

## Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

MORE SURPRISES.

My mind reverted to the editorial and I sat a long time thinking it all over. I wondered if I had ever loved enough; for I knew for certain that I, too, was standing in the dark, waiting—waiting for I knew not what.

When my baby came, would I then be satisfied? Would I find in the feel of its moist little mouth against my breast something which would still all my longings? Was I a silly young woman who, having more—much more—than the world gives to most, was still unsatisfied?

I began to be rather ashamed of myself. I caught a glimpse of myself, not as I thought I was—not as the man who had written this editorial had idealized me—but as I really was; and I determined to take up immediately some of the real burdens of life. As I sat there dreaming and making the high resolves that come to each of us from time to time, Theo burst into the room. "Good gracious, Margot, have you been crying? I have the most astounding news for you, but first you must tell me just what is the matter with you lately."

"There is nothing particularly the matter with me, Theo, except that I have not enough to do. What is your news?"

"First, Chadrick Halton has arrived home and he is married."

"Why, I thought you knew that he was going to marry someone over in France. Aunt Margie told me about it months ago and I am sure we discussed it at the time. Did you see her? What is she like?"

"After I left the house," said Theo, "I went over to the club and found Dad and Chad's father. They were talking about something and I could see Chad's father was rather excited. I went over and inquired about Chad. The old boy colored up and asked, 'Why, don't you know that Chadrick and his bride arrived yesterday?'"

"Margot, you could have knocked me down with a feather. All I could do was to repeat after him, 'Chadrick and his bride arrived yesterday.' Then I recovered myself long enough to ask how long Chad had been married and whether you and I could call tomorrow."

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation, "I want all my son's friends to call as soon as possible." He acted as though he wished us to have it over quickly. I'm awfully anxious to see her—to see just what kind of a girl a blind man would pick out and to see just what kind of a girl would marry blind man, even if he had all the money that Chad has."

"Oh, I don't know, Theo. I think a girl might marry Chad Halton for himself. He is charming. She is probably musical, and if she is, Chad and she should get along wonderfully."

"Well, my dear, I'm glad I've got eyes to see," said Theo with one of those quick changes that always surprise and fascinate me. "What good would your beautiful eyes be to me if I could not see them?"

And as if to try the sensation, Theo bent down and lightly closed my eyes with kisses.

"But I have not told you the most astounding pie of news," he said suddenly. "You were looking so strangely when I came in that I immediately had the thrill of a man who feels he is going to make love to a new and most alluring girl."

"Is that the wonderful news?" I asked, smiling.

"No, my wonderful news is that Emil Baur has escaped from prison."

"That is astounding. How did you hear it?"

"One of the men at the club told me. Said the papers got it over the wire. I hope they catch him and put him on bread and water for the rest of his life. If ever there was a yellow dog, he is it," said Theo savagely.

"I wonder what Sallie Saunders will do," I cried.

"Sallie Saunders," exclaimed Theo. "What has she to do with Emil Baur?"

"Is it possible, Theo, that you did not know that Sallie Saunders was always in love with him?"

"But—but she married your brother Tim," Theo stuttered.

"Yes, she married Tim. There was a reason," I answered quietly. How much more I would have told Theo I do not know, but at that moment Eliene came to the door and said, "Margot, Dr. Robert has sent for you to go to your father at once. He is very ill."

(Monday—"Dad is Very Ill.")

## SOFT COAL MINERS MAY GO ON STRIKE

Philadelphia, Oct. 10—No material progress was made today at the first session in this city of the joint wage conference of the Central competitive field, embracing of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Western Pennsylvania. The deadlock, which was reported when the conference adjourned at Buffalo last week to beconvene here, apparently remained unbroken.

The meetings are being held behind closed doors and it was not announced which of the miners several demands were under consideration today. It was stated, however, that unless there is a modification of these demands, which include a six hour day, five day week, sixty per cent. increase in wages and that all contracts in the bituminous field shall automatically

## Patriot Wins Out In Spite of Cynic

A Heated Discussion Results in the Cynical Observer Being Worst by a Real True Canadian Woman.

