PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "The Women's Strike."

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The women's strike—have you heard about it? Well, if you haven't, you'd better hear. It's very interesting. Unless the men do thus and so, the women are not going to do thus and so. That's the idea. Brilliant, isn't it? So practical, so human, so very, very possible.

When are we going to stop this age-long-fight—the fight between men as men are dependent upon man? When are we going to learn that men are just as dependent upon women as women are dependent upon me? When are we going to realize that no woman is ever really happy without some man in her life, and that no man is ever really worth a snap until he has some woman enshrined in the very core of his heart?

What are they trying to do, these people who are always attempting to set men and women against each other? What kind of a world do they went to make, anyhow—a world of fight and strife, jealousy and envy?

Why shouldn't we set the apple trees and the peach trees to fighting, for example? You like peaches, I like apples. Is that any reason why we should quarrel about it? The peach is an excellent fruit, pink and rosy and beautiful to look upon. Also, it tastes very well with plenty of cream on it. And as for the apple, on a winter's night, with the wind roaring in the chimney and a bright fire on the hearth, what in the world is so good as a nice, big bowl full of nice, red apples, with some popcorn to bear them company?

Why should I quarrel with the man who likes pears best? Pears have their place, too. There isn't anything very much better than a good, ripe, juicy pear—now, is there, honestly? When it's ripe enough and you eat it in the right company.

Needs of the World.

What is the use of all this rivalry between man and woman? Women are not going to take men's places in the world. They can't. Women have a place of their own to fill. Men are not going to take women's places either. They have places of their own to fill.

Whenever I hear a man say that he would die before he would take orders from a woman, I look at him and wonder who's going to bother to give him any orders at all.

Whenever I hear a woman say that she hates to work with a man, I look at her and wonder who in the world would like to work with her, anyway.

What's the difference whether your boss is a man or a woman? It's the person that counts, not the sex.

A good boss is a good boss, whether that boss wears a petticoat or a pair of trousers. A good workman is a good workman, whether that workman shaves once a day or twice a week, or bobs her hair—and eats chocolate caramels.

What we want in the business world is work and competence. We don't care who does it, or how they do it, so long as they get it done and done properly. This whole ridiculous fight between the sexes is not only foolish and absurd, but it is cruel as well. Any long-standing bitter quarrel of any kind is cruel and silly.

I never saw a woman who was a man hater who was a success. I never saw a man who was a woman hater who amounted to a hill of beans. Prejudice, narrowness, set ideas. These things don't belong in this world at all.

For goodness' sake, ladies, you who are advocating the beginning of a strike of women, get a little common sense into your heads! Who is going to do this striking—your mother, my mother, your sister, my sister?

My mother is too busy taking care of her grandchildren to be thinking about strikes. My sister is too dead in love with her husband even to know what you mean when you talk about it.

What Impossible Nonsense!

And as for you, haven't you something better to do in the world than to stir up the old, ridiculous, antiquated, cave-man strife between man and woman? Men and women were made to be companions, sweethearts, husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, fathers and sons. What earthly use is there in trying to stir up contention between them?

I like a good man just as well as I like a good woman, and I hate a mean, little, meddlesome, incompetent woman just exactly as badly as I dislike a little, meddlesome, incompetent man.

If you don't like the man you're working for, quit him and get another job. If you don't like the woman you employ, discharge her and get another woman to take her place. It's always the individual. You can't work woman nature in platoons as you could a fleet of ships or an army, or something of that sort.

Oh, I know it isn't fashionable just now. If you want to spank the baby you've got to join a society to do it, but somehow I cannot see the use in all this joining, organizing and forming clubs, and starting societies, especially when they are joined and formed and organized and started to promote something which ought by this time, in this century of civilization, to be absolutely done with forever.

The woman's strike—what impossible nonsense!

GIRLS OF FLORENCE HOLD BIG REUNION AT FAIRVIEW FARM

Girls Present From All Over Western Ontario.

Decidedly interesting in every way was the annual gathering of the Florence Girls at the beautiful "Fairview" farm home of Mrs. Peter Gilispie, at Botany, which had been chosen for this wonderful event. Long before the dinner hour the guests began to arrive in groups by train and auto, till all that could come were present. Letters framing regrets were read during the day from absent ones. All the guests had keen appetites, and it evidenced by the manner in which the good things began to disappear. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly. Music, song, wit and humor played their part, and the general social conversation bespoke the element of their associations in days gone by. As the afternoon wore away supper was served.

