

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

ROBERT DISAPPROVES

"My dear Mrs. Symone," said Major Gordon when he heard the story of the collision Eliene and I had had, "I shudder to think of this accident without your rescuer-in-chief at hand."

Eliene said: "Oh, Margot is always lucky. We didn't need a rescuer, but a repair man, and he was right on the job."

I hadn't see Major Gordon since I had been ill and he seemed quite concerned at my paleness, saying:

"Where has your color gone? I can only think of an Easter lily when I look at you."

Again I contrasted his remark with that of Theo just before I went down stairs:

"Gee, Margot, you look ghastly. Haven't you any rouge? You're almost a stranger without color."

I thought to myself: "The nature of a man's remarks depends upon whether or not you are married to him. If not, he flatters you even while he is expressing sympathy. If he is married to you he is apt to be brutally frank."

Frankness is an uncomfortable possession, for we are apt to unload it only on those we love best.

I asked Major Gordon about Mrs. Charlton and he told me that she had decided not to come to the water cure. "She asked about you in her last letter," he said, "and said that she missed you. I can understand this, as I have missed you more than I thought I could miss anyone, since you have been ill. You always bring with you, my dear Mrs. Margot, a flip to my imagination; you make the world seem a more beautiful place to live in."

"Major Gordon," I said, "I am going to ask you something which I have meant to ask for some time, and you need not tell me about it if you do not care to, but did you once know a girl of whom I remind you?"

The Major looked at me in great surprise, and growing a little white under his tan, said simply, "Yes."

My hands went out to his and he clasped them trembling. We were sitting in the conservatory. Before our hands unclasped, Robert and Letty came to the door, evidently looking for me.

"Why child," I said, "your eyes are glowing and your cheeks are pink."

"Yes, after we left his Honor, Dr. Robert had to make another call and took me with him, and although he exceeded the speed limit, we're a little late. I'm sorry."

Dear Letty evidently had not noticed the hand-clasp, but Robert looked very grave and reproachful. He had evidently happened upon something of which he did not approve.

"I'm glad you have come, because the Major has been waiting all evening to dance with you. I'm afraid, Robert, you will have to exchange the company of the prettiest young matron in town for that of your sister-in-law."

The Major arose with alacrity, and offering his arm to Letty they passed through the door, while Robert seated himself at my side with great solemnity.

"Say, who is Major Gordon anyway? How long have you and Theo known him? He's a devil with the women, isn't he? Or is it just his uniform?"

"Not wholly, Robert, he makes himself agreeable to young married women—something you are not doing right now."

"His specialty seems to be in making himself agreeable to young married women. I can't quite understand why you butted him in on my dance with Mrs. Lafferty. He seemed to be quite content and happy as we came in."

"Perhaps that is just the reason," I said, and although I knew Robert thought the Major and I were deep in a flirtation from the little tableau he had just witnessed, I did not feel called upon to explain. "Why don't you take me in, Robert, if you want to dance so badly? I can remember the time when you thought me the best dancer in town."

"That was before I knew Mrs. Lafferty," said Robert with the first grin since he had come into the conservatory.

"You have a sense of humor, after all, haven't you?"

"I thought I had lost it when you became my sister, but I am gradually regaining it."

If Letty had been anyone else but my father's wife, I would have slyly said to him: "With Mrs. Lafferty's help?"

However I was spared any more sparring by Theo's appearance on the scene.

(Tomorrow—"Joy Comes at Day's End.")

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS

New York, N. Y., Aug. 15.—A girl baby with four arms and four legs was born at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, last night to Mrs. Mary Pietrafesa, of No. 1704 East New York avenue, Brooklyn.

Dr. DeJanis, who attended at the birth, told a newspaperman today that the mother and child are in excellent condition and that there is no reason why the baby should not grow up.

"The extra legs are attached just above the normal ones," he said, "and the extra arms are just below the nor-

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S.S. CASSANDRA AT QUEBEC

Quebec, Aug. 19.—The Cunard liner Cassandra, from Liverpool, docked at this port at six o'clock. She had something over one thousand passengers on board, among whom were approximately 21 officers, 490 other ranks, 328 dependents and 162 cabin passengers.

mal ones. All four of the extra limbs are of normal size and shape."

LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

(New York Sun)

The visitor to the military hospital was making her usual round of inquiry, asking the patients if there were any comforts they especially wished, to make a report of their needs to the proper committee. Many preferred to pay for their own modest commissions and had the money ready. They wished to avoid even the semblance of charity.

In the middle of the ward lay a negro lad. With a cheerful grin he responded promptly to the questions of the visitor. "Well, fo' one thing, I want a bottle of perfume," and he named an expensive variety.

"But that costs so much," warned the visitor. "Don't you think some other kind will do as well?"

"Tain't mo' than ten dollars, is it?" and the boy drew out his wallet. "An' I'd like mighty well to have two pounds of pecan nuts dipped in chocolate. And a cake of Cashmere Bookette soap." Whereupon he handed out a twenty dollar bill, remarking gaily, "Yo all jes' keep the change and give hit to some po' guy what ain't got the dough to buy luxuries."

It Ran in the Family

It was little Mary's first week at a small kindergarten summer school which had just opened, and she was full of wonder and curiosity at the fact that one of her small school mates was a tiny Japanese maiden of six.

She was an everlasting source of mystery and novelty to Mary, but the climax was reached when one day she brought her baby brother to school—a veritable Japanese cherub of three. Mary could barely wait until she reached home to tell Mother the wonderful news.

