Hill, Mrs. Hill and daughter, Miss Nora Hamilton, and son, Capt. Hill of Goderich, are in town for a few days, staying at the Tecumseh House.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Arthurs left last evening for their home in Regina, Mr. Arthurs is much improved in health, after a six-months' visit with her sister, Mrs. W. Stallard, 483 Ontario street. Mr. Arthurs arrived from the west a couple of weeks ago to join Mrs. Arthurs here and while in the city has also been a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stallard.

Miss Daisy Grampt entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of the girls of her Sunday school class in Colborne Street Methodist Church, when a very happy evening was spent in playing games, etc. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. Those present were: Phyllis Webster, Thelma Bloor, Betty Johns, Marion McNeils, Helen Boam, Katy Thompson and Annie and Laura Traver.

A wedding of considerable interest in this district took place in Downie on June 24, when Lillian Russell and Ernest H. Graham were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John H. Graham, the groom's father, of Dresden, assisted by Rev. Mr. Bell of Avonorton. They left for a trip to Toronto and will just sit down to make their home on the groom's home farm, on the 5th of Downie.

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About Dollars and Marriage.

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Winifred Black

The little woman I know, and the little man I know, are not getting on well together.

Oh, not at all! They say—is that the little woman she doesn't want to make some money for herself, and the little man I know won't let her do it.

There are no children at home, and there isn't a thing for the little woman I know to do there. She has a good, competent maid, and all she has to do is to order the meals and look pretty.

Both of these things are very easy for her, so time hangs rather heavily on her hands. And she wants an automobile, just a little plain one that she can run herself, and all she has to do is to order the meals and look pretty.

It won't take her away from her husband or from any duty of importance for one single minute—it isn't hard, it's easy, and she doesn't see why she shouldn't do it.

Husband won't argue about it, and he won't let her argue.

He just says "You shan't," and that's the end of it as far as he goes.

It's just the beginning.

She's going down town next Monday and take the job. And if husband doesn't like it he knows what he can do.

Husband won't say a word, but I believe that when the little woman I know comes home from the office she'll find the door locked and husband gone.

What will she do then, I wonder? Go into hysterics, get a locksmith to open the door for her, eat a perfectly good dinner, and go to bed for a perfectly good sleep? Or will she send messengers out after husband, and promise she'll be good, if he'll only come back home again?

I don't know.

The little woman I know is very modern indeed, and the little man she's married is not modern at all, and you never can tell what's going to happen in a match like that.

I'm sorry for the little man I know. He's a good little man, homely, faithful, and a little stubborn, conceited, vain—ah, that's just it!

It isn't his care for his wife that

Western Ontario Women's Activities

Address News For This Column to the Editor of Woman's Page.

HIGHGATE W. M. S.

The members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Highgate Methodist Church met recently at the home of Mrs. E. W. Edwards, who with her husband, (Capt.) Rev. E. W. Edwards, leave this week for their new circuit at Seaford, where they were appointed by the recent conference. Mrs. Edwards was made the recipient of a handsome wrist watch and three beautiful cut glass vases, the gifts of the W. M. S. and her Sunday school class, of which she has been teacher the past two years.

Tomorrow (Saturday) This Store Closes 6 p.m.

GRAY'S, LIMITED

Summer Outing Merchandise

SILK, THE COOLEST FABRIC FOR HOT WEATHER.

SHANTUNG SILK, for smart summer dresses, skirts and waists. A full line of colors, mauve, wistaria, cadet, brown, fawn, Belgium, navy, light blue, pink, old rose, apricot, light and mid grey and black. A superior quality and fine, even weave, width 34 inches, at..... **\$1.50**

White Habutai Silk, width 36 inches, good values at, yard,

89c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

—Silk Department—Second Floor—

NAVY AND BLACK LUSTRE.

