

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

Full of flavor gathered from mountain breezes in South America

Rideau Hall Coffee

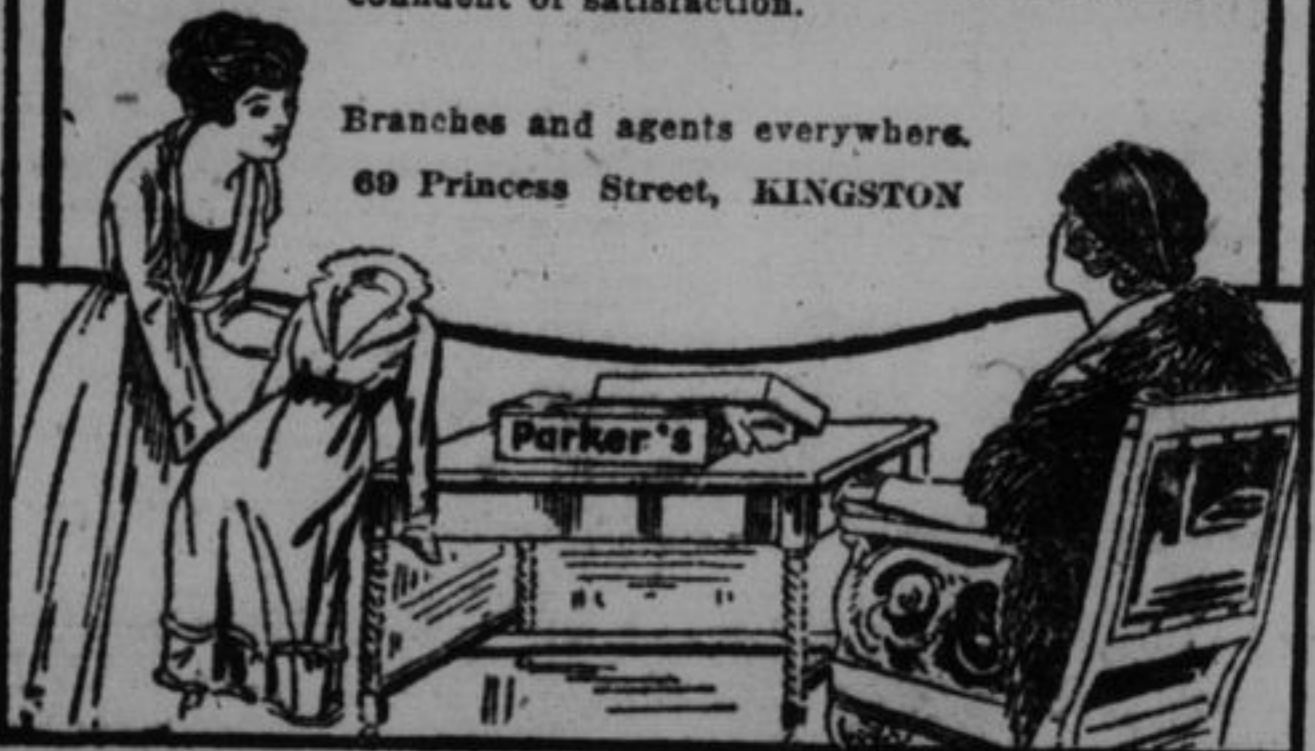
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Where Do You Have Your Things Cleaned?
AT PARKER'S, OF COURSE

There is as great an art in cleaning garments as there is in dyeing them. Experience teaches that Parker's excel in both. We have studied the treatment for every fabric, every color, and every kind of blemish. From Georgette to velvet brocade, from white gloves to furs and feathers, you can safely entrust your treasures to us for cleaning, confident of satisfaction.

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69 Princess Street, KINGSTON



WEAR-EVER

Demonstration

SPECIAL!

\$2.20---thick, hard, steel.

WEAR-EVER

Aluminum Fry Pan---9 in., for

\$1.19

and Coupon if presented
Feb. 21st to Feb. 26th

A Wear-Ever Kitchen is just as important as a well-appointed Dining Room. Each day of the year, three times a day. Wear-Ever utensils serve you.

Our demonstration will be in charge of a specially trained demonstrator from the department of Household Economics of the manufacturers of Wear-Ever.

WEAR-EVER COUPON

In order that the factory may have an accurate record of the number of WEAR-EVER Fry Pans sold at the special price of \$1.19, we are required to return to the factory this Coupon with purchaser's name and address plainly written thereon.

