

## Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

### MY LITTLE TOWER ROOM

"At last." These words came with a sigh of relief as I shut the door of this little tower room.

I had not heeded the voice of my father, who seemed to be nervous about something as I passed him in the lower hall, with—"I cannot talk to anyone now, dad, my heart is too full. Tomorrow morning I'll get my second wind. Tonight I must have for myself."

My mother only lived a few years in this house, and I had always hated its inartistic nooks and crannies until today, as I climbed the little secret staircase that leads to the queer octagon tower room, which as a child I insisted should be mine.

Today my little tower room from where my dear mother's face looks at me with pitying eyes from over the corner mantel that is between the two windows (one of which is close to my whispering tree and one of which looks out on a broad expanse of the sea) seems a haven of rest.

Sadly I lean out of the window and clasp one of the branches of my whispering tree, which seems to be nodding to me in sympathy.

Quickly I go across the room and pull the shade which shuts out the joyous waters.

Nervously I draw from the pocket of my coat a photograph.

Slowly I place it with trembling hand just underneath my mother's picture. Once more my eyes turn toward the locked door, and once more my beating heart echoes the words, "At last," with a catch in its beat which reaches my lips in a trembling sob.

At last I have shut out all the malicious, all the kindly, all the curious, all the speculative.

And I have shut out also little Margaret Anne Lafferty; but that was a week ago, when, after the hurried trip to the city hall and a simple ceremony at the Mayor's office, I was pushed into a taxi by boyishly impatient hands and whirled toward the union station. That taxi ride was the beginning of my wedding trip.

Before he even took me in his arms in the shadow of the closed taxi, my youthful bridegroom thrust into my hand a photograph of himself in his new lieutenant's uniform. Across the bottom of the picture was written in boyish hand:

"Mrs. Theodore Symone, with all the love of her husband, Teddy."

I know, when I more or less calmly look back on the last few weeks that have just passed, that not by any possible turn of circumstances could I, Margaret Anne Symone, commonly called Margot, have dreamed all the things that have happened to me.

Here I am, Margaret Anne Symone, erstwhile Margaret Anne Lafferty, facing the problems not only of a wife, but of the wife of a soldier, and if I am honest with myself, I must confess that I am not quite sure that I should have married Teddy.

For the first time since my hurried marriage I am going to transcribe many of the conversations with my whispering tree.

I am going to betray the confidences of my friends that I have always kept locked up in this little tower room. But I must go now to Toddy's home, where we have been staying. Now that the time is at hand when Toddy must leave for army service, our bond of love has been welded with emotion.

Entering Father Symone's home, I found Theo—that is, Toddy—waiting to say good-bye.

"Thank God, whatever else I shall find when I come back I shall find you and your love just the same," said my soldier husband.

His words sent a shiver through me, for all at once I realized that my husband of a week, who really did not know me, was leaving and it might be years before I saw him again—if ever.

Against my will I began to sob, but before I could speak Toddy took me in his arms and crushed me to him. I heard a soft shivering sigh and raised my head from the little hollow in his arm near his heart, and then the sweetness, the wonder of it—my husband was looking at me as though he had never realized before just what I might mean to him, and smiling: "Margot, Margot, my wife, they cannot take this last week of heaven away from us," he exclaimed. "Look up, dear," he gently raised my arms and put them about his neck.

As his lips came closer to mine, I caught his smile and closed my eyes. I felt the quick beating of his heart and then a touch, exquisitely tender, on both my eyes.

Slowly he unclasped my arms from about his neck, and although I could not see for blinding tears, I heard him go out and softly shut the door. And then, before anyone could come to me, I rushed from the house and almost ran down the street to my father's home and brushing dear old dad aside, I climbed the secret staircase to my little tower room.

(Tomorrow—"My Father's New Wife.")

## WEATHER IS EVER A TOPIC OF INTEREST

In a climate like that of New Brunswick where uncertainty is the prime element, it is only natural that the weather should be a theme of deep interest and of constant conversation

Indeed the Bluenose whenever you meet him is certain to make some observations upon the heat or the cold, the rain or the shine proving how much the weather is always with us. This fact makes all meteorological learning a thing of added interest, and when it is known that there is a whole series of recognized signs can be foretold or fore-guessed, every New Brunswicker wants to read. From time immemorial the weather prophet has flourished among the children of

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in knowing the children's health and enjoyment are being provided for when you give them

# POSTUM

as their hot table drink

## JUDGMENT OF THE COURT IN THE FLEMMING CASE

(Continued from page three.)

visions of section two of chapter 42, 1918, set out or give a cause of action against any one, nor do I consider that any action could be maintained against the defendant, or any one else for that matter, based simply upon the provisions of section two. Sections 20, 21 and 22 of the statement of claim are apparently based upon the provisions of section two of chapter 42 but in my view it is not open to the plaintiff to invoke the provisions of this section in order to establish or aid in establishing a cause of action against the defendant.

There is, in my opinion, three several causes or action properly pleaded in the statement of the claim and there being two causes of action set forth in addition to that contained in paragraph 29, as to which no question is raised, I think the objection taken by the defendant to the sufficiency of the statement of claim as a pleading should be over ruled.

On the application such as that made in this case, all allegations of fact set out in the statement of claim are for the purposes of the application, admitted to be true, and I think it is sufficiently alleged in the statement

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men, and the odd fact about it is that the modern scientific meteorologist observations have to a surprising extent re-affirmed the old fashioned home-made forecasts. Quite recently the New York "Sun" published a compilation of these and they form interesting reading:

When standing on high ground and the horizon is unobstructed from all quarters, if the sky is absolutely cloudless, look for a storm within forty eight hours.

