

SHIRTS FOR DAD **KEEP HIM WARM**

Beautifully tailored broad-cloth shirts in all his favorite colors and patterns. He'll truly appreciate the luxurious warmth and comfort of an all-wool sweater.

\$1.95 **\$5.50**

The Men's Store Offers the perfect choice in Gifts For Men!

POPS A PROBLEM CHILD



NATURALLY we realize that you think he's the greatest guy you know. And we fully understand why you particularly want to please him... and that's why we want to help you. We know that he's a problem child... we know that he definitely wants such-and-such shirts or pajamas and no other kind... and that's why we suggest you come to Moore & McLeod's Men's Store, which in all probability is his favourite store, to get your gift for a particular Pop!

And what's good for Pop is fine for Bill and Harry too!

The Main Floor. All Purchases Gift Wrapped!

RIBBED HOSE
He'll be grateful to you for giving him his favorite hose. 3 pair for **\$2.25**

GIVE PAJAMAS
Tailored to give him the comfort he demands... in newest patterns and colors. **\$2.50, \$3.00**

SMART GLOVES
Durable pigskins in several styles and colors. A gift he can use constantly. **\$2.00 to \$3.50**

LEATHER COAT
If pop's an outdoor man he'll really want one of these leather coats. **\$8.95 and \$13.50**

BELT'N BUCKLE
Here's a gift that will flatter your budget and completely satisfy him. **\$2.00**

A LUXURY ROBE
Luxuriously tailored of fine silk in the newest patterns and colors. **\$10.00**

HE NEEDS TIES
It's funny but dad never seems to have enough ties. He'll like these. **50c., \$1.00**

DRESS HIM UP
Let him look his very smartest in one of these silk scarfs. **\$1.00 to \$2.50**

WOOL SCARFS
Keep him warm in a smart wool knit scarf. Plain... in all the newest colors. **\$1.00 to \$2.50**

Get Your Gifts For Dad at His Favorite Store... The Men's Store

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Fifty Women Calmly Watch Hartnell's Show Of Fashions As Guns Roar During Raids

LONDON, Dec. 18.—Fifty women sat calmly taking notes on the angle of new hats, the designs of bead embroidery and the lack of length in new skirts, while guns boomed and bombs fell during Hartnell's presentation of his mid-season collection.

It was a fashion show completely up-to-date even to the painted wooden panels covering broken show windows downstairs and the white tracks over the silver grey carpets telling of piles of broken plaster down the street.

Yet a casual observer, keeping an eye on the mannequins might never have known about the war. They were elegant and swathed in velvet and blue fox, piquant in tailored tweed with matching blouses and gloves of the suit material, or glamorous in gorgeous colored wool jersey evening and dinner gowns encrusted with admiring embroidery. There were even those filmy picture gowns of tulle with the large roses at the waist which are a Hartnell stand-by for debutantes.

The mannequins appeared against the familiar silver grey curtains, stepped out of the mirror-panelled doorway and did their usual graceful promenade down the mirror-walled rooms to turn, pose to right and left and then return, on the usual golden chairs, the usual foreign editors sat taking notes. Yet it was a fashion show with a hundred differences.

Above the hum of conversation boomed the irregular firing of guns. There had been no engraved invitation cards. Notes were sent on Hartnell's crested paper to a list of old and tried friends in the press: "We have pleasure in informing you that we shall be showing a collection of new models on Tuesday at three o'clock."

There was no great line-up of cars in Bruton street. There was no commissionaire in uniform at the green marble door and the usual great bowl of flowers on the landing against the mirror was replaced by a less spectacular mass of dark green laurel.

beside their chairs.

The great crystal chandeliers, the little venduses in black whispering in the passage to the fitting rooms were the same as always—but three of the fashion addresses had on like a king's and many more low-heeled shoes.

Yet the show held the same fascination. There was that inevitable buzz of conversation when a number with something really new appeared.

No one paid the slightest attention to the alert siren. They were immersed in the beauties of a red day dress called "Diablo," one of the most successful in the show—with a form-fitting, long-sleeved, hip-length tunic patterned with diamond pin tucking and knife-pleater, knee-length skirt, with pleats sewn within 12 inches of the hem.