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City Date
McKelvey & Birch, Ltd.

Replace Utensils that WEAR-OUT with Utensils that WEAR-EVER.

Cut out this coupon present it to-day and get one durable Wear-Ever Fry Pans

Careful attention given to mail orders, if to be mailed add 14c for postage.

McKELVEY & BIRCH, Limited

BIG BUSY HARDWARE

Phone 237.

Kingston.

JOSELYN'S WIFE

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Heart of Rachel," "Marie, the Unconquered," "The Story of Julia Page," "Mother," etc.

There was no formal reconciliation between Gibbs and his wife, but after a few days they began to speak to each other again. The breach did not entirely heal, however, and Ellen felt a change in their relationship from that day. Gibbs went to the city three or four times a week. Sometimes Ellen went with him, and hunted for a studio together. But the old spirit of comradeship seemed gone.

He came back from town one day and announced that he had found his atelier, describing a place that sounded near enough to his ideal. But Ellen's heart turned to lead as she heard him. It was not to be a home---just a work shop! His home life was still to be here. It was on Fifty-ninth street, flooded with north light, one enormous room, one tiny room, and a bath, and the rent was twelve hundred a year.

"And janitor service included," Lillian added unthinkingly. Ellen and Joselyn, Senior, looked at her in surprise, for her tone was not that of question. "I suppose," she said, quickly, glancing at Gibbs, and Ellen saw her color rise. Instantly she knew, with a shock of almost protesting jealousy, that Lillian had seen the studio. The older woman had been in town all day, and had picked up Gibbs at the club to bring him home. They had done this before---there was no harm in that.

"Certainly!" Gibbs answered smoothly. His color swept up, too. Ellen felt an agony in her heart that was almost unbearable. He had taken Lillian to see it---he had poked about it first with her---opening doors, discussing advantages and disadvantages.

There were guests at the table and she must keep her self-control. Dazedly she laughed and talked, and dazedly she somehow got through the evening. There were six of them, and they played a game of bridge, interspersed with music from the phonograph, the passing of candy, and the idle discussion of the new magazines. It was midnight when the younger Joselyns went upstairs.

"Gibbs," said Ellen then, from a bursting heart. "Did you take Lillian to see the studio?" She knew him so well; she could see irresolution in his eyes. Denial?---no, he would not lie unnecessarily to her.

"Yes, I did," he said reluctantly. If she knew him well, he knew her, too. He had been watching Ellen un-

asily all evening, he was ready for his. "Yes, I went on innocently. Do you mind? She came for me at the club, at four, and we had to go right up into that neighborhood---I'm sorry if you mind!"

"If you thought I wouldn't mind, why didn't you say so straight out?" Ellen demanded. She thought she had him, but Gibbs, hanging his tie on the rack, merely looked thoughtful.

"If I tell you, will you please not mention it?" he surprised her by asking. "It's this: Dad hates her to go anywhere with any other man, even with me. He's perfectly decent about it in public, and he gives her the deuce in private! He was to be with us to-day you know or she never would have come for me at all---she's awfully sweet about it, and as usual, she humors him!"

"She's clever!" Ellen said briefly. If Gibbs did not like this enigmatic answer, he gave no indication of displeasure beyond a faint scowl. He was presently sound asleep, with no further reference to the matter.

But Ellen, twisting with wretched thoughts, lay awake for hours. At first she mused only upon the bitterness of the simple fact: Gibbs had selected a studio without any appeal to the judgment of his wife. Ah, how different that was from the choosing of the last studio, the blessed little apartment on "Madame la Montaigne" she had been on his arm then, exclaiming over rents, dimpling on the dark stairs they climbed after the concierges! How they had exulted over the boxes from home, over the placing of every chair and rug, and how they had sallied forth, hungry and tired, to be fed and soothed and amused by the city of romance and beauty!

These thoughts were sad enough, and tears began to creep down Ellen's cheeks, and her head to ache with her efforts at self-control. But presently a fresh thought came, and tears dried, and Ellen's heart began to beat hard again with agony and fear.

