

## Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THE PAPERS GET THE STORY.

Aunt Margie and I went to my father's home to discuss the situation. This we did at length. Finally Aunt Margie had to go. As I went down with her to her car, a newsboy thrust a newspaper into my hand, shouting excitedly "Tragic Romance in City's Smartest Set!"

Hurriedly I looked on the first page and found in letters two inches tall:

SON OF POLICE COMMISSIONER LAFFERTY

KILLED AT THE FRONT

His Marriage Announced to Miss Sally Saunders, Daughter of John Saunders, President of the First National Bank—Mrs. Lafferty, jr., Prostrated with Grief.

I turned the paper so that Aunt Margie could see the headlines, and I know that my face reflected her look of horror.

"I didn't expect she would do it so soon," I said weakly. But immediately I understood that if Sally Saunders announced her marriage to my brother at all, she would have to do it now when his death was reported.

Just then Letty came to the door. "Your father heard the newsboy calling the extra and I came out to get a paper," she said.

I held out the one I had in my hand without a word. "What does it mean?" she gasped as her glance ran over the headlines. "It means just what it says," I answered.

"Then you knew?"

"Yes, but Tim made me promise by all I held sacred not to tell."

"Tell Dad I'll be there in a minute and explain the whole thing to him," I said as Letty turned from us and went up the steps to the door.

As I finished reading the account of Tim's death I went slowly into the house—even then I did not know what to say to my father. As I caught sight of his slumping figure and grief-stricken face, from which all its ruddy color had faded, leaving it a pasty grayish white, I rushed to the chair where he was sitting and knelt down beside him with my head upon his knee.

"Dad—Dad—don't take it so hard," I whispered sobbingly. "Tim died as you would have him die—as he would have wished to die—bravely fighting for his country and his comrades."

One of my father's hands reached out and rested on my head, and the other clasped tightly one of Letty's. I was sobbing so I could not speak, but my father was perfectly still, with a quietness that seemed more grief-stricken than any sound he might have made.

I distinctly heard the ticking of the hall clock through the open doorway, and it seemed to be saying "Forever, never—forever, never."

I was almost on the point of rushing out to stop the pendulum when at last my father spoke. "What is this about Tim marrying that little Saunders girl? Do you know anything about it, Margaret Ann?"

"Yes, Dad, I know all about it. Tim wrote to me."

"Why didn't you tell me?" my father asked in a hurt voice.

Because Sally made Tim swear that he would keep the marriage a secret, and only by much coaxing did he get her to let him tell me, under the pledge of the greatest secrecy.

"What is it you are all keeping from me? What is back of all this?" Dad asked suspiciously.

I looked at Letty and sighed silently. She gently led him to the old armchair. He sank into its familiar depths with a sigh. Then I told him the story in all its horrible details.

When I mentioned Emil Baur's name, my father swore a great oath and his hands clinched. When I repeated the words that Sally had said when she was delirious, Dad covered his face with his hands as if he were ashamed that we—his wife and daughter—must know of such villainy.

"Did Tim write you that he left that girl at the church door?" he asked, suddenly.

"Not at the church door, dear; she rode with him to the station, but he expressly told me to take care of her who was, as he somewhat humorously expressed it, 'wedded, but no wife.'"

"Bring me that letter," he commanded, "I am going to take it over to Saunders."

I went up to my room slowly, for all at once it came to me that I had not seen that first letter since Sally was over here to the house and I had read it to her.

Hurriedly I looked through all the papers in my desk, and then I remembered leaving it on the mantel of the library close to where Sally was standing while I went for a glass of water for her as she said she felt faint.

Sally had taken that letter which really contained all the proof that I had of my accusation.

(Tomorrow—"Time's Changes.")

## TODAY! BUY! CATARRHOZONE

Gives Effective Relief in Five Minutes and Cures Perfectly

FINE FOR COUGHS OR COLDS

It was their inability to reach the real source of catarrh and bronchitis that caused the medical profession to drop liquid cough medicines and adopt "Catarrhozone" instead. This wonderful inhaler provides a method of breathing into the lungs certain rare medicinal vapors which are so healing and comforting as to entirely banish coughs, catarrh and throat trouble in a very short time.

The most wonderful thing about Catarrhozone is, that no matter where the germs of bronchitis or catarrh are hidden, Catarrhozone will reach and destroy them.

Get the large size, lasts months, is sure to cure you, price \$1.00; smaller size, 50c; sample or trial size, 25c. All dealers.

