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FLAVELLE WILL GO ON STAND BEFORE THE H. C. OF L. COMMITTEE

Ottawa, June 9.—A decided disinclination on the part of retail merchants' associations to give evidence before the committees which the Commons has asked the mayors of various cities to organize to secure evidence for the parliamentary committee to investigate the High Cost of Living, was revealed at today's sitting of that body.

Communications received included letters from the Ontario and Saskatchewan Provincial Retail Associations. The letter from the secretary of the Saskatchewan association said: "We object to handing out information to the bodies selected, because they are already prejudiced."

Letters from the retailers also declare that they would not give evidence before any committee but a parliamentary committee.

E. B. Devlin said that in view of the developments the only thing for the committee to do is to summons a number of retail dealers to give evidence.

Mr. Stevens remarked that the committee had not asked for anything like a complete investigation by the municipal committees, but for information as to the prevailing retail prices in the various cities.

Mr. George E. Nicholson, chairman of the committee, remarked that the mayors of Winnipeg, Quebec and Port William had practically "passed the buck" to other bodies. He said that apparently the only way to get at the bottom of things is by sending for necessary witnesses.

At this point, Mr. E. B. Devlin moved that Sir Joseph Flavelle be requested to appear before the committee.

"What can he tell?" observed Mr. H. C. Hocken.

"That is what I want to find out," said Mr. Devlin. "If Sir Joseph Flavelle can be got to tell anything, by all means let us have him. I will second the motion," said Mr. Stevens. The motion carried.

A representative of Wm. Davis & Co., Toronto, it was announced, would appear before the committee on Tuesday.

SHORT-CUT TO KNOWLEDGE.

Physiology Teacher—Robert, you may explain how we hear things.
Bobby—Pa tells 'e mito ma as a secret and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.

DROWNED THEM.

Did you water the ferns in the drawing room, Norah?
Maid—Yes, mum. Don't you hear the water drippin' on the carpet?

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

MY FATHERS NEW WIFE

When I walked into the dining room this morning, I found sitting in my mother's chair a garish looking young woman. I thought Dad had been hiring a new maid.

"Hello, dearie," she exclaimed on seeing me as she brushed her henna dyed hair out of her good looking grey eyes, and in doing so made the smudge of black about their lashes wider.

"I don't think I just understand," I said astonished. "Why, dearie, don't you know, I'm your father's wife."

I fell into my chair. "Now, don't faint," the girl remarked, rather calmly. "I am not going to hurt you and I am your father's wife, as fast as the Mayor could make us."

The Mayor! Then Mr. Symone, my husband's father knew all about it—knew it when Theo and I came home and he never told me!

Did Theo know, I wondered miserably as I sat there dumbly listening to what that woman in my mother's chair was saying to me.

"You need not look so up-stage, dearie. I'm right here and I may as well tell you I am here to stay."

"I said to myself as soon as war was declared, Vi'let Montmorency—that was not my real name, but I always called myself by my stage name—it was so much prettier than Maggie Smith, don't you think, so dearie—I says, Vi'let, now is your time. If you can't be a war wife of a young soldier (and just at that time there did not seem to be a soldier that did not already have some girl hanging to him) be a war wife of an old stay-at-home."

"Every-body in the Girlie Girl Company has called me a fool and a stuck-up loads of times, because I just wouldn't go out with different young men, but you see I knew what I was about and I intended to marry some day and settle down. Being an old man's darling was much better than being the third girl from the end in a chorus of a third rate show."

"I don't believe I can eat, Bridget," I said to the maid who had been with us ever since little Tim was born, who just then brought in my breakfast. "I will take a cup of coffee up to my room."

I knew Dad was just as anxious to put off meeting me and discussing his astonishing marriage as I was. So, breakfast finished, I put on my hat and left for the park to meet my brother Tim.

On my way I met Mary Pemberton. Mary has always been a quiet sort of a girl, but yet with a sufficient-unto-herself bearing that left one impressed with her personality. Her family is very wealthy. Mary is not pretty, but her coloring is beautiful and her brown hair soft and curly.

Mary and I exchanged commonplaces for a time, then she said, "I am going to France soon."

"You are?" I answered, surprised, "will your mother and father consent?"

"I think so," she answered. "I have a plan which will persuade them," she added mysteriously.

Just then a young man, decidedly foreign in appearance, tipped his hat to us and approached. Mary welcomed him apparently with sincerity and said, "Margot, allow me to present Geoffreta Divoni." The Italian spoke to me and immediately, I liked him.

