

ELMINA'S LIVING OUT

By ELSIE E. MASTER.

"Elmina, hurry yourself. It is five o'clock, already," said Mrs. Fatsinger, who was sitting at the table, looking at her watch. "All right, Mom, I'm coming," Elmina called back. "Remember it is baking day, Elmina."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming, Mom."

"And, Elmina, don't let nothing burn."

Elmina made a face at her pretty reflection in the glass. "It is plenty apples falling from the trees for a couple of apples. Do you hear me, Elmina?"

"Yes, Mom, I hear you."

Elmina slipped quickly into her clothes and ran down to the kitchen. She knew as well as her mother that there were six pans of rusk, at least half a dozen pies, and a fine cake to be baked that morning. Her mother had made the fire before she started out to weed the garden beds, and the rusk was soon in the oven. Then she ran out to sweep the porch and the pavement. As she came back she heard a shrill call from the garden.

"Elmina! Elmina! Don't let nothing burn."

Her lip curled angrily as she put the potatoes and ham on to fry. Then she covered the table with a red cloth and put the breakfast dishes on it, and replaced the cakes in the oven with a fresh batch. Presently her mother came in from the garden. A stranger would scarcely have noticed the resemblance between them. Elmina was straight and slender, her mother was stout, and her bent shoulders showed plainly the weight of years of strenuous house-keeping. Elmina's skin was fresh and rosy, her mother's tanned and dark. Elmina's eyes were blue, as were her mother's, but the difference between youth and premature middle age, between high spirits and weariness, made them as unlike as though they were of different shades.

"Did you do as I told you, Elmina?" Mrs. Fatsinger slipped off her overcoat and washed her hands at the pump.

"I don't know what you told me," answered Elmina, sullenly. "I baked the rusk, and swept, and cooked breakfast."

"Well, you can bake the fine cake while I work some more in the garden. Only don't burn it."

Elmina did not respond, and the meal was finished in silence.

"Now, Elmina," began her mother as she took the last bite of a piece of pie, "you must hurry red on the table."

Elmina, like a naughty child, seized her own plate in one hand and her mother's coffee cup, still half full, in the other.

"Elmina!" exclaimed her mother, and Elmina set the plate down with a slam.

"Bake first the cake, then wash the dishes while it bakes."

"What else am I doing?" demanded Elmina.

"And when the butter comes you can get a beef steak for to fry. It is enough money in the purse."

When Mrs. Fatsinger reached the garden gate she turned.

"Don't you let him give you no tough one, and watch him once when he weighs in."

Mrs. Fatsinger began her weeding. "The girls are no longer like they

"Elmina Fatsinger. Are you, then, going to work in a hotel?"

"No. It is only four people in the family."

"I have lived many years in this world, and I have never heard from such a place."

Mrs. Fatsinger did not sleep well that night.

"It is something wrong at places where so much money is paid," she said to herself. "But if it isn't everything all right, Elmina will come home pretty quick."

In the morning she would not let Elmina help get the breakfast. "Suppose you should cut you with the knife or get grease at your dress. You would look fine to go in Philadelphia."

Breakfast over, Elmina kissed her mother good-by.

"You will write right always home, Elmina."

"Yes, mom."

Elmina started across the porch, her eyes blinded by tears. She had not even said good-by to her "company girl," Linnie Kurtz. She almost wished she was not going.

"Elmina! Elmina!" came a loud call from behind. "Mind you do your work right. And don't you go in no sewing, and go always in the new Baptist Church. Mind you work like I learned you."

"Yes, yes," answered Elmina impatiently.

Mrs. Fatsinger went slowly back to the kitchen. There the first plate which she touched slipped from her hands.

"Now when that china like some, it would 'a' broke into a thousand pieces," she said to herself as she looked at the broken plate.

"Elmina had to go to Philadelphia?" Elmina found Mantana waiting for her at the door.

"Ach, Mantana!" she cried. "What am I so glad to see you? I didn't know it was so many people in the world like I saw this morning already. And streets and houses and trolleys! I don't know what it is."

"Of course," said Mantana. "Come now, we must hurry."

"No, no, no extra. But you must look a little out."

"Is it any children?"

"Only a little girl. It is a sister and a Miss and Mister's Mom and the little girl yet. Now, she conducted Elmina through a narrow alley, across a tiny yard, and into a wide kitchen."

