The Season's Latest Novelties

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STYLES AND MATERIALS THAT WILL INFLUENCE THE TREND OF FASHION FOR FALL

Coats--- $20 to $75

Suits--- $33.50 to $100

Dresses--- $17.50-$47.50

WAISTS

NECKWEAR

Brick & Dundas, Limited

London — 188 Dundas Street — St. Thomas

Page of Interest to Women

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Readers Are Invited to Phone All News of This Kind to the Society Editor. Phone 3670.

The engagement is announced of Lieut. Harry C. MacKendrick, 4th C.M.R., now on the staff of No. District Depot, this city, to Dora Stephanie, daughter of Mrs. James Warnock of Galt, the marriage to take place on September 21 at Trinity Church in that city.

Miss Winnifred Hicks of Bruce street is spending her vacation with Mrs. George Flevet, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Edna Chenay, wife of Capt. J. S. Chenay of the adjutant-general's staff at Ottawa, and daughter Alice are visiting friends in London, after having spent some weeks in Michigan cities.

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

Matches Her Name.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to your charming corner. I never let a day slip by without reading the letters. I am inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mother would like the stocking foot pattern. Will you please send it? And I would like name and address of "A Soldier's Girl." I am near her age, and would like to correspond with her. Also a lonely's address if you have any left. Hope I have not asked for too much or I may not return.
DAINTIMAID.

P. S.—What do you think of my writing? I'm quite out of practice.

Ans.—Not wishing to flatter you, I might say I think your writing harmonizes very nicely with your pen-name—see? You ask three queries and the replies to all have been mailed you.

Lost—A Letter.

Dear Miss Grey,—I wrote to the Mail-Box some months ago, but never saw my letter in print, so concluded it never reached you. Will try again. Just have one favor to ask this time: Please send me one or two "lonelies'" addresses as soon as possible. If possible please send me some that you have not sent out before. I am going to send some boxes overseas shortly and would like to include a lonely or two with them. Hoping this don't meet the fate of my last letter.
GIRLIE.

Ans.—I am sorry your first letter disappeared. Whether it ever reached me I cannot say. Anyhow, I am glad you wrote us again. It will be very kind of you to send the boxes you speak of and names have been forwarded as desired.

Doesn't Need Rouge.

Dear Miss Grey,—Here's your "Molly O." coming to "fess up." Still have my rosy cheeks; no need of rouge for this colleen. Please send me a lonely soldier boy's address.
MOLLY ME DARLIN'.

Ans.—It's lovely of you to write and tell me about those rosy cheeks. How glad I am they don't need rouge. Much pleasure in sending you a lonely's name.

The Golden Rule.

Dear Miss Grey.—As everybody else does, I am coming to you in my perpexity. Will you please answer this query? If you are visiting a young lady and her fiancee comes to call, should you leave them alone, or should you reamain and help entertain him?
SARNIA SALLY.

Ans.—The Serious-Minded man who chanced to see your letter, at once exclaimed, "It's a clear case for the Golden Rule." Now, what do you suppose he meant by that, Sally? And just between us, while it's nice for the visiting lady to help entertain for part of the evening, she might make a tactful exit before the hour grows very late. Both young people will bless her for it, no doubt.

American Lonelies.

Dear Miss Grey.—I saw in the Mail-Box where Ura has some American soldiers' addresses. Would you please send me a couple, and oblige.
A DREAMER.

Ans.—Send them along, Ura Kidd, so I may forward to this inquirer.

Must Have Missed It.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am writing after a long time, not seeing anything of my last letter asking that somebody would write to my brother, a soldier in the Saloniki forces. I sent the address twice, and I don't know why I didn't see anything of it in the paper. I should be glad if somebody would write, and I have too many children to send him much.
A BUSY ONE.

Ans.—You must have missed seeing one at least of your letters in print. I have your brother's name on our list of lonelies, and he should have heard long ere this from some to whom his name was given. Shall supply it to one or two more, however.

An Intelligent Boy.

