

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THEO AND I MAKE UP.

"Margot, your father's going home," announced Theo, coming up to Major Gordon and me and interrupting the Major just as he was about to say why he had changed his mind about women. I went to bid father and Letty good-bye, very curious as to what the Major's completed sentence would have been. All the way home I was busy over two questions:

What was the matter with Robert and Letty?

What did Major Gordon commence to tell me?

"Say, Margot," said Theo when we arrived at our door. "I came near taking the wrong woman for a holiday. You gave me a fine time at the club tonight."

"Remember that the next time you're tempted, Toddy dear," I said.

"It's a pretty good world after all, isn't it?"

"I'm thinking it's the best we'll ever know, Theo," I said with my head on his shoulder, as I trailed off to sleep.

The world was still beautiful when I awoke the next morning, and because I was happy I put on for the first time my pale green negligee. Theo had never seen it, and he went into raptures over the little pink buds nestling in the laces about my neck.

"You queer, fussy girl, you're never satisfied unless you have something pink about you. I'm perfectly satisfied with only the pink of your cheeks," he said, resting his tanned cheek against mine.

"I had to have pink buds in the lace to correspond with the pink silk hose and mules," I said, stretching them out for his inspection. "By the way, didn't Letty look beautiful last night?"

"She certainly did. The Commissioner is right. She and you were the prettiest girls in the place, not excepting Eliene, and you have to go some to beat her—although I wouldn't tell her that," he added, brother-like.

"Why don't you tell her, Toddy? Surely you know—no one knows better—how far a compliment goes with a woman. I can forget all the disagreeable things you say and do when I think of the pretty compliments you have paid me."

"I love moments such as these, for they mean more than you can imagine to a woman, and if you men but realized it, a husband's kiss and a sincere compliment have often turned the tide of a woman's life, for there are times when she is poised, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of righteousness and the hell of temptation, and a such a time one sentence—yes, even one caressing look—may change her whole existence."

"Say, Margot, a person would think you intended to fly the coop. What's the big idea?"

"Well, I'll own up to the fact that I've pretty thoroughly hated you many times lately, but today, dear, I love you. All the bad times are forgotten and only our happy times are remembered. Toddy, dear, are you not happier, too, when you make me love you than when I hate you?"

"Why, dear, when do you hate me?"

Theo's look of surprise was so genuine and the reproach of his tone so emphatic that I had to laugh.

"Let's not talk of it now, for at this moment I can think of nothing more delightful than being here with you. It's a lovely day and everything seems beautiful, and I never ate more delicious grapefruit, did you?"

"Never," said Theo fervently, "and I always bless the Symone family custom of breakfasting in one's room."

"Can't you see, dear, that if we had a little apartment of our own we could always be alone?"

"If you feel that way about it dear, we will have a little place of our own just as soon as I can afford it."

And I answered dryly, "Which will be when you're Governor, I suppose."

Theo swallowed his coffee and kissed me hastily when his father called upstairs to ask if he was ready. As an afterthought he said: "What are you going to do today?" as he went out the door.

"I'm going to begin the re-arrangement of our rooms," I said, "and will be downtown shopping probably until dinner."

"While I'm slaving for the coin," said Theo laughing, as he disappeared.

I had scarcely turned back to the table when the 'phone rang and Letty said:

"Margot, are you going to be busy this morning? I would like a long talk with you."

(Tomorrow—"A Heart to Heart Talk With Letty.")

LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

(N. Y. Sun)

It was while lingering over a generous plate of corned beef hash at a little lunch room on Nassau street that the Woman "listened in" not long ago.

"Remember, Rose, the pouring rain we had yesterday" the petite blond stenographer at the next table was asking her companion. "Well, an awfully funny thing happened. I just gotta tell you. You'll die laughing."

Rose immediately became anxious to die of laughter then and there, and so did the Woman.

"My boss phoned the Chicago office continued the blond, in her shrill voice, "about something very important, and you know how it teemed all day. He was in the private booth right near my desk, and I could hear him hollerin' his head off somethin' awful. He kep' on saying the same thing over and over, yellin' at the top of his voice till, honest, Rose, I got a headache listenin' to him."

"When the boss got through he went to his desk, red as a beet and breathin' like a truck horse. After a while he says to me: 'You know Miss M., that was a queer thing. I never heard Chicago over the long distance 'phone as well as just now. I wonder if the rain helped?' 'Maybe,' says I, kinda smilin'. He thought for a minute and then said: 'But Chicago was havin' a hard time hearin' me.'"

