

EXCUSE ME!
RUPERT HUGHES
 NOVELIZED FROM THE
 COMEDY OF THE SAME
 NAME.
 ILLUSTRATED FROM
 PHOTOGRAPHS OF
 THE PLAY AS PRODUCED
 BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.
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(Continued from Last Week)

ages seemed to pass, and Marjorie had not even a suggestion. By this time Marjorie's temper had evaporated, and when he said: "If we could only stop at some town for half an hour," she said: "Maybe the conductor would hold the train for us."

"I hardly think he would."

"He looks like an awfully nice man. You ask him."

"Oh, what's the use?"

Marjorie was getting tired of depending on this charming young man with the very bad luck. She decided to assume command herself. She took recourse naturally to the original feminine methods: "I'll take care of him," she said, with resolution. "A woman can get a man to do almost anything if she flirts a little with him."

"Marjorie!"

"Now, don't you mind anything I do. Remember, it's all for love of you—even if I have to kiss him."

"Marjorie, I won't permit—"

"You have no right to boss me—yet. You subside." She gave him the merest touch, but he fell backward into a chair, utterly agast at the shameless siren into which desperation had altered the timid little thing he thought he had chosen to love. He was being rapidly initiated into the complex and versatile and fearfully wonderful thing a woman really is, and he was saying to himself: "What have I married?" forgetting, for the moment, that he had not married her yet, and that therein lay the whole trouble.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delliah and the Conductor.

Like the best of women and the worst of men, Marjorie was perfectly willing to do evil, that good might come of it. She advanced on the innocent conductor, as the lady from Sorek must have sidled up to Samson, coquetting with one arch hand and snipping the shears with the other.

The stupefied Mallory saw Marjorie in a startling imitation of herself at her sweetest; only now it was brazen mimicry, yet how like! She went forward as the shyest young thing in the world, pursed her lips into an ecstatic simper, and began on the unsuspecting official:

"Isn't the country perfectly—"

"Yes, but I'm getting used to it," the conductor growled, without looking up.

His curt indifference jolted Marjorie a trifle, but she rallied her forces, and came back with: "How long do we stop at Ogden?"

"Five minutes," very bluntly.

Marjorie poured maple syrup on her tone, as she purred: "This train of yours is an awfully fast train, isn't it?"

"Sort of," said the conductor, with just a trace of thaw. What followed made him hold his breath, for the outrageous little hussy was actually saying: "The company must have a great deal of confidence in you to entrust the lives and welfare of so many people to your presence of mind and courage."

"Well, of course, I can't say as to that—"

Even Marjorie was melting fast as Marjorie went on with relentless treacle:

"Talk about soldiers and firemen and life-savers! I think it takes a braver man than any of those to be a conductor—really."

"Well, it is a kind of a responsible job." The conductor swelled his chest a little at that, and Marjorie felt that he was already hers. She hammered the weak spot in his armor, followed by: "Responsible! I should say it is. Mr. Mallory is a soldier, but soldiers are such ferocious, destructive people, while conductors save lives, and—if I were only a man I think it would be my greatest ambition to be a conductor—especially on an overland express."

The conductor told the truth when he confessed: "Well, I never heard it put just that way." Then he spoke with a little more pride, hoping to increase the impression he felt he was making: "The main thing, of course, is to get my train through on time!"

This was a facher. He was going to get his train through on time just to oblige Marjorie. She stammered: "I don't suppose the train, by any accident, would be delayed in leaving Ogden?"

"Not if I can help it," the hero averred, to reassure her.

"I wish it would," Marjorie murmured.

The conductor looked at her in surprise: "Why, what's it to you?" She turned her eyes on him at full candid power, and smiled:

"Oh, I just wanted to do a little shopping there."

"Shopping! While the train waits! Excuse me!" Marjorie fluttered, "by a sad mistake, my baggage isn't on the train. And I haven't any—any—I really need to buy some—some things very badly. It's awfully embarrassing so to be without them."

