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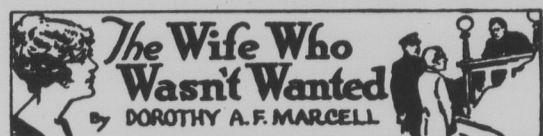
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The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted

DOROTHY A.F. MARCELL

Copyright, 1925, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED" with Irene Rich in a photograph from this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Bob Manning, with Diane Bledsoe and another couple, are driving to Calkin's Inn after the close of a country club dance celebrating Bob's twenty-first birthday. Bob is at the wheel with Diane leaning over him when the car crashes into a roadster, injuring a woman. The party is taken to a police station, where the sergeant is trying to fix responsibility. Meanwhile, Mrs. Manning and Marjorie Patterson, who is in love with Bob, are following.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"All right. I haven't time for your life's history now." A new emphasis crept into the sergeant's tones. "But there was something wrong in that car long before you hit the roadster. The motorcycle policeman's report proves it. He trailed you for several miles. He says you were all over the road and nearly in the ditch a dozen times. What I want to know is, who was driving?"

For an instant Theo seemed upon the point of speaking. Then, with an effort, he sealed his lips, opening them when the keen gaze of the sergeant seemed to bore into his innermost soul, to mutter nervously, if ungrammatically, "It wasn't me, sir, no, sir, it wasn't me."

Now the stern gaze of the sergeant shifted to rest upon Diane. Bereft of her usual coolness and composure, she seemed to shrink, a trembling, terrified girl, under its severity. "Were you?" he demanded.

Apparently she could not meet his eyes. Her own swept the room as if in frantic search of aid in her plight. Suddenly she shook her head wildly.

"No, no!" she cried. Then, quick as a flash, turned upon Bob, and her accusation rang out unmistakable in its clearness. He was!

Again that same air of perplexity seemed to have claimed Bob. At her words he turned towards her and looked straight into her eyes. It was a strange look. There was bewilderment and pain in it. The world had changed so suddenly for him. His happy, care-free life seemed very far away.

But she, who had merely related a fact, seemed to flinch and quail under his glance, the police and self-assurance which had been such a part of her being forgotten.

With never a word Bob turned from her. And still, as if not fully satisfied with what she had done, Diane turned back to Theo and grew almost hysterical in the persistence of her accusation.

"It was he, it was Bob who was driving! I saw it, Theo! You know he was driving, don't you, Theo?" Under her questions Theo shifted nervously on his feet, shot a furtive glance at Bob and finally stared at the stern visage of the officer of the law as if fascinated.

"Yes—it was—" His voice trailed off into a whisper.

As if satisfied, the sergeant frowned and gave his attention to Bob. "If that woman dies, Manning, it will take all of you to get you out of this mess."

"Dies!" It was as if Bob could not believe his ears. Indeed, as if there were very much about the situation in which he found himself which he could not reconcile. Now a sudden movement of the sergeant and a sound from the door attracted his attention.

John Manning entered. Plainly shaken by anxiety, his face was ghastly white, and he paused for an instant as if to collect himself for the ordeal which was to follow. Then he moved forward, to stop before Bob and gaze into his face.

Yet such was his emotion that he seemed at a loss for words. What thoughts were his at the moment? Inured by the experience of years to similar scenes amidst such surroundings, the meaning of it all must have recurred to him with redoubled force. Here was the machinery of the law erected by the people of the state for their own protection, just as he had been chosen by these same people as their sworn representative in the enforcement of their laws. To him these proceedings had always had a solemn majesty, his part in their equitable application a solemn trust. His to see that the clear course of justice was unswerving, its penalties applied without fear or favor. Yet now, within the very shadow of the law, with its firm clutches poised above him, stood his son—the pride of his heart, the hope of his coming years.

Within him John Manning's high sense of justice, his cold, judicial mind was arrayed against his heart; his professional honor was set off against his parental love. And even more, for there was Eileen, his own beloved, to whom the welfare and happiness of the boy was dearer than life itself. Under such circumstances it was Field III, until the year 1954. With not strange that John Manning's lips were sealed as he faced his son. He had a solemn majesty, his part in their equitable application a solemn trust. His to see that the clear course of justice was unswerving, its penalties applied without fear or favor. Yet now, within the very shadow of the law, with its firm clutches poised above him, stood his son—the pride of his heart, the hope of his coming years.