It starts to rain after seven o'clock in the morning it will continue to do so all day, and very often it is the indication of a three days' rain.

When it is raining and it brightens and darkens alternately you can count on an all-day rain, with a chance of clearing at sundown.

When the rain ceases and the clouds are still massed in heavy blankets one sure sign of clear weather is the patch of blue sky that shows through the rift large enough to make a pair of "sailor's breeches."

Another sign of continued rain is when the smoke from the chimney ho. When it ascends straight into the air it indicates clearing weather.

A foggy morning is usually the fore runner of a clear afternoon.

A thunder-storm in winter (usually in January or February) is always followed by clear, cold weather. It is not, as many think, the breaking up of winter.

People living near the seashore say a storm is "brewing" when the air is salty, caused by the wind blowing from the east.

A red or copper-colored sun or moon indicates great heat. A silvery moon denotes clear, cool weather.

The old Indian sign of a dry month was when the ends of the new moon were nearly horizontal and one of them resembled a hook on which the Indian could hang his powder-horn.

Many people troubled with rheumatism and neuralgia usually are excellent barometers and can predict changeable weather by "feeling it in their bones."

And the advice of the old weather-sage is "never go out during April month without being accompanied by your umbrella."

The poet and the prophet are always near akin, and the weather prognostics quite easily lend themselves to verse form, so that the following lines are quite in accord.

Rain in the morning the sailor's warning;

Red at night the sailor's delight.

When you see a mackerel sky, 'Twill not be many hours dry.

When the seagulls inland fly Know ye that a storm is nigh.

A ring around the moon Means a storm is coming soon.

When it rains before seven 'Twill clear before eleven.

It might be wise for the readers of the Mail to paste all this lore in a scrapbook and compare notes with the weather during the season.

of claim, that the defendant was and acted as an agent of the Crown in connection with the matters mentioned in the statement of claim.

There is one other question which was much discussed during the argument in this matter, in connection with the allegation in the statement of claim, that the defendant was the Premier of the Province of New Brunswick when the transactions referred to took place, and as such was agent of His Majesty the King.

The defendant contended on the argument that no agency is constituted by the occupancy of the position of premier, and with this contention I agree.

As stated by Alexander C. Ewald in an article in volume 16 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the premier is the head of the government. "Like the cabinet council the prime minister is unknown to the law and the constitution for legally and according to the fictions of the constitution, no one privy councillor has as such, any superiority over another, yet practically the premier is the pivot on which the whole administration turns. He is the medium of intercourse between the cabinet and the sovereign. He has to be cognizant of all matters of real importance that take place in the different departments so as to exercise a controlling influence in the cabinet. He is virtually responsible for the disposal of the entire patronage of the crown. He selects his colleagues and by his resignation of office dissolves the ministry. Yet though entrusted with this power and wielding an almost absolute authority, he is in theory but the equal of the colleagues he appoints and whose opposition he can silence by the threat of dissolution."

If the plaintiff in the statement of claim in this action, relied only upon the allegation that the defendant was the Premier of the Province in order to establish agency on the part of the defendant, I do not think the statement of claim would be sufficient. But the plaintiff goes much further than this. He sets out not only that the defendant was premier, but he says that while he was premier he acted as agent for His Majesty for the appointment of a trustee and also as such agent arranged for the appointment of the trust company as such agent, etc.

As stated above I think that these allegations of agency are sufficient as a matter of pleading, and I do not think that it affects the matter in any way to say that the defendant was premier when the transactions referred to took place.

On the present application the court is not concerned with the mode in which the allegations contained in the statement of claim must be proved nor with the evidence to be adduced for that purpose.

The case for the province was argued by Mr. W. P. Jones, K. C., and Mr. P. J. Hughes while Messrs A. B. Connell, K. C.; M. G. Teed, K. C. and Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, K. C. appeared for the defendant.

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Tenders will be received by the City Clerk at his office, City Hall, until noon, MONDAY, June 9, 1919, for the leasing of the Limerick Lot on King street, on a 21 year basis, with such restrictions as to occupancy as the Council may decide.

G. R. PERKINS,  
City Clerk.

### 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.

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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 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.

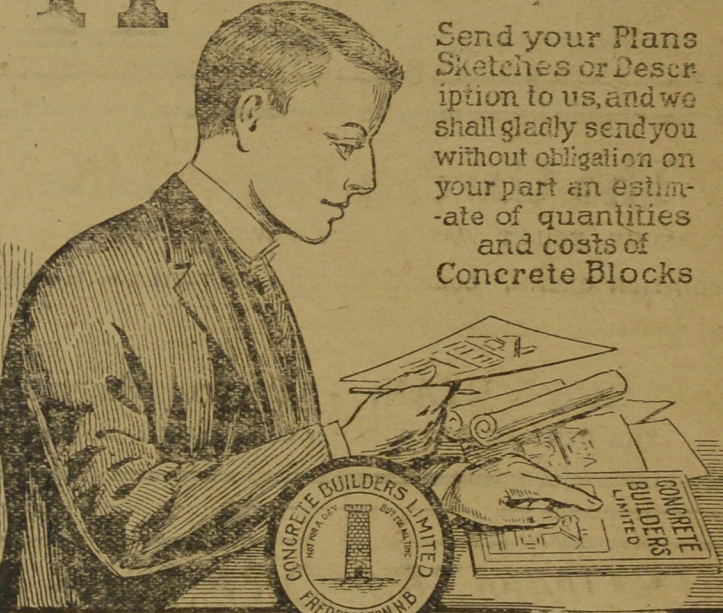
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