"I wonder why the representative figure of this country is a woman, and why we always hear of Miss Canada," asked a girl at a luncheon the other day.

"Because the country is so young and beautiful," was the gallant answer given her by a man sitting nearby.

The theme being given, conversation buzzed around the table for some minutes. The Cynic was present, and added the acid touch:

"Oh, yes, Canada is always represented by a woman until there is money attached. Then it's a Mr. Canada alright."

The subject was threshed out pro and con without any resultant good being accomplished until the coffee arrived.

"Let's forget it," spoke up a good patriot. "I know where we can all turn the tables. I know a place where every woman can represent Canada by her money."

"I see it's going to be a case of 'heaping coals of fire' whatever it is," said the Cynic. "Let's have it."

"Well, it is Victory Bonds. Why should we all be discussing the matter of getting some money out of the country. None of us want to. We were just talking." The enthusiast waxed eloquent.

"But to be able to lend some money to our country—that's a privilege that will come to all of us very soon. I don't really believe many of us realize just what a fine thing it is to be able to buy stock in our own country. Remember it is our own country now, for this year we have all voted."

"Apropos of Victory Bonds," said the mere man, "I heard a most remarkable thing the other day."

"What was it?" asked feminine curiosity all at once.

"A bond dealer told me that 30 per cent. of the bonds brought them to be sold had never had the coupons detached."

"What coupons?" asked a fair-haired matron. "Tom gave me a Victory Bond, but I didn't know it had coupons."

She looked so beseeching that the business girls hadn't the heart to laugh outright. The mere man looked volumes.

"Well, it's a gold mine you have sure enough," replied Nora. "You get your bond and you'll find the nicest little coupons all around the edge and every one of them is real money."

"Real money?" queried the puzzled one. "I'm sure there is no such thing."

"Don't be silly. I mean what is as good as money," was the answer. "You cut those bonds off and go to any bank and they will give you real money for them."

"My bond is a thousand-dollar one. How much money will I get?"

"When did you get the bond?"

"Just about this time last year—when the campaign was on."

"Then on the first of November you can cash them for a whole year. Cut the ones off you should have last May, and then the ones marked 'November 1st' and you will have \$55 all at once."

"What will you do with it?" asked the patriot insinuatingly.

"Don't worry, darling. I'll buy another Victory Bond with it, if you say so. What makes you feel we should all buy bonds?"

"I do feel every woman should buy bonds this time," said the patriotic little woman. "I feel we should more this year than before because now we have the vote we must share some of the responsibilities of the country."

"Is that the only reason?" sniffed an "anti" who was present.

"Oh, goodness, no," she laughed. "There are such a lot of reasons. The fact that the country needs the money is one, and the fact that it is a fine investment for me is another."

"What does the country need the money for?" asked another woman.

"There are three big reasons. One is to defray the cost of demobilization. We were all glad to get our boys back, and now the expense must be met. Then there are the obligations to the soldiers and to the dependents of the fallen. None of us would repudiate that debt of honor. Lastly there is the necessity of Canada having enough money on hand to give credits to Great Britain so that she can buy our surplus food stuffs and keep the factories running."

"Is this the last Victory Loan?" asked a little September bride.

"Yes, the very last one, and the last chance we will have of buying bonds."

"I received some money as wedding presents that I think I will put into bonds," she said. "What interest do they pay?"

"Much more than a bank. They pay 5 1/2 per cent. Isn't that fine?" "Suppose I wanted my money suddenly, could I ever get it?" said the fair-haired woman, who had evidently been thinking.

"You could get it in short notice. Bonds are selling to-day for more than par, and there is never as many to sell as there are buyers wanting them."