Dear Miss Grey,—Will you kindly grant me a few lines in your valuable space, as I am wondering if, through your many readers, I could find a home for a boy 12 years of age? He is most intelligent and bright, but I feel I am not able to do justice by him as I have other children. His father is away from home so much I am not able to manage him as I would wish, therefore we would be most glad if we could find a good home for him. He seems much inclined for farm work and would, with care, make a good and useful boy. Respectfully,
"THOUGHTFUL MOTHER."

Ans.—Referred to readers who may have a spare corner for this lad. "Thoughtful Mother," you didn't send your address, but you have written the box before, have you not?

Who Makes Good Cookies?

Dear Miss Grey,—Have you room in your delightful mail-box for another member? Has anyone a recipe for making some rich cookies—something that would be nice to send overseas? I made a cake from the recipe that appeared on this page some time ago, "Overseas Cake"— it was delicious, and my soldier brother wrote back, "More of that cake, Sis." Thanks for the recipe.
"A SOLDIER'S SIS."

Ans.—"Skinny," who sent the overseas cake recipe, will be pleased to hear that her cake was so much appreciated.

Shall very gladly print recipes for overseas cookies, and in the meantime here are two that may help to make variety in brother's next box. Both are pageite recipes:

Date Bars.— Two-thirds cup butter or lard, 1-2 cup white sugar, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1-2 cup oatmeal, 1 teaspoonful baking soda, white flour enough to roll like cookies.

The filling: One pound dates, 1-2 cup white sugar, 1-2 cup water, vanilla. Cook this till it thickens. Line a pan with the dough. Then spread the dates and put on another layer of dough. Bake in a moderate oven, cut into bars when cold or cut in triangles or rectangles. These would be nice for soldiers' boxes.

Date Cake.—Take stone out of date and put almond in place; make a nice cookie or biscuit dough, cut in narrow strips, and wrap around the date, leaving both ends of the date projecting, then bake.

This Is Corn Time.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am inclosing my subscription for one year for your valuable paper. We feel we could not be without it any more. And I am sending "Bonibel" the song of "Two Little Girls in Blue," also a recipe for sweet corn. I think you will like this, it is so good everybody likes it, and now is the time for these recipes before it freezes. I am afraid we will have an early frost. I don't like the looks of this weather, but I hope I am mistaken for there is so much stuff in the gardens yet it would be too bad to lose it.
IN HOPE.

Corn Relish—Twelve ears green corn, 2 heads of cabbage, 3 large onions, chop fine; 1-4 cup mustard, 1 1-2 cups brown sugar, 1 scant cup flour, 1 level teaspoon turmeric, 1-2 teaspoon red pepper, 1-2 gallon white wine vinegar, mix all together well, and boil 20 minutes.

Beet Relish—One quart raw cabbage, chop fine, 1 quart of cooked beet chopped fine, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1-4 teaspoon red pepper, put in a jar and cover with good cold vinegar and seal.

Ans.—Yes, this is corn time, and your relish recipe will come in very handy indeed. I have forwarded your letter to "Bonibel," who will be very glad to get the words of that old song. The subscription money has been handed to the right department.

They Will Correspond.

"Sunshine," "Daintimaid," "Lonesome Reader," and "Lillian" desire to correspond with "A Soldier's Girl," and addresses have been exchanged as requested.

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 serge, gabardine, gingham, seersucker, chambray and linen.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires two and a half yards of 36-inch material for the dress and one and three-quarter yards for the guimpe.

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

Please send above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below:

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 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist 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 one week from date of application.

Fall Millinery Opening

Thursday, September 12 and Following Days

We take pleasure in announcing an initial autumn display of carefully selected styles in

1918 Fall Millinery

Fourth Floor.

Gray's, Limited

140 Dundas Street.

JIMMY COON STORIES

By Dr. Warren C. Partridge.

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TEDDY POSSUM PLANS TO FOOL PETER RABBIT AGAIN.

"Hello, Jimmy Coon," called out Teddy Possum one evening, just as the red sun was sinking behind the golden waters of Mirror Pond. "Come on down, for I want to have you help me plan a great prank on Peter Rabbit tonight."

