

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

MY MORNING VISITOR

This morning quite early, Bridget came to my door and said "Miss Saunders is down stairs and wants to see you."

I dreaded to see Sally Saunders until I had had a letter from Tim, and yet I thought she had something important to say to me, so I came down stairs and found her in the drawing room.

She looked up with her most infantile smile, and it was with an emotion of surprise that I saw how her face had changed. Before this smile Sally had looked thirty years old, and now, by sudden transformation, she seemed barely twenty.

"Don't hate me too much, Margaret," she said with a little quivering of the lip and great tears hanging on her lashes.

The whole pose made me blind with rage. I knew it was put on entirely for my benefit. "Why can't that girl be truthful with me?" I said to myself as I felt every bit of sympathy that I had had when I first came in, evaporate.

Sally saw in a moment that she had acted wrongly and immediately she said, "I came, Margot, to tell you why I was with Emil Baur yesterday."

"You don't have to explain anything to me, Sally," I said coldly.

"Yes, but you will go and write the whole thing to Tim," she answered, childishly.

"I might if I had only you to consider," I affirmed, "but I do not want to hurt Tim's feelings when he is over there by letting him know that for one moment the woman who had promised to live and honor him was going around with his worst enemy."

"I can't see why everybody hates Emil Baur," said Sally with more honesty than I had heard in her voice in a long while.

"Emil Baur is a traitor," I exclaimed angrily.

Sally Saunders quickly changed the conversation. "Margot," she said, "Do you think if the armistice is signed the boys will come home within a month?"

"Are you crazy, child? It will take them a year and a half before they all get back."

"Which ones do you think they will send back first?"

"Why, I don't know, Sally. I suppose those who went over first will be the first to return."

"Then you think Tim won't be back for at least a year?"

"I imagine that is about it."

"He might as well not come back at all," seemingly involuntarily.

I looked at her in great surprise and she seemed to pull herself together and said, "I must go now."

"Look here, Sally Saunders, you didn't visit me at nine o'clock in the morning to explain why you have allowed Emil Baur to be so attentive to you. Now what have you got on your mind? You make me feel more than ever that in some way you married Tim for a distinct purpose, and his orders, which came directly on the wedding ceremony, and that in obeying them he had to take leave of you practically at the church door has spoiled that plan entirely. Are you ever going to tell me, his sister, just why you married Tim?"

"Margot," she said quickly, and a most haunted look came into her eyes. "I really didn't have any plan, and honestly I did not intend to make your brother unhappy, but I may as well tell you that had I known he was going away, I never would have married him."

For a moment a swift suspicion came into my mind, but I cast it aside as unworthy of me. Sally Saunders might be a great many things—might do a great many things, but she never could be or do that.

"I just came in Margot, dear," said Letty, "to tell you that your father has at last perfected the case against Emil Baur and arrested him."

Sally swung quickly around on her feet. Her eyes opened wide with terror, but she said nothing.

"Your father says that he almost feels that he has enough evidence to have him executed." (A queer little sound came from Sally's direction.)

"And the least sentence he will get will be thirty years."

There was a dull little thud. Sally Saunders had fainted.

I ran to Sally Saunders and lifted her when Letty's voice came to my ears: "Don't lift her head, lay her flat on the floor." With expert fingers, she loosened her dress and we worked over her quite hard for a number of minutes before she showed the slightest symptom of life. Then Sally opened her eyes and there issued from her lips the historic "Where am I?" Before we could answer, a boy went howling down the street, "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Germany has signed the armistice—the Kaiser has abdicated—the War is Over—Wuxtra! Wuxtra!"

This seemed to galvanize Sally into life as nothing else could. "Call me ataxi, I am going home," she said.

With a great effort Sally managed to get on her feet.

(TOMORROW—"MY NEW TASK.")

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AROUND THE CITY

The fact that the dome of the Parliament Building is under course of repair recalls the fact that that ornate portion of the legislative building received from the late Frank Risteen the name of "Puritan pepper-box". Just why such a monstrosity was placed upon a building which otherwise would be passable, is not known. The late Frank Risteen was the author of the first booklet issued by the Fredericton Tourist Association to attract travel from the United States. He it was who first drew attention to the surprising fact that the death rate of Fredericton was so low that it was within easy reach of all.

