THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1916

CHAPTER XIX. another. Foiled!

tween two of the world's greatest riv-ers, which the Indians called "Iowa," res, which the Indians called "Iowa," nobody knows exactly why. In con-trast with the palisades of the Missis-sippi, the Missouri twists like a great brown dragon wallowing in congenial we we we do the quarrel again, my be-lowed. "Mallory groaned to Marjorie. Somehow they were too dreary even we was the water the difference of the second se brown dragon wallowing in congenial mud. The water itself, as Bob Bur-dette said, is so muddy that the wind blowing across it raises a cloud of between the said of the eager-eyed pas-between the said of the eager-eyed pas-to raise the said of the eager eyed pas-to raise the said of the eager eyes the said of the eager eyed past eyes the said of the eager eyes the said eyes the sai

blowing across it raises a cloud of dust. A sonorous bridge led the way into Rebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their dog. If they had only known that the train was to stop there the quarter of PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED & HENRY W. SAVAGE: As concroses bridge led the way may have as the formed with another night and a morrow without change of hit at Orasha. Mallory and Marjorie sight and a morrow without change of an hour, and if they had only known that the train was to stop there the quarter of an hour, and if they had only known that the some preacher there and had had him is to the station, the ceremony could have been consummated then and there. The horizon was fairly saw toothed with church spires. There were preachers, preachers everywhere, and the train the texnes, how shall we ever brite to do their deed. They have a start and a gasp: "God Lord, Marjorie, we never preachers, preachers everywhere, and "The second taxicab!" "God Lord, Marjorie, we never brite to do their deed. They have a start and a gasp: "God Lord, Marjorie, we meaver brite to do their deed. They have a start and a gasp: "God Lord, Marjorie, we never brite to do their deed. They have a start and a gasp: "God Lord, Marjorie, we never brite to do their deed. They are they do their deed. They are the second taxicab!" "God Lord, Marjorie, we never brite to do their deed. They are they do their deed. They are they do their deed. They are they are they do their deed. They are they are they are they do their deed. They are they COPYRIGHT WII JE H.K.FLY CO. "Really!" said Mrs. Wellington, The conductor snapped back: "You say a word to me and I'll do you worse than that. And if I spot you with a pack of cards in your hand again, I'll Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at

She threw herself on the little hadys matters." And a lady who was evidently Mirs. Deacon spoke up: "We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church "We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church "We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church "Mailory prepared to spring on his "He's taking our train, Lord bless his dear old soul." And Malory could have huged him preacher shock hands with such of his too, picked up his valies and wails and with such of his greacher shock hands with such of his too, picked up his valies and wails and with such of his too, picked up his valies and wails my soul, old top, don't the porter said—and Main's you' folly well take the loatsom to dut." And Malory could have huged him fock as had followed him to the stat too, picked up his valies and wails and with such of his fock as had followed him to the stat too, picked up his valies and wails may soul, old top, don't take, and I'd be no end grateful it "Scub have throutled him for a syning ti "subject. You wails and wails my soul, old top, don't take, and I'd be no end grateful ti "subject. You his of that the porter said—and Mais my soul, old top, don't take and I'd be no end grateful ti "subject. You you see, the idiot who take in an over the station was. Everybadi too, picked up his valies and wails and the station was. Everybadi take for the station was. Everybadi takes not ontributed a marcon artor takes not ontributed a marcon artor the saint for this gettim ready to puil takes to cut for this gettim ready to puil sout of this of that the to a loat sout on the station was. Severybadi takes not this of the station more right smalt, for it's gettim ready to puil takes not ontributed a marcon artor. The subour for the station was and to for the station was and to for the station was the the station was about to leave Mirs. Well you see, the sould the station was action was about to leave firms. Well takes for the station was action the station was about to le

board!" and swung on. The parson made a sprint and caught the ultimate rail of the moving train. Mallory made a frantic leap at a fying coattail and missed. As he and Malrorie stood gazing reproach fully at the train which was giving a fully at the train which was giving a

crowding their vacation with belated longer, and Mullory and Marjorie left When they were dislodged from there, like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering along an eternal wall, through which they could see, but not reach, one other and sighing like furnaces.

