

There are five simple ways to tell good tea.

First, by the bright copper color of the tea when steeped.

Second, by the exquisite aroma.

Third, by the delightful, refreshing flavor.

Fourth, by the satisfying richness.

Fifth, by the economical strength.

Make a brewing and you will find all these qualities combined in Red Rose.



Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea

FLEW FROM CAIRO TO PARIS

Paris, Sept. 10.—Commander Vuillemin, the aviator, arrived last evening at seven o'clock at Villa Coublay, from Cairo, Egypt, having flown about 2500 miles in three flights. The first stop was made at Constantinople, the second at Istres, 25 miles west of Marseilles, and the third at Villa Coublay.

If Strength Declines As Age Advances Follow This Suggestion

So many women grow old before their time, perhaps your wife or sister. A little while ago, buoyant, full of vigor and activity—she enjoyed life and imparted pleasure to the whole family; but now in a few short years she has faded and lost color and strength. She is just ready to develop some disease that will further weaken and debilitate. You remember how it began, failure of appetite, tired in the morning, found housework burdensome, always nervous and a little irritable. It's a shame to let her go down hill further when you can build her up so quickly with Ferrozone. The change this nourishing tonic makes in a weak woman is surprising. It gives great zest for food, increases appetite and digestion enormously. The blood gets richer and stronger and adds new life to every organ in the body. A rebuilding process works through the entire system. The first week will show an improvement, and a month or two will fatten up the thinnest, most run-down woman you can think of. Take Ferrozone for lost color, for nervousness, for weakness,—use it when run-down and feeling poorly—it will do you more lasting good, keep you in better health, than anything else. Just as good for men and children, too, because Ferrozone is harmless and safe, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from the Cattarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SIGNING WILL REVIVE AUSTRIA

St. Germain, Sept. 10.—Dr. Renner will leave tonight for Vienna with the treaty, and it is expected that the signing of the pact will bolster up the wavering government and make for a resumption of normal commercial and economic conditions.

to go to the ends of the earth for her unless you are prepared to take her along.

DESTRUCTION BY TYPHOON

Amoy, Monday, Sept. 8.—A great typhoon swept over southeast coast on Monday last, resulting in the death of three thousand persons, according to reports from Fuchow. The typhoon was accompanied by a tidal wave 28 feet high.

LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

It was Sally's wedding day, the hour ten, and the sky lowering, threatening to rain cats and dogs at any minute. August had done its worst for the distressed little bride.

Sally rained, too, tears of anger and disappointment, and nobody could console her. The Woman's feeble attempt had failed utterly, and she scarcely wondered. Then Grandmother approached in the role of comforter, Grandmother, placid and worldly-wise.

"Now, Sally," she purred, "never mind. Rain isn't a bad sign. It always simply poured when I was married." "Y-yes and y-y-you've b-b-buried th-three h-husbands, wailed Sally. "Nice outlook for me!"

A Firm Stand Janitors are becoming more czarlike every day in this time of competition for apartments. But when it comes to unprecedented autocracy, the Woman gives the palm to the janitor of a house on West One Hundredth street. He is a glorified janitor a sort of superintendent in overalls. A friend of hers was looking for an apartment and he showed one which would be vacant in October. The figure he named was high, but what can one do in these parlous times?

The possible tenant really wished to ask about service, hot water, and a few other details of interest to herself. But the janitor forestalled her.

"Have ye any children?" he asked ominously.

"Why—I—yes—that is, I have one, she faltered.

The pompous one considered this earnestly for some time, then evidently decided to be generous, generous but not easy.

"Well, all right," he conceded. "You

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibbon

IS ANYONE SINCERE?

"Major Gordon told me the other day in a burst of confidence," continued Theo, "that one of the reasons he could never be more than a friend to Mrs. Charlton was because of her love of admiration."

Eliene was right, we must dismiss that cad with whom she foolishly thought as a child she was in love, and not only get her letters back, but we must get them back without the Major knowing anything about them.

I sometimes wonder just what would happen in this world if we could keep nothing secret—if by some peculiar chance fate should write where all might read, a chronicle of our lives with all our deeds, the good, the bad and all our inmost and deepest thoughts.

Unless destiny decides to open hidden pages of the book of one's existence, the sinner may seem to the world a saint.

Letty locks in her heart the episode with Robert; Eliene must close the book on her chapter with her girlhood lover. I turn down the page on my day at the Zoo. Even the best and most innocent of us have secrets that we must keep from everyone. However hard we try for absolute intimacy, our soul contact with even those we love the dearest is but the contact of exteriors.

I am to Theo the thing I think he wants me to be. I am not myself but a fulfillment, more or less, of his desire.

Ah, that is it, we do not give ourselves as we are or accept others as they are!

For instance, we meet each other after an absence of a day or two and we perhaps take up a web of our lives and unconsciously begin to weave in the pattern that we had begun when we were last together.

But what of the other webs—the other patterns?

Somewhere there must be a place where all these webs fit into each other, but no one person except one's self can ever see its beauty or ugliness. In fact, I think even we ourselves get only half views of the intricate web we are making.

If we cannot view our own completed work, how much more difficult to inspect that of others.

We meet a dear friend, or we suddenly take an interest in a stranger. Do we try to be ourselves to the one who appeals to us? No we only try to give that which may be acceptable to him and accept only that which comes nearest to being what we want from him.

