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EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of a leak prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train.

CHAPTER II.—Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man.

CHAPTER III.—The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train.

CHAPTER IV.—"Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maidlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears.

CHAPTER V.—She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb.

CHAPTER VI.—Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth.

CHAPTER VII.—Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to elope and Temple removes evidence of his calling.

CHAPTER VIII.—Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell.

CHAPTER IX.—Passengers John Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing.

CHAPTER X.—Marjorie is distracted over their situation.

CHAPTER XI.—Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattie, a fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XII.—Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb.

CHAPTER XIV.—Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher.

CHAPTER XV.—They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar.

CHAPTER XIX.—Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train.

CHAPTER XX.—Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers.

CHAPTER XXI.—Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first-aid. Coolness is then resumed.

CHAPTER XXII.—Still no clergyman. More borrowing.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jargon.

CHAPTER XXV.—Marjorie suggests wrecking the train; hopes that accident will produce a preacher.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Marjorie tries to induce the conductor to hold the train so she can shop.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the cord, stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattie. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Kitty Lewellyn, former sweetheart of Mallory's, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy.

CHAPTER XXX.—Preacher boards train.

CHAPTER XXXI.—After marrying Lathrop and Miss Gattie the preacher escapes Mallory by leaping from moving train.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Mallory's dejection moves Marjorie to reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The last day on the train brings to Mallory the fear of missing his transport.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Mallory gets a Nevada marriage license from Reno divorce drummer who boards the train.

CHAPTER XXXV.

rise and offer her the seat racing him. Mrs. Wellington took it and sat down with the back of her head so close to the back of Mr. Wellington's head that the feather in her hat tickled his neck.

Jimmie Wellington had seen his wife pass by. To his sober eyes she was a fine sight as she moved up the aisle. In his alcohol-emanated mind the keen sense of wrong endured that had driven him forth to Reno began to lose its edge. His own soul appealed from Jimmie drunk to Jimmie sober. The appellate judge began to reverse the lower court's decision, point by point.

He felt a sudden recrudescence of jealousy as he heard Ashton's voice unctuously, flirtatiously offering his wife hospitality. He wanted to trounce Ashton. But what right had he to defend from gallantry the woman he was about to forswear before the world? Jimmie's soul was in turmoil, and Mrs. Whitcomb's pretty face and alluring smile only annoyed him.

She had made several gracious speeches before he quite comprehended any of them. Then he realized that she was saying, "I'm so glad you're going to stop at Reno, Mr. Wellington."

"Thank you. So am I," he mumbled, trying to look interested and wishing that his wife's plume would not tickle his neck.

Mrs. Whitcomb went on, leaning closer: "We two poor mistreated wretches must try to console one another, mustn't we?"

"Yes,—yes,—we must," Wellington nodded, with a sickly cheer.

Mrs. Whitcomb leaned a little closer. "Do you know that I feel almost related to you, Mr. Wellington?"

"Related?" he echoed, "you—to me? How?"

"My husband knew your wife so well."

Somehow a wave of jealous rage surged over him, and he growled: "Your husband is a scoundrel."

Mrs. Whitcomb's smile turned to vinegar: "Oh, I can't permit you to slander the poor boy behind his back. It was all your wife's fault."

Wellington amazed himself by his own bravery when he heard himself volleys back: "And I can't permit you to slander my wife behind her back. It was all your husband's fault."

Mrs. Jimmie overheard this behind her back, and it strangely thrilled her. She ignored Ashton's existence and listened for Mrs. Whitcomb's next

"Yes, my dear," said the little old lady, rising. Mrs. Wellington placed in her hand a small portfolio and laughed: "Happy New Year!"

Mrs. Temple stared at her gift and gasped: "Great heavens! Your cigars!"

"They'll be such a consolation," Mrs. Wellington explained, "while the doctor is out with his patients."

Dr. Temple and Mrs. Temple looked at each other in dismay, then at the flask and the cigars, then at the Wellingtons, then they stammered: "Thank you so much," and sank back.

Wellington stared at his wife: "Lucretia, are you sincere?"

"Jimmie, I promise you I'll never smoke another cigar."

"My love!" he cried, and seized her hand. "You know I always said you were a queen among women, Lucretia."

She beamed back at him: "And you always were the prince of good fellows, Jimmie." Then she almost blushed as she murmured, almost shyly: "May I pour your coffee for you again this morning?"

"For life," he whispered, and they moved up the aisle, arm in arm, bumping from seat to seat and not knowing it.

When Mrs. Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie pour Mr. Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers. She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make fools of her and her Sammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order him to take the first train west and meet her half-way on her journey home.

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An outbreak of small-pox is reported from the township of Wallace, near Listowel. The disease originated in the Lebanon school, which has been ordered to be closed. The Board of Health is taking every precaution to prevent the spread of the disease.

To any of our readers we are prepared to give The Daily Mail and Empire, or The Daily Globe, up to January 1, 1914, for the small sum of \$2.00. The Weekly Mail and Empire, or The Weekly Globe, will be sent to any address in Canada, except Toronto, to Jan. 1, 1914, for 35c. Orders sent to this office will receive prompt attention.