"And then, waddye think, Rose? I up and says, quick as a flash, 'Maybe it wasn't rainin' in Chicago.' Aain't I the cute one? That's what they call reparty, ain't it?"

Midst loud laughter the Woman finished her hash.

Warmth to His Soul

He sat opposite the Woman in a Staten Island trolley car, a thin, bent, undersized, wizened old man, gray-haired, watery-eyed, with drooping lips. He was a pathetic looking figure in shabby clothes that were clean but threadbare. In the dull light of a wet damp morning he was a pitiful object.

The Woman could hardly resist the temptation to go over and close the window behind him. She knew that the damp air blowing in on his old shoulders would be injurious to him. Why, she wondered didn't he close the window himself. Was he in such des-

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pair that winds and weather meant nothing to him? Didn't he care? Or was it possible that the cool draft didn't affect him?

Most assuredly it did. Suddenly he shivered. Now he'll close the window, she thought. But no. He seemed to shrink closer in his worn garments. With one trembling hand he turned up the frayed collar of his coat, while with the other he pressed a red, bound book close to his heart as if it would keep him warm. Just then the man turned so that the book's cover was exposed to view and its title disclosed. The book was keeping him warm. For he held "The Fires of Faith."

Her Moment in the Spotlight

It was the bathing hour at the beach, and the Woman was hurrying to keep an over-due appointment on the boardwalk. She had only one more block to go, but noting the congested stream of automobiles which threatened life and limb she mentally resigned herself to a delay of five minutes on the next corner—a particularly busy one.

On a small raised square, where the streets intersected, stood an important little traffic policeman, for all the world like a toy doll on a pedestal and as she reached his corner he blew

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MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 5th September, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week, on the Chipman Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Chipman, Linton and Dogberry and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,

Post Office Inspector, Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B., July 21st, 1919.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the reconstruction of eastern breakwater at Quaco, N. B." will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, Wednesday, September 17, 1919, for the reconstruction of the eastern breakwater at Quaco (St. Martins) County of St. John, N. B.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the offices of the District Engineers at St. John, N. B.; Halifax, N. S., and at the Post Office, St. Martins, N. B. Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 p. c. of the amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or war bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

Note.—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$10.00, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending bidder submit a regular bid.

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Aug. 20, 1919.

THE MARKETS AT A GLANCE

One of the most important changes made this week in its relation to conditions existing in the steel and iron markets is that of an advance in some quarters of 20 cents per 100 pounds in galvanized sheets. There are those in the trade who believe the market will show a general revision upward, while others again look for nothing more than a "levelling up" of existing prices some declining, others perhaps showing a slight advance. The tendencies undoubtedly seem firm.

New prices have been named on carpet sweepers this week. Those with japanned finish advance \$2.00 and nickel-plated finish \$3.00 per dozen. Vacuum sweepers have also moved upward with quotations being made at levels \$22 to \$26 per dozen higher than those which have been in effect.

Ingot metals are strong and in some markets show advances. This is particularly true of tin and copper. The strength of copper is reflected in soldering coppers which are up another 8c per pound this week.

Obxwood rules, measuring tapes, cut hay baling wire, planes, shears and trimmers and sleighs have all joined the list which move to higher levels.

such a sudden blast on his whistle that motor car occupants got an unmerciful jolt.

Wondering at the reason for this peremptory halt, the Woman beheld a tiny brown pickaninny, not a day over three years, and clad with great simplicity in a ragged one-piece bathing suit. Hanging a bashful head, bristling with pig tails, she shifted uncertainly from one foot to another. Such a helpless little "chocolate drop" that everyone stopped and smiled and hotel guests leaned over piazza railings for a better view.

But the toy policeman yelled reassuringly "Come along there, sister" and so, flanked by two tight-packed rows of automobiles, the little dusky maiden, embarrassed, finger in mouth made her triumphal way to safety.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN

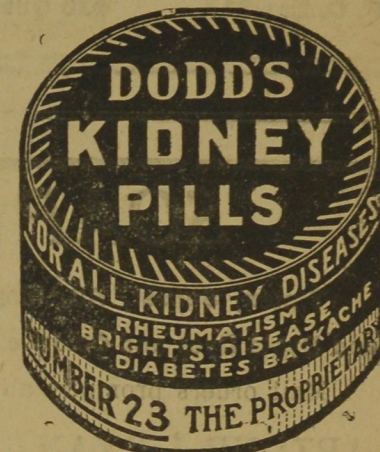
Try It! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

IT'S AWFUL.

