

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH LETTY

"I am going shopping dear," I answered Letty when she asked me if I were going to be busy. "but you come over and we'll have a little chat and then, if you like, go shopping with me."

"But I want to see you alone."

"Well, Eliene is going to be out all morning on her Red Cross work and I think she's going to luncheon with Major Gordon."

"I'm afraid I cannot leave His Honor long enough to go shopping, but I'll run over and talk to you while you're getting ready."

"Don't tie yourself down too much, Letty. Dad will never get well and go out if you pamper and humor him all the time. He seemed to have a splendid time last night playing bridge."

"Sometimes, Margot, I feel as if I never wanted to leave him a minute."

"You're a dear," I said, as I hung up the receiver.

I had never worn my blue Tricolette which I had had made in New York, but today it seemed the only thing I could wear in my happy mood. As I put it out on the bed I caught myself humming, a thing I hadn't done since Theo and I had quarreled about his drinking.

My song was interrupted by Letty's arrival.

"Oh, what a stunning green negligee, and look at the dear little pink buds. And see the pink and green 'underneathies'!" she exclaimed as I slipped out of my negligee and reached for my pink blouse, saying:

"Yes, I'm pink and green all through, for today I want to revel in beautiful things."

"Are you going down to buy more pretties?"

"Yes, for the rooms."

"I wish I might go with you, because I received the plans for refurbishing last night from the decorator and I want your advice about many things. Some of the furniture and decorations he wants me to have I know will not look a bit like me."

Letty hesitated for a moment and then said:

"But first, Margot dear, I want your advice about a very personal thing, which I hate to speak of—in fact I would not speak of it if I were sure of my own judgment."

"Mercy, Letty, is it as serious as that?"

"I'm not quite sure whether it's serious or just silly. If I were on the stage I would think it quite a joke, but you see I haven't been one of your protected women long enough to understand just how you would consider it and I'm so afraid of offending someone or doing the wrong thing."

"Good gracious, what's it all about, Letty?"

"Well, you see, Margot, Dr. Robert has been coming to see His Honor for a long time and he has been so wonderful that your father has grown to depend upon him like a son. He can hardly get along without him."

"Of course I noticed that he was being increasingly nice to me, but thought nothing of it because you have all been that way."

"While you were in New York His Honor insisted several times that I make a few calls with Dr. Robert so that I might get the air, as he thought I was too much in the house. I felt at perfect liberty to go and you know how formal Dr. Robert is as a rule."

"The other night His Honor sent for him because he had an acute pain which he thought was in his heart. Dr. Robert came, helped me put him to bed, and found that it was merely an attack of indigestion. We both sat there until he dropped asleep and I thought Robert was not quite himself, and decided he had probably had a hard day and was tired. Finally he said with a sigh:

"I think I shall go to the club for a sandwich. It has just occurred to me that I have forgotten to eat any dinner."

"I was conscience stricken for calling him just at dinner time, and finally persuaded him to let me prepare a little lunch. I knew that Bridget had gone to bed long ago. I had the luncheon nearly ready when he came out to the kitchen and said:

"You are full of surprises, Letty. I never would have supposed that you could cook."

"Why not? Besides, one does not have to be a cook to prepare a luncheon. Anyone can make an omelette. I cooked half my own meals in my room over a gas jet before I was married, and I was taught to cook when I was a child."

"One of the economies that theatrical people of small salaries have to practice is the preparing of their own meals, for the most part over the gas in their rooms and with the keyhole stopped for fear the smell of cooking will get into the halls."

"How kind most of us are. I have never ceased to admire and envy the commissioner his discernment in finding you when everyone else would have sworn that your like could not be found!"

"I was naturally pleased that Dr. Robert approved of me, and answered: 'Do you really think so?'"

(Tomorrow—"Things Can Never be the Same.")

LOWER QUEENSBURY

Lower Queensbury, Aug. 28.—The weather has been quite changeable of late with frequent showers which put a stop to the haying operations to a certain extent.

Clarence Dykeman and Stanley Jordan made a fly-trip to the city today. Clarence Dykeman and son Eldon are at present working on the Burden bridge which is undergoing repairs.

Henry Cliff of Burden has returned to his home after spending a few days with friends here.

Viola Gunter has returned home after spending a few weeks visiting friends at Traceyville, and will now take charge of the school in this place.

Messrs Fred and Cecil Gunter attended a dance at Lower Kingsclear, last evening, which was held at the home of Mr. Howard McLaughlin.

Mrs. Oldenbury of Fredericton is visiting her daughter Mrs. Robert Jordan of this place.