"I can imagine," the conductor mumbled. "Why don't you and your husband drop off and take the next train?"

"My husband—Mr. Mallory has to be in San Francisco by tomorrow night. He just has to!"

"So have I!"

"But to oblige me? To save me from distress—don't you think you could?" Like a sweet little child she twisted one of the brass buttons on his coat sleeve, and wheedled: "Don't you think you might hold the train just a little tiny half hour?"

He was sorry, but he didn't see how he could. Then she took his breath away again, by asking, out of a clear sky: "Are you married?"

"He was as awkward as if she had proposed to him, she answered for him: "Oh, but of course you are. The women wouldn't let a big, handsome, noble brave giant like you escape long."

He mopped his brow in agony as she went on: "I'm sure you're a very chivalrous man. I'm sure you would give your life to rescue a maiden in distress. Well, here's your chance. Won't you please hold the train?"

She actually had her cheek almost against his shoulder, though she had poise atop to reach him. Marjorie's dismay was changing to a boiling rage, and the conductor was a pitiable combination of Saint Anthony and Tantalus. "I—I'd love to oblige you," he mumbled, "but it would be as much as my job's worth."

"How much is that?" Marjorie asked, and added reassuringly, "If you lost your job I'm sure my father would get you a better one."

"Maybe," said the conductor, "but I got this one."

Then his rolling eyes caught sight of the supposed husband gesticulating wildly and evidently clearing for action. He warned Marjorie: "Say, your husband is motioning at you."

"Don't mind him," Marjorie urged, "just listen to me. I implore you!"

Seeing that he was still resisting, she played her last card, and, crying, "Oh, you can't resist my prayers so cruelly," she threw her arms around his neck, sobbing, "Do you want to break my heart?"

Mallory rushed into the scene and the conductor, tearing Marjorie's arms loose, retreated, gasping, "No! and I don't want your husband to break my head."

Mallory dragged Marjorie away, but she shook her little fist at the conductor, crying: "Do you refuse? Do you dare refuse?"

"I've got to," the conductor objected, "I insist."

Marjorie blazed with fury and the siren became a Scylla. "Then I'll see that my father gets you discharged, if you dare to speak to me again, I'll order my husband to throw you off this train. To think of being refused a simple little favor by a mere conductor! of a stupid old emigrant train!"

Then she hurled herself into a chair and pounded her heels on the floor in a tantrum that paralyzed Mallory. Even the conductor tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You have my sympathy."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Dog-on-Dog Again.

As the conductor left the Mallory to the care of his device, it rushed over him anew what sacrifice had been attempted—a fool bride had asked him to stop the Trans-American of all trains!—to go shopping of all things!

He stormed into the smoking room to open the safety valve of his wrath, and found the porter just coming out of the buffet cell with a tray, two hot-water-stemmed glasses and a bottle swaddled in a napkin.

"Say, Ellsworth, what in — do you suppose that female back there wants?—wants me to hold the Trans-American while—"

But the porter was in a hurry himself. He was about to serve champagne, and he cut the conductor short: "Scuse me, boss, but they's a lot in couple in the stateroom forward that is in a powerful hurry for this. I can't talk to you now. I'll see you later." And he swaggered off, leaving the door of the buffet open.

The conductor paused to close it, glanced in, started, stared, glared, roared: "What's this! Well, I'll be— a dog smuggled in here! I'll break that coon's head. Come out of there, you miserable or'nary bound." He seized the incredulous Snoozeleums by the scruff of his neck, growling, "It's you for the baggage car ahead," and dashed out with his prey, just as Mallory, now getting new bearings on Marjorie's character, spoke across the rampart of his Napoleonic folds arms:

"Well, you're a nice one!—making violent love to a conductor before my very eyes. A minute more and I would have—"

She silenced him with a snap: "Don't you speak to me! I hate you! I hate all men. The more I know men the more I like—" this reminded her, and she asked anxiously: "Where is Snoozeleums?"

