



The Wife Who **Wasn't Wanted**

Washt Wanted

By DOROTHY A.F. MARCELL

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"THE FE WHO WASN'T WANTED" with Irene Rich is a picturization of this nove!

It is the morning of Bob Mannering's twenty-first Dirthday and he lousness to the rights of others, a and Marjorie Patterson have greeted each other by climbing to the tops of ladders on either side of the wall separating the two estates.

Marjorie posed him and finally a conviction that money would buy anything. True, much it had brought him, but certainly gives Bob a golf bag she has crocheted for him. He is just starting to kiss her when her ladder falls.

Mr. Blesdoe, whose son is to be tried that morning, calls to see John Mannering, District Attorney, who is Bob's father, and John, urged by Eileen, his wife, meets him.

CHAPTER 2—Continued

Continued from page 2)

Cross Point à St. Jean l'Evangeliste, soit sur une distance de 23 milles en-viron, attendu qu'il leur est impossible, vu les circonstances plutôt défavorable à la majorité des habitants de ce territoire, d'entreprendre la construction de ce chemin et qu'une copie de cette ré olution soit envoyée au Ministre de la colonization à Mtre P. E. Coté M. P. P.

Proposé par le maire Gilker, secondé par le maire Ferlatte que les comptes suivantes soient approuves et payés.

Campbellton Graphic, \$13.15

T. J. Moore 8.55

Frais de voyage (Transport) 160.00

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Proposé par le maire Gilker qu'a sa session du mois de mars, 1926, ce conseil adopte un réglement pour prélever une somme d'environ sept mille cinq cents doilars, (\$7500.00), mille cinq cents doilars

Obsessed from early youth with a desire for power, he had devoted himself to the accumulation of money, which to his mind was the same thing. A man of untiring energy, resource A man of untiring energy, resource and vision, success had crowned his efforts in a remarkable degree. Now, a millionaire, vast industrial establishments were not only a monument to his ability but a blessing to the community. Yet, the very trait of acquisitiveness which had led to this happy enal was not an unmixed virtual of the control of the con SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS happy goal was not an unmixed virtue. It had bred, as the years sped

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UNDERWEAR

Bonaventure

County Council

District Attorney, who is Boo's lattict, and John, urged by Eileen, his wife, meets him.

CHAPTER 2—Continued

"I'll see the gent.eman in a moment, Mary," he told the maid and delayed to favor his wife with a look of comic-dismay.

"It's just as well for the laws of this land, Eileen, that it's not your business to see that they are enforced. That kind heart of yours would be the jet of the criminal classes."

L Redsee was a self made man.

G. M. KEMPFFER, Secrétaire-trésorier. Du Conseil le Comté de Bonaventure.

BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS

Moncton, Oct. 9.—Edward Roberts MacLeod, son of Murdoch MacLeod, of this city, died last night in Sydney Hospital after an illness which has lasted for three weeks. Mr. Mac-Leod, who was born here Nov. 9, 1899, had not resided in this city for some years but will be remembered by a host of friends.

On October 1 his condition was

such that blood transfusions were necessary and his brother, Harry Mac-Leod, of this city, submitted to the "What?" cried Bledsoe as if he operation. The patient rallied for a week but last night another transfusion was necessary and Mr. Keyes,

fusion was necessary and Mr. Keyes,

"Happened to be out this way, Superintendent of the Warren BitumMannering—hadn't seen you for a inous Paving Company, by whom Mr.
long time. Thought I'd drop in for MacLeod was employed, gave 18
a chat—get the latest news on the ounces of blood but without effect, the
election and get a peak at your place. latter passing away about 11 o'clock.
By Jove, its nice—my wife says it His father, Murdoch MacLeod, was
causes her to sin—she says she covets present at the time of his death and
it, every time she goes by," he rattled Mrs. T. H. Howard, a sister, was enon with the friendliness of an old route with Mr. Howard to Sydney,
acquaintance. "Don't want to sell— Another sister Mrs. E. C. Chapman,
ch?"