They had evidently concocted sor They dined together as dolefully as secret of their own, for Ira, looking They dined together as dolefully as secret of their own, for ha, howing if they had been married for forty at his watch, murmured sentimentally years. Then the slow twillight soaked them in its melancholy. The porter tween two of the world's greatest rively in the train came to the end of "lows" in the metal to the end end world's greatest rively the train the metal to the end end world's greatest rively to the end to the end of the world's greatest rively the train the metal to the end end world's greatest rively to the end defending called "lows" in the the trainer world to the end defending to the end defend

"Lucretia!"

man, so Ashton and Fosdick tried to get a window open to look out. The first oue they labored at, they could not budge after a biceps-break-ing tug. The second flew up with such was labelled "Green River." Welling-ton burbled: "What a beautiful name for a shtation."

and she's getting on this train." Even Doctor Temple declared that

BATHURST NEWS

overfid over the underfid; when you have the overlid well over the un-

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Wellington waved him away: "Say, what do you think I'm trying to do? Pathurst, N. B., Sept. 15th-Mr. stuff a mattress? Get out of my way. I want my wife—lead me to my wife." "An excellent idea," said Dr. Tem-P. J. Veniot left on Tuesday for Victoria County to take an active part in the political campaign there. ple, who had been praying for a recon-

High and the second sec to the observation room and, finding Mrs. Wellington at the desk as usual, here on Saturday and returned to Valcartier on Monday. he began: "Oh. Mrs. Wellington, may

I introduce you to your husband" Mr. and Mrs. James Nevile of Sum-Mr. and Mrs. James Nevile of Sun-merside. P. E. I., were the guests over and ran to him with a cry of "Jim-tel". H. A. Melanson

Mrs Peter Melanson is spending

 for preachers, preachers everywhere, and a gasp:
 for a dominie to do their deed. After they had strolled up and down, and up and down, and up and down, and up and down (all they were fain. We constant the platform, and up and down, and up and down (all their cranped quarters, again, Mar-forts auden) again, Mar-forts auden agasp.
 "Good Lord, Marjorie, we never apy him? He's been waiting they."
 "Good Lord, Marjorie, we never apy him? He's been waiting they."
 "Good Lord, Marjorie, we never apy him? He's been waiting they."
 "Good Lord, Marjorie, we never apy him? He's been waiting they."
 "Joint a gasp."
 "Good down (all they were fain. Never waiting they."
 "Joint stated,"
 "Mailory look-look!"
 "Honey looked, and there before they rey eyes atood as clericat."
 "Money looked, and there before they rey eyes atood as clericat."
 "Money looked, and there before they rey eyes atood as clericat."
 "Money looked, and there before they rey eyes atood as clericat."
 "Wow can I telegraph him?."
 "To orb you see? stupid! if's a Mailory stared and stared, till Mar-""Wei, he doesn't know our names"."
 "Wei, he Weith the epilogue, "And the enter of min, why not for you?"
What do you care? Be a sport.
What do you care? Be a sport.
What do you care? Be a sport.
What do you care? Is disturbed him. And the epilogue, "And the enter.
Mrs. Temple set her teeth and the epilogue, "And the enter.
Will goon led the Rubicon with a resolute."
Willigton led the fundation and why and the goon poly a long the wavering floor of model."
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why and the spirate ter. Some superior force, the devil
The doubt. fairly shook him with glee.
Weilington led the fundation and his grant ter.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and have ter.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why as a rate of a lady who was evidently Mrs.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why as a lady who was evidently Mrs.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why and have ter.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why as a lady who was evidently Mrs.
Mrs. Weilington led the fundation and why as a lady who was evidently Mrs.
Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the output a long the wavering floor of the resolution and children, and Mins. Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the resolution and children, and Mins.
Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the resolution and children, and Mins.
Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the colution and children, and Mins.
Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the colution and children.
Mary Burke, have returned to polyte along the wavering floor of the

"Well, a crowd of my friends got up Monday.

a farewell sort of divorce breakfast— and some of 'em felt so very sad about The Points, the guest of Mrs. Mrs. Cooper spent a few days at my divorce that they drank a little too much, and the rest of my friends felt

Mrs. D. Gaudet returned from Memase that they went over backward, Ashton put his head out and an-nounced that the approaching deput was labelled "Green River." Welling-"And that breakfast," said Ashtca, ing up his studies there at St. Jospanied her son, Ulysse, who is tak-"lasted till the train started, eh?" Wellington glowered back triumph

Ashton announced that there was something beautifuller still on the platform—"Oh, a peach!—a nectarine! Weilington glowered back triumph-antly. "Lasted till the train storted? Jellmen, that breakfast is going yet!" Dr. W. M. Jones of Moncton has Jellmen, that breakfast is going yet!" O. B. Moore, whose health has com-

CHAPTER XXII.

