

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

After the exciting times that I have gone through since I married Theo and he went to war, I seem to be a little, apathetic creature today, just waiting for his return.

I have always had such splendid health that I do not know this from my own experience, but many of my friends have told me that at the surcease of great pain, there is a sort of state in which one is physically conscious but unfeeling. This seems to be my state of mind today. My hurried marriage to Theo, my short honeymoon, my arrival home to find my father married again, Theo's departure for France, Tim's loveless marriage, and death; all there combined to bring my nerves to the breaking point.

Then all at once comes Toddy's letter that his squadron will not remain with the Army of Occupation and that he is coming home and every thing except this blessed thought is swept from my mind and I am planning quietly, but none the less efficiently, to cast off all the sorrows and worries from which I have merged. I'm going to try to make myself feel that I am Theo's fiancée instead of his wife, and when I meet him at the dock I'm going to begin all over again. These last few months have been a dream; a terrible dream from which I am glad to awaken.

Yesterday I packed within my wardrobe trunk not only that "fluffiest, ruffiest, girliest frock, which Thoe wrote about, but a demurest one of white, as well as a vampirish one of black and flame.

I intend to lend variety to each twenty-four hours. I am quite sure Thoe will be "various" enough without the aid of makeup or props, but we poor women are usually so conventional that we are not only obvious, but do the obvious things, consequently we must always set the stage and dress the part.

For the nonce I think I completely forgot all those other women in sombre black, who have no such anticipations and hopes.

I am so tired of sadness and sorrow; of pain and death; of turmoil and uncertainty; of deadly seriousness.

For a while there is only going to be room enough in my world for frivolity and joy, for gaiety and pleasure.

I mean to do foolish things and laugh at trivialities.

Like Thoe, I want to taste the joys of every day and I intend that he shall not taste them without me.

Every day must bring the unexpected, which I know for both of us will mean the perfect day.

When Thoe called me his "Little Everyday Wife" I know he meant the words as a term of endearment, but to me they were fraught with future peril.

I can tell from his letters that he is the same irresponsible, fascinating Toddy, who expects me to follow his moods in the same way I have been doing all my life.

Again comes to me that childhood time when he said: "Margot, if you are good, I'll marry you when I grow up and you can play with me whenever I want you to," and again came my innocently childish question: "What shall I do when you don't want me Toddy?" and his unconcerned answer: "Oh, you can just stan' aroun' and wait and wait."

I know that I'm not going to be content to "stan' aroun' and stan' aroun' and wait," but will I be any more content to follow Thoe's vagaries?

Toddy—Thoe—is the most lovable man I have ever known and I think I have grown to care for him very much since he has been away from me. Some of his letters seem to tell me he has grown a soul, but elf-like, it is sure to hide behind his usual pleasure-loving moods, I wonder if it is so shy that it will hide again from me, who was never even conscious of it until it appeared in his letters.

I am quite sure that I, too, have changed much since Theo went away. I wonder if he will like me as well when he finds that I have lost some of that gaiety and laughter which to him was my greatest charm.

Just an "Everyday Wife!" It frightens me. I might be a loving wife, a dutiful wife, a wife for holidays and Sundays, but an everyday wife smacks of that monotony and commonplaceness which Toddy dreads more than anything else in the world.

(Monday—"Items from Society News.")

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The tea is weighed on our costly automatic electric scales before it goes into the package.

In the sealed package, you get not only full weight, but full flavor, full strength and all the good qualities of Red Rose Tea protected against the air, odors and dust.



Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea

AROUND THE TOWN

Continued from Page Two.

a racing shell was seen on the St. John river here, and yet in the old days there were two or more rowing organizations in Fredericton, and the University of New Brunswick also had its crews. The St. Ann's Rowing Club was a well known rowing organization of the city. The clubs were accommodated in large house-boats which were wintered in places of safety and moored at convenient points along the river front when the ice went out. Singles, doubles and four-oared crews were what were supported, larger crews not being popular. The people as a whole were keenly interested in the sport and at the time the famous Paris crew of St. John rowed on the Kennebecasis hundreds of Frederictonians went by special excursions to see the races.

The street department is clearing away a number of dead trees about the city, a work which has been sometime overdue. Fredericton is noted for its trees but many persons have advocated the reduction of their number in order to permit the streets to dry more rapidly after a rain. It is evident that in the past no plan of tree planting was followed, for there are considerable stretches of streets which have no trees and there are others which are overcrowded with them. The newer streets, particularly in what is known as the Old Racecourse section, have very few trees. Perhaps in the future the city will exercise supervision over the planting of trees along the streets and will produce greater regularity.

Queen's Square seems fated to produce interesting occurrences this year. There was the long squabble between the Citizens' Committee and a section of the City Council on the matter of using the land for playground purposes and more recently the threat of legal proceedings against the employees of Contractor W. H. Maxwell if they interfere with potato patches there, but the most amusing incident happened a few days ago. A certain resident of Aberdeen street who displays great interest in public affairs forbade the employees of the contractor who were grading the land, to continue operations. The employees did not appear to be much impressed and went on with their work. The citizen was determined to have his own way and he took heroic measures. He went in front of the plough team which the men were using, and sat down. That should have settled the matter, but it did not. The contractor's men drove right ahead and soon there were loud yells from among the horses' hoofs. The citizen in question made no further attempt to interfere, after being extricated from his uncomfortable position.

