

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THEO BRINGS SALLY TO THE HOUSE.

"What time is it now?" I asked Eliene, still sleepily.

"About twelve," she answered.

"I must hurry and have luncheon," I said getting up and starting to dress. "Theo is coming to take me for a drive. He thinks it will do me good to get out and get the air."

Eliene looked at me in surprise. "Are you really going to be nice to him?" she asked.

"Of course. Why not?"

"I do not think I could be nice to a man who deceived me," Eliene answered decisively.

"But you must understand, my dear, that Theo does not think for a moment he has deceived me. He has just kept something from me that he really feels is not wholly his own secret. He tells himself that he would tell me about it if I were to ask him."

"You can make up your mind, my dear, that every once in a while he is thanking his stars that you have not asked him," said Eliene rather grimly.

"I am a little selfish, dear Eliene, in not wanting to quarrel with my husband."

"Even when you know he is in wrong?" she inquired.

"More than ever when I know he is in the wrong."

"What do you mean, Margot, you queer girl, by that?"

"I mean, my dear, that when Theo does something that hurts me, that is a hurt I cannot help. I simply have to suffer and bear it—as I do suffer and bear. But if I bring up the whole thing after that and try to thresh it out with him, I have another and perhaps deeper hurt to bear which I could have avoided. It is selfish, I know, but honestly I do not know of any wife who has helped matters by always nagging a man over his wrongdoing, do you?"

"No," said Eliene, thoughtfully. "I am afraid that whatever we do, we wish we had done the other thing. I have seen wives, whom I thought were too complacent. I remember your mother Margot, used always to think Aunt Margie was too sweet to her first husband, but I sometimes think that she had as much joy as sorrow with him at that! And I know Dad's memory of mother is all the sweeter because she forgave and apparently forgot a great wrong."

Eliene was sitting at the window, looking out into the street. Suddenly I saw her face freeze in horror and she gasped: "Margot, here comes Theo with Sally Saunders."

For answer I hastily climbed back into bed and said in a choking voice: I am not well enough to go out motoring or to see any one."

I had hardly finished speaking when I heard Theo coming up stairs two steps at a time.

Upon seeing me in bed his face fell. "Oh Margot," he said, "I was in hopes you would be all ready to go for a ride. I met Sallie on the way and asked her to go with us."

"I am sorry, Theo, but I do not feel able to go," I managed to answer.

"Well then, what will I do with Sallie?" asked Theo in a puzzled if not slightly irritated voice.

"Don't you think that might have been settled a little easier if you had inquired about Margot's health before you asked Mrs. Sallie Saunders-Lafferty to ride with you?" asked Eliene.

Theo wheeled about quickly with, "Don't butt into this Eliene. I did not really ask Sallie to go, you know. I just met her on the street and she said that everyone was talking about her saying that none of Tim's relatives would speak to her, and she did not know what she had done that they felt they must treat her so coldly."

"I told her, Margot, that I was sure you did not feel that way and we could silence Mrs. Grundy once for all by just taking her in with us as we went riding this afternoon."

"She asked if I were sure you would like her to go along, Margot, and of course I said yes," said Theo confidently, apparently forgetting that I had said I did not like my brother's wife and would have nothing to do with her. "I forgot all about the fact that you were not feeling well this morning and so did not mention it," he continued, ruefully. "And now, of course, she will not only think I am an ass but a liar as well. Come on Eliene help me out; you go with us."

"Not me," said Eliene, decisively, if ungrammatically. "I want Mrs. Grundy to be perfectly cognizant of the fact that I do not like Sallie Sundeers-Lafferty. If you take my advice, you will go down and tell her that you found Margot ill and cannot leave her, and send Mrs. Sallie home with the chauffeur."

"I'll do that very thing," said Theo, who was standing where he could look out the window. "But," he continued with a wicked little smile, "I see Major Gordon coming and I'll ask him to drive her home."

"Theo!" exclaimed Eliene, but her brother was out of ear-shot.

I really felt sorry for Eliene. All day she had been expecting the Major, and it was very probable that he had been waiting very impatiently until he could come to her. I could not resist getting out of bed to see what would happen.

Theo reached the car in which Sally was waiting just as the Major arrived.

(Tomorrow—"Theo Refuses to Hear About Sally.")

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"Fruit-a-tives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.

