

SINCE 1870  
**SHILOH**  
30 DROPS COUGHS

## IF A SAUCE

with an appetizing flavor makes a rump steak taste better than a tenderloin, it's the sauce you want. That's what

**LEA & PERRINS**  
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

will do every time. Try it.

When you feel that your stomach, liver or blood is out of order, renew their health by taking

**BEECHAM'S**  
PILLS

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

A good, pure, tasty Salt

lends a zest to a meal that nothing else can equal. If you knew the extraordinary pains we take to make

**Century Salt**

"the Salt of the Century," the purest, cleanest and whitest of all, you'd understand that there is a big difference in Salt, and the difference is all in favor of Century Salt. At your Grocers.

Dominion Salt Co., Limited, Manufacturers and Shippers, Sarnia.

## PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

### WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "Lenny and Peggy."

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Winifred Black

How he'd get even. Lenny belongs to a baseball nine, and Lenny's father has to pay a bill for some body's broken window every once in so often.

Lenny can swim dog-fashion, Australian crawl and everything, and Lenny would rather have a dog for company than any grown-up in the world, and almost any other boy.

He's got one, too—Duke. And Duke doesn't look in the least as if he belonged to a royal family or even was a poor relation to one—he's ragged and lousy and there isn't a strain of kennel blood in him, but Lenny thinks he's the greatest dog in the world, and he won't move a step without him. Lenny's time, so I suppose Duke will be a great success at luncheon, too. Lenny isn't coming to be sociable—no indeed!

Lenny is coming on business. He got up at daylight this morning and went to a place he knows and scooped up a handful of little silver fish and those

silver fish he's bringing as a gift and a tribute to One He Admires beyond belief. And the One He Admires beyond belief will accept from the hammock and take the silver fish and pour them into the little fountain in the little garden and thank Lenny. And Lenny will scratch one leg with the other foot and rub his ear with the other hand, and grin and show all the symptoms of "love in blindness," as they call his particular form of the malady in some parts of England.

Funny But Adorable. And then we'll set the little table on the little porch and have a big pitcher of chocolate and some sandwiches and some little cakes with frosting, and a chocolate cake with sugar letters on it—and that will be a party. And Lenny's eyes will gleam and all his freckles will shine like service stars, and oh, my heart will warm for Lenny, but I dare not let him see it, he'll hate me if I do.

Dear Lenny, dear funny, stubborn, whimsical, warm-hearted, honest, brave, wicked, little rascal!

What would the world be without him and his kind?

Peggy is coming to dinner tonight. She telephoned an hour ago and told me so.

That means she's had another letter from her own particular soldier boy and he's a few miles nearer home. I shall hear all about it tonight, not at dinner—oh, dear no, we don't talk about things like that when we're likely to be interrupted to pass the bread or have a little more shortcake or something—we wait until dinner's over and we're out on the shady porch together and the yellow jasmine blooming and the moon shining through the pepper tree and making jacy shadows on the wall—then we'll talk about the Only Man in the World.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ashplant and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Martin have left on a motor trip to Chicago and Rockford, Ill.

Rev. Walter Nichol, B.A., of Parkhill, is a visitor in town, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Nichol, Tecumseh avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Walden and little daughter, Misses Muriel and Florence Liddicoat, Oxford street, are on a motor trip to Detroit and Toledo.

Beautiful Dreams. All the others are like nothing beside

him. How could anyone ever think she could care for them after knowing the Only Man in the World?

Clever? I should say so! Not showy of course, but the real substantial thing. He'll make his way, never fear, and oh isn't it wonderful that such a miracle has come to her? True love—the real thing—there's so little of it in the world, so very little! Peggy can't really think of another single person that loves any one the way the Only Man in the World loves her, and as for the way she loves him—and just think, only a little while ago she didn't know there was anything so wonderful in the world!

Why, if she hadn't met him she'd have gone through life alone? Oh, yes, she might have married someone—just anyone—not knowing. But she would have been blind and deaf and dumb all her life.

She's so sorry for all the poor things who go through life not knowing, and she'll look at me fondly and be very kind, poor me! Of course, I have never known—how could I with nobody but commonplace, everyday men in my world? And then when the hour has come she will go home and put the last letter of the Only Man in the World and his picture under her pillow and dream and dream.

Bless her heart, I hope her dreams will be beautiful and that they will every one of them come true!

What do people do who haven't any Lenny or any Peggy in their lives?

How do they keep their hearts from turning to dust and ashes in their bosoms?

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Alice Martin is visiting her uncle, Mr. F. R. Clarke, Southampton.

Miss Minnie Raymond has returned home after a delightful holiday at Loch Sloy, Winona.

Miss F. McCall, Alexandra Apartments, returned home Saturday evening, after spending a fortnight at Goderich.

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### DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLEIFFE.

She Describes a Dressy Afternoon Gown.

"I have never shown prettier afternoon gowns," Madame said to Mrs. Jordan. "For during the war there were so few afternoon functions and such lack of elaborate dressing in the evening that simple afternoon gowns were sufficiently dressy for many evening affairs. Now the reverse is true, and afternoon gowns are about as elaborate as evening gowns. I have a black afternoon gown that will be staying on you."