"All right, Teddy Possum! I'll be down in a jiffy, just as soon as I put on my new grey sweater, and my new grey overalls," said Jimmy.

It didn't take Jimmy long to dress.

Teddy was waiting for Jimmy on the front doorstep.

You know, he sleeps most of the day and plays and works at night. When Teddy Possum called Jimmy Coon, Jimmy was up in the 20th story of the Hemlock Apartments.

And you would have laughed to have seen the way Jimmy grabbed his suspenders, and got inside his clothes, and slipped down the bannisters of the back stairs.

And Teddy was waiting for Jimmy on the front doorstep, and it was funny to sea those two little rascals get their heads close together, while each put an arm around the neck of his chum, and they talked and talked in whispers.

And Teddy had the last word to whisper as they parted: "Now, Jimmy, don't you forget! Meet me at the old oak tree, near that big bend in Singing Brook, tonight. Just after the moon rises above the dark hemlocks, and we'll fool Peter Rabbit out of his senses!"

"All right; I'll be there; and you can always depend upon my word," laughed Jimmy Coon. You see, Jimmy always kept his promises, and you know that is a splendid habit, and it made Jimmy a great success in life.

After Teddy Possum left Jimmy Coon on his front steps, he went to call on Peter Rabbit, who was resting in his bed. In the middle of his beloved clump of Bullbriers. Peter Rabbit was very safe in this refuge, as none of his enemies likes to poke around among those sharp thorns, and tear their best clothes into tatters.

So Teddy Possum stopped at Peter's new Thorn Gate, and called: "Peter Rabbit, come out here quickly, for I've got some big news to tell you!"

And Peter Rabbit crept carefully through his secret little, winding runways to see what wonderful tale Teddy Possum had to tell him. You know that Peter Rabbit has awfully long ears, and those lon gears are always very anxious to hear every bit of news in the Great Wood. You might call Peter an Eavesdropper, for his very long ears enable him to stand under the eaves, by the windows of people's houses, and listen to all private conversations. It is little Peter's worst habit.

Tomorrow: Teddy Possum Tells Peter Rabbit Some Great News.

Daily Bible Question Club

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE UNIFORM LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1918.

ONE GOLDEN TEXT SUGGESTION.

By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.

Winning the World to Christ. (May be used with missionary applications.) Matthew, v., 13-16; xxviii., 18-20. Acts, xvi., 6-15. Nehemiah, i., 1-11.

QUESTION FOR TODAY.

7. Verse 13.—Why does Jesus command every Christian to be a missionary?

8. In how many ways does missionary work lend itself to all classes of Christians?

9. Verse 20.—How much does a heathen or any other sinner need to know of the Bible in order to be consciously saved by Jesus?

Gold text: Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.—Mark xvi: 15.

IT IS THE DUTY OF SOME TO GO AS MISSIONARIES.

Christ's marching orders, when he left the earth were, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This is the business of every Christian, and speaking ultimately, it is his only business; all other things in which the Christian can legitimately engage, are but means to the great end of evangelizing the world, and establishing the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. It is true, that we cannot all go into the foreign field as missionaries; nor can we all devote all our time to propagating the gospel at home; but some of us can do so, and all should be willing to do so, whom Christ may call to that exalted work. It is the duty of the rest of us to support missionaries at home and abroad, and in this sense we are all missionaries.

More About the U.F.W.O.

"Look to this day, for it is life—the very life of life. For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision; but today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope."

I came across these lines in my work recently and it occurred to me that they are singularly applicable to us now. Truly our life as a democratic nation, our freedom as individuals, is at stake. Upon today's action, depends the decision: Shall the few rule the many? Shall we be "slaves by our own compulsion," and after having "burst our manacles wear the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain?" The danger is very real and too many of us are trying to blind ourselves to the actual state of affairs. A feather serves to show the direction of the wind, and therefore so small a thing as the criticism of the report of our "eyes and ears" at Ottawa shows very clearly how loath we, as a people, are to believe that there is any menace to our freedom. If you do not like to hear about these things, how will you enjoy living in the conditions which will be the only result possible from them?