pelled him to dispose of it for the

the old doctor was helpless with laugh ter. Some superior force, the devil no doubt, fairly shook him with glee. "Oh, that's bully," he shrieked, "I haven't heard a story like that for ages." "Why, where have you been, Dr. "Why, where have you been, Dr. "Temple?" asked Ashton, who could not imagine where a man could have concealed himself from such stories But he laughed loudest of all when the doctor answered: "You see, I live is tories like that." "They--who?" said Fosdick. "I will!" Mrs. Wellington led the timid moephyte along the wavering floor of the car and flung back the door of the observation car. She found Ira Lath-rop holding Anne Gattle's hand and evidently explaining something of great importance, for their heads were very close together. They rose and with abashed faces and confused mumblings of half swallowed explana-tions, left the platform to Mrs. Wel-lington and her new pupil. Shority afterward Little Jimmie Wellington grew restive and set out

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COMEDY OF THE SAME

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"Bon't you like tobacco?" "I never tried it."

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stories like that." "They—who?" said Fosdick. "Why, my pa—my patients," tha doctor explained, and laughed so hard that he forgot to feel guilty, laughed so hard that his wife in the next room heard him and giggled to Mrs. Whit

self, and in spite of himself he was what it's like. But there's no place."

(Continued from Last Week)

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very forbiddenness.

Yankee quirks. Wedgewood made a hollow effort at laughter and answered: "Extremely -very droll, but what I don't quite get was-way the porter said—" The **others** frowned him in a roar of laught get was—why the porter said—" The others drowned him in a roar of laugh.

Schers drowned him in a roar of laugh ther, but Ashton was angr. "Why, you blamed fool, that's where the joke came in. Don't you see, the bride-groom said to the bride-" then he story on his fingers. Mrs. Temple was still shaking with sympathetic laughter, never dreaming sympathetic laughter, never dreaming what her husband was laughing at. She turned to Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Whitcomb was still glaring at Mrs. Wellington, who was still writ-ing with flying fingers and underscor-tar other word every other word.

mb: "Listen to dear Walter. He hasn't brought in with it the pale and waver-Listen to dear Walter. He hasn't laughed like that since he was a--a medical student." Then she buried her face guiltily in a book. "Wasn't it good?" Dr. Temple de-Tomple's form and Mark Temple's the source of the second state of the second stat

"Wasn't it good?" Dr. Temple de manded, wiping his streaming eyes and nudging the solemn-faced English-man, who understood his own nation's humor, but had not yet learned the Yankee quirks.

touched Mrs. Temple.

pack of cards in your hand again, I'll the you to the cow-ketcher." Then he marched off again. The doctor fell back into a chair, trying to figure it out. Then Ashton and Fos dick and little Jimmie Wellington and Wrs. Temple almost collapsed at "Yes; cigarettes are too strong for me; will you try one of my pets?" Mrs. Temple was about to express dick and little Jimmie Wellington and her repugnance at the thought, but Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping Mrs. Wellington thrust before her a into chairs, ordered deints. the doctor could ask anybody to ex-shapes of such a warm and winsome plain, Action was launched on a story. plain was launched on a story. brown, that Mrs. Temple paused to this mind was a suitcase full of ance dotes, mostly of the smoking-room fruit of knowledge too interesting

Wherever three or four men are hung over the eigar case in hesitant gathered together, they rapidly organ ize a clearing-house of off-color stories, The doctor listened in spite of him should like to try once—just to see

amused, for stories that would be stupid if they were decent, take on a certain verve and thrill from their beloved vice, and she rushed her vic-

The dear old clergyman felt that it

"Scuse me, posson, but that's yo' I shoudn't dream of being seen in it smaht, for it's gettin' ready to pull out."

with a little shriek of dismay, the parson clutched his valise and set off atea run. Mallory dashed after him and Marjorie after Mallory. They shouted as they ran, but the conductor of the east-bound train sang out "All aboard!" and swung on.

aboard!" and swung on.

beautiful illustration of the laws of re-treating perspective, they heard wild howls of "Hi! h!" and "Hay! hay!"

ing every other word. "Some people seem to think they own the train," Mrs. Whitcomb raged. "That creature has been at the writ-ing desk an hour. The worst of it is, I'm sure she's writing to my hus-they are also been at the writ-they are also been at the w Mrs. Temple looked shocked, but an-

other peal of laughter came through the partition between the male and fe-male sections of the car, and she perience that she always had a comethe partition between the male and fe-male sections of the car, and she beamed again. Then Mrs. Wellington finished her lefter, glanced it over, ad-dressed an envelope, sealed and stamped it with a deliberation that across Doctor Temple's shoulders, maddened Mrs. Whitcomb When at dragged him from the midst of a last she rose, Mrs. Whitcomb was in highly improper story with alarming t she rose, Mrs. Whitcomb was have news. seat almost before Mrs. Welling-"Doc, your wife looks kind o' seedy.

