

CONFESSIONS OF AN EVERY- DAY WIFE

By Idah McGlone Gibson.

THE POLICE ARE GETTING WARM

That "gone" feeling in the pit of my stomach assailed me now. It is indescribable, but I do not believe that when one comes to die the physical reaction attendant upon dissolution will be more awful.

I must have looked as strangely to Theo as he did to me for he came quickly toward me. "What is the matter, Margot are you ill? You had better not try to get up."

I remembered trying to tell him that I was all right and then blackness settled down for a time.

When consciousness came back to me again I was in the bed with my hair and the upper part of my night dress a soggy mess where Theo, in his anxiety, had poured a glass of water over me.

"Thank God, you are still alive," he exclaimed fervently. "I thought you were never going to look at me again. What do you suppose made you faint?"

"Theo, Theo," I began weakly, "don't you understand?"

"Margot, you do not mean?"

"A child is coming to us, Theo."

"Margot! And to think that I have been such a villain all this time."

You may be able to forgive me sometime sweetheart, but I will never be able to forgive myself.

"You must rest here all day, Margot. I will go out and wire Robert that we are not going to South America, and that he had better come as soon as possible as your health is not good. I think that will give him a jolt."

"Perhaps, Theo, but I think Robert knows about me. I have fainted twice when he has been about lately. And although he did not say anything to me directly his manner made me think he suspected my condition."

All the while we had been talking Theo had not attempted to kiss me or caress me in any way except to clasp my hands in both of his as though he must have something to cling to. He had not once taken me in his arms since he had told me about Sallie Saunders.

I knew he felt that I could not bear him to do so and truly I could not. Indeed, I shuddered a little as he lightly kissed one of my hands before he left me.

After he had gone I turned my face to the wall and tried to sleep, but it was impossible. I could only dumbly suffer.

Finally, when I could stand inaction no longer, I arose, bathed and dressed. I never took so much care with my toilet and I put on the little frock I had bought the day before and went down stairs.

"Mr. Symone has just gone out," said the clerk. "He received a telegram a moment ago and hurried to the station. I expect he went to meet his brother for whom he engaged a room to be made ready immediately."

"He left a note for you, but told us not to send it up until you rang, for you were sleeping."

The clerk handed me the note which was Robert's second wire: "Coming on night train. Meet me, Robert."

At the foot of the telegram Theo had written "Don't worry about this, Margot, anything is better than waiting. Have gone to the train to meet him, Theo."

My mind reverted to the problem that faced Theo and me. In a flash everything was clear and my decision was made. I could not have all this scandal about Theo for the sake of my baby.

I knew that Theo had told me the truth. I knew that he did not kill that old man, but I also knew that the story, if made public, would follow my baby to the end of his life just as the story of Theo's father had followed Theo.

Then, as if to show me how futile

it was to try and suppress the story I found upon reading the afternoon edition of one of the more substantial papers which Letty had sent to me from home, something that almost made my heart stop beating. It read:

"The police seem to be on the wrong track, but it is certain that one of the most prominent young men in the city knows more about the matter than he will tell."

"Dr. Robert Symone was called immediately to care for Mrs. Lacerty,

the daughter of the murdered man. The doctor permits no one to see her and has persuaded the wife of Mr. Chadwick Hatton to nurse her."

"Mrs. Hatton, it will be remembered served as a nurse during the war."

"Why Dr. Symone should have persuaded Mrs. Hatton to take this case and why, when there were so many professional nurses at his disposal he would want her to do it, is unexplained."

"It was rumoured last night that the mystery would be cleared up today."

In another column I read "nothing has been found that would lead to the finding of Emil Baur who is still at large. The police have about come to the conclusion that he has been able to make his get-away and that already he has left the country by way of Mexico."

Another paragraph in the same paper stated that Commissioner of Pol-

ice Lafferty is in such a precarious state that all news of this murder has been kept from him.

What can I do? I must find a way out

"If the old man could be on his job," said one of the plain clothes men this morning, "we would nab the man that did the killing in twenty-four hours."

Letty had not written me a word and consequently I knew that she thought Theo had something to do with the murder. Oh, what shall I do?

