

# Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THE APPEARANCE OF GUILT.

There was a "honk-honk" at the drive in front of the door and I knew that Major Gordon was arriving at last. I was much afraid that the maid would usher him up to my sitting room, because I had told her before Mrs. Charlton called that if Major Gordon came and asked for Eliene, she could be found in my room. Sure enough, instead of coming alone for Eliene, that stupid maid opened the door and announced "Major Gordon."

I knew immediately that this confirmed everything that Mrs. Charlton had suspected about the Major and myself.

Mrs. Charlton rose abruptly and said, "I think I have made a mistake. I have been taking your time, while you were probably wondering at my presumption—at the absurdity of my suggestions."

She was very sarcastic and I felt my face flushing—and then flushing more at the realization that my blushes seemed to confirm everything she said.

Major Gordon came into my little sitting room with a more youthful step than I would have thought him capable of. His face was all alight with the anticipation of at last seeing Eliene. At first he did not see Mrs. Charlton, but when he did he realized that Eliene was not there. He stopped abruptly, with such a disappointed air that in other circumstances it would have been funny.

I arose and went forward to meet the Major.

"I am so glad you came," I said. "Mrs. Charlton is just going and you can drive her to her hotel." I knew the Major was wondering if he would find any more damsels in distress to rescue before he was able to greet his own true love.

"Mrs. Lafferty," he replied, "had a few errands she wished to complete before she returned home and she asked me to drive her about. She is very sad, poor child."

I could not help thinking that Sallie Saunders had been up to her old tricks. While the Major and Mrs. Charlton were talking my thoughts strayed to Sallie Saunders and I begrudgingly gave her a kind of wondering admiration for the way in which she worked the old feminine demand for sympathy and fancied need of protection from the male.

Whatever man may think—and it will probably be a long while before he will come to understand this fact—it is certain that women would make the best diplomats. Man, of course, will say that women's minds will not grasp the big questions; that women deal almost entirely in personal affairs, but given a big thing to accomplish I am sure they could do it—if not as easily—at least with the same definite dispatch that they do their own little affairs.

In reality my brother's wife Sallie Saunders, Lafferty, was not at all sad over his death, now that the disgrace that she married him to escape had passed her by, but she knew that she must simulate this sadness because the world—her little world—expected sadness of her.

How well she was doing this was shown by the intonation of the Major's voice as he spoke of her.

Here was a man who had been much put out by the fact that he had to leave the woman he loved at the very moment he had intended to tell her so and either take a strange lady to her home or suffer the imputation of being very impolite. In spite of that he comes back full of sympathy for the woman and evidently ready to champion her.

I had not been listening very carefully to the conversation between Mrs. Charlton and the Major, but I caught the words that Mrs. Charlton was saying: "Yes, I think I will leave here very soon. I am going to try to get across to France. Paris, I believe is the place where all good people go sooner or later, is it not, Major?"

I heard him answer, "What is the matter with you, Olive? You do not seem like yourself at all."

"Perhaps I shall tell you before I leave," she answered, with a meaning glance at me.

"Before you leave this house or before you leave town?" he asked stupidly.

"If you take Mrs. Charlton back to her home she will perhaps answer your question on the way," I interposed, notwithstanding that it sounded impolite.

"May I come back to tea, Mrs. Margot?" asked the Major pleadingly but tactlessly.

"If Mrs. Charlton will return with you," I said quickly.

"That will be impossible," she said coldly.

"In that case," I answered lightly, "if Mrs. Charlton turns you out come back here, you poor creature."

I was playing for time, hoping to hold them both until Eliene made her appearance, because I knew that the moment she appeared her face and that of the Major would tell the tale. However, Mrs. Charlton was in a great hurry to get away.

Her suspicions had been confirmed. She was sure that the Major was in love with me and that I was leading him on purely for my own selfish, egotistical love of admiration.

She barely touched my hand as she bade me good bye, and her expression grew hard as the Major said, "I'll be back for that cup of tea, so you will keep it for me even if I am late?"

"Surely I will," I answered, "and you might persuade Mrs. Charlton to come with you," I rejoined.

Mrs. Charlton unfortunately caught the look he gave me which said as plainly as though he had spoken, "When I come I shall be alone."

Tomorrow—Eliene's Philosophy of Love.

## PADDING AND OTHER RUGBY ARMOR TABOO

Halifax Rugby Enthusiast Prefers English Dress and Gives Reasons—Greased Canvas Jackets.