Mallory, impatient at the shift of subject, snapped back: "Oh, I left him in the buffet with the waiter. What I want to know is how you dare to—"

"Was it a colored waiter?"

"Of course. But I'm not speaking of—"

"But suppose he should bite him?"

"Oh, you can't hurt those nigger waiters. I started to say—"

"But I can't have Snoozeleums biting colored people. It might not agree with him. Get him at once."

Mallory trembled with suppressed rage like an overloaded boiler, but he gave up and growled: "Oh, Lord, all right. I'll get him when I've finished—"

(Continued)

Your Mother Will Be Pleased

with this tea. Tell her I recommend it, for I use it in my own home. Show her the Guarantee on the label, and I know she will be glad to try it.



"You'll like the flavor"

School Sanitation

(Continued from page 6)

"Our common fleas have little fleas Upon their backs to bite them, These little fleas have less fleas And so ad infinitum."

The microscope has recently enabled us to discover that the most, to and house fly, are among the deadliest enemies of our race. The combined destructiveness of all the tigers which prowl in India's jungles, and the lions of Africa, has been practically nothing compared with the war which these insects have waged upon the human race in past times. They have been the active agents in carrying and transmitting the infection of yellow fever, malaria, typhus, fever and frequently also typhoid fever. Dysentery is known to be carried by these pests, and they are responsible for most of the intestinal diseases with children, which so often prevail in the autumn with fatal results. Careful investigation has also demonstrated that the widely prevailing fatal epidemic of infantile paralysis, which has brought grief and mourning into hundreds of homes in New York City, has been traced to the house fly having carried the infection from neighboring stables and other filth collections.

Numbers of these mosquitoes biting patients suffering from malaria, yellow, typhus, and typhoid fever and infantile paralysis, inoculate the next person it attacks, with the same infection. Dr. L. O. Howard, a United States government entomologist has given us some interesting information respecting the devastating work of the mosquito. It is known that Greece, and certain parts of Italy, including sections in the vicinity of Rome, abound in swamps and marshy surroundings, which are infested with malaria and immense numbers of mosquitoes. Dr. Howard relates that on one occasion the army of Julian the Apostate was so fiercely attacked by mosquitoes as to be forced to retreat. In another instance Sapor, King of Persia, was obliged to raise the siege of Nisibis owing to the swarm of mosquitoes attacking his elephants and other military train, causing a rout of his forces. It is also claimed that the decline and demoralization of the Greeks and Roman people, was not due to the alleged invasion and subjugation of these countries by savage hordes from the north, but was in fact chiefly due to the epidemic and fatal prevalence of malaria, causing the death of the young and old, and the consequent ruin of their industries and business. Malaria prevails extensively throughout the United States, costing it not less than \$100,000,000 per year. There are also millions of fertile lands in that country that cannot be cultivated on account of the prevalence of mosquitoes and malaria.

It has been discovered that the bat is the natural enemy of the mosquito, devouring hundreds of them nightly, and the industry of breeding colonies of these peculiar animals has been found effective in the destruction of these pests. The mosquito is an inhabitant of localities abundant in stagnant pools, swamps and marshes in which they lay their eggs and thus multiply and the thorough draining of such districts results in their extermination. Fish destroy the developing mosquitoes, and large sheets of water are too rough for them, and the result is that the mosquito must have for breeding purposes small pools of fresh water free from fish. Mosquitoes will disappear from a place if all collections of water within a quarter of a mile of it are filled, drained or covered with a thin sheet of oil, thus rendering their breeding impossible.