Before their departure the members completed all arrangements regarding next year's meeting, and also tendered Mrs. Gilispie a very hearty vote of thanks for her generous hospitality as their hostess.

Guests were present from Detroit, Victoria, B. C., Bothwell, Florence, Chatham and Bayfield.

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Discusses a Forecast of Fall in the Pantaloon Skirt.

"Oh, yes, I am having a perfect summer," Mrs. Randolph Chichester said in answer to an inquiry from Madame, "but my wardrobe is threadbare, and I ran up to town to replenish it a bit. I'd like a silk gown that will look well throughout August and be suitable for early fall wear."

"I have many requests for such gowns at present," Madame replied. "The long summer does play havoc with lovely gowns, and a dark silk frock of charmeuse or meteor is a sensible investment at this time of year."

"I want something simple, you know. Something that may be worn with large hats for dressy occasions, or with a small hat for morning and general wear," Mrs. Chichester explained.

"I have just completed a lovely model, Mrs. Chichester. The material is crepe charmeuse. You know how charming this fabric is, and the color is your favorite, midnight blue," Madame said.

"I'd love to see it. It sounds attractive," Mrs. Chichester answered.

"Please show the blue crepe charmeuse model with the pantaloon skirt," Madame said to me.

"Oh, not pantaloon, Madame!" exclaimed Mrs. Chichester.

"Well, that is what this skirt is commonly called. It is a variation of the looped-under Turkish skirt so popular a year ago. This pantaloon skirt is attached to a narrow drop skirt of the material that appears like a border. You will like it, just wait and see," Madame explained.

When I appeared in this blue crepe charmeuse Mrs. Chichester explained:

"Oh, now I see! You had me quite startled at first. I expected to behold some ultra-modern pantaloon effect that would be quite beyond my ideas of conservative good taste," Mrs. Chichester laughingly said.

"I would scarcely feature such a dress, Mrs. Chichester. Like you, I always maintain that the well-bred woman never appears conspicuous."

"Well, I am relieved! And now I must examine this lovely gown. The blouse is surely all that I could ask in the way of simplicity, and the skirt isn't at all startling. The girdle is very interesting," Mrs. Chichester said.

"Those pendant ends weighted with tassels are almost like gathered panels," Madame explained. "They break the plain line of the gathered skirt with a graceful bit of drapery."

"The tassels are Chinese, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Chichester.

"Yes,' replied Madame. "The Chinese tassels are very decorative. Their use on lamps and shades has taught us how very lovely they may be," Madame continued.

"I like the row of charmeuse buttons down the side of the pantaloon skirt. You see I have its name quite 'pat.' And I also think the row of buttons down the centre back from neck to skirt border is good," Mrs. Chichester observed.

"You see this border is a continuation of the drop skirt to which the over-drapery is attached. The drop skirt is faced upon the outside with blue crepe charmeuse. The drop skirt may be of china silk or whatever lining you prefer—even net."

A Forerunner of Fall Fashions in Blue Crepe Charmeuse.

"China silk or soft satin or 'rustleless' taffeta I like—the soft weave that doesn't rustle when I walk," Mrs. Chichester said. "I like the collar and cuffs of white faille. Yes, I should like this model duplicated."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Wm. Dibb of Brighton, Col., is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Mr. R. L. Stratton is in the city from Chatham.

Miss Lilian Grant has returned from Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Geo. T. Hiscox, who spent her vacation at Grand Bend, has returned home.

Mrs. David Dibb of Colorado Springs, Col., is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. McCorquadale of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. Fraser, Central avenue.

Mrs. Wm. M. Nally (nee Dibb) and daughter are visiting relatives and friends in the city.

Mrs. Collyer and little daughter have returned home, after spending a couple of weeks at the Hotel Sunset, Goderich.

Miss Dorinda Abbott, Miss McPhillips and the Misses McLaughlin are holidaying at Long Island, Casco Bay, Maine.

Mrs. (Dr) McNeil, Queen's avenue, and her young son and maid have returned after a pleasant vacation at Grand Bend.

Mrs. Kathleen Birmingham, 596 Maitland street, has returned from a month's visit to Toronto, Montreal and the Shrine of St. Anne.

Miss Jean Kelly, who has been spending a week with her cousin, Mrs. C. P. Welter, Middlemarch, has returned to her home in Glencoe.

Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton of Brussels, who are visiting St. Thomas, Middlemarch and Windsor friends, will return to their home at the latter part of the week.

Mr Reid of St. Thomas preached an appreciated sermon in Middlemarch Methodist Church on Sunday, in the absence of Rev. J. Johnston, who is on holiday.