QUEBEC DEAL O. K., ALLEGED ROBBER WIRED

Montreal, Sept. 22—What is regarded as important information with a bearing on the Quebec train robbery, was given this morning to Chief Lorrain of the provincial detectives by the manager of a New York automobile concern, to which J. Bernardin T. Proteau, one of those arrested, was indebted to the amount of nearly \$2,000. A number of telegrams from Proteau to the New York concern, with which he held a contract for an auto agency, have been handed over to Chief Lorrain. In these telegrams, it is claimed by the police authorities that Proteau promises the payment of the money due. One of the telegrams is said to have been received by the New York concern on the Saturday preceding the robbery; in it Proteau, according to the police, declared: "Quebec deal O. K."

It is also alleged by the officials of the New York Company, that Proteau had referred to the "Quebec deal," over a month ago, saying that by it he expected to realize \$30,000 or \$40,000—amply sufficient to liquidate his obligations. He had been pressed several times for the overdue amount, but had always asked for time, on the ground that he was merely waiting for the final putting through of "the deal."

After the telegram of Saturday September 13, nothing had been heard from him by the New York people, until last night when news was received that he had been arrested.

The New York manager of the company, who was in Montreal, was at once informed, and immediately took the matter up with the Merchants' Association, the Provincial Detectives were put in possession of the facts, and an investigation at once started.

According to the story of the New York representative, Proteau entered into a contract which gave him the right to an agency to sell automobile bodies throughout the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. For this he was to pay \$3,000, together with an additional \$1,000 for machinery. After making two preliminary payments of \$500, together with a third for \$1,000.

Just because a fellow talks about himself don't jump to the conclusion he knows what he is talking about.

In spite of the high cost of living the people who want something for nothing always did have to pay for their experience.



THE PRINCE CONGRATULATES RETURNED SOLDIERS AT EDMONTON

HIS METHOD OF JOLLYING HIS CUSTOMERS

(Chicago News)

A young fellow with a rakish fall hat sauntered past the glass front of the neighborhood barber shop.

"There," remarked the boss barber to his victim as he readjusted the barber chair, "there's the last of the boys to get into 'civvies' again. He was stuck in the service o' supplies, he was telling me, and thought he never would get back from sunny France."

"Indeed," said the victim politely. "I suppose times were pretty hard for you when all the boys were away in the army."

"Hard wasn't no word for it," asserted the tonsorial artist emphatically. "Why, George here, my helper went to work with one o' the city street paving gangs. He made more money at it. Facial massage sir?"

The customer shook his head. "You see," continued the monologist as he stropped his razor to put the finishing touches on the nearly completed hair cut, "all the young fellows were gone, and the guys that stayed at home didn't think nothing about style. They were past their young days and had other worries."

"What does the father o' four kids, for example care whether he needs some patent dandruff remover, or a witch hazel steam, or a fountain o' youth hair tonic. He's more interested in fighting the high cost of living and having safety razor blades resharpened, so's he can save a nickle or a dime."

"Now with a young fellow it's different. He's got a girl waiting for him up in some front parlor, where the lights are turned sort o' dim, and he's got a feeling that if he isn't wearing the tie she likes or hasn't got his hair parted just right some other guy'll jump in and cop the prize. At his age everything in the barbering business seems like a rescuing ally."

"The war got these fellows devoting their time to shouldering arms and stowing away corned willie in huge quantities. They knew their girls were too busy knitting sweaters for 'em to think about their rivals. And an army hair cut sort o' went with the army uniform, anyhow."

"So all we had left was the fathers and the tightwads. Says I to one o' the tightwads:

"A little tonic, sir? Your hair's getting thin on top."

"Says he, soft like, 'Do you recommend it from personal experience?'"

"Then he looked at my bald head and laughed. Do you wonder we could not make money off such nickel nurses?"

The customer laughed and the barber asked diplomatically, "Tonic sir." "Yes," said the customer "since you've put it so delicately, I will. Your line of chatter is worth 20 cents of any man's money."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Hurried Starching—When in a hurry to starch a few pieces, and the starch box is found empty, use cornstarch, taking the same quantity as of laundry starch. The result will be the same, the only difference is that cornstarch is a little more expensive.

Ink Spots—Fresh ink spots may be removed by soaking in milk. Old ink stains that have dried may be taken out by washing in hot lard. Wash just as one would with water; wash again and again, finally washing out lard with soapy water.

PERSONAL

Mr. T. Amos Wilson who has been in delicate health for some time is leaving this evening for Montreal to consult a specialist.

Large Number Receiving Forms. Secretary E. H. Coy of the local G. W. V. A., announced yesterday that a large number of returned men were applying for the war bonus application forms, which are being given out at the G. W. V. A. rooms, Queen street.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 25th September for the purchase of the freehold lot and residence of the late Mrs. J. D. Phinney, on corner University and George streets. Inspection can be arranged with

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