

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

A NEW THEO.

This story told by the newsboy was only one of hundreds of stories that I heard while my father's body was lying in state guarded by the members of the force he loved so well.

I confess I was inexpressibly comforted, inexpressibly proud of these tributes. All day long I sat, partly behind a curtain, where I could see my father's friend pass by. Everyone, including Theo and Letty, thought I had lost my reason, but they left me for they knew what a pal father had been to me—and how much I loved him.

Sometimes the tears came as an old mother told how Dad had saved her boy, and sometimes I even smiled as one of the police told another of some of Dad's quaint ways of administering justice. But at last it was all over. I stood beside his grave and watched the casket sink out of sight. I felt myself sagging with it and mercifully lost consciousness.

I awoke in the hospital with Aunt Margie and a nurse sitting beside me. My first thought was that I had lost my baby also, but Aunt Margie assured me by saying: "It is all right, Margot, dear, you have only to keep still and not worry."

"Theo," I managed to whisper, for I found I was very weak. "He will be here immediately. He has not left your side for the last twenty-four hours, and Robert just took him for a little ride."

I closed my eyes and must have trailed off into sleep, for it was dark when I opened them again to find Robert bending over me and Theo holding my hand.

"There, you will be all right now, Margot," said Robert with satisfaction. "Just rest and quiet are all you need."

Theo bent over and kissed me. "Take me in your arms, dear," I said. It seemed to me that he was all I had in the world. Theo slipped his arms under my shoulders and held me close to him.

I looked into his face. It was thinner than I had ever seen it, but as I gazed, the dear old smile curled up the corners of his mouth.

"Old girl, you are the same brave little woman as ever, and by tomorrow you will be able to see your friends. Won't she, Bobs?"

Theo held out his hand to Robert, and I knew that there was the same old tie between them.

"Yes, tomorrow you can see Letty, and she will tell you all that has happened since your father's burial."

"But that was only yesterday," I said.

"It was a week ago," said Theo.

The next day we went back to our apartment at Father Symone's. It seemed ages since I left on that memorable trip to Washington. I do not see why we should make so much ado about birthdays. No one really counts time by seconds, minutes, hours or days, months and years. Time flies or falters as we are happy or sad. Some weeks lately have seemed like months to me.

Theo is like a different man now—quiet and subdued. He waits on my slightest wish, and since I left the hospital he has been with me every minute he could spare from his business. And such is the perversity of human nature that I believe I miss his careless ways and his lovable irresponsibility. My childhood sweetheart has grown up. He is more solemn even than Robert now.

Letty has gone to the country for a rest, but before she went

away we learned that Dad, with his great sense of what he called right, had, when he married, divided his estate into three parts, which he had left to Tim and Letty and me. At Tim's death he had added a codicil in which he divided Tim's share equally between us.

Dad had made some excellent investments in the last few years, and Letty and I found ourselves possessors of a very good income.

"Margot," said Letty, talking earnestly of the kindness my father had shown to her, "I can never understand why all this should come to me. I did not want it any worse than many of my old companions in the chorus."

"But you deserved it, dear," I said.

"Perhaps not more than they did," she answered. "If any one of those girls had been given the same chance I have been given, they might have done as well."

"It is one of the great mysteries of life, Letty," I said. "No one can ever know just how much he is indebted to fate and how much to himself for his success or failure."

"We are apt to plume ourselves for success and blame Fate for failure," said Theo, who came in just in time to hear my last words. "And speaking of successful me," he added, "God deliver me from the so-called self-made man. He never gives chance or environment a look-in. By the way, Letty, I saw old Bobs down the street looking as glum as an owl. I pumped him a little and found that he thought you had already gone out of town. Come on out to the club with Margot and me. I told Robert we would meet him there. We will give him a little treat."

Letty blushed prettily and said, "No, Theo, I think I had better not."

(Tomorrow—"What a Man Thinketh.")

BRITISH PRINCE WHO SAW NEW YORK IN THE OLD DAYS

A Son of George III. and Afterwards Became King William IV. —Visited New York in the Last Days of the Revolutionary War—Plot to Kidnap Him Had the Approval of George Washington, But Was Never Carried Out—Royal Visitor was Closely Guarded.