Since fleas breed only in filth, it is necessary to render it impossible for the fly to reach any accumulation

unavoidable around the premises. If possible destroy all filth collections, if not possible, the addition of lime, kerosene, chloride of lime, or cresol will render it distasteful or poisonous to the fly or its larva. The careless disposition around the habitation of garbage, is responsible for large numbers of flies, which however may be overcome by sprinkling these collections with a mixture of oil of pennyroyal and kerosene, or a solution of cresol which is less expensive. Of course these heavy front attacks are also to be supported by the light artillery of traps, poisons, and fly paper. The sunlight should be excluded from all vaults and waste bins, which may preserve a sanitary condition by the liberal employment of quick lime, chloride of lime, crude creosote or cresol. In the modern home, strict attention must be given to plumbing and also to the condition of the cellars.

An effective isolation of all stables, swine pens, and the drainage or other removal of all pools of stagnant water and filth cannot fail to emancipate you from the menace of the fly, and a menace it certainly is.

From this brief survey of the fly and mosquito, it is evident that too much cannot be urged in behalf of their destruction. You cannot afford to ignore the perilous diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, infantile paralysis, and intestinal disorders, which invade your homes, with death that stalks in their train though it be caused by one's own criminal neglect. You would be impatient and remorseful, if from preventable cause, you lost a horse, or other valuable stock, for the pecuniary interests involved. Recently however a judicial value has been appraised on the life of a male child or a man representing the sum of \$1000. This side of the proposition should rouse the dull and the stupid even though the empty cradle and vacant chair should fall in its appeal to the father's or the husband's sympathy.

From early June till the close of autumn screen your doors and windows, screen them all. Banish flies from the kitchen, dining room, and other home apartments. Do not allow a fly to touch any food on your table, or the fittings of the baby's nursing bottle; on each of its feet and around its proboscis are clusters of vile infectious germ, visible only through the microscope and portent with the possibilities of disease and death.

In the order of sanitary utility, and protection may be mentioned vaccination against smallpox. Dr. Edward Jenner made his first experiment by transferring to a healthy child on May 14th, 1796, the pus from a pustule of a milkmaid who had contracted the cowpox from the cows. Experiencing the opposition that original minds usually do in demonstrating something in advance of their times, his discovery was generally recognized and adopted in 1799.

The immediate results of his discovery as a modifying and protective factor in small pox were marvellous. Notwithstanding the hostility which Napoleon entertained towards Englishmen, the merit of Jenner's discovery commended itself to the Emperor with the result of him ordering 50,000 of his soldiers to be vaccinated. Indeed such was the Emperor's admiration for Jenner, that at the latter's request he liberated Dr. Wickham, when a prisoner of war, and subsequently whole families of English, being disposed to refuse the great discoverer nothing that he might desire. Today the vaccination cicatrix upon the arm of an individual is regarded as a sanatorial passport for international intercourse, and being simply performed and inexpensive, becomes a duty of citizen-

ship, and teachers should always inculcate its importance and practice among children. Within recent years vaccination as a protection against typhoid fever has been exploited with the splendid results of immunizing about 75 per cent. of those vaccinated. Four or five years ago the United States government adopted it, especially in the military service in the Philippines, and also in the present European War, our Canadian soldiers and the entire military force of the Allies have been treated with this protection. I believe with satisfactory results.

The idle and filthy practise of expectorating or spitting in public thoroughfares is now under the ban of sanitary law. The penalty prescribed for such an offense, in and upon the property of the New York subway, is \$500.00, with or without imprisonment. The serious consequence of such a practise is at once obvious. Secretions ejected from the mouth on the walks of public passages may contain tubercular or diphtheritic infection which when dried, are carried into the atmosphere by sweeping, traffic, or the wind, and inhaled into the lungs, perchance with deadly effect by the unconscious pedestrian. Nor is the practise wholly harmless when indulged in amid the privacy of your own residence or surroundings; the filthy habits of poultry lead them to follow the chronic expectorator greedily devouring the secretion he ejects. If the sputum chance to contain tubercular infection the fowl becomes a victim of its own voracity, contracting the disease, and when prepared for the table, only the process of thorough cooking, can rescue those who partake of it as food. The habits of dogs and cats are equally filthy, and the consequence, equally serious through these pets later lick the hands and faces of children or others; diphtheria as well as other infectious disorders may thus readily be transmitted. The most effective administration of school sanitation, or at least one feature of it to be found in the large metropolitan school districts where each district has a physician and also a trained nurse on the Trustee Board. I believe that our Public Act may, in our school boards, permit this arrangement, but its operation is unknown in the schools of this province.

