

Sat Up in Bed To Get Her Breath

Palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, inability to lie on the left side, feelings as if smothering, oppressed feeling in the chest, dizzy and faint spells, tired, weak, worn out feeling, involuntary twitching of the muscles, sleeplessness, restless, etc., all point to the fact that either the heart or nerves, or both, are not what they should be. Any of these conditions should be remedied immediately so as to avoid a complete breakdown of the whole system.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will bring energy to the weakened constitution, strengthen and regulate the heart, and tone up the tired, overstrained nerves.

Mrs. William Steeves, Chemical Road, N. B., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from nerve troubles and palpitation of the heart, which was so bad I had to sit straight up in bed to get my breath. I could not lie on my left side at all. I tried doctor after doctor, also several different remedies but got no help from them. My mother insisted on me trying Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. By the time I had used one box, I was feeling very much better. I took in all three boxes, and now I am in perfect health and can enjoy a good sound sleep, and can lie on my left side without any trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SIMILARITY AND DIFFERENCE

Pat, a notorious poacher, going out in search of game on a duke's estate, on turning a sharp corner suddenly met the duke.

"Good morning, your honor," he said seeing it impossible to clear off unseen, "and what brought your honor out so early?"

The duke replied he had just taken a stroll to get an appetite for breakfast, and then, looking suspiciously at the Irishman, asked, "Why are you out so early?"

"Sure, an' I came out to get a breakfast fer me appetite."

SIMILAR TREATMENT.

An old colored woman went to see her pastor about the way her husband treated her. She said he not only neglected to provide food for the home, but used most dreadful language to her.

"Has yer eber tried heapin' coals ob fire on his head?" asked the preacher.

"Well, not perzactly dat," answered the injured wife, "but I'se soused him wid hot and cold water eberv now an' den."

The Moncton Times reports that one Eddie Dyer of the C. N. R. general offices, returned from a fishing trip to Greenville, N. S., and that his basket contained, by actual count, 190 lusty trout. If Eddie caught as many of the speckled beauties as the Times says he did, he is not a disciple of Isaak Walton, but an ordinary fish-hog. He caught more than the law allows one person to catch, and deserves to be taught a much-needed lesson.

A New York woman who was called a "vampire" sued for damages. We thought "vamp" had come to be regarded as a title of honor.

It is necessary to clean house in some homes to recover the articles that rolled under the bureau last fall.

A MODERN PRINCE WEDS A CINDERELLA

New York, June 2.—Knights in gilded armor no longer joust for ladies fair, but if anyone imagines that romance and love, all compelling, are gone from this workaday world, he has only to go to 241 Lemay avenue, Detroit, to find his view disproved.

There he will find living together, happily married, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith Towne.

Mr. Towne is the 19-year-old grandson of Henry R. Towne, head of the Yale & Towne Co., lock manufacturers, of Stamford, Conn. Mrs. Towne is the daughter of Max Raven, ladies' tailor, of Stamford, and until March 12 was employed in the Yale & Towne factory. On that date the president's grandson and his factory-girl sweetheart eloped to Toledo, where they were married by Robert G. Gosline, justice of the peace.

Later the pair went to Detroit where young Towne got employment at the Hudson Motor Car Co. at \$30 a week. In some way his hand caught in a machine and a finger was nipped off. At present his widowed mother, Mrs. F. T. Towne, of Norton, Conn., is visiting the newly wedded couple.

Mrs. F. T. Towne has issued announcements giving the address of the newlyweds in Detroit. There were many elements which made the event the most interesting bit of gossip that Stamford society has had in a long time.

First of all, young Towne, descendant of a famed and wealthy family, had long been looked on as a brilliant catch by many of the best families of Connecticut. For a girl in his grandfather's factory to lead him to the altar was unexpected to say the least.

Then, too, there is a difference in the religion of bride and groom. Towne comes of a family descended from the Covenanters, his bride is an orthodox Jew. She was born in Kiev, Russia and was brought to this country as an infant. Her parents have lived at Stamford twelve years.

As a boy young Towne did not enjoy exceptional health and he was educated by tutors. About a year ago he went to work in the offices of his grandfather's factory. Then he met Miss Sarah Raven, who had finished grammar school and gone to work to assist her father in supporting a family of six children. According to Stamford reports, it was a case of love at first sight.

Anyway the attraction was so great that young Towne was willing to forego a life in which automobiles, terrapin, yachts and other luxuries had a goodly part, and Miss Raven was willing to defy the wrath of her parents, who because of the religious difference, forbade her marrying Towne.

The big item of speculation in Stamford is what their future is to be.

Will Mr. Towne continue to work in Detroit, supporting himself and his family by his own efforts, or will the pair come back to Stamford to enter joyfully the old Towne homestead?

PROGRESS AND GROWTH

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Confessions of an Every-Day Wife By Idah McGlone Gibson MY BROTHER'S LETTER

In today's mail was a letter from Tim and from it I certainly got the shock of my life.