The very life of life! Yes, indeed! No thinking man denies that party politics of today may be summed up as by a woman recently: "I was just a girl with my crocheting sitting in father's house when the party caucus met. They were intently studying a copy of Hansard—bless you, no—the voters' list, and after their textbook had been mastered, the chairman said: 'Well, then, there are just 16 in this ward who must be seen.'" When such is the case surely there is reason why women should organize! The wonder is that honorable, thinking men have not organized against such degradation of the franchise long ago.

Yesterday is a dream—in some respects, a nightmare. Tomorrow is a vision What may we not accomplish tomorrow if the right-thinking men and women of our beloved country rise in their might and declare that no longer shall their votes be marketable trash; that they shall treat as they should be treated, the political heelers who dare approach them with promises of any sort—promises made with one sole object in view—the gaining of position and power for the politician whom they happen to represent. It is time that the tables turned—time that the people of this country formulate a policy whose foundations are truth and righteousness, and then say to Mr. Would-Be M. P.: "These are our requirements, will you uphold them? Here! Sign your resignation now, and the first time you fall us, we accept it. Then they would know their ground. Today the M. P. can snap his fingers at those who elected him, for he is there for the parliamentary term, and the people can go to —church—for all he cares. There are exceptions, O yes, but they are so few.

When will the farmer and his wife (there are 175,000 farmers' wives in Ontario alone) wake up to realize that more than 50 per cent of the seats in the Dominion House are controlled by farmers' votes, and that by proper affiliation with labor in the towns and cities more than 50 per cent of the remainder would be controlled, and then perhaps when nine or ten thousand of us go to Ottawa we may not be denied even the privilege of peeking in at the keyhole. I cannot see why the farm women are not "falling over themselves," as the boy on the street says, to organize themselves into a club that shall help to lift politics out of the slime.

Personally, I never sought the ballot—but when it is placed into my hands I do not purpose that any politician, even if he be my husband, shall dictate to me how I shall use it. I am hoping that there are 174,999 other women in Ontario who think as I do in this matter. I am joining this U. F. W. O. and helping as I may to advance it because I believe that through it I shall learn how best to use my vote for the interest of myself, my class, and my country. We do not purpose studying politics but civics. The individual, male or female, has no business to be interested with a ballot if he knows nothing of citizenship, of civics.

Through the courtesy of the editor I ask the women for suggestions about the work or for reports on the work done. Letters addressed in care of the Editor of the Woman's Page will be forwarded and acknowledged.

MARGERY MILLS.
Pine Hill Farm.

GIRLS! YOU CAN LIFT THEM OFF

Doesn't hurt a bit to lift your sore, touchy corns right out

A noted cincinnati authority discovered a new ether compound and called it freezone and a quarter ounce of it now can be had for a few cents at any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of this magic freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus, and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off with the fingers.

You feel no pain, not a particle of soreness, either when applying freezone or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! It works like a charm. Try it!

Women should keep it on their dressers and never let a corn ache twice.

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Every woman visitor to the city during the Western Fair is invited to visit our artistic new COILENE CORSET SHOP, opened at 176 Dundas street, over Dowler's store, a few doors east of Richmond street, on the north side. You will enjoy the restful surroundings while our skilled demonstrator calls to your attention the features which make the Collene Corset in its various styles the ideal one for every woman. REMEMBER, 176 DUNDAS STREET, up one flight of stairs.

TO Exhibition Visitors See Exhibit at London Fair

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is a healthful, pure food product, better than butter or lard for SHORTENING and FRYING; 12 ounces will replace 16 ounces of either butter or lard, and will make pies, cakes and fried goods more digestible and with a delicious and appetizing appearance.

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Ask your dealer to show you this new, shapely, full-fashioned, seamless hosiery. Black, white and all fashionable colors. No other hosiery knitted or fashioned the same.

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Makers of high grade hosiery for men and women. Also underwear for men, women, children.

Seamless from toe to top. Comfortable, sightly

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POLLY AND HER PALS.—To Get What You Want, Advertise for It, Says Ashur.

By Cliff Sterrett.