

## Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

### TIME'S CHANGES.

Father and Mother Symone, my parents-in-law, Eliene and Robert, my husband's sister and brother, have been here almost constantly since we received the news of Tim.

Letty has made herself as unobtrusive as possible, but every one can see how my father leans upon her and how necessary, as well as sweet, she is to him.

A good many times I have caught Robert looking at her with a surprised and speculative look in his eyes.

It seemed to me that I could almost tell of what he was thinking. Whatever the quality that one might term priggishness in Robert, one must also concede him not only a certain moral quality but also a power to discern that same moral quality in others. You got from his new-found gravity and reticence—yes, even from his silence, which was never oppressive—that this quality was acquired partly by laborious self-discipline and partly it was a part of his nature.

I could not help thinking as I watched him while he was looking at Letty, that my old childish friend Budge had not yet found himself, even if he had insisted upon being called Robert as a sop to his new-found dignity. And then my thoughts went rushing over the seas to my husband, and I was sure that not even he had found himself in that land of adventure.

True, the Symone twins had grown to men's estate, and we were gradually shaking off their childhood names of Bud and Toddy in favor of Robert and Theo. Theo had even taken to himself a wife in the person of me, and I, Margaret Ann Lafferty, had become Margaret Symone.

Robert sat over in the corner and kept his usually silent dignified manner, but I noticed his eyes strayed oftener and oftener to Letty. Was he trying to bring her into the picture that his probable prejudice had painted, or was he growing curious about her metamorphosis.

Letty certainly had changed. She had become that sweet, dainty, old-fashioned personality that my father had seen in her when she was still a chorus girl with her painted face and bleached hair.

Why, I said to myself, what has Letty been doing to her hair? Instead of that metallic yellow it has become a soft brown, and while there was still a tiny bit of make-up here and there upon her radiant face, yet it was applied as delicately as any woman in my own circle would do it.

Mother Symone had capitulated to her completely. Eliene even condescended to let her listen to some of her most discursive monologues.

Dear old Daddy was, I am sure, perfectly oblivious to any outward change. He had fallen in love with the woman that poor Vi'let wanted to be, and because he believed she was such a woman, here right under our faces and eyes, the poor little unhealthy, unkempt bud had blossomed into a fragrant flower.

I was not sure, however, that her heart held anything more than admiration and respect for my father. Would that be sufficient for her all her long life?

I turned away with a sigh. We all are a very interesting study, I said to myself, and I am very curious to see what Fate and the Future will do for us.

My father and Letty have gone away; the strain was too much for dear Dad. When he came back from the memorial services, held for Tim, he "went all to pieces" and for a long while it took both Letty and me to console him. At last we persuaded him that it would be much better if he would go into a strange environment, where he would not meet his old friends as the sight of any one of them always brought back his grief. So this morning he and Letty started for a hunting lodge in the mountains, to be gone indefinitely.

"Everything works for the best," I said to myself, as I watched them drive away to the station. Letty had snuggled up to father in the motor and placed her little hand in his. I

## Cured of Dyspepsia BY USING Burdock Blood Bitters.

The symptoms of dyspepsia are so numerous and diversified in different individuals that probably no description could exactly represent them as they occur in any given case, but a few of the most prominent are a rising and souring of food, pain, flatulence and distention of the abdomen, a sensation of discomfort after every meal, which is sometimes followed by sickness and vomiting.

To get rid of dyspepsia a careful arrangement of the diet is necessary and due time must be given for the digestion of the meal.

You will find that Burdock Blood Bitters will help with this digestion. It does this by toning up the stomach in such a way that dyspepsia soon disappears.

Mr. Robt. Balwin, Winnifred, Alta., writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters for curing dyspepsia, of which I have been a sufferer for years. I have tried a good many doctors and proprietary medicines, so one day I thought I would try something different. I got a bottle of B. B. B. from our local store as it was about the only remedy he kept, and I can certainly say that I was more than pleased with the results as I got better right away. I will always recommend it to other sufferers."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### To Attend Celebration.

Mr. Walter Folkins of Stratford, Ont. who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Ford Smith, Queen street, has left this morning for Sussex, accompanied by Mrs. Smith, to attend the 50th Anniversary of the wedding of their parents, Judge and Mrs. Folkins.

Every single thing on earth has its use and it is probably just as well that we do not know about some things.

If some men were to accuse themselves of being liars, lots of their acquaintances would believe them.

Old man Ivorydome says that only a born boob would ever fall for the blandishments of the ordinary movie vamp and nobody but a movie vamp would ever try to win such a born boob.

