

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

Elsbeth-Put-the-Kettle-On

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Elsbeth undid the package with fingers that trembled. She had come to the second knot and was working painstakingly when Molly thrust her curly head in at the door.

"We're off, E. dear. Put the key under the mat if we're not home till late. And do put something on a tray for us to eat when we get home. The Careys are delightful, but one never gets enough to eat there."

The door slammed after Molly and Janet Elsbeth worked on over the stubborn knot.

"If any one telephones me, say I've gone to Trevor's," Caroline said drawing on her pearl-clasped glove slowly.

Elsbeth stopped until she heard the door close softly. She was alone, as usual.

She stood staring at the room gray in the twilight, forgetting her package, forgetting everything, in fact, but the situation she faced.

There was something the matter with her, that was sure. Molly, the youngest, with her short curls and her gray smocks, studied art and talked of "technique" and "line" and "color" as though they belonged exclusively to her.

Janet, just a year older, was engaged to Jim Corey, and nothing else existed for her in the world. Then came Elsbeth. But Caroline two years older, was noted for her charm; she always had new suitors and all the new clothes that were necessary to set off her type.

That was it—they were all types; all except Elsbeth. She realized, as she stood there fighting with her sense of futility, that she just wasn't any type.

She was necessary, of course; to stay at home and get trays ready, to see that the silver wasn't stolen, and to answer the telephone when Paul Winslow called up to know if Caroline was there.

To make sure her mother's papers were all typed ready to read to the Tuesday Morning club, and to make Molly's new smocks.

It was so dark in the room now that Elsbeth fumbled about for a match and, having lighted the lamp on the table, she saw the package still unopened.

She wondered why she had been so excited over this package; Aunt Emma sent them a few of her old things every few months. Caroline usually chose the best as her immemorial right and Elsbeth made them over. By the time Janet and Molly had chosen there was either nothing left or, if there was, it was not worth much.

This time, however, the package had come addressed to:

MISS ELSBETH GREEN.

She shook out the folds of tissue paper and saw in one corner where it had been crushed something delicately pink and silver with tiny French flowers and trails, cobwebby lace. In her hand it looked more like the lining of a sunset cloud than a real frock.

She laid it down and went toward the kitchen.

"I believe I'm starved, that's what's the matter with me!" Elsbeth told herself firmly.

She had marketed that day so she knew the chops were thick, that the lettuce was hard and white and that she could make a cup of coffee in a jiffy.

She paused in the dining room, and then smiling selfishly she set the table for two, put the candles on, with their pink shades, brought out the white plates with their gold bands, and set a bowl of roses that had come last night for Caroline in the center of the table.

"Elsbeth," he said rising, "you'll dine with me next week? What night? I've a nice little Italian place where we won't have sisters butting in!"

He smiled wickedly down at her and said good-night with his eyes.

"I guess," Elsbeth told herself softly, "I'll stop being Elsbeth-put-the-kettle-on and be Elsbeth-with-a-future."

As she stood in the lamp-lighted living room, alone, her eyes were filled with a new joy in living.

Then she caught up the pink cloud-like frock and ran upstairs. It took her much longer than she expected to dress. For she had to borrow Molly's pink slippers and Janet's stockings, and she had to do her hair in that new way with a twist at the back to suit the frock. She had to powder her slender white throat and try on those tiny pearl earrings that Caroline had bought last week.

When at last she had slipped into the pink frock, she gazed at her own reflection. She wasn't just Elsbeth-put-the-kettle-on, but a new, a strange person who smiled back at her with shining eyes.

She went down stairs slowly and lighted the candles under their rosy shades, and put on the chops to broil, and smelt the delicious aroma of boiling coffee.

She felt rather thrilled as though it were not really a game she was playing with herself but as though she were expecting some one . . . and the some one wanted to see her—not Caroline or delicious Janet or short-haired Molly, but herself.

Yet when the bell gave a resounding clang, she was as frightened as though she were guilty of a crime.

"It's you, Miss Elsbeth," a man said, "and all alone!"

"Why, yes; Caroline is out and she said to tell you, I mean, to tell any one who came for her—she stopped, blushing and embarrassed.

"But won't you ask me to come and see you awhile? I may, mayn't I?"

Paul Winslow's deep, pleasant voice, his laughing blue eyes, caught her heart and twisted it as they had from the first time she had seen him. But he said in her quietest voice with-

Curios Buried In Basement

Pride was in the tone of Dr. R. B. Orr, director of the Ontario Provincial Museum, when he informed a visitor the other day that the archaeological collection in his care is far superior to that to be found in the famous Field Museum in Chicago.

The pride was, however, tinged with sadness as he compared the Field facilities for display with those at his disposal at the Normal School building at Toronto. The doctor had just returned from a few days' visit to Chicago where most of the time was spent at the Museum.

"They have a wonderful building," he declared. "It cost something like eight or ten millions. It contains the finest show cases I ever set eyes upon. While their archaeological possessions are nothing to be compared with ours, they are able to show them to the very best advantage. Their ethnological collection is splendid, particularly as it relates to the Indians, the display being comprehensive and featured by a wide variety of dresses. Much of this, however, is modern."