The New York Sun in referring to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to that city, says:

"History records the visit to New York of another British Prince, who came under very different circumstances, and whose presence in the city led to a plan, daringly contrived to seize his person. This Prince also was destined to succeed to the throne, and

he actually did so, although that was not until forty-eight years after his visit to New York. He became King of England in 1830, as William IV.

"A son of George III, the Prince was brought up to be a sailor. He came to New York in 1781, under Admiral Digby. The last days were approaching in the War of the American Revolution, negotiations and conferences were taking place behind the scenes, but fighting was proceeding. The British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, was in possession of New York, and a fleet was there under Digby to make that possession sure. Across the Hudson, however, at a distance of about two miles, the opposite bank was under the power of Congress, and at a little distance from the river front the Revolutionary Army was in a winter encampment of wooden huts.

"The Prince took joyfully to New York and New York took joyfully to him. He was at that time, 'a fine bluff boy of 16; frank, cheery and affable.' He was much given to practical joking and one of the stories told of this was that he cut down the hammock of a sleeping sailor boy and was immediately tackled by its angry occupant, in a rough and tumble fight. He was fond of sport, but rather strangely, did not know how to skate. It being winter, skating was one of New York's favorite pastimes, and the bright sunny winter days drew animated crowds to the small fresh water lake in the vicinity of the city which presented a frozen sheet of many acres, and to which the Prince went as his favorite out of doors resort. He overcame his inability to skate by using a chair fixed on runners, which was pushed about with great velocity by attendants.

"One of the incidents of his stay in New York was the sermon preached by Dr. Inglis afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia. Another was the address presented to him by the American Loyalists who formed a distinct corps, which was stationed on Borden Neck. But behind the scenes the presence of the Prince in the city was setting going something much more exciting and romantic. The Prince had his quarters on shore in Hanover Square, where he resided with the Commander-in-Chief. Two hundred yards away, in Lord Stirling's old quarters, in Broad street was quartered the Fortieth British regiment, now the first Battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment (the Prince of Wales volunteers). At the Prince's quarters itself there were two sentinels stationed from this regiment. The main guard of a captain and forty men was posted at the City Hall. There was a sergeant and twelve men at the head of the old Slip, and the same number opposite the Coffee

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BRITISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH THREATENED BY LABOR'S SUCCESS

Manchester, Eng., Dec. 8.—The Rev. Peter Green, Canon Residentiary of Manchester, a widely known writer on religious subjects, said that the life and liberty movement and the enabling bill were a last effort to save organized religion in England. Leaders of the church seemed to have no idea of the extent to which the great mass of people were hostile to organized religion, not merely out of contact with it. The only possible line of safety was in the complete democratization of churches. He prophesied that the next general election would return the Labor party to power and that the Labor government would introduce a drastic disestablishment and disendowment bill.

There would be a parallel to what happened in France. The Church would be summoned by the bishops to fight the bill in every parish, and the ecclesiastics would be beaten. Then a new and still more drastic bill would be introduced and passed.

House.

"No particular danger was apprehended, and the guard was more as a matter of form. The Prince went about the city unguarded, and often unattended. The Revolutionary army had its secret agents in New York, and the above facts put it into the mind of one daring officer that with luck, resolution and secrecy it might be quite possible to seize and carry off the Prince, and that if this was done it might give the American Congress a new hold on the negotiations. This officer was Col. Ogden, whose regiment was in New Jersey. He worked out a plan for landing secretly on some stormy night, with a small but resolute force making a dash for the Admiral's house and carrying off both the Admiral and the Prince to the boats and then to the Jersey shore. Ogden put his plan before Washington, who sanctioned it in the following letter:

"To Colonel Ogden of the 1st Jersey Regiment.

"Sir,—The spirit of enterprise so

conspicuous in your plan, for surprising, in their quarters, and bringing off the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause; and you have my authority to make the attempt any manner and at such a time as your judgement shall direct.

"I am fully persuaded that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the persons of the Prince or Admiral, should you be so fortunate as to capture them; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the parties you command.

"Given at Morris Town, this 28th day of March, 1782.

"G. WASHINGTON."

"To this Washington added a note: take care not to touch upon the ground which is agreed to be neutral, namely, from Rahway to Newark and four miles back."

"Ogden took the greatest care in preparing for the coup. His party had of course to come across in boats from

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