Mantana led the way into the upper hall. At the door of her mistress's sitting-room, a soft voice bade them come in.

"Mrs. Alexander, here is the girl what I told you about from Millertown. Elmina Fatsinger."

Mrs. Alexander looked up from her desk with a smile.

"How do you do, Elmina?" she said.

While her new mistress finished her sitting-room, Mrs. Alexander had looked at the beautiful girl. They had a sitting-room at home, which was too fine to use, but was very different from this. At home there was a Brussels carpet, a centre table, and a vase of dried flowers, and a great family Bible. Here in this room the polished floor was almost bare, and the few rugs deep and soft to the foot. There were books and pictures and plants, and most astonishing of all, sunshine. Did not these wonderful people know that sunshine faded everything? And what kind of a housekeeper could Mrs. Alexander be that she was here at eleven o'clock? Elmina had to write letters. At that point Mrs. Alexander laid down her pen.

"Have you lived out before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Mantana said that you are a capable girl. Can you sweep?"

"Yes, ma'am. I did always the evening before."

"And wait on the table?"

"Yes, ma'am. Who 'in the world' couldn't do that?"

"You may come down stairs with me now."

Elmina followed her to the dining-room.

"Ain't they got no table-cloth?" she thought as her eyes fell on the gleaming table. "With all their grand things!"

She paid close attention to Mrs. Alexander's directions.

"Here is the linen, and here is the silver. The glass is in that cupboard and the china in the pantry. Here is the alide opening into the kitchen. She pushed back a little slide, and Elmina saw Mantana stirring something on the stove. "Now, if you need any help, ask Mantana. You will have time to dust the dining-room before you set the table."

Elmina set about her work at once. As she wiped the chairs and tables, she began to feel uneasy. Would any one pay her such high wages for such easy work? Well, if her wages were not forthcoming, she would go straight back to Millertown. Presently she opened the door into the kitchen.

"Hello! Shall I show you once how to set the table?"

"All right," said Mantana, half-afraid.

Elmina shut the door and went busily to work.

"Here is nothing but tidies," she said as she opened the first drawer, which contained Mrs. Alexander's luncheon doilies. In the next she found a table-cloth, and, spreading it, laid the first plates that she could find, face downward upon it. "Now knives and forks. Where! Silver ones. My, but they are dull! Now I hunt the napkins. I wonder if they use, every day, napkins."

"Hello, Mantana!"

"Hello! Shall I show you once how to set the table?"

"All right," said Mantana, half-afraid.

Elmina shut the door and went busily to work.

"Here is nothing but tidies," she said as she opened the first drawer, which contained Mrs. Alexander's luncheon doilies. In the next she found a table-cloth, and, spreading it, laid the first plates that she could find, face downward upon it. "Now knives and forks. Where! Silver ones. My, but they are dull! Now I hunt the napkins. I wonder if they use, every day, napkins."

"Hello, Mantana!"

"Hello! Shall I show you once how to set the table?"

"All right," said Mantana, half-afraid.

Elmina shut the door and went busily to work.

The eyes of the two ladies met. There were some things which the new maid would have to learn.

When she reached the dining room Mrs. Alexander paused, and her hand went out as though for support. For an instant she was shocked beyond the possibility of speech. Beside her own place, with her elbows on the table, sat Elmina.

"I put my place at this end so I could run easy out," she explained smilingly.

Mrs. Alexander's eyes took in at a glance the turned-down plates, the crossed knives and forks. Then they returned to pretty Elmina.

"I think—" she began. "Will you send Mantana to me?"

"Ain't it right?" demanded Elmina.

"Elmina Fatsinger," she said.

"To Elmina it seemed an hour until she returned.

"Perhaps you will not be so saucy again when I say 'Shall I show you how?' Go look at the table before I call them."

Elmina took a furtive peep.

"Tidies!" she exclaimed. "And no table-cloth! What come of this?" Elmina started toward the table.

"She said I should wait today on the table."

"Well, you can. But I dare eat dinner, I guess."

Mantana paused, the boudoir cup shaking in her hand.

"Elmina, do you think we dare eat with them?"

"Of course. Where else should we eat?"

"We aren't eat with them! We eat afterwards here."

"We aren't eat with them! Are we, then, not good enough?"

Mantana did not stop to answer, nor did she offer further conversation until lunch was over.

