

(Continued from Last Week)

cale interrupted. "I wasn't speaking very cale interrupted. "I wasn't speaking to my wife in the first place. We got dick. on as strangersh and we're strangersh yet. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a—"

yet. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a—"
"A queen among women, we know!
Dry up," said Ashton, and then they
heard the querulous voice of the porter of their sleeping car: "I tell you,
I don't know nothin' about the buffe:

"Still the porter profested: "Mista Pullman engaged me for a sleepin' car, not a drinkin' car. I'm a berthmaker, not a mixer." He cast a resentful glance through the window that served also as a bar, and his whole tone changed: "Say, is you goin' to allow me loose amongst all you do, I can't guarantee my con-

them beautiful bottles? Say, man, if
"If you even sniff one of those bottles," the conductor warned him, "I'll traveled much abroad and learned in

crack it over your head."
"That won't worry me none—as long as my mout's open." He smacked quired also the habit, as travelers do, his chops over the prospect of inti- of calling England freer than Amerhis chops over the prospect of inti-macy with that liquid treasury. antee nothin'.'

conductor started to go, but paused for final instructions: "And remember—after we get to Utah wo can't serve any hard liquor at all."
"What's that? Don't they 'low noth-are ever erected to the first woman

in' in that old Utah but ice-cream who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington will be "That's about all. If you touch a

The porter ruminated, then con-fessed: "Well, not on the outside, no, sir. If you-all is thirsty you better order the simplest things you can think of. If you want to command anything fancy, Lord knows what you'd get. not to pass you a Jack Johnson.'

"Well, can you open beer?"
"Oh, I'm a natural born beer-

Duch it out then My throat is as full of alkali dust as these windows." The porter soon appeared with a tray full of cotton-topped glasses. The day was hot and the alkali dust very oppressive, and the beer was cold. Dr. Temple looked on it when it was amber, and suffered himself to be bullied

mer on earth, but worst of all was the fact that when he had fallen, the forbidden brew was not sweet. He was inexperienced enough to sip it and it was like foaming quinine on his pal-ate. But he kept at it from sheer shame, and his kuxurious transgression was its own punishment.

The doleful Mallory was on his way to join the "club." Crossing the ves-tibule fie had met the conductor, and had ventured to quiz him along the

"Excuse he, haven't you taken any clergymen on board this train yet?"
"Devil a one."

'Don't you ever carry any preachers "Usually we get one or two. Last trip we carried a whole Methodist

"A whole convention last trip! Just

answered, meekly.
"Obey me!" Ira laughed with boy-ish swagger. "And you a missionto call back: "Say, up in the forward car we got a couple of undertakers. They be of any use to you?" "Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old "Not yet."
Then Mallory dawdled on into the to the baggage car and dig up Prince Albert."

Then Mallory dawdled on into the smoking room, where he found his own porter, who explained that he had been "promoted to the bottlery."

"Do we came to a station stop

val. Do you want to get out and walk

own mystery to give thought to hers.

Mrs. Fosdick went timidly prowling
toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory,
suspected everybody to be a clergyman in dinguise. ap and down?"

"I don't," said Mallory, taking from under his coat Snoozieums, whom he had smuggled past the new conductor.

meanwane, rorter, could you give

Ashton walled: "Have we got to sit here and die of thirst till then?"

The conductor refused to "back by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor revised to "back by o' canne desiah, sah?"

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The conductor revised to the sate by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor was a temporal to the introved this to be desired to the back by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got to the sate by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got desired to the sate by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got to the sate by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got to the state by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got to the state by o' canne desiah, sah?"

The conductor "Have we got to the state by o' canne desian, sah?"

The

very unhappy,"

"I think I can fit you out," said Fos-"I think I can fit you out," said Fosdick.

"And if you had an extra pair of socks," Mallory pleaded—"just one pair of unemotional socks."

"I'll show you my repertoire."