Lolin shook his head and smiled a brother, Murdoch. John shook his head and smiled, a brother, Murdoch.
ut it was a watchful smile.

The funeral arrangements have not

but it was a watchful smile.

"No?—well, I don't blame you, been completed as yet.

If I had it, you couldn't get it away from me with dynamite." Now a casual thought seemed to strike him.

Arrangements have casual thought seemed to strike him.

"Er—by the way, Mannering, this is the morning the trial of my son comes pleted for the sale of fourteen square miles of timber at La Nouvelle in Bonaventure County, which will take Bledsoe's shaggy brows got nothing pected that there will be four or five for its pains. for its pains. lumber accident—a deal.

sad affair which has caused me much "That is for the jury to decide, unhappiness. It was a pity—a very Mr. Bledsoe. I shall simply lay great pity the man was hurt."

unhappiness. It was a pity—a very great pity the man was hurt."

Bledsoe hesitated, but as John displayed no disposition to speak, went on.

"I tell my wife and I tell you, too, Mannering, we can't have automobiles without accidents. And don't forget it—the automobile has come to stay—we can't get along without it." With a gesture of hopelessness Bledsoe indicated the price his fellow citizens were doomed to pay for the blessing of the motor car.

John might have been the Sphinx for any expression of opinion he gave on this sage deduction.

"Take my son," Bledsoe continued "Mannering!" Bledsoe's face twiched with feeling. "I can't bear to have Harry humiliated like that. He is proud; it will be a terrible ordeal for him to undergo. Great for him in jail, would you?" "I am sorry for you, Bledsoe,—very sorry. But had I the same evidence against my son, that I have against yours, I should insist that he be sentenced.

"Mannering!" Bledsoe's face twiched with feeling. "I can't bear to have Harry humiliated like that. He is proud; it will be a terrible ordeal for him to undergo. Great for him to all the evidence in my possession before them."

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"Mannering!" Bledsoe burst forth incredulously.
"Itake my son," Bledsoe continued with spirit. "As fine a boy as ever lived—they don't come better, Mannering. Well, there he was, tending to his own business—driving along—a little fast, perhaps. He had a date with a girl and you know how those things go—he had to get there. Well, be turned a corner and there—profit in his path. Mannering, was a man' who meant exactly what hat man—an inactive old man toddling along—can you beat it? What ling along-can you beat it? What and circumspection.

cou'd Harry do? What could you or I "Of course, I understand your posicould Harry do? What could you or I have done under the same circumstances. Harry felt bad, of course—I never saw him any more broken up over anything. But that wouldn't help matters. I tell you, Mannering, the real crime—the only crime in that matter—was in letting the old man out alone."

There came an ominous change in John's manner, but evidently the glance from beneath these shaggy brows failed to catch its meaning.

"Of course, the trial this morning will be no more than a matter of form—th Mannering?"

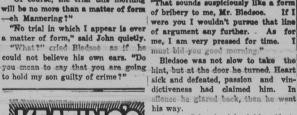
"No trial in which I appear is ever a matter of form," said John quietly. "What?" cried Bledsoc as if he could not believe his own ears. "Do

"Bledsoe was not slow to take the

could not believe his own ears.

could not believe his own ears. "Do to hold my son guilty of crime?"





the breakfast room under no misap-prehensions. He was certain that he had made an enemy, a powerful and ruthless one, too.
"You heard?" he said as he sank

into his chair. She nodded. The connecting door had been ajar and already she blamed herself for having insisted that he re-

"I'm sorry, dear -, (To be continued)



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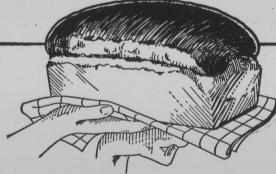
(Sgd.) JAS. W. McDAVID, Aug. 20-8w. Secretary to Trustees

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