"It is she who eat. Then she wants to see you."

"She doesn't think she can send me."

"She ain't going to send you off. She will show you how we do things in Philadelphia. I get three dollars a week with Philadelphians. Are we, then, going to eat in the kitchen?"

"Where do you eat at home?" in the dining-room.

Mantana sighed as she washed the dishes.

"I might 'a' known it. The Millertown folks are too dumb. I will now have to have an Irish one working by."

Elmina found Mrs. Alexander at her sitting-room. Mrs. Alexander had looked at the beautiful girl. They had a sitting-room at home, which was too fine to use, but was very different from this. At home there was a Brussels carpet, a centre table, and a vase of dried flowers, and a great family Bible. Here in this room the polished floor was almost bare, and the few rugs deep and soft to the foot. There were books and pictures and plants, and most astonishing of all, sunshine. Did not these wonderful people know that sunshine faded everything? And what kind of a housekeeper could Mrs. Alexander be that she was here at eleven o'clock? Elmina had to write letters. At that point Mrs. Alexander laid down her pen.

"Have you lived out before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Mantana said that you are a capable girl. Can you sweep?"

"Yes, ma'am. I did always the evening before."

"And wait on the table?"

"Yes, ma'am. Who 'in the world' couldn't do that?"

"You may come down stairs with me now."

Elmina followed her to the dining-room.

"Ain't they got no table-cloth?" she thought as her eyes fell on the gleaming table. "With all their grand things!"

She paid close attention to Mrs. Alexander's directions.

"Here is the linen, and here is the silver. The glass is in that cupboard and the china in the pantry. Here is the alide opening into the kitchen. She pushed back a little slide, and Elmina saw Mantana stirring something on the stove. "Now, if you need any help, ask Mantana. You will have time to dust the dining-room before you set the table."

Elmina set about her work at once. As she wiped the chairs and tables, she began to feel uneasy. Would any one pay her such high wages for such easy work? Well, if her wages were not forthcoming, she would go straight back to Millertown. Presently she opened the door into the kitchen.

"Hello! Shall I show you once how to set the table?"

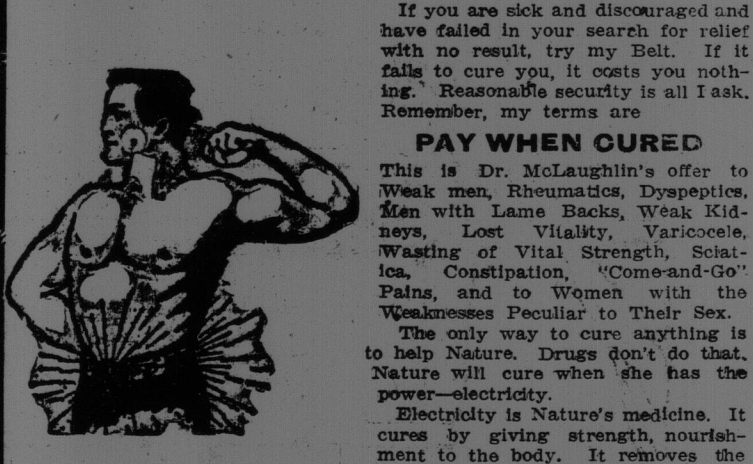
"All right," said Mantana, half-afraid.

Elmina shut the door and went busily to work.

MEN, YOU CAN BE CURED

if You Will Take Nature's Medicine

I CURE Nervousness, General Debility, Weakness of any kind, Stomach, Heart, Liver, or Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Pains in the Back and Shoulders, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all evidences of physical breakdown in men and women.



If you are sick and discouraged and have failed in your search for relief with no result, try my Belt. It talks to cure you, it costs you nothing. Reasonable security is all I ask. Remember, my terms are

PAY WHEN CURED

This is Dr. McLaughlin's offer to Weak men, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Men with Lame Backs, Weak Kidneys, Lost Vitality, Varicose Veins, Wasting of Vital Strength, Sciatica, Constipation, "Come-and-go" Pains, and to Women with Weakness Peculiar to Their Sex. The only way to cure anything is to help Nature. Dr. McLaughlin's Nature's Medicine. It cures by giving strength, nourishment to the body. It removes the cause of disease by supplying the body the force it lacks, enabling every organ and tissue, giving it properly, and when every organ is in a healthy condition there can be no pain or sickness.