Lillian had gone into town the night before, Tuesday night, to dine and spend the night with friends, and Gibbs and his father were to take the car in, on Wednesday morning, and meet her for lunch. Ellen had been originally included in this plan but had excused herself because Tommy's nurse was not well, and his mother was enjoying a monopoly of his care for a few days. And on Wednesday morning Joselyn, Senior, had asked Gibbs to go to the city without him, he had restily preferred the idle country day with Ellen and Tommy. He had telephoned Lillian at her friend's hotel that Gibbs had the car, if she wanted it she was to telephone Gibbs at the club. Now Ellen writhed with the sudden conviction that they had met in the morning, and touched together, and hunted for studios all afternoon.

She dared not ask him; it was to ask him to confess to a lie. More than that, it was to kill her confidence in him with one blow. But Ellen never knew a moment's ease after that. She looked at Lillian's beautiful, sphinxlike face the next day, vainly trying to read it. Her heart began to beat suffocatingly when her father-in-law chanced to ask his wife, at luncheon, how she had spent the previous day. Was it mere accident that took Lillian's splendid eyes to Mrs. Gibbs's before she answered? She had shopped with Mildred, and had seen her off at one o'clock, and had had a sort of luncheon-tee all by herself. "You should have come straight home; that was a trifle visit," the old man said. Lillian smiled at him affectionately for her only answer. Lillian felt she never appreciated the safety and power of silence.

"You had no trouble getting hold of the car?" Joselyn, Senior, pursued suddenly.

"No." Again she glanced at Gibbs, again was silent. Gibbs was the next speaker, with a cheerful and general inquiry.

"Who's doing what this afternoon?"

(To Be Continued.)

Joy in Winning Success.

The training of personality is often a matter of compulsion. Men shun loads and dodge responsibilities whenever they can. They covet ease and wealth and try taking the shortest road to it. That may land them there and it may not. Usually men have to rise through struggle. That has a way of making men turn to themselves for what they get. Others are busy with the same job and they can't give help to anyone. As men learn to do they develop power to do and eventually the love of doing takes possession of them. It's not just a matter of poetry, but it's according to fact. There's no joy like that of conscious success and it grows with what it does.

Gave Him the Snub.

I was sore at a certain boy at school and when I walked by him in the hall always put my head high. One day when I was going home at noon I met him in the hall with a big bunch of boys. I gave him the snub and put my head up high. I didn't see the result. I fell all the way down, and to my mortification this boy came and picked me up---Exchange.

Big Supply of Yellow Pine.

In the southern states there is a yellow pine area of about 124,000,000 acres. Fully stocked and carefully forested this will produce about 70 cubic feet an acre a year, or more than 27,360,000,000 board feet a year.

The man who goes to an affinity for sympathy when he is in trouble merely acquires more trouble.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Frezzone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Frezzone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.



THE "LIFTUP"

(Patented)

ALL HAIR FOLLS COME OUT OF THE SCALP IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE ACTION OF AIR.

THE "LIFTUP" is a patented invention with one simple stroke it lifts the hair from the scalp, and in very short time the hair grows again. It is a simple, safe, and effective method of restoring the hair to its natural condition. It is a simple, safe, and effective method of restoring the hair to its natural condition. It is a simple, safe, and effective method of restoring the hair to its natural condition.



"THIS is my recommendation, Sir"

"NOT so very long ago I was in the same ill health as yourself. Long and busy hours, the responsibility of filling drug prescriptions and other duties of the day's work proved a strain. I took a couple of boxes of Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills and can honestly thank them for my present splendid condition.

This little incident from everyday life fits your case in one way or another. In these days of strenuous living it is only natural for the heart to get below normal, thus affecting the nervous system.

Many people ignore the symptoms of heart and nerve trouble. Every day people drop dead, simply because of ignoring them. You cannot afford to do this. Ask yourself, "Have I any of the following complaints?"

Dizziness, Headaches, Palpitation, Breath Shortness, Brain Fog, Loss of Appetite, Depression, Sleeplessness, Anemia, Tobacco Heart, Loss of Flesh.

These are some of the sensations which are experienced. They are a warning of vital importance. If you would be well and strong, just ask your druggist to-day for a box of Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills.

YOU WILL BE SIMPLY ASTONISHED at the fast recovery you will make on taking them. Remember, they have been on the market for over 25 years, and you are using a preparation recommended by prominent people the country over.