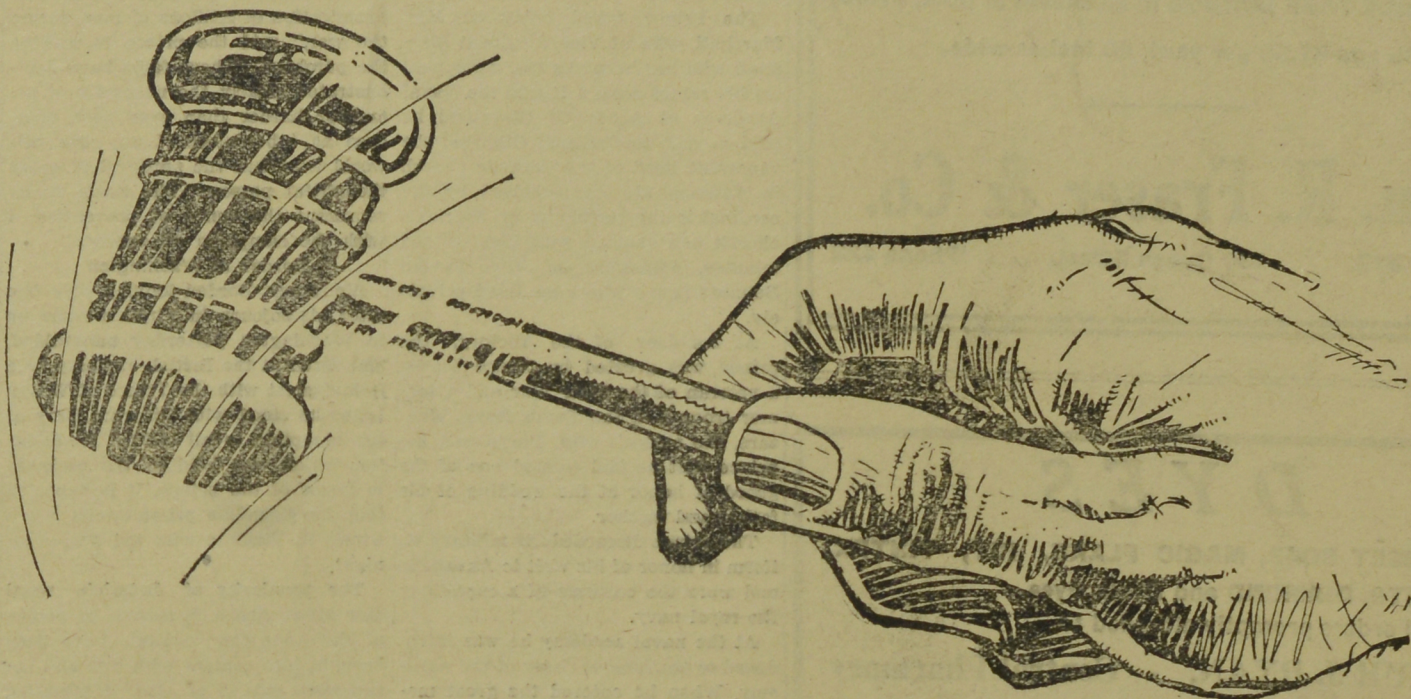
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Not to the man who has to move about, but a slight application of "Putnam's" softens the thickest tissue and cures the bunion quickly. Just as good for warts, lumps, and callouses is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use no other, 25c. at all dealers.

for Theo—but which way?

Tomorrow—Robert Arrives.

LAST DAY TO-DAY



GOING GOING G

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BUY TO-DAY—Get in now before you have lost your chance to buy Victory Bonds—they insure good times and good wages.

BUY TO-DAY—Get in before the hammer strikes at midnight—put every dollar you can command into Victory Bonds—buy to your limit now as a patriotic Canadian—as a shrewd business man or woman.

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Buy for Yourself

Buy for Prosperity

Buy Before it is Too Late

Buy Victory Bonds

THE LISTS CLOSE AT MIDNIGHT

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

HEALTH FOR THE BABY

The baby of today is the man or woman of tomorrow. Thus the success of the future man or woman depends upon the baby's present welfare. If the baby is sickly and ill nourished it is not to be expected that he will grow into a strong, active man who will hold his own in the business world a few years hence. Mothers it is a duty you owe the future to keep your little ones well now. This can be easily done if Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus make baby healthy and strong. Concerning them Mrs. W. Orser, Elginburg, Ont. writes: "I have a fine healthy boy three years old and have used Baby's Own Tablets for him ever since he was a small baby. I certainly think them a splendid medicine." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.