Feed electricity to your nerves. They will absorb and carry it to every organ and tissue, giving health and strength to every ailing part. My Electric Belt is an electric body battery, applied by you, asleep. It infuses a stream of electric life into the body all night long. It does not shock or blister. The only sensation is a mild, soothing glow. My Electric Belt is cheaper than a course of drugging. Every man should understand that physical power, large muscles, strength and endurance come from animal electricity. My treatment will pump every part of the body full of that, and perfection will result.

Lambeth, Ont. Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in recommending your belt to anyone suffering from Nervous Trouble or Loss of Sleep from causes so frequent to men.

Yours truly, D. ANJUSH.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by Nature to be strong and sturdy. Even that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength I can make as good as he ever was.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body is weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that in any manner my Belt will replace it, and I will cure you.

Business transacted by mail or at office only. No agents.

FREE BOOK—Cut out this coupon now and mail it. I'll send this book without delay, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Call if you can.

M. A. McLAUGHLIN, 214 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Please forward me one of your books as advertised.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday until 8.30 p. m. Write plainly.

H. H. Miller (South Grey) and Glen Campbell (Dauphin) continued the debate at the evening sitting, and the house adjourned at 11.30.

EXCITED OVER

AWFUL CRIME

IN WINNIPEG

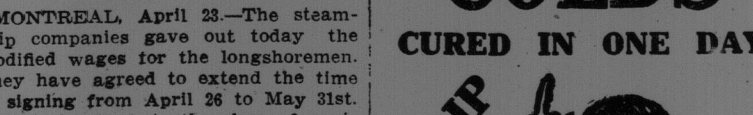
WINNIPEG, Man., April 23.—Investigation by the police today of the circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Lewis James, whose body was found in a lonely shack by her husband last evening on his return from work, showed that one of the most brutal and revolting crimes in recent years in the west was committed. She had been assaulted and then murdered by some man, who had escaped without leaving any clue on which pursuit at present seems possible. The murders also stole her watch and a small sum of money which was in the house. An autopsy was performed today and revealed the fact that the skull had been fractured by a blow on the forehead with a short club, which is now in the hands of the police, and was found today outside the little home. In a hurried examination of the body last night medical men were of the opinion that the wound on the head might have been caused by the dead woman falling in a fit, as it was learned she was subject to such seizures. It was not until this morning that the terrible crime was revealed in all its revolting features. She had mentioned the fact to her husband the day before that a vicious looking tramp had frightened her very badly by looking in the window. She gave him a description of Collier's Weekly, died suddenly tonight of apoplexy at the Riding Club.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 23.—Peter J. Collier, founder and publisher of Collier's Weekly, died suddenly tonight of apoplexy at the Riding Club.

OTTAWA, April 23.—Charles Morris of Harvey, N. B., has been appointed a sub-collector of customs.

COLDS

CURED IN ONE DAY



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantaneously. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the troubles caused by colds. It cures Grip and influenza Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.

Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy, and see how quickly you will be cured.

If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy.

Munyon's Vitalizer cures weak men strong and restores lost nervous.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 23.—The supreme court delivered this afternoon a large number of judgments, many of them being appeals from Scott Act convictions. In all the judgment of the court below was sustained.

Have you tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Gardiner, Maine.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease and weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation but I could not bear to think of it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R.F.D. No. 12, Box 30, Gardiner, Me.

So. West Harbor, Me.—"I suffered for years with painful periods, backache, headaches, nervousness, irregularities and inflammation. I consulted two physicians and one advised me to have an operation. I was completely discouraged when I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has made me a well woman. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, South West Harbor, Me.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

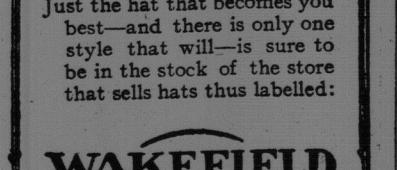
Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has sent thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



Just the hat that becomes you best—and there is only one style that will—sure to be in the stock of the store that sells hats thus labelled:



Designed by the best men in London; made in a factory which prides itself on its good name among good dressers. Finished like hats that cost twice the price.

'Twill pay you to find the store that sells these good hats. They cost less than you'd think.

A. A. ALLAN & CO. Limited, Toronto. Wholesale Distributors for Canada.