"I know of Madame Symone through her father. I am his secretary."

I looked at Mary Pemberton in surprise. Where had she met this handsome young Italian and what would her mother say to this friendship.

I would like to have stayed, but I had to hurry to meet Tim.

When I reached our rendezvous in the park there was Brother Tim waiting for me. When he had first learned of my father's marriage to a show girl he had left the house after a stormy scene with father, vowing never to return. This morning, however, he seemed inclined to make the best of matters and I could tell his thoughts were all of war.

In the few days since we declared war Tim's attitude had been a puzzle. He is a great, brawny lad of twenty, a born fighter and only yesterday I learned of his frequent association with Emil Baur. Then I knew that easily-led Tim was a victim of Emil Baur's insidious work. Though I can't prove it I know Emil Baur, under guise of loyalty, is playing Germany's game.

I knew Tim's heart was right so I quickly made up my mind to force the issue then and there. I led off with a statement of our purpose in this war; of Germany's unspeakable crimes and still more dastardly designs. I never realized how full of feeling I was till I got started. I could see Tim wince under my fire and his very attitude reflected the change going on in his mind. Then I brought my speech to a quick finish and flatly asked Tim where he stood. To his credit he never hesitated. His answer was straightforward and manly.

"Come here tomorrow at ten," Tim said, "and go with me to the recruiting office."

It was then I burst into tears. Had I sent my brother to his death?

The next Monday morning Tim answered the call of his country.

(Tomorrow—"My Brother's Letter.")

WILLARD HARD AT WORK

Toledo, O., June 8.—Hundreds of persons, including women and children, who thronged Jess Willard's training grounds today, saw the champion upset one of his sparring partners and all but knock out another. The champion used 14 ounce gloves instead of the eight ounce mitts, so as to permit him to put more force into his blows. When the workout was over the champion's partners were bruised and bleeding, Willard himself bleeding from the mouth.

Willard upset his first opponent with a right hook early in the first round. Walter Monahan received a bloody nose in the two rounds he faced the champion, and the third victim, Soldier Stanton, lasted only ten seconds. He was knocked out by a right hand blow behind the ear. Stanton, who boxed two days at Dempsey's camp, made two or three passes at Willard and then the champion let fly with a right hander. After taking the punch

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Stanton staggered back, then stiffened and would have tumbled to the canvas if Willard had not caught him.

Dempsey resumed his training today after a five day lay off and displayed unusual life and speed, and boxed four rounds with Sergt. Bill Tate and the Jamaica Kid.

Willard charged fifty cents admission to his camp today, while Dempsey continued to collect 25 cents.

WHAT DID BROWN CARE?

Mr. Brown—"I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

Mrs. Brown—"And what did you do to stop him?"

Mr. Brown—"I aswer him what he running for."

TENDER

Tenders will be received at office of C. R. C. E., M. D. No. 7, the Armouries, St. John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon June 14th, for repairs to Guard House, Carleton Street, in accordance with specifications to be seen at office of Sergt Major Brewer, Armoury, Fredericton. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be marked on outside envelope "Tender, Fredericton."
C. McN. STEEVES, Capt. C. E. Works Officer, N. B.

TENDERS FOR LIMERICK LOT

Tenders will be received by the City Clerk at his office, City Hall, until noon, MONDAY, June 9, 1919, for the leasing of the Limerick Lot on King street, on a 21 year basis, with such restrictions as to occupancy as the Council may decide.
G. R. PERKINS, City Clerk.

TAX NOTICE

TOWN OF DEVON.

The assessment roll of the Town of Devon for the year 1919 is now in the hands of the Town Treasurer for collection, and all persons therein assessed are hereby required to pay the amount of their respective taxes forthwith to the Town Treasurer at his office on Water Street, Devon, N. B.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all taxes paid in on or before Saturday, the 2nd day of August next, after which executions may be issued and proceedings had thereon as by law provided.

Dated at Devon this 6th day of June, A. D. 1919.

WM. JAFFREY, Collector and Receiver of Rates.

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- Price List of Concrete Hollow Blocks.
- Price List of Agricultura Tile.
- Estimate of Concrete Blocks required for the attached house plans or sketches.
- Price List of Reinforced Sewer Pipe.

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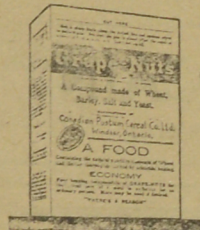
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