## HOUSES ARE HOMES ONLY WHEN SAFE

A home should be a safety centre—a sanctuary for every member of the family that occupies it. Dangerous conditions such as defective electric or gas fittings, insanitary plumbing, unprotected stairways, or stairways without railings and which invite accidents, are lamentably common in our houses. In a survey of nearly 30,000 accidents in the city of Chicago covering a period of eleven years, it was found that over 51 per cent were household accidents. These caused the death or permanently crippled thousands of persons and yet the citizens of the United States claim to be a "home-loving people." A similar analysis of Canadian statistics would probably prove that Canada was no more successful in converting houses into homes. Faulty building construction, defective wiring and plumbing are pitifully common and, in too many instances, are winked at by so-called building inspectors. Household ladders, place kettles of boiling water so that small children can tumble into them, have unfastened rugs on highly polished slippery floors, or fasten wind down to conserve heat at the expense of ventilation. These and similar practices cause the death, or result in crippling hundreds of Canadians every year. If houses and other dwellings were transformed into proper homes, these losses, which are truly national as well as individual, would be reduced to a minimum. But that little word "if" marks a gulf that it may require generations to bridge.

If you consider carefully everything you say people will soon find it out and think you too calculating.

A man has to work harder to go to hell than he did in the days of old, ere certain creeds had been revised.

## "THE GOOD OLD DAYS" EXIST ONLY IN THE IMAGINATION OF AGITATORS

What are the facts of the case? asks a western exchange. Merely these, that instead of growing poorer there has been through the course of modern history steady and permanent advance in the economic status of the working classes. To state otherwise is falsely to present the plain facts of history. The "good old days" to which some labor leaders refer, when the poor were not so poor as now, exist only in the imagination. Socialists who know their Marx do not need to me reminded of that fact. Adam Smith in his epoch-making study, "The Wealth of Nations," gives a picture of the conditions of the poor in Great Britain which is without a parallel today in any modern industrial state. The poor are not poorer either individually or collectively. The hospitals, schools, clubs and social centres which are common to any modern community represent a tremendous advance over the conditions of the past.

thought how I had objected to his marriage with her only a few months ago and now I could see that she was his only consolation.

(Tomorrow—"The Road to Yesterday.")

## GET BUSY WITH PROSPERITY

It is time to get busy with prosperity, says the New York Commercial.

Tomorrow steel prices may be a shade lower, but in the meantime hesitation will play havoc with existing conditions. The wages of labor may go lower tomorrow, but this is far from certain. And in the meantime idle labor will get restless, less money will be in circulation, and the wave of discontent will spread. The sagacious business man with vision beyond the end of his nose must realize that conditions cannot remain as they are.

The moment we attempt to stand still we go back. Get busy with new projects. Hire new men and women and more of them. There will be a scarcity of labor before we are aware of it. Influx of aliens has almost ceased and hundreds and thousands of them will return to their foreign home.

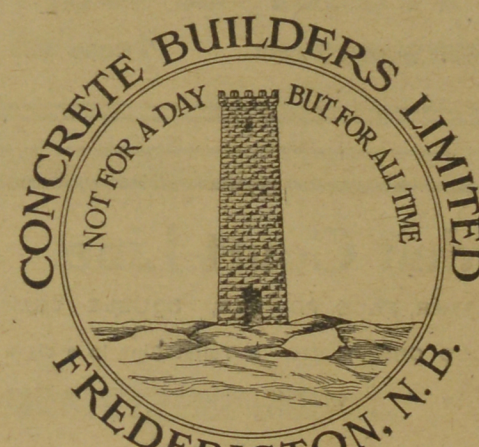
## INDIGNANT WITH SENATE

Toronto, June 19.—A telephone message received by the Toronto Methodist Conference shortly before midnight, informing them that the Senate had amended the bill passed by the House of Commons prolonging the life of the prohibition legislation throughout the Dominion for one year, caused much indignation in their ranks. A resolution was unanimously adopted condemning in strong terms the action and advising the House of Commons to take drastic action either to have the Senate reformed or abolished "so that the will of the chosen representatives of the people might not be trampled underfoot by a body having no direct responsibility to the electorate."

A woman always has a reason for being unreasonable.

so soon as passage is available. Returning soldiers are not all available, as most of them will get their old jobs back.