The letter began "My own dear sister."

"I am off for the training camp immediately. I could not come home to bid you and Dad goodbye, for I only had leave for 12 hours in the first place and as it turned out I was only away from camp five hours.

"Margaret, I am the happiest and most miserable man on this earth.

"Yesterday Sally Saunders consented to marry me.

"I came up to town and before I could even call you and Dad up I met her on the street. Someway I don't know just how it started, I found myself telling her how much I loved her, and when to my surprise I learned that she loved me, I persuaded her to marry me immediately.

"Through one of Dad's friends I got the license, with the promise that it would be kept secret, and then we took a taxi and went out of town about four miles, where the old friend of Mother's lives, you know.

"He is a justice of the peace, and I made him think he was doing a favor to mother to marry her son to the girl he loved before he went to war. Then I swore him to secrecy.

"I had planned to bring Sally home and introduce her to father and leave her in your care, but just as we left the office of the justice of the peace, a messenger boy (I had left orders at the hotel where I would be) delivered me a message commanding me to take the two o'clock train back to camp.

"I had just one-half hour to get back to the station and board a train, so you see I did not have any time to even call you up.

"When Salley found I would have to 'leave her at the altar,' as they say in novels, she went all to pieces. She wanted me to desert at first and stay with her. When I explained to her she would not love a man who would turn yellow under such circumstances she made me promise I would not tell anyone about our marriage.

"I will just go on being Salley Saunders to everyone until you come back, Boykin," she said. I finally, however, get her to consent to my telling you, Margot. I knew that you would not betray us.

"Now dear, I'll feel better when I know that you know about Sally and me. Sometimes I have thought you did not care for Sally, but it is because you do not know her, dear. She is the sweetest, most adorable, helpless little girl I ever saw, and it breaks my heart that she will not let me take care of her. But I don't worry so much, as you know her family have seeds of money, and I don't see for the life of me what Sally saw in a boob like me.

"Again, do not breathe this to a soul, until I tell you that you may.

"Margot, I am not a boy any longer," continued my brother's letter. "I am a man and I thanked God that you showed me how despicable was Emil Baur. I am sure he is a traitor to his country, and I know now that he came near persuading me to be one too. I wish you would keep an eye on him, Margot. Tell father about him.

"Oh Margot, sister, I am so happy and so miserable. Think what it means to a man to marry the sweetest girl in the world and have to leave her at the end of the ceremony.

"Oh Margot, if you could see her as I left her in the taxi. She would not come into the station with me. Her little face was all puckered up like a child's who had been crying, and I heard her whisper to herself. 'What am I going to do now!'

"God bless you Margot, I do not think I could go away to fight, as much as I feel I am needed by my country, if I did not know that you would not fail me. You never have. TIM."

For a moment after reading my brother's letter my mind was in a chaos, I could not make it seem possible that my 20-year-old brother was married to 25-year-old Sally Saunders, who I knew looked like an angel, yet was the most scheming girl of my acquaintance.

I am also sure that she does not care for him at all, for Sally Saunders never cared for anyone but herself in all her life. I hunted around in my mind trying to find a reason for this sudden marriage. Underneath her baby exterior she is as hard and calculating as the worldliest of women.

Sally Saunders ought to have been able to look higher than Tim anyway. There are many young men with lots of money in town, but I remember now that lately no one has paid much attention to her except Tim and Emil Baur.

This certainly is a fine how-de-do. A marriage and a separation immediately.

A bride that declines to acknowledge the marriage.

A husband who stipulated at least his sister shall know.

This sister pledged to secrecy.

I can see nothing but unhappiness ahead of my poor brother if he comes back, for something tells me—it may be my intuition or call it what you will—but something tells me that Sally Saunders did not marry my poor brother because she was taken off her feet by his love-making. Neither does she love him enough to make, because of that love, the sacrifice she will have to make in marrying him.

(Tomorrow—"My Sister-in-Law's Letter")

VOTE WAS DECISIVE.

Quebec, June 10.—Shawinigan Falls is the largest town to turn from dry to wet. The vote was 253 to 3 in favor of beer and wines.

CASTORIA

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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 selection, 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.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK,

In the matter of the Estate of Lucy Annie Grant, late of Meductic, in the County of York, deceased.

To the heirs, creditors and next of kin of Lucy Annie Grant, late of Meductic, in the County of York, deceased, and all others whom it may concern.

You are hereby cited and required to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York, at my office in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on MONDAY, the twenty-third day of June, 1919, at the hour of 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause, if any, why the real estate of the said Lucy Annie Grant, described in Petition, should not be sold to pay the debts of the said deceased.

Given under my hand this 15th day of May, A. D. 1919.

(Sgd.) PETER J. HUGHES,
(L.S.) Judge of Probate for the County of York.
(Sgd.) JAMES HOLLAND,
Registrar of Probates for the County of York.

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