All busy druggists sell Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills at 50c. a box, or they will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Told in Twilight

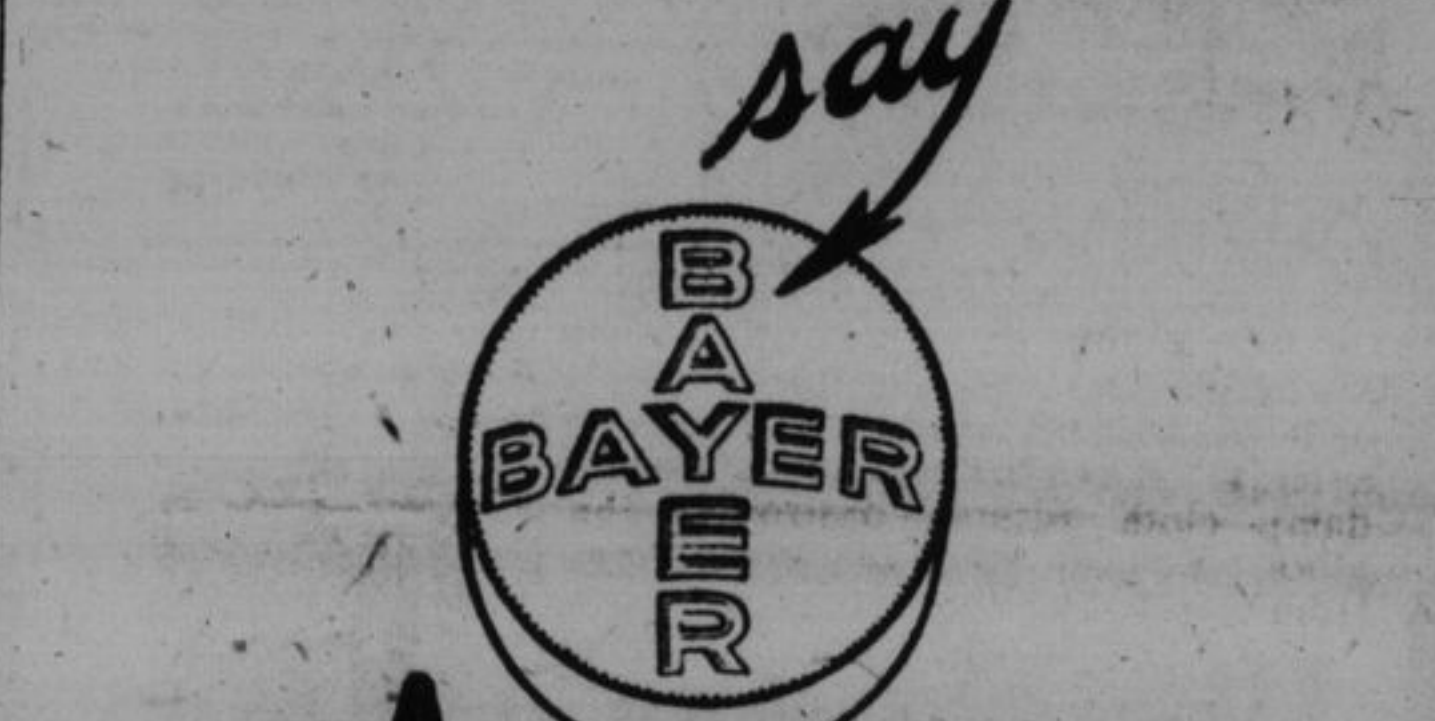
(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. W. E. McNeill, Albert street, entertained at the tea hour on Thursday in honor of Mrs. J. T. McNeill, when about eighty guests, the wives and daughters of Queen's staff, and a few other friends, filled the charming flower-decked rooms and were greeted with a smiling welcome from their hostess, and Mrs. J. T. McNeill, who received with her. In the tea room Mrs. H. T. Wallace was in charge, and at the dainty table, with its centre of daffodils, pale yellow candles and toothsome confections, Mrs. O. D. Skelton and Mrs. J. Matheson poured the tea and coffee, and Mrs. T. S. Scott cut the ices, with Mrs. A. P. Lochrop, Mrs. Guilford B. Reed, Mrs. W. Clifford Clark and Miss Isabel Ross as their assistants. During the afternoon Mrs. Cuthbert Gummer, Mrs. W. M. Goodwin and Miss Lorraine played several delightful piano numbers, and Mrs. R. O. Joffite recited, to everyone's great pleasure and amusement.