In the large American cities, this medical department exercises the function of inspection. At stated periods throughout the year a medical inspection of the pupils is made; the physician usually examining the males, and the nurse the female pupils. This inspection is general in character, the pupils are carefully examined for the usual disorders of childhood, such as disease of the throat, tonsils, and adenoids, discharging ears, affections of the eye, teeth, bones of the limbs, and feet, and of the skin. If any of these affections are found to exist in a child, e. g., disease of the tonsils, adenoids, eversion or inversion of the feet, the parents, or guardians of the child are so informed with instructions to have, within a stipulated period, such disorders receive the proper medical treatment. If the home circumstances of the child are indigent and needy, the parents are instructed to take the child to one of the medical or surgical clinics in connection with charitable service of the many large hospitals in the locality where the proper treatment is promptly administered without cost to the child. The operation of these regulations becomes an education to the people, and is fraught with the greatest benefits to the children. Especially is this the experience where the children suffer from tonsil and adenoid affections of the throat, which frequently renders the child an invalid, impairing vision and hearing, and fettering both perception and energy. Relieved of these disorders the pale and nervous child lives another life, and enjoys the repose and pursuits

of the new existence. Neglect in the treatment of these infections, which unfortunately, are present in many children may later, lead to the development of such diseases as quinsy, deafness, tuberculosis or epilepsy. There is no school district, but what can derive some benefit from a knowledge of these provisions, and there is no district so feeble or remote that cannot call into its operation the necessary requirements for accomplishing some good results along these lines. The schedule of matter having a sanitary bearing is by no means here exhausted, nor can it be on this occasion considered at greater length. However at this distance in its consideration, upon reflection, one is amazed at the magnitude of the human organizations, that are scientifically battling for the rescue of mankind from the many ills which every where threaten him, with the result of scarcely halting the process of his dissolution. The highly trained status of the teachers, their discernment and opportunities admirably qualify them to co-operate with the physician in all matters pertaining to the interests of public health. The splendid work achieved by our young women who retire from the profession to enlist in trained nursing affords ample proof of this assertion. In the large hospitals in the United States are found Canadian nurses occupying the foremost positions. The fact that she is a Canadian argues for her promotion, and she enjoys the happy reputation of being capable of doing her work as few can.

We have been considering several matters of a sanitary character, with a view to having the teaching profession, in military parlance, "do their bit" towards aiding in lessening the prevalence of disease, and also in the preservation of health. This is under ordinary conditions desirable, but at such a crisis in the history of our country, and the world, when the most heroic and best elements in Canadian life are being drained away by hundreds of thousands to along its triumphal march the abode and sustenance for increasing millions secure only in the imitation of those immortal examples, which down through the checked history of our race have at all times commanded the admiration and the esteem of the heroic and the wise of all enlightened nations.

Canada must be born again, and out of this national regeneration is it possible to bring forth a new national ideal, an ethical truth, which shall consecrate the grief and sorrow of our people to a renewal of their liberty, happiness and prosperity?

Prussia not long ago possessed an area of only 11,000 square miles, which rapidly through oppression and tyranny, grew to 140,000 square miles. Through the world wide vicissitudes of a century she represented the imputation of being an industrial people, but with imperious vanity, arrogantly claimed the status of the aristocracy of Europe whose business was war. Her universities and institutions were dominated by that ideal, to crush, to tyrannize; barbarity was a virtue, and oppression was an attribute of her national expansion. The confederation of the German Empire was the outgrowth of Prussian influence, promulgating her code of ethic doctrine the operation of which, during the past two years, has horrified mankind.