Mr. Larn Brown, has purchased a

IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

Some Senators are tearing their shirts over Shantung who a few weeks or months ago didn't know whether it was a new laundry or a brand of chewing gum.—Los Angeles Times.

\$10,000 FOR A SNUFF BOX.

London, Aug. 27.—Admiral Sir Edward Berry's gold snuff box, painted with the Battle of the Nile, and a group of letters to Admiral Berry from Lord Nelson, realized \$10,250 at a sale.

A UNIONIST CANDIDATE.

Sunderland, Ont., Aug. 28.—W. J. Owen, of Leamington, was selected as the Unionist candidate in North Ontario for the Dominion Parliament at a Unionist convention here yesterday.

A new Ford car, and in the future intends to show some of the natives a wrinkle or two.

Miss Ruby Jordan enjoyed a very pleasant car ride on Sunday last.

LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

(New York Sun)

It was at a local Red Cross meeting, where good souls, with more or less nimble and less or more accurate fingers, divide the time about equally between work and chat. One reckless member volunteered a remark about a recent society event, where everything was very—as she pronounced it—"re-church."

"Pardon me," said the chairwoman, the patronizing type often found in charity circles, "I dislike to correct you, but I am, as you know, a bit of a purist, and I cannot help telling you that the word is properly pronounced 'reck-er-shee.'"

More or Less

The children at the recreation centre were being examined by the young physician. Eyes, ears, nose throat received careful scrutiny. Then followed a series of questions about home conditions, parents, previous illnesses, &c. Beside the physician sat a file clerk who made notes of the answers the children gave. The Woman arrived on the scene just as Toby came into the doctors hands.

Toby was seven but small for his age. He had fair hair and bright blue eyes. He didn't wear the scared expression of so many of the children when they came up for examination. He wasn't afraid and he answered without hesitating. But when the physician asked, "Have you ever had the measles?" Toby remained silent. The doctor waited a moment, then repeated, "Have you ever had the measles?" And Toby reflectively answered, "Not many."

She Knew Her Capacity

A group of giggling factory girls took noisy possession of the surface car at Fifth Street. The Woman made room beside her, or one of their number, a very short, very stocky little figure, with a care-lined face and humorous, gray-blue eyes. The girl, whom her companions called Katie, accepted the proffered seat, and over the top of a huge, well-filled paper bag she was hugging to her breast thanked the Woman with a wide, friendly smile.

"Me an' my lady friends, we're all going to the park," volunteered Katie presently.

Then noting the curious glances the Woman was casting in the direction of the bag: "That's stuff I bring for me to eat. Wanna see?" And she allowed the Woman a peep.

Such a heterogeneous collection of edibles! Thick sandwiches of dark rye bread, cold boiled beef, hard boiled eggs, dill pickles, cake, cucumbers, tomatoes and quantities of fruit.

Katie dug a juicy, red plum from the depths of the bag and held it toward the Woman. "Go ahead—take," she urged. "It's good."

The Woman "took" and ventured timidly, "But you can't possibly eat all that food yourself, can you?"

"Sure I could eat it all," answered Katie with a deprecatory glance at the modest package each of the other girls was carrying. "Didn't I tell you, before, Lady," she reminded the Woman, and there was just a hint of reproach in her guttural voice. "I'm going out on the fresh air?"

Once Upon a Time

The Woman was week-ending in a popular summer resort. Two hours away from New York. To be sure it was quieter than the city, but there was a great deal more noise than she had counted on. The last straw seemed to be a male quartet. True enough the voices blended harmoniously, but—"For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together"—sung lustily after midnight is not conducive to sleep. So she went to the window to get a glimpse of the singers. Through the trellised roof of the back porch she saw four old men, three white haired, one bald. They sat on a long wooden bench at a bare table, their bodies rocking to and fro as they sang.

Just then the waiter approached, carrying on his tray four tall lemonades. As he placed them on the table before the four old men their singing ceased abruptly. They sat looking at the glasses soberly. Then in a low tone the bald headed man began to sing while the others took up the refrain: "Gone are the days—"

THE DANGER.

The microbes in the lover's kiss Are dangerous, it is said. There seems to be some truth in this—For some kissing lovers wed.

A man never realizes how high a fence he can jump until he is badly scared.

An old bachelor says that widows are the only second hand things that sell at par.

Appearances are deceptive. The girl who has the most cheek doesn't do the most blushing.

HIGH COST OF ROCKING EVEN IN A CHAIR

(New York Sun.)