Mr Arthur Birminghan of Lansing, Mich., is visiting relatives an friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs Hilton McBurney and baby of Toronto, and Alex. McBurney of Niagara Falls, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McBurney, 193 Richmond street, left for their homes today.

Advertiser Patterns

A Pleasing Frock For a Growing Girl.

2855—Striped gingham or percale could be combined with lawn, cambric, repp, or crepe, for this model. The bolero may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Dotted Swiss or voile and organdie combined are nice for this design.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3⅞ yards of 27-inch material, with 1 yard for bolero.

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 bust measure, you need only mark 38, 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.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silcox

DOTTY DEE AND FAIRY WEE.

Dotty knew the woods between her house and the school were filled with Fairy Folk, but dearest of them all to Dotty Dee was Fairy Wee. She was the very tiniest in the land and had the greatest power, so Dotty Dee told her schoolmates.

"Indeed, she can change you into anything you'd like to be," Dotty Dee said to her friends as they ran the rough the woods together one evening. "Shall we go and call on her? Maybe she'll grant a wish for each of you."

David and Ralph, Richard and Jenny all hurried along with Dotty Dee.

"I think the funniest thing would be to have her give us magic power to see ourselves as others see us," laughed Jenny.

"You'd stand a poor chance!" exclaimed David. "Your face is so covered with freckles and sunburn folks would never think you good looking!"

"Indeed, that was unkind!" said Dotty Dee, putting her arms around Jenny. "Don't you mind what he says."

Away they scampered until they reached an old oak tree. There, sleeping soundly among the flowers and grasses lay Fairy Wee, her magic wand held tightly in her hand and her golden hair floating over the green grasses until most folks in passing would have called her a bright yellow flower instead of a real live fairy.

Dotty Dee held a blossom filled with honey under Fairy Wee's nose and she opened her eyes.

Dotty Dee told her what she and her friends wanted, and Fairy Wee—who always liked to please Dotty Dee, because she was such a good, kind little girl—held up her wand and waved it over the eager children.

"I can't give you wealth nor beauty, for my magic wand can only speak the truth," replied Fairy Wee, smiling on the children. "But I can cast my magic spell over each of you so you may see yourselves just as you are. If you take heed and profit by the sight then all will be well."

Waving her wand three times over their heads, Fairy Wee disappeared.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Richard crossly, "I never did believe in fairies, anyway."

Ralph began to cry and wished he had stayed at home, and David frowned and pouted.

"Never mind!" said Jenny, putting her arms around Dotty Dee. "I believe in fairies and shall certainly try to improve myself."

Taking Dotty Dee's hand she led her friends back through the woods to the meadow where a sunny brook babbled over the stones.

David leaned over to see if there were any fish, and his cry of surprise brought the others to his side quickly. There, gazing back at them, were five little faces. David's was sulky and odd, Richard's was fretful and queer, Ralph's was tied up in knots and all covered with tears. While Jenny's, under her freckles, was beautifully merry and bright, and Dotty Dee's was loving and dear.

"Now I see what Fairy Wee meant!" ent face that she'd see.

Jenny cried merrily. "She has made us each see ourselves as we really are."

David and Ralph and Richard had nothing to say. The reflections that looked back at them from the waters were anything but nice, and they promised themselves that when they saw Fairy Wee again it would be a differ-

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SALE OF SAMPLES

Ladies' Combinations, velvet knit, silk lisle and fine ribbed cotton, fancy yokes, umbrella knee; values up to $2.50. Wednesday morning, sale price, per suit 98c

—Main Floor.—

CORSET SPECIAL

Goddess Front Lace Corset, suitable for slight or medium figures, elastic inset at back, low bust, free hip, sizes 19 to 27. Special price, Wednesday morning, a pair $1.39

—Main Floor.—

Ladies' Summer Vests, with fancy yokes and cumfy cut style, short sleeves or sleeveless. Wednesday morning, special, 35c, THREE FOR $1.00

—Main Floor.—

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Ready-to-Wear Department

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Ladies' Repp Skirts, sizes 30 to 36, regular $3.00. Wednesday morning at $2.49

Children's White Voile and Lawn Dresses, lace and embroidery trimmed. Wednesday morning, special $1.49

Children's Dresses of Striped Percale, trimmed with plain colors, sizes 2 to 6, Wednesday morning, special 59c

—Third Floor.—

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Main Floor.

400 yards of White Nainsook, Wednesday morning, special, yard 25c

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POLLY AND HER PALS—With Aunt Maggie Aboard More Ballast Is Needed. —By Cliff Sterret.