Dr. Orr has good reason for feeling a bit blue over the way the Normal School seems to be crowding his museum off the map. Growth of the school work has usurped much of the space once devoted to display of the curios, and other museum purposes. Treasures which were formerly accorded the room they were entitled to are now boxed up and tucked away somewhere in the basement. Everything that is shown is crowded. Once upon a time there was a sign in the Normal School grounds which bore the words "Provincial Museum—Public Admitted Free," but somebody took it in. The public is still made welcome in what is left of the museum, but the attitude of whoever has the say about it appears to be that the museum is filling its mission if it is kept mainly for the use of the students in the school. In other years citizens often took their visiting guests to see the museum, but it is seldom that any such parties are in evidence there now.

Dr. Orr just sighs when these things are mentioned to him. It is always as he believes that the museum has been harshly dealt with and has been robbed of many of its rights. It is an old institution, having been established by Act of Parliament as far back as 1852. In its extensive of three score and eleven years it has secured a wonderful collection of curios, and now it has almost become a curio itself. If the school continues to grow much bigger the museum will be forced out on to the lawn.

The doctor lent a sympathetic ear when these observations were being made to him by his visitor in a stroll along the corridor lined with busts of celebrities. Suddenly there was a commotion, and the building took on an air of wonderful animation. Two or three hundred school-marks in embryo had been let loose from somewhere and crowded the stairway with girls and glee. The visitor stood to one side waiting for them to pass, and he did not begrudge the time. "I feel rather sorry about the museum, doctor," he said, "but this is just about the finest looking-jot of girls I ever saw in a bunch, anywhere."

"No mistake about that," agreed Dr. Orr.

Race Is In Danger. City life is too dangerous for "Bob" Henderson, the man whose discovery of gold in the Klondike drew thousands from all parts of the world over the "Trail of '98." This pioneer, a strapping big Nova Scotian, now sixty-five, has been visiting Vancouver, and though he is at home in the frontier, with all its supposed dangers, he was not at home in the Western city.

"They talk about the perils of the Yukon," he said, with a smile. "Why, when I set foot on Hastings street and walked a few blocks the other day I was in more danger in ten minutes than in all the years I spent in the North. I don't know what is going to happen to the human race. I'm afraid it will be killed off by automobiles."

"The other evening I heard one of those wireless things for the first time out at a friend's home. They're wonderful. I could hear a man in Seattle and another in California as plainly as if they were in the same room."

The Yukon discoverer is going down to California, where he hopes to see his first aeroplane in flight.

Large Increase In Immigration. Immigration figures, covering the eight months of the fiscal year ending November 30 last, show a remarkable increase over the corresponding period in 1922-23.

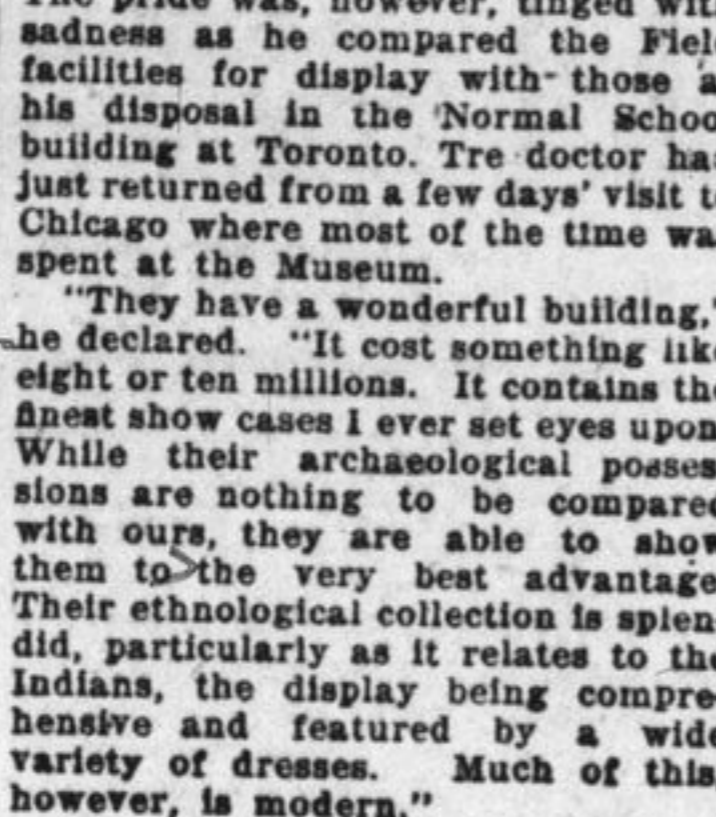
The total number of immigrants who came to Canada from all countries during the eight months period of 1923 was 58,832, while of last year the immigration from the British Isles alone was greater than that, and the immigration from all countries, totalling 115,091 was more than double.