Turquoise was Hartnell's favorite color. Ardois, turquoise, blue and suit had a straight, light skirt with eight hem-length slits, and country house—a turquoise wool dinner dress with velvet lines and a slight train—wore a necklace of embroidery in variegated diamante.

Hartnell's manager stepped forward and announced that the Alert had gone but as there was a spotter on the roof he hoped that every one would stay and watch until he sent down a danger signal.

The Show Goes On

The danger signal did not sound and the show went on. There was much black—with gold buttons, gold belts or even gold thread embroidery. Two effective dinner gowns were in the most brilliant vermilion. One with white beaded vesties embroidered in front and white pique collar and cuffs, the other more of a house gown with turn-back collar and self buttons.

A striking mauve, white, navy and green plaid was used for a three-quarter evening coat—tailored, yet fitting from a tight waist. Squares of its pattern were picked out in two-tone beads of the background shades.

The show ended in wartime fashion. The audience dispersed as soon and even sooner than the last number was shown.

"It's after four, my dear, and the blackout will be early tonight. I simply have to go home. My cat gets frightened," one woman in tweeds was heard to say. Behind her walked a photographer in morning suit and spectacles. It is the customary costume for such an occasion but somehow or other he looked out of date.

Women in Khaki

Instead of the crush in the grey salon and standing room only for late arrivals, there were empty chairs. Just inside the door, a fashion editress, noted for slavish following of fashion and a falling for the mechanical transport and wrote in her notebook on top of her gasmask case. Several others carried tin hats and parked them

One Woman's Important Work

By Harold Fair
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Dec. 17.—(CP)—In a little office tucked away in a rambling London building, Mary McGeachy of Sarum, Ont., spent long hours poring over a mass of statistics showing the intricacies of world supplies of raw materials needed for Britain's war machine.

Now she is leaving London to act as the representative of the British Ministry of Economic Warfare in Canada and the United States. Miss McGeachy will have her headquarters in the British embassy at Washington. She expects to spend Christmas in Sarum.

Miss McGeachy, a University of Toronto graduate who majored in history, was summoned here from her League of Nations job at Geneva just before France collapsed last summer and has been working with the Queen's brother, Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, in the press section at the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

But hers is more than a mere publicity job. It requires hours of study and discussion to learn the ramifications of the ministry—how to blockade Germany effectively, how to snatch from under the enemy's nose materials necessary for his war effort.

"I spent about 10 hours a day at it," she said. "But why shouldn't I? After all we were winning the war. I arrive at my desk around 9:30 in the morning and finish about six and then work two or three hours after dinner reading and talking in our air raid shelter on the first floor which is considered safe."

This is the routine four days a week and something similar is followed the other three when she moves to the country for a rest from London's nightly pounding. "I had a home for six weeks but too many times bombs fell around it," she explained.

Except for some yellow roses on a table, it looked like any business office when The Canadian Press met the blond Canadian who talks in terms of oil, aluminum, minerals and how Britain seeks to put a big crimp in Germany's supplies. The roses were only a temporary fixture, however. It was Miss McGeachy's birthday "but don't ask me which one."

Miss McGeachy first came to Europe to work with student relief organizations which helped establish residence in continental universities after the First Great War. From there she went to Geneva to become British Dominions Officer

at the League and remained 10 years, with frequent trips home. While at the League, she undertook a study of raw materials which provided a good foundation for her present work. The study showed the only thing keeping Germans from the world's supplies of materials was the Reich policy of trying to make slaves of the trading countries instead of buying and selling on a fair basis.

"Like a bolt from the blue" last summer a summons to London arrived the week-end before France gave in to Hitler. She started to drive to Marseilles by way of Lyons but the country was "filled with Germans" so she returned to Geneva and stayed for two weeks before obtaining a permit that brought her to Portugal.

One night a plane landed her in England and the next morning she was at her desk.

"After all, I started the job in a hurry and it needs a great deal of study," she said in explaining her long hours. "That's one advantage of living here."

Miss McGeachy likes to talk of Britain's two-edged blockade—the Royal Air Force battering Nazi aluminum factories and oil plants, and the navy shutting off supplies. What appeals to her most is the ministry's possibilities in practice. It provides Britain with a ready-made set-up for economic reconstruction.