"Mother," she gasped, "you know we have a little girl in school and she's a 'Jap-a-nee.' But, Mother, that's not all. She has a little brother and what do you think? Even he's a 'Jap-a-nee,' too!"

Organdy Shoulder Braces

Popular as organdy is, the Woman never dreamed to what lengths its vogue could go until the other day she met a friend who up to this season has been decidedly stoop shouldered. Even before the "debutante

slouch" became fashionable this particular girl stood with concave chest and a clinging vine droop. The epidemic of square, severely straight shoulders that followed the uniform craze had apparently no effect upon her languid pose. And sad to relate her two small daughters evinced a tendency to stand just as droopily as did their mother. But now all is changed. Their straight, flat shoulders and high held heads would delight a sergeant-major of the Regulars.

"It is all on account of organdy sashes with butterfly bows," explained the young matron when the Woman saw her for the first time in several months. "You start out all beautiful fresh with bow loops crisp and perky as can be—then if you forget and slump down in a chair—smash goes the bow. It's entirely a case of bow preservation that has made us reform. I just have to sit up straight, and I've worn organdy so much this year I've acquired the habit. You know you can't look over your own shoulder to see if sash loops still retain their pristine crispness if you don't hold your head up."

"As for the youngsters," she continued, smiling fondly at the two plump little girls at her side, "I'm going to keep them in organdy frocks till I'm sure they have forgotten how to be round shouldered. I give them prizes for keeping their sash bows crisp—it's lots nicer than nagging at them to 'stand straight.'"

Tony is such a trial—Tony with his brown doggy eyes and his feet that always gets mixed up with the tables and his memory that takes no account of silverware and always forgets the butter.

"Tony," said the Woman one day not long since, as she sadly struggled with cold and leathery toast. "Tony, won't you try to remember please, to bring my things on hot plates? It makes my breakfast so much nicer." Tony beamed. "Hot plates. I remember. Keep breakfast hot. I bring hot plates tomorrow."

She breathed a sigh of relief. It isn't often that one can put over an idea to Tony so quickly.

But shades of hot plates! The next morning Tony, with his doggiest most pleased expression, came proudly sail-

FORD SATISFIED WITH VERDICT FOR SIX CENTS

Mt. Clemens, Mich., Aug. 19.—Henry Ford is not an anarchist. A jury which for 3 months has listened to the accusations hurled at the great manufacturer said by their verdict that when the Chicago Tribune printed its famous editorial, "Ford is an Anarchist," it committed a libel.

"We find for the plaintiff in the case," said the foreman of the jury, which has been wrestling with the problem for 10 hours, "and award to Henry Ford a nominal verdict of six cents."

On behalf of Mr. Ford, Alfred J. Lucknow, his counsel, issued the following statement:

"The jury has determined the issue. Mr. Ford stands vindicated. The money damages are entirely subordinate and not sought by Mr. Ford. He stands not only vindicated, but his attitude as an American citizen has been justified after a trial which raised every issue against him that ingenuity and research could present. His friends are entirely satisfied."

GOOD ADVICE.

Wife (stylishly dressed for matinee) Tell me the quickest way to get to the theatre.

Hubby—Put on a wider skirt.

ing in with a cantaloupe on a plate that had been sitting all night on the equator!



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 Dogherty 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.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Notice is hereby given, that the public schools of the city will be reopened on TUESDAY MORNING, the 26th instant. Permits may be obtained at the office of the School Board, in the High School building, on and after the 19th instant.

Before issuing a permit the Secretary must be furnished with a physician's certificate, or other satisfactory evidence of vaccination. (See Schools Act.)

Parents will take notice that children who will not have reached the age of six years by the 16th day of September next, cannot be admitted.

By order, CHAS. A. SAMPSON, Secretary.

Official Board School Trustees, Fredericton, Aug. 11, 1919.

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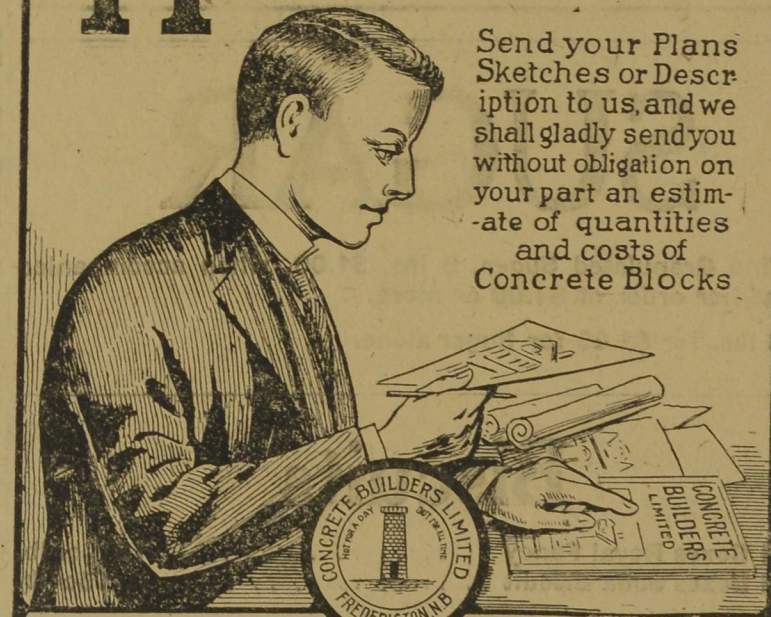
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