An ideal fabric for outing skirts or bathing suits, width 40 inches, good values at, a yard,

\$1.00 and 1.25

—Second Floor—

SUMMER UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

LADIES' SILK TOP COMBINATIONS, with fine lisle body, in pink or white, sizes 36 to 44, price, suit **\$3.00**
Children's Vests or fine ribbed cotton, short sleeves or sleeveless, at

15c, two for 25c

LADIES' FINE LISLE HOSE, full fashioned, spliced heel and toe, black or white, price, pair..... **50c**

CHILDREN'S SOCKS of fine lisle, brown, black, white and delft blue, with fancy stripe or plaid tops, at, a pair,

50c, 69c and 75c

CORSET SPECIAL.

Ten dozen Corsets, of fine coutil, medium bust, long hips, four hose sup-
porters, sizes 19 to 30. Special at **\$1.69**

—Main Floor—

SILK POPLIN SKIRTS.

Smart, new styles, with fancy pockets or tabs, and pearl button trimmings, colors, taupe, black, brown and white. Prices

\$6.00 and \$6.75

DAINTY VOILE BLOUSES.

Some all white, others with colored stripes and trimmings of tucks, lace and pearl buttons; there are round and sailor collars; all fresh, smart and dainty; a big range and exceptional values. Priced from

\$1.50 to \$8.50

—Second Floor—

GRAY'S LIMITED 140 DUNDAS STREET. VISIT THE SOLDIERS' DEPARTMENT. Every article offered for sale is made by returned soldiers. GRAY'S LIMITED PHONES 115, 116.

WRITES ABOUT WILD MEN FROM BORNEO AND MISSIONARIES

Mrs. W. E. Pescott Still at the Columbus, Ohio, Exposition.

A second letter has come from Mrs. W. E. Pescott, who is in Columbus, Ohio, attending the centenary celebration of Methodist Missions. She writes: To the Editor of the Woman's Page: This letter is about the Wild Man from Borneo.

Over in the Malaysian exhibit there is a reproduction of a house of the Dyak people, and a little demonstration on the veranda of poles to show the little crowd of listeners how he was invited to go and open work among these people.

The chief, in his native dress—short, open jacket, ornamented with bead work, round, high band of bead work on his head, loin cloth, large shield and a spear—seated himself, and asked to talk with the missionary.

He said he had observed that the Chinese were making progress under

—By CHIEF Sterret

BEECHAM'S PILLS

When your head aches, it is usually caused by your liver or stomach getting out of order. These "sick headaches" quickly disappear as soon as the stomach is relieved of its bilious contents. Right your stomach and regulate and tone the liver with Beecham's Pills, which rapidly improve conditions and promptly

Help Headache

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helena, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S.A. In boxes, 25 cents.

His teaching, while his people were all fifty and all superstitious, ignorant and afraid. Wouldn't he come and do for his people what he had done for the Chinese?

The missionary consented and went. He was given assurance that no harm would come to him while he was among them.

There were 41 families in the chief's house, and the first thing the missionary wanted the missionary to do was to build him a house, so that he and his wife could come out of the community house and be clean.

Built House. The missionary accepted the chief's sword with which to cut away the jungle, and then drove down the first stake. When the four corner posts were set, he said to the chief: "Now, wouldn't you like me to pray to my God that you may be filled with courage to go on and build your house?" Prayer was offered. The heathen boys were brought in from the jungle, because the next thing the chief wanted was a school.

The boys didn't know what a school was, but they sat down—the missionary had no knowledge of the language, so he sat down. Presently he stood up and said: "I stand." This was repeated till the boys shouted: "I stand." In their own language. The missionary said: "I ing: 'Here am I, send me.'"

Learned Language.

So it went on till the missionary could name all the familiar objects around him, and put sentences together. The boys made wonderful progress, greater than anything before experienced.

After six months the missionary's health failed. The doctor said he could not hope to live six months and stay there.

When the chief heard that he must go, he said: "What, send these boys back to the jungle, back to the bad old ways?"

The missionary said: "There is nothing else for me to do." Sadly he turned away, for the missionaries are so few that if one falls out on account of illness, there is no one to take his place. Fault of Church at Home. Appealing to the crowd, he asked: "Now is it my fault—or is it the fault of the church at home?" Day after day, as the people gather to listen, these facts are repeated, the need of the heathen world graphically described in patient and sermon, until we trust the whole church will hear, and volunteers come forward saying: "Here am I, send me."