Padding, helmets and other protection for Rugby players is not admired by at least one Halifax fan as witnessed the following letter to the Sporting Editor of the Acadian Recorder: Sporting Editor Recorder:

It would hardly be fair to accuse a writer of a contemporary with a real knowledge of the fundamentals of the genuine Rugby football, that is the Rugby of Rugby in its home in England, and not the knock down and drag out of the United States universities and the hybrids of Ontario and Quebec.

In the case of these latter the armour clads and padded trousers with the bulging knee pads this writer thinks are all right, and they are, to protect from the knock down and drag out game, but for real Rugby as played by our own Halifax teams in years back and that superb team the Cornwalls. Wow! Could you imagine them in anything but jerseys, shorts and shoes with leather bars on the soles, just as the rules and the ethics of real sport call for? You could not, nor could anyone with a real love for real sport, that is playing the game on as even conditions as is possible for both contending teams, and not on conditions produced some years ago by two great United States colleges in their efforts to down each other in the knock down and drag out of College Rugby there.

From woolen jerseys and shorts to padded breeches, canvas jackets reinforced with leather shoulders and elbows, and finally to the climax on this occasion when one college team trotted on the field "to the delight of its followers and the dismay of the others, in all leather jackets greased," greased, mind you, and amid frantic rah-rah's acclaimed as real sport? Oh, ye Gods and little fishes! Sport??

I trust the powers that be will insist that all members of teams playing English Rugby that turn out on even terms and that is regular togs.

OLD TIMER.

## GAME OF CHANCE SHIPPED ABROAD FROM BOSTON

Destined for Breeding Purposes in England—American Bred Horses in Demand Over There.

A Game of Chance, the fast pacing stallion formerly owned by W. B. Lint Fredericton, was shipped from Boston Wednesday night on the steamer Calvin Austin to New York, where he was yesterday transferred to the British steamer Michigan, sailing later in the day for London. A wealthy English horseman has bought the horse for breeding purposes.

Charles Thyng, who represented the new owner in the purchase, has sent a number of American trotting horses to England since the war. The stock of blooded animals was depleted by the war and those remaining are to be bred to American racing stock. Mr. Thyng accompanied A Game of Chance to New York and saw the animal safely on board the Michigan.

The less a man says the more he means it.

The Allies can't decide which of them "won the war" and the German leaders are dodging responsibility for having begun it and for having lost it, but it appears to be pretty generally conceded even now that there was a war.

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## BAD EGGS CAUSE BIG LOSS IN U.S.

Bad eggs and poultry cause a loss of \$200,000,000 yearly, Dr. Mary E. Pennington, an investigator for the Department of Agriculture, told the House Agricultural Committee recently. This, she said, in spite of the fact that eggs and poultry could be kept for twelve months without deterioration or loss.

"Better handling of eggs and poultry at the point of production will eliminate great losses all along the line," Dr. Pennington said. "I think the industry aggregates a production of about \$1,000,000,000 per year, but it is not at all realized. The farmer must hold his stock under refrigeration if he is going to get a stock of any magnitude. The refrigeration is the thing that is lacking."

## MR. FORD IN A NEW VENTURE

London, Oct. 7.—The Cork Development Association has received a cablegram from Henry Ford, stating that he is considering running a line of steamers to Ireland.

Thomas Kelly, contractor, has been ordered to pay back to the Manitoba government the sum of \$1,207,351.65, overcharged on the Parliament buildings. The decision is an interesting reminder, says the St. John Globe, that New Brunswick has some unsettled claims against parties who are alleged to have received public money to which they were not properly entitled.

## JUDGE LYNCH GETS A NEGRO

Macon, Ga., Oct. 7.—Eugene Hamilton, a negro under ten years' penitentiary sentence for an attempt upon the life of Charles Tingley, farmer, was taken from Sheriff Middlebrook, of Jones county, near here early today and shot to death at daylight near Monticello. A mob of about sixty men held up the sheriff, who was trying to bring Hamilton to Macon for safe-keeping, having heard of plans to take the negro from Gray, where he had been sent by the Jasper county sheriff.

Any married woman can tell you that the reason her husband isn't at the very top of the institution he works for is because he hasn't spunk enough to speak for himself.

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London Chronicle: How many people know what is the origin of the custom of shaking hands, from an excess of which the Prince of Wales recently suffered. In olden days, when every man who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was the custom when meeting another to show that there was no intention of treachery by offering each other the weapon hand, free from the weapon. To hold back the hand was equivalent to a challenge to combat. This habit became so fixed that long after swords ceased to be worn men still offered the weapon hand to their friends and declined to do so to their enemies. Among savages who never carried swords, the custom of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords them amusement to see white men engage in the practice.

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