## PROBING THE PUBLIC ACCTS

Ottawa, Ont., June 18.—The public accounts committee this morning continued its enquiry into the matter of overpayments by the separation and assigned pay branch of the department of militia. At a meeting of the committee last week, Mr. J. Cox, the head of the branch told the committee that overpayment aggregating \$202,000 had been definitely ascertained. He stated that there were probably 20,000 other cases of overpayment which had not been totalled. Mr. Cox was instructed by the committee to provide a complete statement.

Armenia is searching diligently for a self-determination loophole. She is afraid the Turks will murder her if she is free, and sure they will if she isn't.

## SEEKS FOR PARADISE IN LONDON HOTEL

London, June 18.—The fact that the London hotels, with the exception of those still in the clutches of the government departments, are full to overflowing, may account in a measure for this wall of agony which appeared in the Times personal column recently:

"A perfectly peaceful person who hates being unnecessarily annoyed, urgently requires the name of a first class hotel in London where the following annoyances do not occur:

"Where the gentlemen at the reception bureau, though doubtless of high moral character, do not seem to have a thorough grasp of the English language, never get your name correctly nor remember who you are five minutes after you have told them.

"Where the same gentlemen do not send letters addressed to you, to an entirely different person, nor keep telegrams for two days before delivering them to your room.

"Where it is not absolutely essential to pension the headwaiter for life before being able to get a table.

## MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Act as a stimulant to the sluggish liver, clean the furred tongue, sweeten the foul, obnoxious breath, and clear away all the poisonous accumulations from the system by causing the bowels to move regularly and naturally every day, thus preventing as well as curing constipation, sick headaches, bilious headaches, water brash, heartburn, and all diseases arising from a lazy slow or torpid liver.

They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take, and there is nothing of the griping, weakening and sickening effects of the old fashioned purgatives.

Mrs. John Kadey, Chipman, N. B., writes: "I have been using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for some time and can recommend them to anyone suffering from heartburn and liver trouble. I tried other remedies, but they only relieved me for a short time. I always recommend Laxa-Liver Pills to all sufferers, as I think they are a valuable remedy."

When you go to your dealer and ask for Laxa-Liver Pills, see that you get the genuine "Milburn's." Price 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Where breakfast does not take 35 minutes to arrive after ordering.

"Where it is not impossible to get hold of anyone staying in the hotel, on the telephone, or, failing, receive an entirely incorrect message, if at all.

## VIEWS OF HEAD OF TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL ON THE ARRESTS

Ottawa, June 18.—"The trades and labor movement will not stand for strong-arm methods for the suppression of legitimate labor demonstrations and if the proof is not sufficient to show the Winnipeg leaders were plotting danger to the state, the government will be held strictly accountable," said Tom Moore, president of the Dominion Trades and Labor Council, when speaking of the arrests of the Winnipeg labor leaders. "The news of the arrests came as a surprise to me," said Mr. Moore.

"Asked if in his opinion the arrests would tend to improve the Winnipeg situation and perhaps lead to the ending of the strike, Mr. Moore said: "On the surface it does not look so to me, although the government may have cause for the step, and proof to back it up. It is never good to use extreme methods when results may be gained in a more peaceful manner."

Questioned as to the attitude of organized labor, in the event of the arrested men being charged with sedition, Mr. Moore said: "Labor does not recognize sedition, inasmuch as for years previous to the war I never heard of it as a crime, and the distribution of propaganda pamphlets making latitude for advanced thought is not sedition. The degree of sedition which would place the Winnipeg strike leaders outside the ban of the continued labor movement would have to include the plotting of danger to the state, conspiracy to do bodily injury, and absolute appreciation of the people. Labor recognizes that the authority of the state must be supreme."

Mr. Moore, when asked what the attitude of organized labor would be if it were shown in evidence that the Winnipeg leaders were plotting Bolshevism, said: "I do not want to be linked up with Bolshevism; yet, on the other hand, reasonable latitude must be allowed for advanced thought, and Bolshevism comes under that head."

## Transportation Matters

### Mr. Melanson's Promotion.

SOMEONE wrote a letter to the Halifax newspapers recently stating that in the selection of officials for the new Canadian National Railways, old employees of the Intercolonial were being passed over for MacKenzie and Mann men. We do not know how much truth there is in this statement, but we do know that three of the best men of the old Government Railways have been given three of the biggest positions in the Canadian National, namely, C. A. Hayes, as Vice-President and Traffic Manager; F. P. Brady, General Superintendent, Eastern Division, and H. H. Melanson, as chief of the passenger business for the whole system.