"I know that is true," spoke up a business girl. "I needed some money last winter when I had to go to the hospital with the flu, and I cashed one of my hundred-dollar bonds. Do you know I got one hundred and five dollars for it!"

That argument cinched the affair. There will be several bonds bought as a result of that luncheon, and the little patriot went home feeling a glow of satisfaction over her converts.

## MOST EVERYONE USES THEM FOR THE STOMACH

They Act Quickly, and Make You Feel Lively as a Kid.

A crowning curative triumph in medicine is now given to the world, and all who have been sufferers from stomach ailments, indigestion and headache can be cured by a purely vegetable remedy.

Calomel, salts and such like are no longer necessary. They are harsh and disagreeable. Science has devised something far superior, and you can go today with 25c to any druggist and buy a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are considered the very quickest and safest cure for the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys.

Half sick men and women who scarcely know what ails them, will be given a new lease of life, with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Depressed spirit, disappear, headaches are forgotten, appetite increases, blood is purified and enriched, pains at the base of the spine are cured, the nerves are toned up, ambition to work is increased, and day by day the old-time health and vigor return.

A trial only is necessary to prove how beneficial Dr. Hamilton's Pills are to all who are weak, nervous, thin, depressed or in failing health.

cease November 1, there would be no agreement. The Mine workers threaten a general strike in the soft coal field on that date unless their demands are granted.

A New York church choir has gone on strike. The spirit of discord, it seems, has spread even to those who are supposed to furnish harmony.

With Paderewski in Poland and D'Annunzio leading a revolution in Fiume, poets and pianists seem to be making quite a racket.

## GLACE BAY PEOPLE SORE ON O'CONNOR

Glace Bay, N.S., Oct. 10—Glace Bay is up in arms over an alleged slight administered to the biggest town by W. F. O'Connor, Vice Chairman of the Board of Commerce who held an inquiry in Sydney yesterday. Glace Bay civic officials claim that they requested 'Conor to come to Glace Bay while he was in Cape Breton and allege that he replied that he would notify them of his coming to the Island. These officials were therefore much annoyed this morning to learn that the Commissioner had left for Halifax at the conclusion of the Sydney hearing without having communicated with them or recognized them in any way.

The town council and other organizations had made extensive preparations of data as to the high cost of living, which they were ready to present for O'Connor's inspection and they express keen disappointment over the outcome: The G. W. V. A. has called a special meeting of its executive to enter formal protest, and the town council is preparing telegrams of complaint to be forwarded to the Federal Government and the Nova Scotia members at Ottawa.

That slippery old law of supply and demand is still in the "missing" list.

Financially considered, this is an age bloated with ciphers.

Some men are such good regretters that they keep right on doing wrong just to show off how apologetic they can be.

## SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OVERCOME BY SAFE METHOD

SUGGESTIONS GIVEN WHEREBY INSOMNIA CAN BE SAFELY AND QUICKLY CURED.

Worry, overwork, overstudy and indigestion cause insomnia.

Healthy, natural sleep can't be produced by drugs.

First the blood circulation must be improved:

Congestion of blood in the head must be removed.

Irritation in the brain must be relieved.

It's because Ferrozone equalizes circulation, because it soothes the irritation, because it removes congestion that it does cure insomnia.

For building blood and nerve, for instilling force and life into over-worked organs, for establishing strength and vitality, where can you find anything so efficient as Ferrozone?

Remember, sleep is just as important as food.

You must sleep, or break down, but if you'll use Ferrozone and thereby remove the conditions which now keep you from sleep, you'll get well quickly.

Ferrozone is not a narcotic, not a dope; it is a health-giving tonic that any child or delicate woman can use. Absolutely safe is Ferrozone.

Take it for a month, take it for a year—no harm, but immeasurable good will result.

To sleep well, look well, feel well, to be free from depression, nervousness or blues—use Ferrozone. It's a food tonic, a healer to the weak and wretched, a boon to the sleepless—sold in 50c. boxes, six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct from The Catarrh-ozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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