Field was twice married and left a daughter, who married Admiral Beatty of the English Navy. The accidental death of his son Marshall Field Jr., had much to do with hastening his own end. His death occurred in New York in 1906. The executors of his will placed the value of his real estate in Chicago, New York and elsewhere at more than \$40,000,000; stocks and bonds at \$55,000,000; and bank deposits at \$4,500,000, for there was Eileen, his own beloved, to whom the welfare and happiness of the boy was dearer than life itself. Under such circumstances it was Field III, until the year 1954. With not strange that John Manning's lips were sealed as he faced his son. He had a solemn majesty, his part in their equitable application a solemn trust. His to see that the clear course of justice was unswerving, its penalties applied without fear or favor. Yet now, within the very shadow of the law, with its firm clutches poised above him, stood his son—the pride of his heart, the hope of his coming years.

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PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS

Buy Your Requirements from The Local Stores, They Give You Service.

Now that the Yule Tide season is approaching, a time of the year when practically everybody has more or less shopping to do, residents of the town of Campbellton and throughout the Bay Chaleur country should ponder a bit and listen to the dictates of common sense, before purchasing from the big mail order houses. Farmers throughout New Brunswick are at the present time enjoying an era of prosperity, due to the fact that they are receiving good prices for everything they have to offer for sale. How much of the products of their farms do they sell to the big mail order houses? Not a single dollar's worth.

Buying away from home is a habit which usually does nobody any good but the mail order house. Buying at home is a habit which does a world of good to the buyer, the merchants and the home town. Why cultivate a bad habit when it is just as easy to acquire a good one, and why continue a bad habit when there is a good habit which can easily be substituted?

Before the local stores became so well stocked there was some defense for the mail order concerns with their diversified stocks. There was a time when the mail order house was the store where the resident of the small town and country could supply all his needs. But today your home-town stores can furnish all of man's needs without delays, misunderstandings and uncertainty of satisfaction. Four essentials in buying are quantity, quality, favorable price and quick delivery. Your home-town merchants set the standard in all four of these essentials.

There are men and women who go to larger cities to buy all or part of their wants. They argue that they can save money and obtain better satisfaction, but brought down to the actual facts they usually admit that buying out-of-town is only a habit, and an expensive habit at that. They lose the leisurely shopping, the personal service and the realization of responsibility which characterizes the local stores.

Big business buys its raw materials from the nearest source of supply. Every individual in a business in himself or herself. Make it a point this year to "buy at home" and you will not regret doing so.

Be loyal to the constituency you live in and you will find that it will bring pleasing results.

Morning, noon and night commercial travellers were calling on a harassed business man until at last he did not know which way to turn to avoid them.

After the two hundred and thirty-fifth canvasser was announced he felt extremely annoyed.

"Good gracious! What ever next?" he roared, as the man and bag, complete with beaming smile and "half-fellow-well-met" manner, were shown into his office.

"Confound you, sir!" roared the business man, jumping to his feet. "You travellers make me so crazy with your colossal nerve and impudence that I simply cannot find words to express myself!"

"Quite right, sir," replied the agent, unabashed.

Then I am the man you want. I have here," he said, extracting a volume from his bulky bag, "the very latest and most up-to-date dictionary published."

Things are warming up in Prohibition quarters. We trust it is not a case of a new broom.

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Old Dutch

MADE IN CANADA

A man arrived at a hotel and was shown into the rooms he had engaged. Shortly afterwards a friend called on him and found him sitting gloomily surveying a trunk that stood against the wall.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the visitor concernedly.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's to prevent you—lost the key?"

"No; I have the key all right," he replied, heaving a sigh. "But I'll tell you what's the matter. My wife packed that trunk, as she expected to come with me, but was prevented. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it the things will boil up all over the room, and I could never get them back. Now I am wondering whether it would be cheaper to go and buy a new suit, or get two more trunks."

"Let a man give five or ten minutes a day to thinking of Canada and he will get somewhere," declared the new Chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission a few days ago.

"Let us get away from the water-tight compartment idea," he said, "for wealth made in one province is reflected in the others." This broad national outlook is what Canada needs. If our Dominion is to grow into a great nation, her people, instead of looking at things in a narrow, provincial and petty partisan way, will have to learn to think on wide national lines.

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