The Woman likes old fashioned furniture. She likes the plain, straight lines, the lovely curves, the wood polished with use and the general air of "lived withness" and sociability. She is a hunter of auction rooms, a poker in attics, and she has always hopes for a "find" with a story. So Madison avenue these days is a real temptation, and she couldn't help stopping to look at some old rush bottomed chairs that stood outside one shop, and especially at a perfect love of a "rocker." It had short little legs and a high straight back and the shortest, stumpest of rockers. You were sure it had soothed babies and rested many tired heads. It was a real home chair.

A young man and his best girl came along and stopped. He, too, seemed interested in the rocker. He, too, appeared interested in the rocker. He gave it a little push and it bobbed gently.

"That's a nice chair, Mary," he said. "Of course it isn't new, but I like it. Yes, that's an awfully nice chair. I'd like it for you," and he looked at the girl, who smiled at him adoringly.

"Say," he called to the man who stood in the doorway, "How much is that old rocker?"

"Thirty-five dollars," answered the dealer in the bored voice of one who answers without hope of a sale.

"What did you say?" asked the chap in tones of one who didn't intend to be gayed.

"Thirty-five dollars," repeated the dealer, turning away into the store.

The questioner glared after him and then looked back at the chair. Suddenly he began to laugh. He tucked the girl's arm a little closer in his.

"Come on, Mary," he said, "that big boob thinks I'm asking him his rent."

DON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

Muggins—Many a fellow doesn't know when he is well off.

Buggins—The same difficulty doesn't confront him in knowing when he isn't.

Many a fellow's aim in life is restricted to shooting off his mouth about it.

When Father is dragged into the parlor and told the company wants to see him, too, it is one proof that the family regards the guest as a bore.

When an amateur singer announces that she will sing a certain song "by request" she should give the name of the one who requested it, so the audience will know where to place the blame.

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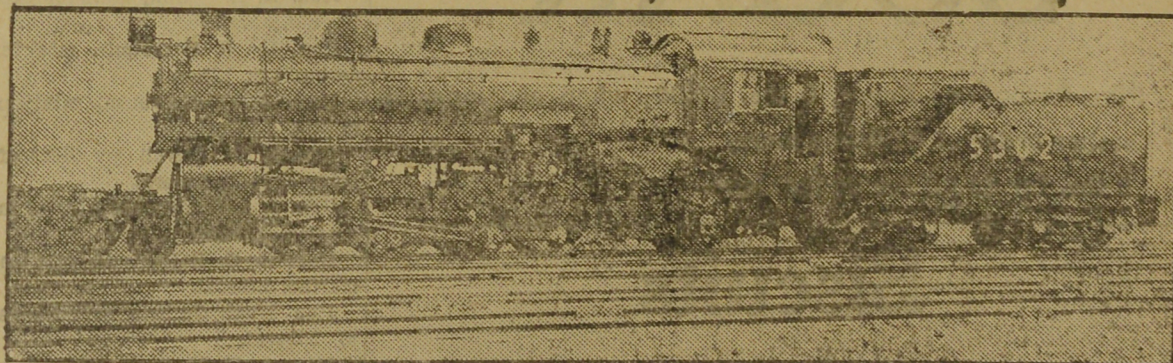
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New Giant C.P.R. Locomotive



One of the largest locomotives ever built for use on Canadian railways have been under construction for some time at the C.P.R. Angus Shops in Montreal, and one of these, No. 5302, was inspected the other day by President E. W. Beatty, and Vice-President Grant Hall. These locomotives are of the heavy Mikado type and are intended for freight service, being designed and built under the direct supervision of Mr. W. H. Winterrowd, the Chief Mechanical Engineer.

The weight of the engine and tender in working condition is 500,000 lbs., the engine alone weighing 323,000 lbs. The diameter of the driving wheels is 63 inches. The cylinders are 25½ inches in diameter by 32-inch stroke, which with 200-lbs. boiler pressure makes these locomotives capable of exerting a maximum tractive effort of 35,000 lbs. The diameter of the boiler is 80 inches at the front end and 90 inches at the back end. The fire box is 84 inches wide and 120 inches long, and the grates are moved by steam grate shakers.

The cab is of the vestibule type, which is the C.P.R. standard, and every effort has been made to make the accommodations for the engine-men as comfortable as possible. One side of the cab is fitted with a clothes locker 14 inches by 20 inches wide, in which clothes can be hung and lunch pails carried.

The tender has a capacity for 12 tons of coal and 8,000 Imperial gallons of water.



President E. W. Beatty and Vice-President Grant Hall, of the C. P. R. snapped after inspecting the new engine.