I am coming to believe that absolute sincerity, even with one's self, is absolutely impossible.

After dinner Theo and I went to call on Mrs. Charlton. I thought she was rather thin, but Theo told her she was looking splendidly.

"I have not been very well since you left New York," she said, "and I thought I would get away for a little while."

"We are very quiet here since the death of Mr. Symone's mother, but we will certainly make you as welcome as possible," I told her.

"I think it must be rather lively out at the post where Major Gordon is," said Mrs. Charlton.

"I have only been out once," said Theo, tactlessly, "but Gordon has been about the house a good deal."

Mrs. Charlton looked up at me quickly. I knew she was a bit jealous of me and I wondered what she would think of Major Gordon and Eliene.

"My husband's sister, of whom you have heard me speak, Mrs. Charlton, was coming over to see you tonight, but at the last moment she was called to the home of a very intimate friend. The friend is now in France and her mother seems to get more comfort from reading Eliene her letters than anything else."

Just at that moment Major Gordon came in.

"She is desperately in love with him," was my thought as I watched Mrs. Charlton greet the Major.

It is very strange that a woman, even if she be the most sophisticated of all her sex, always tells in some subtle way—perhaps unconsciously—just how far her interest goes in every man in the room which she enters to every other woman there.

Out went both of Mrs. Charlton's hands to the Major in welcome and he clasped them both heartily.

(Tomorrow—"Mrs. Charlton is Jealous.")

can have one, but you can't have any more."

No Respector of Fashion

The air in the subway was stifling, so the Woman decided to take an up-town local in order to avoid the five o'clock rush. As she entered the car she spied a vacant seat and sank down into it with a sigh of relief. Every one in the car seemed wilted, for the heat was unbearable. That is every one with the exception of a gorgeous young creature seated opposite. She seemed as oblivious to the people around her as she did to the heat, but after a second glance the Woman decided that her seeming unconsciousness was the result of a very self-conscious pose. A small one animal scarf was clasped tightly under her tilted chin, and her attitude was of the "speak to me not my soul is in another realm" variety. The Woman was amused. She had just decided that of all the fool freaks of fashion the wearing of tight fur scarfs in summer was the fooliest when she was waked from her reverie by the antics of two youngsters of the office boy tips. The younger, a little imp with bright red hair, freckled face and funny pug nose clutched his coat collar close about his neck with one hand while he blew on the fingers of the other.

"What's the matter with you, Jimmie?" queried his companion. "Matter!" snorted Jimmie. "Say, kid, youse don't seem to know that there's a blizzard raging outside. I'm cold, that's what's the matter with me. Funny part is, though, none of the ladies or

gents in this car seem to have a realization of it except me and the dame 'cross the way. Gee! wish I had a nice warm pussy cat cuddlin' round my neck, and I'd be comfortable as she is, sure 'nuff." The passengers in the car were convulsed, for the conversation was carried on for the benefit of the attentive audience.

The object of this biting sarcasm managed to retain her consciously unconscious pose, but her scarlet cheeks belied the fact that she had overheard. The Woman feels quite certain that the young woman received a well deserved lesson and that in future she will not thrust her furs upon an already sweltering public.

CURES A COLD QUICK AS WINK!

Easy as Rolling Off a Log to Stop a Cough or Cold With

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No more medicine for the stomach—that isn't where your cold is lodged. Just breathe in the healing vapor of Catarrhozone—a soothing, healing medication that acts instantly. Colds, sore throat and catarrh fairly flee before Catarrhozone.

Every spot that is congested is healed, irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size, which lasts two months, price \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

TENDERS FOR COAGULATING BASIN

Tenders will be received at the City Clerk's office, City Hall, up until noon Friday, September 19th, 1919, for the construction of a Coagulating Basin at the Pumping Station here.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the City Clerk's office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. R. PERKINS, City Clerk.

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Parties whose subscription to THE MAIL is in arrears will confer a favor by forwarding the amount due without further delay. Remit by Postal note or registered letter to The Mail, 327 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

INSURANCE NOTICE

I wish to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have accepted the agency for the CANADA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This is a high class Canadian Company which has long carried a large amount of insurance in this province. I have several attractive propositions to offer and those who contemplate taking on insurance will find it to their advantage to consult me.

JOHN S. SCOTT, Fredericton, Charlotte Street Telephone 112.

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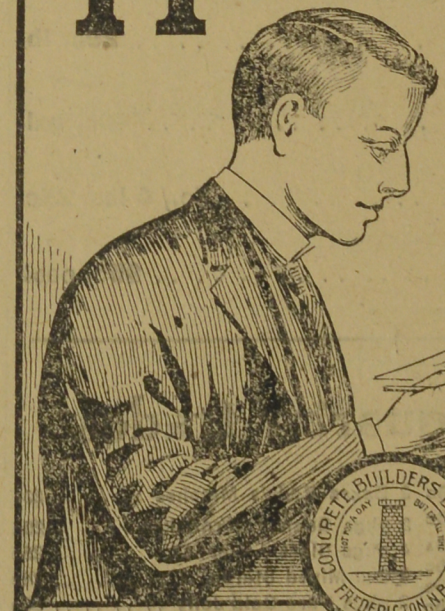
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