You suppose she'd rather be doing this work than being back home. "Don't ask that," came the reply. And you felt the St. Clair River and Kettle Point would be pleasant sights to her.

FANNING SCHOOL

- Honor roll for the month of November
- Senior Department
Grade X-1. Ralph Owen.
Grade IX-1. Betty MacKinnon;
2. Edward MacGougan; 3. Verna Bearsto.
- Grade VIII-1. Jack Bearsto; 2. Irene Taylor; 3. Earle Taylor.
Grade VII-1. Elyette Donald;
2. Anna Donald; 3. Jean Burt.
Grade VI-1. Elaine Bryenton.
Dolly Matthew, Teacher.
- Junior Department
Grade V-1. Mar Bearsto; 2. Owen MacGougan; 3. James MacKinnon.
Grade IV (a)-1. Marlan Woodside; 2. Charlene Owen; 3. Doris Stewart.
Grade IV (b)-1. John Donald.
Grade III-1. Ralph Champlon; 2. Earle Woodside; 3. Donald MacKenzie.
- Grade II (a) 1. Frances MacKinnon; 2. Joan Bearsto; 3. Harold Bryenton.
Grade II (b)-1. Eileen Woodside; 2. Robert MacKenzie; 3. Helen Stewart.
Grade I-1. Vivian Bryenton;

LADIES! Here's a MAN'S IDEA OF CHRISTMAS

Gift Suggestions That Please

Handsomely Tailored ROBES ————— **\$5.75** Up

Beautiful Silk TIES — Boxed ————— **35c** to **\$1.00**

SHIRTS — Smart style features white and colors ————— **\$1.00** Up

MUFFLERS, TIE, and KERCHIEFS SETS
GLOVES, BRACE and GARTER SETS
FINE WOOL SOCKS

All boxed and very reasonably priced,
Any article may be laid away with a small Down Payment.

THE GREENDAL CO.
THE MEN'S AND BOYS' STORE
144 GT. GEO ST. PHONE 1500

GIFTS

Bath Room Scales Electric and Spring Clocks Made by Westclox

For all the Family \$5.75 and up

FOR HER

TOILET SETS
PARKER PEN SETS
PERFUMES
CHOCOLATES
BUODOIR SETS
MANICURE SETS
KODAKS
WRITING PAPER
BEAUTY MAKE-UP KITS

FOR HIM

SHAVING SETS
MILITARY BRUSH SETS
MONEY BELTS
CIGARS - CIGARETTES
WRIST WATCHES
PARKER PEN SETS
KODAKS
ELECTRIC RAZORS

Electric Heat Pads Ronson Lighters

\$3.95 \$4.00 and up

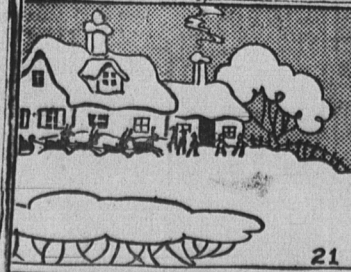
Shopping Is Fun At REDDIN BROS.

Just drop in and look around at all the beautiful gifts we have on display. SAMPLE perfumes of such famous makers as LUCEIN LELONG — CHANEL-COTY — GRENOVILLE — YARDLEY — HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

REST and REFRESH YOURSELF in our REST ROOM while down town — QUICK LUNCHES — PROMPT SERVICE.

REDDIN BROS.
THE STORE WHERE YOU ARE WELCOME

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS— They're Off!



RIGHT UP TO THE TOY SHOP OLD SANTA'S SLED FLEW. THE BROWNIES WERE WAITING AND KNEW WHAT TO DO



FOR IN A TWINKLING THEY APPEARED WITH HIS SACK, AND AFTER MUCH TUGGING GOT IT PACHED UP IN BACK.



THEN ONE BROUGHT A LIST WHICH HE PINNED TO THE TOYS— ON IT WERE THE NAMES OF GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS.



SANTA GRABBED UP THE REINS, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A CRY, AND STRAIGHTWAY THEY HEADED RIGHT INTO THE SKY.

By GEOFF HAYES

TIRED FEET
FIND INSTANT EASE WHEN YOU RUB IN

MINARD'S GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING LINIMENT