

A CHEERY HOME

A bright cheery home makes cheer people
Any furniture of the right sort helps to
make a home a home.

Let us get together on this house furnish-
ing question.

Howard Rogers Complete House
Furnisher

FIRE, LIFE ACCIDENT, AUTO
AND GENERAL ANIMAL
INSURANCE

M. BREWER

LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES
CLAIMS PROMPTLY PAID

OFFICE NEXT ABOVE GIBSON
GROCERY, QUEEN STREET,
PHONE 334-31

UNDERTAKER

J. A. McAdam

UNDERTAKER

REGENT STREET

The best and most modern
Funeral Equipment in the city

Residence Telephone 70-41

Business Telephone, 113-41.

JOHN G. ADAMS

Is Conducting

**Undertaking
Business**

AT

610 QUEEN STREET

Phone 26-11

RESIDENCE

Phone 448-11

EDUCATIONAL

After the War is Over

financial men say there will be a
great business boom in Canada.

YOUNG MEN and WOMEN should
prepare NOW for the many positions
which will be open for Book-keepers
and stenographers, by taking a course
at

FREDERICTON
The *Business*
COLLEGE.
WLASBORNE PRINCIPAL

Write for full information to

W. J. Osborne, Principal

Fredericton, N. B.

IT TOUCHES THE SPOT

People are talking about our Famous

CRISPETTES

They are most delicious and go to the right spot

We make this confection in large quantities with our
Crispette machine at our factory, 439 Charlotte Street,
where visitors are invited to watch the process. Crispettes
are made from the finest pop corn and are in great demand
Grocers and Confectioners in the city and country supplied
at short notice. Give us a trial order. They are
quick sellers

The Enterprise Bottling Co.

Office 414 King St. Factory 439 Charlotte St.

A.H. Woods, Mgr.

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth

By
ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman
from Wolfertons"

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright, 1914, by F. G. Browne & Co.

ment, laid her hand upon the woman's
arm, and spoke a few words in Italian.
The singer looked up and put a grimy,
ring-bedizened hand upon the girl's
fingers. Merry stood watching them.
The woman looked very old and faded
under the white glare of the electric-
ity, but her face grew eager and tremu-
lous while she poured out her soul in
her own language. Dorcas took
one rose from the cluster in her arms
and laid the rest of the fragrant bloss-
oms beside the singer's plate.

"You'll forgive me for parting with
your flowers?" she whispered as she
rejoined Merry.

"I'm glad you did it." Once upon a
time stage bouquets were a worn-out
sensation for that woman; today I
guess she is showered with roses about
once in a blue moon.

Dorcas paused near the door to nod
good-by to the singer, who sat gazing
after them with her chin buried in the



Her Face Grew Eager and Tremulous.

red roses. Suddenly Dorcas turned to
Merry. Her face had grown white,
and she put her arm within his. He
clasped it with a strong grip, but
neither of them spoke. At the same
moment they had caught sight of
Enoch Wentworth. He was seated in
an alcove at a small table hedged
about with palms. Zilla Paget sat
facing him. Enoch's hands clasped
one of hers which lay upon the table.
They were engrossed in each other.

Dorcas stopped abruptly when they
reached the foot of the steps. "Oh!"
she whispered appealingly, "Andrew,
save Enoch from that woman!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A Sealed Bargain.

Wentworth sat in a small room at
the theater, which he had appropriated
as his own. It led directly off the box
office. He was glancing over a heap of
press clippings when the door opened
and Merry walked in.

"Good morning." There was a sur-
prised glance at Enoch's face while he
spoke.

Andrew nodded a response, then he
drew a package of manuscript from his
pocket. Wentworth's eyes turned on
him curiously while he flattened it out
on the table before him. No unneces-
sary courtesies passed between them.

"I rewrote the scene as you sug-
gested," said Andrew carelessly.

"That was good of you." In his sur-
prise Wentworth showed an impulsive
friendliness. He stretched out his
hand for the manuscript.

There was no cordiality in Merry's
face. He glanced quietly through the
written sheets.

"You count this change in the play
a necessity?" he asked brusquely.

"I guess that's what it might be
called," Wentworth's voice was im-
patient, and a frown chased across his
face. "Oswald's been asking for it this
morning. When a quiet fellow like
him makes up his mind to have a
thing, he's apt to be confoundedly in-
sistent."

"Then you want it?"

"Certainly."

"I sat up until daylight to write this.
It's an improvement on the other act;
I can see that myself. Oswald will tell
you, I think, that it carries out his
ideas exactly. Before I hand it over I
want to make a dicker with you."

Wentworth stared at him blankly.
"A dicker?" he repeated. "Is it
money?"



Merry Stood Leaning Against a Stuc-
co Pillar.

"Money!" Andrew's face grew harsh
with scorn.

"What is it then?"

"I was dining last night at Colgazi-
zi's."

Wentworth's face grew suddenly
scarlet, then it whitened.

"I saw you there." Merry's voice
was relentless. "I don't know a blessed
thing about the Paget woman, for or
against her. I do know this, though:
every man who has lived among good
women knows she is not fit company
for—your sister for instance."