ton was out of it. Mrs. Wellington paused at another rave of laughter from the men's oom. She commented petulantly: Dr. Temple leaped to his feet and ran to his wife's aid. He found her a of laughter from the men's She commented petulantly:

"What good times men have. They've formed a club in there al-ready. We women can only sit around "Been smok-oking." and hate each other."

don't hate anybody, do Why, you?" Mrs. Temple exclaimed, look-ing up from the novel she had found on the book shelves. Mrs. Welling-ton drawed in the shell and the shel

stranger, and smoking and drinking, "Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Wil-

"But for Dr. Temple of all people-"

"Why shouldn'?, a doctor? It's a shame the way men have everything. Think of it, a special smeking room. And women have no place to take a puff except on the sly."

Mrs. Temple stared at her in awe: "The woman in the man in this book smokes!-

"All women smoke nowadays," said ins. Wellington, carelessly. "Don't you?"

politest thing Mrs. Temple could think of in answer was:

ter.

husbandsh.' Then he stalked back to the smok-

ing then.

"Sally! What on earth alls you?" "Been smok-oking," she fliccoughed. The world seemed to be crashing round Dr. Temple's head. He could only gurgle, "Sally!" Mrs. Temple drew herself up with

ing up from the novel she had found on the book shelves. Mrs. Welling-ton dropped into the next chair: "On a long railroad journey I hate everybody. Don't you hate long jour-ncy?!" "In the presence of such innocent "It's the first I ever took," Mrs. "It's the time of my life. And dear Walter—such goings on for him! A It didn't make me sick—msch." She clutched a chair. He tried to support her. He could not help pondering: "What would they say in Yp-hip-si-lant!""" "The torough of the words ministers use, but with a secular arrangement of them. In artigrage and drinking."" her. He could not help pondering: "What would they say in Yp-hip-si-lanti?" "Who cares?" she laughed. "I--I wish the old train wouldn't rock so." "I--I've smoked too much, too," said Dr. Temple with perfect truth, but Mrs. Temple, remembering that long glass she had seen, narrowed her eyes at him: "Are you sure it was

"Let me help you, Mother." And Darby and Joan hurried along the corridor. crowding it as they were

The porter was mad enough to give them a piece of his mind, and they, were meek enough to take it without a word of explanation or resentment. And the train sped on into the heart of Nebraska, along the unpoetic valley of the Platte. When lunchtime came, they ate it together, but

in gloomy silence. They sat in Mar-jorie's berth throughout the appalling-ly monotonous afternoon in a stupor of disappointment and helpless dejecand Bitter Creek, whose very names imply literature and war whoops, cow-boy yelps, barking revolvers, another redskin biting the dust, cattle stamtion, speaking little and saying nothpedes, town-paintings, humorous lynchings and bronchos in epileptic

Whenever the train stopped, Malfrenzy. lory watched the on-getting passen-gers with his keenest eye. He had a theory that since most people who looked like preachers were decidedly But the talk of this train was con

cerned with none of these wonders, which the novelists and the magalay, it might be well to take a gam-bler's chance and accost the least

long glass she had seen, narrowed her eyes at him: "Are you sure it was the smoke?"
"Sally!" he cried, in abject horror at her implied suspicion.
Then she turned a pale green. "Oh, I feel such a qualm."
"In your conscience, Sally?"
"No, not in my conscience. I think I'll go back to my berth and lie down."
"Let me help you, Mother."
After that, if a vicar in full uniform had marched down the saliel heading a procession of choir-boys, Mallory would have suspected him. He vowed in his haste that Marjorie might die an old maid before he would approach anybody else on that subject.
Nebraska would have been a nice long state for a honeymoon, but its four hundred-odd miles were a dreary. I hendly and Joan hurried along length for the couple so near and yet so far. The railroad clinging to the much comment, though they were for-ever being stumbled on when anybody were to the observation platform

Ashton contributed a maroon atro

The mysterious Fosdick, who lived

Matrimony to and Fro.

the car, groaning with pain. "What's the matter?" said Wedge

And the next morning they were in Wyoming—well toward the center of that State. They had left behind the ood. "Got something in your eye?" "No, you blamed fool. I'm trying to look through my thumb.