Peace surely ought to prove durable after it has been so laboriously hammered into shape.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, 50¢; No. 3, 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly "Milkmaid")

PROPOSED WORLD CONFERENCE TO UNITE CHURCHES OF CHRISTENDOM

Halifax, June 20.—Passengers for New York on the Aquitania included Right Rev. C. R. Anderson, Bishop of Chicago; Right Rev. Boyd Vincent, Bishop of Southern Ohio, who with the Bishop of Fond du Lac and Rev. Dr. Parson of San Francisco, and Rev. Dr. Rogers of Wisconsin made up the delegation which visited Europe and the near east in behalf of the proposed world conference for a discussion of the points separating the various churches of Christendom. The delegation, stated Bishop Anderson, had visited all the churches of the east including those of the Balkans and had secured their co-operation in the proposed conference. It had also visited Norway and Sweden and had found the Scandinavian Church very sympathetic to the movement and ready to take part in the conference. It had been graciously received by the Pope, on its visit to Rome, although His Holiness could not see his way to appoint representatives to the conference. This, however, had been the only declination received up to the present among all churches of Christendom and the conference would proceed as planned. Prior to the war the anglican communion throughout the world together with all the various Protestant Churches as well as the old Catholics of Europe had expressed their willingness to take part in such a conference, said Bishop Anderson. Mrs. Leon Errol, another passenger, established a record by making connections with the Aquitania via airplane. She flew from the Hounslow aerodrome to Hamble in one hour and fifteen minutes. Colonel Henderson of the British Air Service piloted Mrs. Errol's flight.

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HIS HOLIDAY, A SHORT STORY IN TWO PARTS

Part I—Why They Looked Forward to His Coming Holiday.

Why he did:

- Long, long sleep.
- Leisure for breakfast.
- Dressing gown, book, slippers.
- Pipe, nap.
- Billiards at the club.

Why she did:

- Golden opportunity for him to—
- 1. Repair the hot water tap and a leak in bath tub.
- 2. Take the rattle out of two windows.
- 3. Enamel a dresser top.
- 4. Hold her yarn.
- 5. Take her to the movies.
- 6. Make that long deferred call on the Browns.

Part II—Why They Wont Look Forward to the Next One.

Why he won't:

- The indefatigable alarm clock he forgot to turn off.
- Subsequent ineffectual attempts to get to sleep.
- Cold coffee.
- The idea that a bank teller should be expected to know anything about plumbing.
- The poor movie and the boredom of the Browns.

Why she won't:

- His unaccountable irritability of temper.
- The ruined bath tub.
- His profanity.
- Two windows that still rattle and a dresser top that still needs enamel.
- The little incident of the book that she had loaned Mrs. Waring and the sarcasm with which he received the information. How did she know he hadn't read it?
- The hilarious manner with which he received the problem movie and his thirteen yawns at the Browns.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS REMOVED

The operation is simple and painless—just apply Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. For fifty years it has been curing warts and will cure you too. Try Putnam's Extractor, 25c. at all dealers.

WOMEN CLING TO STOCKINGS

Chicago, June 19.—Parisiennes may do it, but society women of Chicago will give up anything (almost) before they bid farewell to their stockings. Not even if the said stockings were to soar to \$25 heights.

Such is the general expression of opinion of society leaders who were asked what they thought of going stockless.

It is said that the Parisienne, tiring of the diaphanous hose that in Paris now costs \$10, and tears the first time it is worn, is walking around without 'em. At the Longchamps races which were witnessed by President Wilson, the fad was officially launched when leading dressmakers sent mannikins to the races wearing the high-heeled pumps but no hose.

BUT WHO KNOWS?

The minds of statesmen must expand in a most wondrous way. Each is supposed to understand What all the others say.

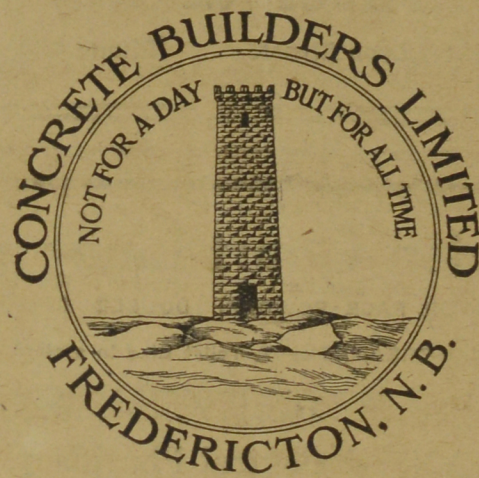
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SOMEWHAT ALIKE.

It's curious, but it's often said, And I should like to know, Why some men toil to earn their bread And others work for dough.

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