Coincident with the regeneration of Canada may not the ethical teaching of humanity in its broad sense—civil liberty, respect for the integrity and independence of weaker nations and the recognition of the brotherhood of man be heard in our schools, and be impressed upon the minds of our children? A generation of such different precepts and influence among the children of the Allies engaged in this war, would forever prohibit another lustful conflict of this character.

England and her colonies will emerge from this death struggle tem-

porarily impoverished but with an enormous asset of experience, enlightenment and shattered ideals. We all bear to that man who wields England's sceptre, the sincerest regard and esteem and for his land, home and respect becoming the land of our fathers. We delight in the recollection that the English, if not the earliest, have been at least the sincerest champions of freedom; that if not the most liberal according to our ideal they have been the justest according to have been the justest according to their own. We admire the valor of her heroes, the wisdom of her sages, the sagacity of her statesmen, the culture of her institutions and the antiquity of her history. But the glory of the past is the lawful heritage of the present. Beneath the surface of the Canadian flows the rich blood of the Anglo-Saxon, deeper still, through successive races—side by side with Greek and Roman—pulsing the nomadic blood of the old Aryan stock.

Inheriting therefore as we do the wisdom, resolution and courage of our sires, possessed of a vast country, nearly equal in area to the continent of Europe, with a soil rivaling in fertility the great seed beds of the world; whose parallels of latitude interpose hundreds of thousands of square miles between the grape producing vine of the south, and the frost bound lichens of the north, whose territory abounds in an immense wealth of natural resources, locked up in the seclusion of the forest and the dark chambers of the mine, and with a system of common school education whose curriculum represents the culture of the most advanced nations of the age, one may inquire need Canada waver in the opportune claim to nationhood? And the glory and the honor of Canada's nationhood shall be achieved, not through the spoils of foreign conquest, or by the ignominious barter of inherent right, but by industry invasion of the solitary wastes of the land, scattering along its triumphal march the abode and sustenance for increasing millions secure only in the imitation of those immortal examples, which down through the checked history of our race have at all times commanded the admiration and the esteem of the heroic and the wise of all enlightened nations.

BATHURST NEWS

Bathurst, Sept. 29th.—Miss Isabella Branch was in Campbellton on Monday attending the Branch-Jamieson wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Koays spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Koays' parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sutton, and left for Moncton on Monday.

Mr. Alban Carter of Revere, Mass., arrived on Tuesday on a visit to his brother, Mr. James T. Carter of North Tegeouche.

An auto party composed of Messrs. John Sinclair, Ernest Jack, Thos. and David McEwen, was here on Sunday from Chatham.

Mrs. John Ward of Salmon Beach, has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Sydney Jamieson of Campbellton.

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Mrs. F. W. Walker of Winnipeg, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Normand DesBrisay, returned to Winnipeg on Wednesday, accompanied by her two children.

Mrs. Thos. Bain and Mr. Joachim McKenna of Montreal came on Wednesday from Montreal, on a visit to relatives and friends here.

Miss Aggie Burns has returned home from a visit to Chatham.

Mrs. J. C. Meahan and Miss O'Brien are visiting at present in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hierlthy of Logville, drove through the Miramichi road on Tuesday, and left on Wednesday on a trip around the shore.

Mr. J. A. Pelletier has made an assignment to Peter J. Voulot for the benefit of his creditors.

A pretty wedding took place at the manse in Campbellton, on Monday evening, September 25th, when Miss Lyda Jamieson, was united in marriage to Mr. Percy S. Branch of Bathurst, by the Rev. H. Miller of Campbellton. The bride was becomingly dressed in a suit of brown broad cloth with hat to match. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. The happy young couple left on the express for St. John and Boston on a wedding trip and on their return they will reside in Bathurst.