"All right, I'll see you later." Then he went up to Wellington, with much hesitance of manner. "By the way.

"Be careful of that man, dearle," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character."

business."

The conductor pushed him in with a gruff command. "Crawl in that cago and get busy."

"Still the porter protested: "Mista Pullman engaged me for a sleepin' in Mrs. Wellington vaved him aside with magnificent scorn: "I am no longer in Mrs. Wellington waved him aside with magnificent scorn: "I am no longer as drinkin' car. I'm a herth."

"On the way.

Mr. Wellington, do you suppose Mrs.

Could lend Marjorie some—some—"

Wellington waved him aside with magnificent scorn: "I am no longer in Mrs. Wellington's confidence."

"A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."

ance of a detective by drifting aim-lessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs. Wellington finish-England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acing a cigar, and retreated precipitate ly. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat

CHAPTER XXIII.

cigar-smoke trailing after the train.

out, alone, to the great surprise of

Ira Lathrop, whose motto was,

"In a little while she'll know."

so, ducky darling. I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you

tell the women."
"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she

In their flight forward they passed

the mysterious weman in the state-room. They were too full of their

their compliments.

up anything.'

will she think?"

y mon'ts open." He smacked y mon'ts open. The smacked y mon'ts open. The foodicks, glancing uncomfort aby at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then and audible comment and she could and audible y mon'ts open. The foodicks, glancing uncomfort aby at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then we want to be a small proper year.

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of variously remembered and occupy a

its grateful vapor.

With an effort at sarcasm, he went "That's about all. If you touch a drop, I'll leave you in Utah for life."

"Oh, Lordy, I'll be good!"

The conductor left the excited black and went his way. Ashton was the first to speak: "Say, Porter, can you there except when she felt the added garried his irony with a formula she drop, I'll leave you in Utah for list of the speak and went his way. Ashton was the first to speak: "Say, Porter, can you there except when she felt the added garried his irony with a formula she luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs. Jimmie had staked out to refuse a gift-cigar: "Thanks. I'll of architecture and diablerie,

smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind." a claim on the observation platform. She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her "Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured: "They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a against the cliffs, sudden hushes of

In Wyoming three cowboys followed her fcr a mile, yipping and howling dare. She felt herself already eman-cipated from Jimmie. So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing chal-She felt herself already eman- streams in frothing panics.

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, "How nice of the conductor to ar-Mrs. Wellington invited Mrs. Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs. Temple felt a reminiscent qualm at the very thought, so Mrs. Jimmie sauntered range it.

And now the porter, having noted heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait till Anne Gattle's head grew on his shoulder. "I trust I don't intrude," Mrs. Wellitself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train-noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive

"Oh, no. Oh, yes." Anne gasped in flery confusion as she fied into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl: "That Wellington woman would break Out of the Egyptian darkness came The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: "Oh, Ira, what the train. There were numerous coo-ing sounds, too, but hobody spoke ex-cept Mrs. Temple, who was heard to

murmur:
"Oh, Walter, dear, what makes your "She can't think!" Ira grumbled. "Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?" Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo: "I suppose

> esting disclosures. arms round the doctor's neck, and she blushed like a spoony girl. Mrs. Fosdick was trying to disengage her hair from Mr. Fosdick's scarf-pin. Mrs. Whitcomb alone was deserted. Mr. Ashton was gazing devotion at Mrs. Wellington and trying to tell her

But she was looking reproachfully at him from a chair, and saying, not without regret:

"I heard everybody kissing every-body, but I was cruelly neglected." Ashton's eyes widened with unbelief, he heard a snicker at his elbow, and whirled to find the porter bing his black velvet cheek writhing with pent-up laughter.
Mrs. Wellington glanced the sa

As she stole along the corridor least the men's clubroom she saw her susband—her here-and-there husband—wearily counting the telegraph least and summing them up into liles. She tapped on the glass and lightly counting the state of the latest issue of the latest issue of the london Times?"