## 1926 YEARS AGO IN FRANCE



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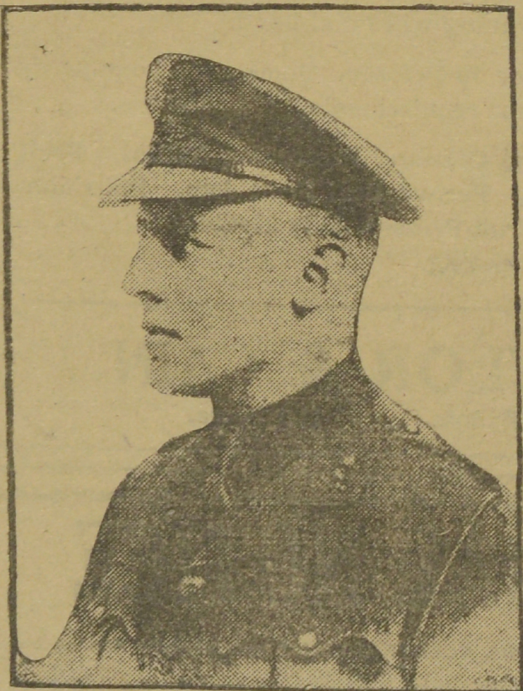
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## Three Canadian War Authors



Arthur Hunt Chute.

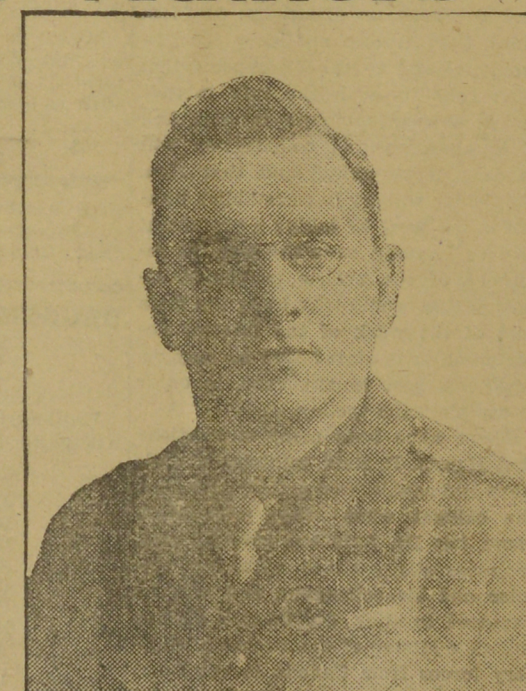
Among the many recent books of war experiences, "The Real Front," by Arthur Hunt Chute, has particular interest for Canadians, as the author, although an American citizen, went overseas with the first Canadian Expeditionary Force and for two years was in the Ypres Salient. "If where an Englishman," he says, "is buried in a foreign soil is called 'a little bit of England,' then we may call the Ypres salient a mighty bit of Canada. If anyone were to inquire what is the most important city of Canada, we might answer unhesitatingly, 'The city of Ypres.' The hosts of our young men who have fallen in battle around that city have hallowed the name for all Canadian hearts, and rendered the place ours in the deepest sense."

Mr. Chute suggests in a wonderful way the atmosphere of the actual fighting line and the psychology of the men while under fire, their nervous strain reaching at times to physical agony and yet their unconquerable determination to "carry on." "The Real Front" is published by Harper & Brothers, at New York.



Ralph S. Kendall.

No body of men has been associated with more romantic interest than the Royal North-West Mounted Police—whose work in maintaining law and order in the prairie provinces of Canada during the period of settlement and in the more remote North has inspired many an author to write a stirring story. For the most part, however, these stories have too much fiction and too little fact, with the result that the "Riders of the Plains," as they have been called, are rather shy of the professional writer. "Benton of the Royal Mounted," a new novel published by S. B. Gundy, of Toronto, has this advantage, that the author, Sergeant Ralph S. Kendall, has himself been for many years a member of the Force, of which he is still Sergeant-in-Charge at Calgary. This is a real man's book, in which the men talk the language that men do talk out West. One feels also that the many stirring incidents that occur have their basis in fact. "Benton of the Royal Mounted" is a book that should find a place on the shelves of all who are interested in the development of Canadian literature.



F. A. McKenzie.

Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the War Correspondent, who has come to Canada straight from the fighting front to deliver a series of lectures on the recent battles in France, is a Canadian by birth, although he has lived most of his life in Great Britain and other parts of the British Empire.

Mr. McKenzie's main lecture is "Through the Hindenburg Lines," in which he tells a first hand story of Canada's fighting men and their great victories. His second lecture, "Britain Hits Back," deals with the effort and sacrifice of the English people, and gives an intimate and first hand account of how England has fought her way through to victory. Three Governments have placed their moving pictures and photographs at Mr. McKenzie's disposal for these lectures.

Mr. McKenzie is the War Correspondent of a group of prominent Canadian daily newspapers. He saw much of war before this campaign. He has a straightforward story to tell the Canadian people of what their sons have done. Mr. McKenzie's book on the war, "Canada's Day of Glory," has just been published by William Briggs of Toronto. His one claim for it is that it tells what he has seen and is a faithful first hand picture of war as it is.

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