"Who said she was?" snarled Went-
worth. "I had not thought of throw-
ing her into my sister's society. Dorcas
would not have to tolerate even a pass-
ing acquaintance with her behind the
scenes if I had my way."

"She is not fit to be seen with a de-
cent man."

"You give me the credit then of be-
ing—a decent man?" sneered Enoch.

"To a certain limit—I do."

"Well, what do you want?" Went-
worth turned an apprehensive glance
upon him.

"I want you to promise, before I
turn over this manuscript, that you
will have nothing to do with Zilla
Paget except in a business way."

"Why, are you interested in her
yourself?"

"My God, Enoch!" Andrew stared
the roll of paper in his pocket and
jumped to his feet.

"Here, sit down. I want this affair
straightened out—now."

Merry did not answer. He walked
across the office and stood beside a
table where a litter of photographs lay.
He picked one up carelessly and
glanced at it. It was an exquisite por-
trait of Dorcas. Her eyes gazed into
his with a straightforward look which
was characteristic of the girl.

"Will you tell me," there was stern
demand in Wentworth's voice, "will
you explain why you are so concerned
about my morals?"

"I don't care a damn about your
morals," answered Merry contemptu-
ously. "I was thinking about your sis-
ter. I am still fool enough to believe
that you have some decency left. I
will hand over this act, rewritten as
you want it, when you promise to have
nothing to do with Zilla Paget."

When Merry stopped speaking he
took a seat opposite Enoch and waited
for a reply.

A visiting card lay on the table.
Wentworth picked it up and tore it
into halves. He sat tearing and re-
tearing it in perfect silence. When it
was reduced to fragments, he gathered
them into the hollow of his hand and
dropped them in the waste basket;
then he looked across at Merry.

"That was Miss Paget's card," he
said harshly. "I'm through with her."

Merry took the manuscript from his
pocket, laid it on the table before
Enoch, and walked out.

A few minutes later Enoch opened
the door which led into the box office.
A young man sat beside the window.

"Dingley," he said, "I have locked
the outside door. Don't let a soul in
on me. I can't see Mr. Oswald even.
Tell him I am busy, writing."

Wentworth locked the door of the
office, sat down in his big chair, and
picked up the manuscript. He read it
rapidly, slipped a blank sheet of paper
into a typewriter, and began to copy
it with slow deliberation. When it was
finished he read each typed page care-
fully. He tacked them together and
rose to his feet. He began to search
the office rapidly with his eyes, then
he turned to a wash-bowl in the corner.

He crushed into a loose bunch each of
the sheets which held Merry's writ-
ing and touched the paper with a
match. It leaped into a red blaze. He
watched it carefully, poking the sheets
over with a paper knife until each one
fell away into a shivering back ash.

When every spark had died he turned
on a faucet, and the light ashes were
swept down the waste pipe. He
rubbed a speck of grime from his
hands and opened the box office door.
Oswald sat on a high stool beside the
window.

"Here is the second act," said Went-
worth brusquely. "I imagine it will
suit you. The changes are exactly
what you suggested."

"Oh, splendid!" Oswald's voice was
cordial. "I'm ever so glad you felt like
money."

(To Be Continued.)

The Greatest Coat Sale of the Season

AT

A. MURRAY & Co's.

Commencing Wednesday Morning and
will continue until Saturday Night

One hundred and eighty five Ladies', Misses and Children's
sample coats to be cleared at less than cost. Now is your opportu-
nity to buy a winter coat at a bargain. Come early they will go
quick at these PRICES

Ladies' Coats at \$3.68, 5.69, 6.57, 8.75
9.19, 10.00, 10.94, 11.80, 14.49, 24.95.

Children's and Misses Coats at \$1.97, 2.95,
3.10, 3.55, 3.75, 3.95, 4.80, 5.25, 5.59,
up to 8.75.

Ladies' Sample Skirts in Panama and
Serges in black, navy and grey at \$2.00,
2.25, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 3.75 up to 5.00.

A. Murray & Co.

Horse Blankets

Great Variety. Low Priced. We
have them with leather leg straps

WATER PROOF HORSE COVERS

Shawl Carriage Rugs

Just the weight that you need at this
time of year. English goods.

Direct importation

J. Clark & Son Ltd.

Oysters! Oysters! Oysters!

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

WASHINGTON'S CAFE YORK STREET

Co To Hawthorn's

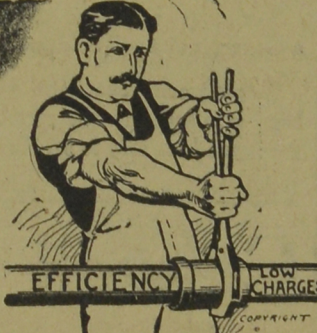
Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc

WE HAVE A WELL ASSORTED STOCK ON HAND
LOW PRICES TO THE TRADE

J. H. HAWTHORN

WE JOIN

Efficiency as to Plumbing, Steam, Hot
Water and Warm Air Heating with Low
charges in view of excellence, labor, pipe
fittings and other materials and our skill in
adopting them to your domestic or business
purposes. Glad to estimate on your work
anytime, even if you don't favor us with
your next order.



D. J. SHEA Metal Worker Phone 563