"Never heard of it."

Wedgewood almost fainted, and returned to him them, passed on large to hymched. It send the door fast, expects in the latest issue of the london Times?"

"Never heard of it."

Wedgewood almost fainted, and returned to him Baedeker of the United States.

Mallories. That couple spoke to each other at least during the day time. Here was a married pair that did not speak at all for two days and two nights and then made a sudden and public rush to each other's arms! Dr. Temple summed up the general feeling when he said:

Later he decided that Fosdick was a

Mormon elder and that Mrs. Fosdick was probably a twelfth or thirteenth spouse he was smuggling in from the east. The theory was not entirely false, for Fosdick was one of the many victims of the crazy-quilt of American divorce codes, though he was the most unwilling of polygamists. And Dr. Temple gave up his theory in despair the next morning when he found the Fosdicks still on the train, and once more keeping aloof from each other

CHAPTER XXIV.

able existence with a companion who was neither maid, wife, nor widow and to whom he was neither bachelor,

husband, nor relict, They were suffering brain-fag from their one topic of conversation, and heart-fag from rapture deferred. Marjorle had pretended to take a nap "Aren't we having a nice long engageand Mallory had pretended that he would leave her for her own sake. Their contradictory chains were beginning to gall.

and threw aside a half-finished cigar. Life was indeed nauseous when to-bacco turned rank on his lips. He watched without interest the stupen- ily. parried his irony with a formula she dous scenery whirling past the train; had heard men use who i they hate granite ravines, infernal grotesques Giant's Teapot, the Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Hanging Rock, nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel."

Mrs. Wellington would not take a of sand and sagebrush, mountain

His jaded soul could not respond to any of these thrillers, the dime-novels and melodramatic third-acts of na ture. But with the arrival of a train-boy, who had got on at Evanston with Ashton smacked his lips over the a batch of Salt Lake City newspa-

pers, he woke a little.

The other men came trooping Ashton's impatience to reach the tun-nel, thought to curry favor and a whistle or chickens when a pan of quarter by announcing its approach.
He bustled in and made straight for
Ashton just as the tunnel announced
but his strain might have been the Pied Piper's tune emptying Hamelin of its grown-ups. The charms of flir tation, matrimonial bliss and feminine beauty were forgotten, and the males flocked to the delights of stock-market reports, political or racing or Out of the Egyptian daraness cannot the unmistakable sounds of osculation in various parts of the room. Doubtless, it was repeated in other parts of the seem as the control of the less, it was repeated in other parts of the seem as the control of the seem as the c

burying his nose in a fresh paper.
"Papers, gents? Yes? No?" the
train butcher chanted. "Salt Lake papers, Ogden papers, all the latest papers, comic papers, magazines, periodicals."

Next same a little youl of pain in

Mrs. Fosdick's voice, and then day
light flooded the car with a rush, as
if time had made an instant leap from
midnight to noon. There were inter
"Here, boy," said Ashton, snapping
his fingers, "what's the latest New
York paper?"

"Last Sat'day's."

"Six days old? I read that before I left New York. Well, give me that Salt Lake spaper. It has yesterday's stock market, I suppose."
"Yes, sir." He passed over the

sheet and made change, without abating his monody: "Papers, gents. Yes? Salt Lake pa-"Whash latesh from Chicago?" said Wellington

"I read that before-that breakfast began," laughed Little Jimmie. "Well give me Salt Lake Bazoo. It has bashe ball news, I s'pose.' "Yes, sir," the butcher answered, and his tone grow reverent as he

said: "The Giants won. Mr. Mattyson latest papers, magazines, periodicals.' Wedgewood exterded a languid

Fosdick informed nim of the irretrievable loss of the useful buffet waiter. The conductor promised to get another at Ogden.

Ashton wailed: "Have we got to git here and die of thirst till then?"