A sad story was revealed recently in the office of an issuer of marriage licenses not a hundred miles from Fredericton. A man who had taken out a license appeared and asked for his money back tendering his license for it. He was informed that the office did not do business that way but that if he could find another lady willing to take a chance the issuer would be pleased to alter the name in the original license. The holder of the license received the information sadly and expressed the opinion that perhaps it was all for the best that his intended had changed her mind about matrimony.

In this column recently reference was made to the fact that in the 90's Queen's Square was used for militia camps. Many years before that the Old Racecourse was the scene of brigade camps of New Brunswick militia. When the Canadian forces were organized immediately after Confederation training camps for officers and non commissioned officers were held there the Imperial troops stationed in Fredericton furnishing the instructors. The brigade camps followed. General H. H. McLean of St. John began his military career there as a bugler in

the 71st York Battalion now the 71st York Regiment. "Jimmie" Torrance now of Sussex but for many years a member of the R. C. R. here was a bandsman in the same corps at the time and he tells of the great pride and satisfaction shown by Bugler McLean when he was allowed to wear a bandsman's belt and slings to walk downtown. The belt was borrowed from Bandsman Torrance. In those days bandsmen were distinguished by wearing belt and slings.

The steady height of the St. John River during the spring freshet recalled the days when a steamer plied three times a week between Fredericton and Woodstock. This year such a service would have had a long run. Steamboating between this city and Woodstock received a severe blow when the Gibson Branch was constructed by the late Alexander Gibson. For some years afterward it was continued but finally was abandoned the last boat, the ill-fated Aberdeen, being used on the lower river and finally being burned at Coles Island with loss of human life. The steamer which preceded her was the Florenceville.

Another mode of navigation which appears to have disappeared is that by tow-boats. A few years ago several of these boats were in use above Fredericton the means of movement being furnished as the circumstances demanded by sails, sweeps, poling or horses towing along the river banks. The boats being constructed on the plan of scows drew little water and were used mainly for the transport of freight. The construction of the St. John & Quebec Railway has ended any such freight business. Fanciful names were given these odd craft. The last which the writer remembers was the Swanilda.

Navigation on the St. John River this season appears to be at the lowest point ever reached, a tri-weekly service to St. John being all that is left to remind old-timers of the time when competing lines raced their steamers over the route. According to what the older citizens say the class of steamers on the river in the old times was much better than what has been seen in late years. The Reindeer is said to have been able to make the round trip, Fredericton to Woodstock and return, in daylight. The St. John service also had some fast steamers on it. The extension of railways has cut into steamboating to such an extent that there is danger of the St. John river as a tourist route being permanently abandoned by passenger steamers.

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THIEVES MADE A BIG HAUL

New York, June 13—Six hold-up men operating at the entrance to an elevated station in uptown Manhattan attacked two messengers of the Colonial bonds house shortly before noon today and made off in an automobile with a large sum of money which was being carried to the Federal Reserve Bank.

One of the messengers shot one of the robbers, who was carried to the automobile by his companions.

ASKING FOR AN ENQUIRY

Ottawa, Ont., June 13—The executive of the Dominion Great Veterans' Association last night passed a resolution requesting an immediate investigation by the Dominion Government of the circumstances surrounding the resignation of Lieut. Colonel McKelvey Bell, as Director of Medical Services, department of soldiers and civil re-establishment.

The G. W. V. A. of Windsor, Ont., has passed a resolution condemning the practice of some landlords of discriminating against families which include children. Perhaps soldiers returning from Germany have remarked that this condition does not obtain there—and they are naturally indignant at meeting it in Canada.

Without going to the trouble of cataloguing them, it is safe to assume off-hand that a lot of things that were dependent upon the coming of hot weather have arrived or are late.

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.

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.

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.

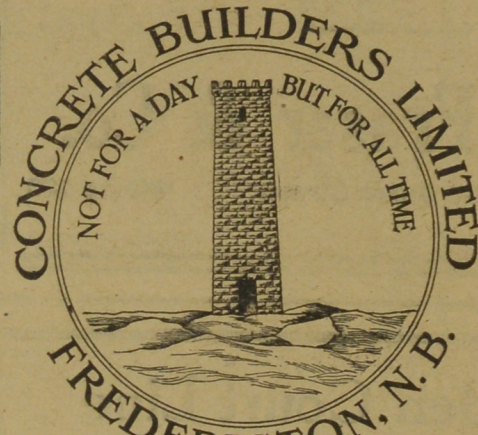
You are hereby cited and required to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York, at my office in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on MONDAY, the twenty-third day of June, 1919, at the hour of 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause, if any, why 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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