The number of immigrants from the British Isles in the 1922-23 period was only 27,262. Immigration from the United States shows a ten per cent. decrease last year as compared with 1922. From "other countries" 39,331 immigrants came to Canada last year, as compared with 11,530 during the eight months period a year previous. This is an increase of 240 per cent.

Exports of Rye. Canadian rye exports in October amounted to 940,154 bushels, and went to eight different countries in Europe. Nearly half the total went to the United Kingdom, the other largest purchases being Finland, Norway and Belgium. Each of these countries took over 100,000 bushels.

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LOCKETT'S

PIE SOCIALS

Are Interesting Events in the Country Hereabouts.

Pittsford, Feb. 7.—The recent snow storms have made the roads very heavy for loads, and the side roads are nearly blocked. Miss Gladys Ranous, nurse-in-training, Kingston General Hospital, is home with her parents owing to her mother's ill health. A jolly sleighing party came up from Gananoque on Tuesday evening and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Maxwell at their home. A number from here were present to see the play which was put on by the A.Y.P.A. of Christ church, Gananoque, and report a splendid programme.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Browning, Collin's Bay, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John McClement. Miss Alma Finnegan and her friend, Miss Ila Burns, are holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Purdy, Napanee.

A successful pie social was held on Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of St. John's church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. McClement. The house was packed to the doors. The proceeds amounted to over twenty-eight dollars.

The meeting of the U.F.O., which was to be held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, is postponed until next Tuesday evening. The members of the Epworth League of St. Lawrence church will hold a pie social soon.

Are Busy Lumbering. Mountain Grove, Feb. 6.—Lumbering business is the order of the day. Card Bros. are doing a rushing business having about twenty-five men employed. Frank Cox is also in the woods having about fifteen men employed. Our rural mail carrier, R. Coulter, has hard times making his trips on account of snow, but gets in on time every day. It was reported that a bear was seen in a hollow log in Card's mill yard, Feb. 2nd, by the lumbermen.

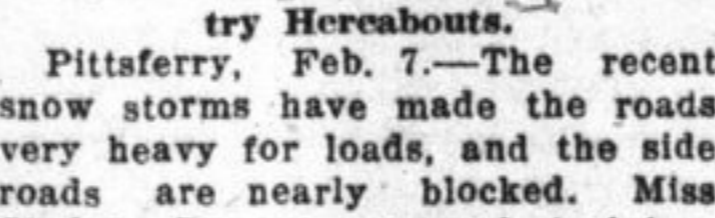
The members of the R.A.B. Club held a regular meeting in the club room on Main street, Feb. 4th, with Thomas Hayward in the chair. Mike W. Barr is in Kingston General hospital for treatment. Bessie Stinson is also on the sick list. Bruce McDonald is erecting an ice house. Alexander Parker and William Hill made a trip to Kingston. Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Davy, Kennebec, a son, Harvey Loyd has resigned his position as section foreman on the C.P.R.

Tamworth Briefs. Tamworth, Feb. 7.—Miss Booth, Niagara Falls, is visiting George Stinson, Jr. The remains of the late Mrs. Hugh McKeever were brought home for burial last week, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter. J. A. Hunter has bought the old Gilmour farm. Mrs. Fred Hall, of Winnipeg, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wells.

The Ladies' Aid held a meeting at Mrs. Redden's on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Patrick Murphy residing north of Beaver Lake, died very suddenly on Friday last, while preparing breakfast. The funeral took place to the Presbyterian church and was largely attended. William Rogers has bought J. A. Hunter's old homestead.

A bore is a man who has nothing to say and insists upon saying it.

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They Help You Make Every Meal Different

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In their natural form, may be served in many appetizing ways. The ideal base for salads, combining nicely with other materials. In cookery and confections, and for decorations, they are equally useful.

Ask your fruit dealer for Sealdsweet oranges and grapefruit, and insist on having them in the sanitary tissue-paper wrappers in which they are shipped.

For gift copy of book "Home Uses for Juices of Sealdsweet Oranges and Grapefruit" write Florida Citrus Exchange, 815 Citrus Exchange Building, Tampa, Florida.

Sealdsweet Florida oranges are good inside—good all the way through!

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Sealdsweet

Sealdsweet Grapefruit (IN CANS)

The inner meat of Sealdsweet grapefruit, separated from the outer membrane and rind before canning. Ready to serve—chill before using. Eat as you would fresh grapefruit. Add a bit of sugar or salt if you like. Ask your grocer for Sealdsweet whenever you are unable to secure fresh Sealdsweet grapefruit or prefer the goods in cans.

FLORIDA

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ERROR ON ALL BANK NOTES

Reference to "The Seal of the Treasury of North America" is Manifestly Absurd.

Every bank note issued in the United States today bears an error on its face of which few are aware. The same error has appeared on every note circulated since the time of the Continental congress, but no effort ever has been made to change it. Somewhere on the face of these bills appears the seal of the treasury department, with an abbreviation of a Latin legend meaning "The Seal of the Treasury of North America."

No cut like unkindness. A good life keeps off wrinkles.