Ashton wailed: "Have we got to you can explain it to him. What would git here and die of thirst till then?"

Ashton wailed: "Yo' canine desiah, sah?"

put up a warning nager to make the writing desk.

Fosdick's smile froze into a smirk of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger.

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Fosdick could hardly believe that the details of the great event.

About this time, Marjorie, tired of the could hardly believe that the details of the great event.

About this time, Marjorie, tired of the could hardly believe that the details of the great event.

her pretence at slumber, strolled into the observation car, glancing into the men's room. where she saw nothing but newspapers. Then Mrs. Welling-ton saw her, and smiled: "Come in and make yourself at home."
"Thanks," said Marjorie, bashfully,

'I was looking for my-my-"Husband?

"How is he this morning?" "My dog?"
"Your husband."

"Oh, he's as well as could be ex "Where did you get that love of a

waist?" Mrs. Wellington laughed.
"Mrs. Temple lent it to me. Isn't it sweet? "Exquisite! The latest Ypsilant!

Mariorie, suffering almost more acutely from being badly frocked than from being duped in her matrimonial hopes, threw herself on Mrs. Welling-ton's mercy.
"I'm so unhappy in this. Couldn't

you lend me or sell me something a little smarter?"

"I'd love to, my dear," said Mrs. Wellington, "but I left home on short notice myself. I shall need all my divorce trousseau in Reno. Otherwise

—I—but here's your husband. You "I don't believe inewitches, but if 1 | two ought to have some place to spoon. I'll leave you this whole room."

And she swept out, nodding to Mallory, who had divined Marjorie's presence, and felt the need of being near her, though he also felt the need of finishing the story of the great ball game. Husbandlike, he felt that he was conferring sufficient courtesy in throwing a casual smile across the top of the paper.

Marjorie studied his motley garb,

and her own, and groaned:
"We're a sweet looking pair, aren't

we?' "Mr. and Miss Fit," said Mallory, from behind the paper.
"Oh, Harry, has your love grown

cold?" she pleaded. "Marjorie, how can you think such a thing?" still from behind the paper. "Well, Mrs. Wellington said we ought to have some place to spool and she went away and left us, andthere you stand—and—"
This pierced even the baseball

news, and he threw his arms around "Aren't we having a nice long engage

miles, and the preacher isn't in sight "No-I was reading about the most wonderful exhibition. Mattle was in the box—and in perfect form." "Mattle?" Marjorie gasped uneas

And now the hidden serpent of fealousy, which promised to enliven their future, lifted its head for the first time, and Mallory caught his first glimpse of an unsuspected member of their household. Marjorie demand ed with an ominous chill:

"And who's Mattie?. Some form sweetheart of yours? "My dear." laughed Mallory with apt temper: "So Mattle was in the box, was she? What is it to yo about her and rave over her perfect

form, while you neglect your wife-your—oh, what am I, anyway?" Mallory stared at her in amaze-nent. He was beginning to learn what ignorant heathen women are tenderness he might not always show he threw the paper down and took her in his arms: "You poor child Mattie is a man-a pitcheryou are liable to be my wife any

The explanation was sufficient, and she crawled into the shelter of arm with little noises that served for apology, forgiveness and reconcilia-tion. Then he made the mistake of ferred hope:
"A minister's sure to get on at the

next stop-or the next. Marjorie's nerves were frayed too much enduring, and it took only a

word to set them jangling: "If yo say minister to me again, I'll scream Then she tried to control herself with a polite: "Where is the next stop?"
"Ogden."

"Where's that? On the map?" "Well, it's in Utah."
"Utah!" she groaned. "They marry by wholesale there, and we can't

CHAPTER XXV

The Train Wrecker.
The train-butcher, entering the Observation Room, found only a loving couple. He took in at a glance their desire for solitude. A large part of his business was the forcing of warea or people who did not want them. on people who did not want them.
His voice and his method suggested the mosquito. Seeing Mallory and

Marjorie mutually absorbed in reading each other's eyes, and evidently in need of nothing on earth less than

to one another and pushing his papers and magazines to the floor.