sympathized Doctor tame levels and the truly rural towns and they were among foothils and mountains, passing cities of wildly intervention of the second s tame levels and the truly rural towns

picturesque repute, like Cheyenno, and Laramie, Bowie, and Medicine Bow, "I say, old boy, let me have a peek,

said Wedgewood, screwing in his mon-ocle and peering into the depths of Wellington's eye. "I can't see a bally thing." humorous

"Of course not, with that blinder on," growled the miserable wretch weeping in spite of himself and rub "Don't rub that eye," Ashton coun

aelled, "rub the other eye." "It's my eye; I'll rub it if I want to.

zinist have perhaps a triffe overpub-lished. The talk of this train was con-Get me a doctor, somebody. I'm "Here's Doctor Temple," said Ash

inshed. The taik of this train was con-cerned with the eighth wonder of the world, a semi-detached bridal couple. Mrs. Whitcomb was eager enough to volce the sentiment of the whole pop-turned ton, "right on the job." Wellington turned to the old clergyman with pa thetic trust, and the deceiver writhed Wellington in his disguise. The best he could think of was: "Will somebody lend me a lead pencil?"

"What for?" said Wellington, uneasily. "I am going to roll your upper lid

up on it," said the Doctor. "Oh, no, you're not," said the pa-tient. "You can roll your own lids!" Then the conductor, still another conductor, wandered on the scene and asked as if it were not a world-impor

tant matter: "What's the matter pick up a cinder?" "Yes. Perhaps you can get it out,"

the alleged doctor appealed. The conductor nodded: "The best way is this—take hold of the wink-

ers." "The what?" mumbled Wellington.

"Grab the winkers of your upper eyelid in your right hand-" "I've got 'em.

"Now grab the winkers of your low-er eyelid in your left hand. Now raise the right hand, push the under lid under the overlid and haul the

Faily at the train which was giving a beautiful illustration of the laws of re-treating perspective, they heard wild in when he found himself.
faily at the train which was giving a beautiful illustration of the laws of re-treating perspective, they heard wild in when he found himself.
faily at the train which was giving a brind train in motion, and the porter dancing beautiful illustration of the see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing beautiful integration of the see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing beautiful see? **CHAPTER XX. Folled Again. To lied Again. To li**

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Whelan return-broke over Wedgewood's face and he able trip to the Toronto Exhibition.

"Oh, yes, of cawse I see it now. Yes, "Oh, yes, of cawse I see it now. Yes, I rather fancy I get you. It's awfelly good, isn't It? I think I should have got it before but I'm not really my. self; for two mawnings I haven't had "Mrs. J. P. Byrne returned Sunday from Chatham, where she went ear-lier in the week with her nephew, Donald Fraser, who is a student at St. Thomas' College this year.

Wellington shook with laughter: "I. Miss Greta McTommey of Boston. my tub."

what I mean." Ashton reached round for the clec-tric button as if he were conferring a Mrs. Wm. Richardson of Thetford Wedgewood. I'll ring." And he range the week of Mrs. Percy Wilbur.

"Awf'lly kind of you," said Wedge-ood, "but how do you make that Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Landry were in wood, out?" Caraquet on a brief visit Wednesday.

"The man that misses the point, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Killan of pays for the drinks." And he rang Campbellton, visited Mrs. Killan's

again. Wellington protested. "But I've jolly well paid for all the nor at Goodwin's Mill for a few days drinks for two days."

drinks for two days." Wellington roared: "That's another point you've missed." And Ashtou rang aga'a, but the pale yellow indi-vidual who had always answered the bell with alacrity did not appear. Where the the first state well. Miss Bessie Rogers left on Wed-nesday for Halifax to attend the Ladies College.

"Where's that infernal buffet waiter?" Mr. and Mrs. John J. Doucett of Wedgewood began to titter. "We West Newton Mass., who have been

"When?

"Two stations back. I fancy wo must have left him behind." "Well, why in thunder didn't you say so?" Ashton roared. "It quite escaped my mind," Wedge "It quite escaped my mind," Wedge tier, after spending a few days leave with his parents in Teterouche wood grinned. "Rather good joke on with his parents in Tetegouche.

"Well, I don't see the point," Ash-fon growled, but the triumphant Eng lishman howled: "That's where you pay!"

Wedgewood had his laugh to him- was here on Sunday and were enterwedgewood had his laugh to him, was here on sunday and were enter-self, for the others wanted to murder him. Ashton advised a lynching, but the conductor arrived on the scene in time to prevent violence.

(Continued) init

were out of Scotch, so I sent him for some more." We visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter P. Mel-anson, et South Bathurst, for several weeks, returned to their home a few

inter an all and