The movements dancers now rehearse Are dangerously devious, And every dance they dance gets worse Than what they danced just previously.

Oakum is reported very strong and higher prices are looked for at an early date. Wrought pipe seems slated for higher levels and difficulty is being experienced in securing sufficient skelp to maintain production.



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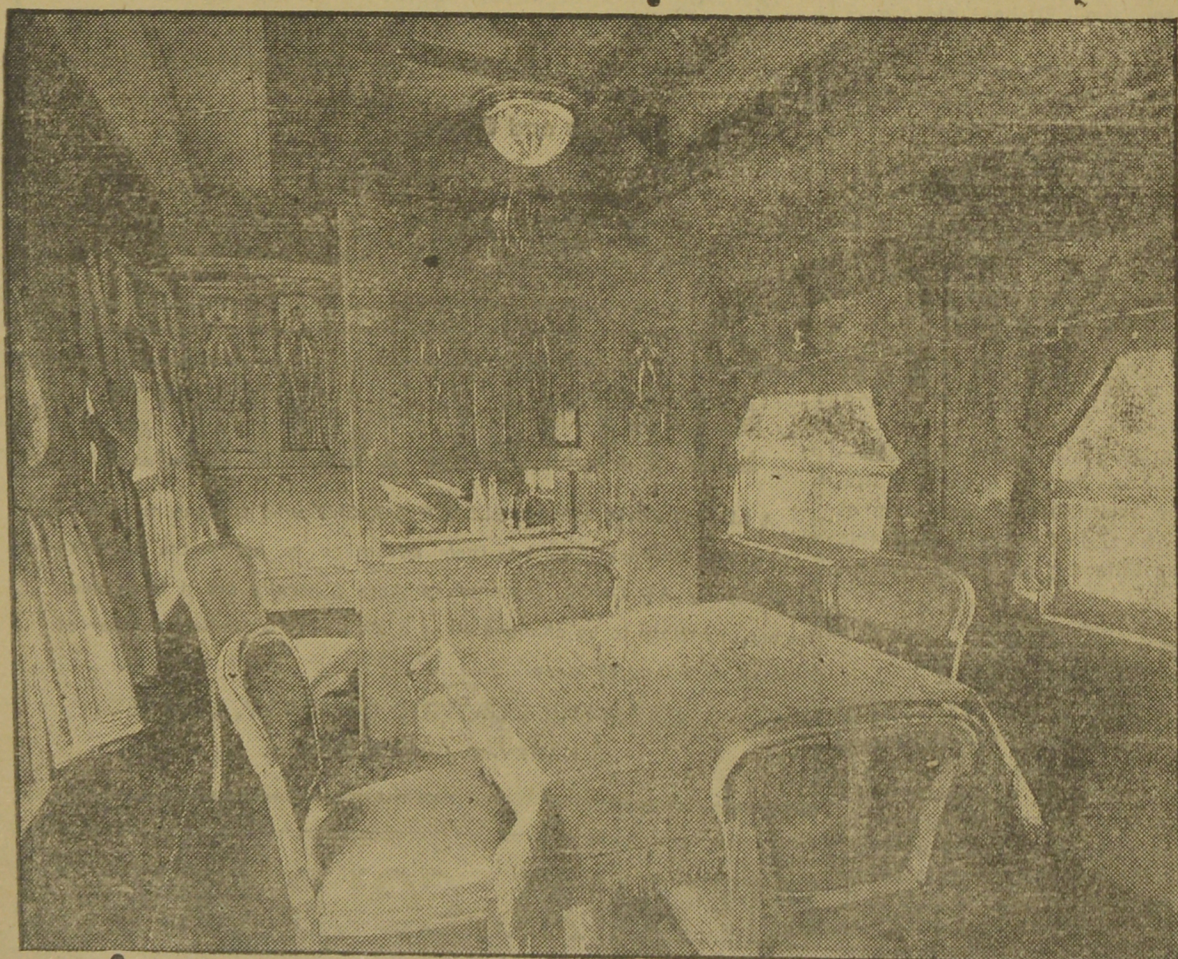
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