"I think I'd better get off at Og-cation with relatives in town.

"But you can't leave me like this."

Mallory urged excitedly, with a side glance of "No, no!" to the train-boy.

"I can, and I must, and I will," Marjorle insisted. "I'll go pack my things

Lieut Edwin I Melanson has re-

"But, Marjorie, listen to me." "Will you let me alone!"

"I'll go anyway. I want to get

"Marjorle, if you talk that way—I'll was among the visitors in town durthrow you off the train!"
She gasped. He explained: "I wasn't talking to you; I was trying to stop this phonograph." Then he rose, and laid violent hands on the annoyer, shoved him to the corridor, seized his bundle of papers from his parm and hurled them at his head.

Sergt. T. Sears, formerly of the arm, and hurled them at his head.
They fell in a shower about the train-They fell in a shower about the train-butcher, who could only feel a cer-town for a few days looking for men tain respect for the one man who had ever treated him as he knew he de-served. He bent to pick up his scattered merchandise, and when he had gathered his stock together, put his ber Co., was called home on Wedneshead in, and sang out a sincere:

"Excuse me."
But Mallory did not hear him, he But Mailory did not hear him, he was excitedly trying to calm the excited girl, who, having eloped with him, was propaging now to be supported by the support of the 132nd Battalion has returned to Valcortier him, was preparing now to clope back after a stay here of several weeks.

alone?"
"Well, why don't you do some thing?" she retorted, in equal destroyer week.

peration. "If I were a man, and I Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Burns have rehad the girl I loved on a train. I'd get her married if I had to wree; turned from the—" she caught her breath, paused New York.

a second in intense thought.

"Harry, dear!" Kelly of Chatham, were here on Sun-"Yes, love!"
"I have an idea—an inspiration!"

er: "Let's wreck the train!"
"I don't follow you, sweetheart."
"Don't you see?" she began excited her vacation.

turned home on Wednesday. "Well, stupid, don't you see? W: Lieut. Ernest J. LeBlanc returned wreck a train, a minister comes, we nab him, he marries us, and—there to Valcartier on Tuesday, after spendwe are! Everything's lovely!"

He gave her one of those looks ith which a man usually greets what a woman calls an inspiration. He did Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon not honor her invention with acalysis. He simply put forward an objection to it, and, man-like, chose the rival Monday of a little stranger—a "It's a lovely idea, but the wrec!

would delay us for hours and hours, and I'd miss my transport—" "Harry Mallory, if you mention that after being confined to his house for odious transport to me again, I know I'll have hydrophobia. I'm going

"But, darling," he pleaded, "ye can't desert me now, and leave me to

"If you really loved me, you'd-"Oh, I know," he cut in. "You've said that before. But I'd be court-Landry and Rev. Father Wheten, martialed. I'd lose my career." "What's a career to a man who went to Chatham on Tuesday by the truly loves?"

"It's just as much as it is to anybody else—and more."
She could hardly controvert this

Now, suppose you propose something. Campbellton. She was accompanied The silence was oppressive. They be not daughter. Miss Katherine. sat like stoughton bottles. There the by her daughter. Miss Katherine. conductor found them some time who has also spent the summer here. selected a chair at the end of the car, and began to sort his tickets, rived during the week on a visit to spreading them out on another chair, relatives, and her many friends are de making notes with the pencil he took

Ages seemed to pass, and Mallory would hold the train for us."

"I hardly think he would."
"He looks like an awfully nice man.

Marjorie was getting tired of depending on this charming young man with the very bad luck. She decided week announced that Pte. Ferdinand

"Now, don't you mind anything I (Continued)

BATHURST NEWS

posts and summing them up into miles. She tapped on the glass and signalled to him, then passed on.