The public probably know more of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Brady than they do of Mr. Melanson. Mr. Melanson's position as Passenger Traffic Manager of the I.C.R. was not one that officially brought him in contact with the Halifax and St. John Boards of Trade and other business organizations; for while his work had to do with a larger number of people than the work of the other two combined, the constituency he served—the great washed and unwashed public—were not an organized body, with a President, a Secretary, and a Board of Directors to advise public officials with regard to their various shortcomings. Mr. Melanson, therefore, was saved the ordeal of having to appear before public bodies to answer questions; for which fact, no doubt, he is sincerely thankful. Such conferences, however, have their compensations. They give a strong man an opportunity to show his strength and to develop

public confidence in him. Mr. Melanson, as we have said, did not have the opportunity to meet the public and impress them, but he did have an opportunity that for all practical personal purposes was quite as valuable to him. He had the chance to demonstrate to the directing heads of the Government Railways that he was a man of efficiency in his own department, and it is the fact that he did so demonstrate, and none other, to which he owes his appointment to his new position. Mr. Melanson is a Maritime Province man, born in Westmorland County, New Brunswick, and has been in the service of the Canadian Government Railway for a great many years; in fact he started with it as a boy since which time he has thoroughly learned every section of the passenger business from the ground up. The citizens of Moncton no doubt will regret his departure to Toronto, his headquarters in the future, but the Maritime Provinces as a whole will be the gainer thereby, because in Mr. Melanson it will have a warm advocate of Maritime attractions to visitors. Mr.

Melanson in his larger field will have the opportunity to send a great many more people to visit the provinces than he ever could have reached while in his old position at Moncton. We therefore look to him for a very great help in this connection in the future, for what more natural expectation could we have from one who knows the provinces as he knows them, than that he would do everything possible to spread the news of their attractions for summer visitors in all parts of the land.—Maritime Merchant.



MR. H. H. MELANSON, Passenger Traffic Manager Canadian National Railways

## BRITISH SUB AT HALIFAX

Halifax, June 18.—The submarine H. 15, presented to Canada by the British Admiralty, arrived in port last evening from Bermuda. The submarine is not a surrendered U-boat, but a British craft. The H 15 was conveyed to the Nova Scotia coast by H. M. S. Cumberland.

"Where nobody knows where you are in the hotel despite the fact that you have just told them where you will be.

"Where everybody isn't a 'blithering idiot' except possibly the general manager, who is always too busy to see you.

The life of a perfectly peaceful person would be made much more perfectly peaceful if such a haven could be found. Anyone with any suggestions would greatly oblige and be helped.

## LEMON JUICE FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try It!

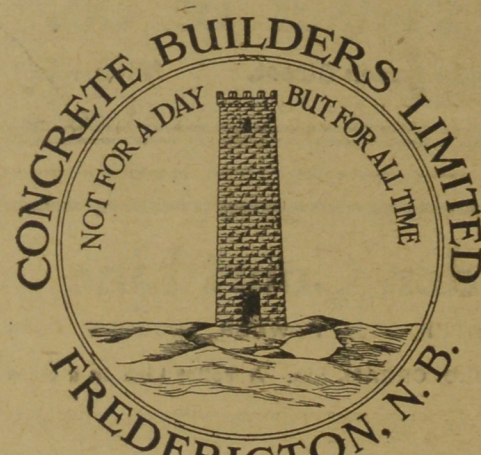
Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.

ing in this desirable object by sending them to Box A 452, the Times."

Some people seem to live in the air and every time they touch the earth they get into trouble.

## 1926 YEARS AGO IN FRANCE



the Roman Emperor Augustus built a tower on a Concrete Foundation—the foundation is still there.

Build not for to-day alone, but for the years to come a building that will require constant repair and repainting should be avoided. Concrete Builders Hollow Blocks do not require repairs nor painting. The first cost is low, the cost of laying is low and the repair cost is low.

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Gentlemen,—Without cost to me, send the following which I have marked X: —Booklets illustrating Hollow Blocks, —Price List of Concrete Hollow Blocks, —Price List of Agricultural Tiles, —Price List of Reinforced Sewer Pipe. —Estimate of Concrete Blocks required for the attached house plans or sketches.

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