"I don't care for a black gown, Madame. I want something more youthful," Mrs. Jordan replied.

"Just wait until you see this gown," Madame parried, "and then tell me if it isn't youthful, beautiful, stunning and all that a gown should be."

"This gown is one of my favorites, because it is so graceful and so lovely and wonderfully lovely. When I stepped out on the stage I was not surprised to hear Mrs. Jordan say:

"That gown is a picture. I never saw anything so stunning in my life."

"Was I right, Mrs. Jordan?" Madame inquired.

"You certainly were right," take back everything I said about black not being youthful," Mrs. Jordan answered. When I came toward her she was still more enthusiastic.

"The bodice is black chiffon, embroidered in black and white sequins, isn't it?" Mrs. Jordan inquired.

"Yes," replied Madame. "This model is a variation of the Cassique line, only the peplum of this blouse is really a yoke for the skirt drapery."

"I never saw anything more graceful than the drapery of that skirt. It is lifted on to the blouse, isn't it?" Mrs. Jordan inquired.

"Yes, that point finishes under the belt of sequins and finishes with that little bow, as you see," Madame said.

"What kind of a color is the peplum on the neck and the sleeves gives the most charming color contrast to the black

### Advertiser Patterns



A PRACTICAL DESIGN.

2508—This model will make a cool and comfortable dress. It is composed of a separate guimpe that may be buttoned to the skirt, which is finished with a suspender waist. Lawn, crepe and batiste are nice for the guimpe, and the same materials may be used for the dress, which is good also for gabardine, gingham, seersucker, chambray and linen.

The pattern is cut in four sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1½ yards for the guimpe.

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 2508, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be, if a skirt, give waist, 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 return in less than ten days from the date of application.

### Good Night Stories

By Gladys Silver

WHERE THE WALKING STICKS COME FROM.

"Out in the woods on a tree there grew a long, long time ago—a tiny little greenish-grey twig. As the days passed this little twig became more and more discontented with his high, lanky home, and began to complain.

"He would bend in the breeze by the hour watching the birds fly through the air, or talk to the worms and insects that lighted near or crawled along the trunk of the tree. But he envied the crickets, the grasshoppers and the great, big katy-dids.

"I can't see why," sighed Mother Tree as she tried to rock him gently. "All you have to do is to tend the little leaf babies that will grow on your stem and swing in the breeze all day long."

"That's just it!" sobbed the restless twig. "I mean, why can't twigs have legs and run about as I'd like? I'd rather be a worm, crawling on the ground, than the highest twig on the highest tree."

"Worms haven't any legs at least not all of them," replied kind Mother Tree. "If you lived on the ground on legs, just think, the breeze would never be able to break him off and cast him down into the grasses at his feet, when one evening a wind had heard the little twig's complaint, and asked him the cause of his unrest."

"I want legs—legs—legs!" he cried, trying to twist himself out of Mother Tree's arms. "So I can run—run—run over the meadows and fields. Who can give them to me? I'm dreadfully unhappy."

"And trying to make all those around you unhappy also!" exclaimed the Wind. "But I happen to know who can help you." And without another word he flew away into the forest.

Late that night, when Mother Tree was to have legs and plenty of them.

Mother Tree was just about ready to break him off and cast him down into the grasses at his feet, when one evening a wind had heard the little twig's complaint, and asked him the cause of his unrest.

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# WRIGLEY'S



How else can you get so much long-lasting benefit, so much real satisfaction for your sweet tooth at so small a price?

Be SURE to get

**WRIGLEY'S**

In the sealed package: air-tight and impurity-proof. The reputation of the largest chewing gum manufacturers in the world is back of it.

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT



The Flavour Lasts!



## Sunlight Soap

She saved work—Sunlight Soap washed the clothes without rubbing. She saved time—she did other work while Sunlight did the wash. She saved money—because Sunlight is an absolutely pure soap, therefore there is less soap used for washing than with ordinary soap, and less wear and tear of the clothes.

Insist on getting the Soap you ask for—



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO 50

## Good Looks and Long Wear Knitted into Stockings

Fine appearance and durability are knitted right into Buster Brown Stockings. Our employees have had years of special training in knitting Buster Brown hosiery.

We use extra-long yarn. We spin it ourselves to be sure it's right. We designed these stockings with a two-ply leg and three-ply heel and toe—to stand the hard usage of the average boy.

Because we do all these things, Buster Brown Stockings are harder wearing. They make fewer trips to the mending basket. They cost less in the end.

Special attention is given their appearance, too. They are exceptionally well-made and well-fitting. Try your boy with a pair and get his opinion.

Ask your dealer for "Buster Brown" durable hosiery. Sold everywhere.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited  
Hamilton, Ont.—Mills also at Welland

**The BUSTER BROWN STOCKING**

POLLY AND HER PALS.—There Are Some Things You Can't Get Away From.



Readers May Help. Dear Miss Grey.—This is my first letter to your page and hope it will be in print so some of the readers can help me. I would like you to send me the following songs; if you have not the songs, perhaps some of the readers have them: "I Wish I Could," "Sleep, Till My Daddy Comes Home," and "Somewhere in France is Daddy." I will sign, "STARLIGHT."