He answered with a look, then pretended not to have noticed, and wait and held the door fast, expecting to be lynched.

But Ashton dashed away in search the beckoned the porter and said:

"Let me know the moment we enter Utah, will you?"

"Tassah, Woll be comin' along right soon now. We got to pass through the big Aspen tunnel, after that befo' long, we splounce into old the big Aspen tunnel, after that befo' long, we splounce into old and kept his ears at the promise of a tunnel and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation for moment when the protection of the would beat the constant and swept into a grantle gorge like and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation of proter, noting that the train dashed the histones as it he were speaking to a total the entrance into Utah. He hastened for formal than the form and held the door fast, expecting to his bed as their such as the trainbutcher decided that his best plan of that the trainbutcher decided that his best plan to that the trainbutcher decided that his best plan to that the trainbutcher decided that his best plan to the trainbutcher decided that his best plan that the trainbutcher decided that his best plan to the trainbutcher decided that his son. Lieut J. Theo Doucet has received word and take his chances rather trainbutcher decided that his best plan to the trainbutcher decided that his best plan to the trainbutcher decided that his best plan that the trainbutcher decided that his best plan that the trai

den, and take the next train back.
That's just what I'll do. Nothing,
thank you!" this last to the trainwas visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Bessie Bishop left on Monday

Lieut, Edwin J. Melanson has re

turned from a pleasant visit with This to friends in Turgeon. "Will you let me alone!" This to the gadfly, but to Mallory a dejected wail: "I—I just remembered. I haven't anything to pack."
"And you'll have to give back that waist to Mrs. Temple. You can't get off at Ogden without a waist."

The Misses Blanche and Eugenie I'Anjou, of Petit Rocher, we're in town during the week on a short visit.

Rev. A. A. McKinnon, of Miscou, "Marjorie, if you talk that way-I'll was among the visitors in town dur-

day, by the illness of her sister.

"Darling, you can't desert me now," The Misses Philomese and Eliane he pleaded, "and leave me to go on Gaudet of Memramcook, are visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Azad Landry this

turned from a trip to Toronto and n, with sudden radiance, cried: Miss Gussie Kelly and Mr. Chas.

day attending the funeral of their ne-"Yes, pet," rather dubiously from him, but with absolute exultation from her: "Let's wreck the train!"

Miss Elsie Hubert left on Saturday

lot of people get killed, and things Mr. and Mrs. Bedford J. Leger of A minister always turns up to admin Shediac, who have been the guests ister the last something or other- of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elhatton, re-

> ing two weeks in the county on a recruiting trip. receiving congratulations on the ar

Mr. John J. Harrington, Collector of Customs, is able to be about again

the past two weeks. Mrs. Harry Cassidy, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. go on alone?" She had her answei Frank H. Melanson, returned to Chatam on Saturday. Messrs. Owen J. McKenna, F. O.

Miramichi road and returned on Wednesday Mrs. M. Lannigan left for Boston gracefully, so she sank back with grim resignation. "Well, I've proposed my plan, and you don't like it months with relatives here and in

Miss Gertie Leahy of Moncton, aratop his ear, and shoved back lighted to note that she is enjoying

the best of health. By thin Mrs. F. P. Loggie, sr., of Loggiehad not even a suggestion. By this time Marjorie's temper had evaporate ville, accompanied by her two grand ed, and when he said: "If we could daughters, Misses Beatrice Jardine only stop at some town for half an hour," she said: "Maybe the conduction and Dorothy Manderson, spent the past two weeks as the guest of her son, Mr. J. Wesley Loggie.

Tracadie Man Wounded

to assume command herself. She took recourse naturally to the original feminine methods: "I'll take care" War Hospital, Reading, on Sopt. 18th, woman can get a man to do almost anything if she filirts a little with him."

Laughlin, Tracadie.

> Genuine butter parchment paper 11 The Advocate Job Dept.