Twenty

MISS MUCH AFRAID

The Fifth of a New Series of "Anne" Stories

By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

I'm so tired," said Cousin Ernestine Hugle dropping with a sigh onto her chair at the supper table of Anne Shirley's boarding house. "I've been eating all day, and I always eat dinner at nine o'clock."

Cousin Ernestine had visited from Lowvale that afternoon with Captain MacAmber and Mrs. Lincoln MacLeash...more commonly known as Aunt Kate and Aunt Emma, the boarding house. It cannot be said that either of them welcomed her very heartily in spite of their friendly relationship. Cousin Ernestine was not an exciting visitor, being one of those uninformative who are constantly worrying, not only about herself, but everyone else, and will not give themselves or others any rest at all. The very look of her, Rebecca Dew declared, made you feel you'd been a wall of tears. Certainly Cousin Ernestine was not beautiful and it was very doubtful if she ever had been. She had a dry, pinched little face, faded white teeth, several badly decayed molars, and a whining voice. She wore a mauve dress, a yellow chemise, a blue bonnet and carried a handbag which she would not remove at the supper table because she was afraid of draughts.

Rebecca Dew, household factor at the boarding house, generally sat at table with the family. But not when Cousin Ernestine was there. Rebecca always declared she couldn't "savour her vittles" when "that oldウィー kind of woman" was present. She preferred to eat her meal alone in the kitchen, but she did not prevent her from "saying her say" while she waited on the table.

"Like the saying going in your veins," she joked unappetisingly. "I hope it's only that, Miss Dew. But I'm afraid it's not, as you are not much of a talker."

"She ate mushrooms last summer but I'm afraid there wasn't much to eat in the kitchen because she was afraid of draughts." Rebecca always declared she couldn't "savour her vittles" when "that oldウィー kind of woman" was present. She preferred to eat her meal alone in the kitchen, but she did not prevent her from "saying her say" while she waited on the table.

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At the Triennial Conference of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, now meeting in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Alfred Watt, the Canadian woman responsible for starting the Women’s Institutes in Britain, is presiding.

The honorary president of the organization is the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, and there are vice-presidents and officers from the United States, Wales, Australia, Germany, France, Norway, South Africa, Ceylon, East Africa. Practically every country in the world has affiliated organizations in the Associated Countrywomen of the World, including three international associations, the International Institution of Agriculture, Rome, Italy; the International Labor Office, Geneva, and the League of Nations, Geneva.

Organizations of rural women from twenty-nine different countries are now affiliated with the Associated Countrywomen of the World.

England has fourteen member organizations, Australia six, Ceylon one, Chile, New Zealand three, Denmark two, East Africa one, the Netherlands one, New Zealand two, Norway one, Nyasaland one, Palestine one, Poland one, Roumania one, Scotland one, South Africa six, Southern Rhodesia one, Sweden one, Switzerland four, United States ten, Wales two, Yugoslovia one. Canada has ten, including the Federated Women’s Institutes of Canada, the Alberta Institute, the Federated Women’s Institutes of British Columbia, Women’s Institute of Manitoba, New Brunswick Federation of Women’s Institutes, Nova Scotia Women’s Institute, Federated Women’s Institutes of Ontario, Women’s Institutes of Quebec, Circles Fédérées du Canada, and Canadian Homemakers’ Clubs.

Mrs. Watt, president, has had an interesting career. A graduate of the University of Toronto, she married a doctor and went to British Columbia, where she got her first contact with Women’s Institutes. One of the first, she went to England with her two sons. During the two years, she was able to find a means of contact with the agriculturists for the production of products on an industrial scale.

Miss MUCH-FARID

(Continued from Page Twenty.)

...In my eyes, Sverca Dev... bringin’ in a repentin’ teapot.

Oh, he’s good,” said Cousin Ernestine Buzzett, smiling. “Two good boys... I’ve got all my puppets on the table... I’ve got mine... I’m going to... I’ve got mine...”

FLOODS MAKE GIRL TRAVEL

Summoned to court in Coghter, Irish Press State, for not complying with a school attendance order concerning his daughter, Robert Fleming, of Mulhany, and he and his family lived in a house “like Noah’s Ark,” as they were almost surrounded by floods in the winter. The child attempted to go to school but was drowned.

REPOUSE

"TEA is good tea"

GOOD 40 years ago

GOOD today

NEW FAST-ACTING "NO-SCRUB" SOAP

Changes All Old Ideas of Laundry Soap Performance

Yet OXYDOL is safe! So safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, super-clean, and new. Thousands of dollars have been saved 100 consecutively times in Oxydol, and without losing any whit of its strong washing power. And—your hands are never soiled, soiled, soiled. Soft, lovely, smooth.

Thus, Oxydol serves as a boon to wash-wary housewives, by ending forever the hard-breaking scrubbing and boiling, and cutting hours from washing time. It cuts a corner to the laund and white clothes are always so fresh and clean even under most severe soapy white and gentle rubs.