On Friday evening Mrs. J. A. McFarlane, University avenue, entertained at a children's party when about twenty-five of little Miss Manmie's and Master Bobbie's young friends were present. The tea-table was prettily decorated in pink and white, a large art glass vase filled with rose buds and tiny spring flowers being in the centre. Dancing and games were indulged in after the tea hour, and only too quickly time came to say "good-bye," all having spent a most delightful evening. Among the guests were Misses Helen Tweddell, Sylvia White, Dorothy and Pat Rowland, Ruth Skinner, Irene Murray, Dorothy Burns, Eva Mannahan, Hilda Day, Florence Newman, Dorothy Montgomery, Freda Simmons, Masters Harry Tweddell, Allan Renton, Archie McDonald, Jack Grimason, Herbert Cocker, Arthur Scott, Eugene Sands, Jack Sands, W. Newman, Stuart Wilder and Willis Wood.

At the conclusion of the performance of "The Old Time Ladies' Aid Meeting" in Sydenham lecture hall on Thursday, a beautiful bouquet was presented to Mrs. R. O. Joffite, who had done so much for the success of this really splendid entertainment. Mrs. R. G. Andrews, in her century old gown, bonnet and fichu, sang with her slight Scotch burr, the dear old song, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," accompanied by another member of the cast, Mrs. E. Patterson. Mrs. Van Dresser and Mrs. Eleanor Norton played a delightful piano duet.

Miss Lucy Waddell, Earl street, was the hostess of a bright little luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Kathleen Carruthers. The table was lovely with mauve and



Aspirin

Nothing Else is Aspirin

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Made in Canada.

Handy tin-boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents---Larger packages.

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pink sweet peas in shallow swan-shaped bowls; mauve and pink baskets were at each place filled with sweets in the same soft tints and the centre was of confections iced in the prevailing colors. The guests were Miss Kathleen Carruthers, Miss Nora Macnee, Miss Laura Kilborn, Miss Margaret Hemming, Miss Allison Macdonell, Miss Lillian Adair, and Miss Marion Ogilvie.

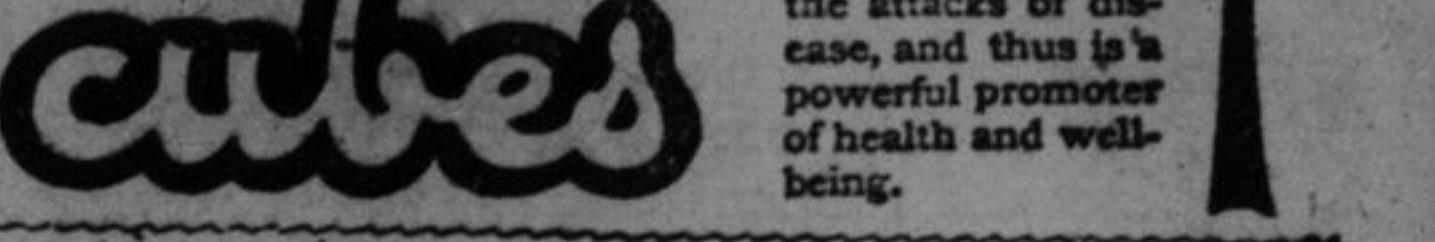
Miss Alice Treadgold, Stuart street, gave a bright little number dance on Monday for Miss Florence U'ren, Montreal, who is Mrs. Treadgold's guest. Balloons and streamers were used for decoration. The prize winners of the number dance were Miss Treadgold and Mr. Hazlett.

The Kingston ladies who will play in the Badminton club tournament on Saturday morning and afternoon are Mrs. P. G. C. Campbell, Mrs. W.

H. P. Elkins, Mrs. Holloway Wadshaped bowls; mauve and pink baskets were at each place filled with sweets in the same soft tints and the centre was of confections iced in the prevailing colors. The guests were Miss Kathleen Carruthers, Miss Nora Macnee, Miss Laura Kilborn, Miss Margaret Hemming, Miss Allison Macdonell, Miss Lillian Adair, and Miss Marion Ogilvie.

Mrs. Fred Dalton entertained at her home, 85 Glen Grove avenue, Toronto, in honor of Mrs. William Scott, who is home on furlough after seven years missionary work in Korea.

Several small teas have been given this week for Miss Helen Duff, who is one of the March brides.



Modern medical practice tends more and more towards prevention of illness, and this is where OXO is of such value; it imparts strength to resist the attacks of disease, and thus is a powerful promoter of health and well-being.

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