Mr. and Mrs. Little Jimmie.

Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb had longed for the sweet privilege of squaring matters with Mrs. Jimmie Wellington. Sneers and back-biting, shrugs and shudders of contempt were poor compensation for the ever-vivid fact that Mrs. Wellington had proved attractive to her Sammy while Mrs. Wellington's Jimmie never looked at Mrs. Whitcomb. Or if he did, his eyes had been so blurred that he had seen two of her—and avoided both.

Yesterday she had overheard Jimmie vow sobriety. Today his shining morning face showed that he had kept his word. She could hardly wait to begin the flirtation which, she trusted, would render Mrs. Wellington helplessly furious for six long Reno months.

The Divorce Drummer interposed and held Jimmie prisoner for a time, but as soon as Mr. Baumann released him, Mrs. Whitcomb apprehended him. With a smile that beckoned and with eyes that went out like far-cast fishhooks, she drew Leviathan into her net.

She reeled him in and he ploughed in the seat opposite. What she took for bashfulness was reluctance. To add the last charm to her success, Mrs. Wellington arrived to see it. Mrs. Whitcomb saw the lonely Ashton

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Duel for a Bracelet.

All this while Marjorie and Mallory had sat watching, as kingsfishers shadow a pool, the door where-through the girl with the bracelet must pass on her way to breakfast.

"She's taking forever with her toilet," sniffed Marjorie. "Probably trying to make a special impression on you."

"She's wasting her time," said Mallory. "But what if she brings her mother along? No, I guess her mother is too fat to get there and back."

"If her mother comes," Marjorie decided, "I'll hold her while you take the bracelet away from the—"

from that creature. Quick, here she comes now! Be brave!"

Mallory wore an aspect of grave cowardice: "Er—ah—ah—"

"You just grab her!" Marjorie's plained. Then they relaxed into attitudes of impatient attention, and been floated in and, seeing Mallory greet her with radiant warmth, "Good morning!" and then, catching sight of Marjorie, gave her a "Good morning!" coated with ice. He flounced past and Mallory sat till Marjorie gave him a ferocious pinch, whereupon he leaped to his feet:

"Oh, Miss—er—Miss Kathleen, Kathleen whirled round with a hospitable smile. "May I have word with you?"

"Of course you can, my dear," Marjorie winced at this and writing at what followed: "Shan't we talk breakfast together?"

Mallory stammered: "I—I—no, thank you—I've had breakfast."

Kathleen froze up again as he snapped: "With that—train—acquaintance, I suppose."

"Oh, no," Mallory amended, "I haven't had breakfast."

But Kathleen scowled with a jealousy of her own: "You seem to be getting along famously for acquaintance."

"Oh, that's all we are, and hardy that," Mallory hastened to say with too much truth. "Sit down here a moment, won't you?"

"No, no, I haven't time," she said and sat down. "Mamma will be waiting for me. You haven't been in to see her yet?"

"No. You see—"

"She cried all night."

"For me?"

"No, for papa. He's such a good traveler—and he had such a good start. She really kept the whole car awake."

"Too bad," Mallory nodded, sympathetically, then with sudden earnestness, and a trial at indifference: "See you have that bracelet still?"

"Of course, you dear fellow," wouldn't be parted from it for worlds."

Marjorie gnashed her teeth, but Kathleen could not hear that. She gushed on: "And now we have her again! It looks like Fate, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," Mallory assented, bitterly; then again, with zest: "Let me see that old bracelet, will you?"

He tried to lay hold of it, but Kathleen giggled cooly: "It's just an excuse to hold my hand." She swung her arm over the back of the seat coquettishly, and Marjorie made a desperate lunge at it, but missed since Kathleen, finding that Mallory did not pursue the fugitive hand, brought it back at once and yielded it up:

"There—be careful, someone might look."

Mallory took her by the wrist in a gingerly manner, and said, "So that's the bracelet? Take it off, won't you?"

"Never!—It's washed on," Kathleen protested, sentimentally. "Don't you remember that evening in the moonlight?"

Mallory caught Marjorie's accusing eye and lost his head. He made a ferocious effort to snatch the bracelet off. When this onset failed, he had recourse to entreaty: "Just slip it off." Kathleen shook her head tantalizingly. Mallory urged more stren-

ously: "Please let me see it."

Kathleen shook her head with a sophistication: "You'd never give it back. You'd pass it along to that—train-acquaintance."

"How can you think such a thing?" Mallory demurred, and once more made his appeal: "Please, please, slip it off."

"What on earth makes you so anxious?" Kathleen demanded, with sudden suspicion. Mallory was stumped, till an inspiration came to him: "I'd like to—to get you a nicer one. That one isn't good enough for you."

Here was an argument that Kathleen could appreciate. "Oh, how sweet of you, Harry," she gurgled, and had the bracelet down to her knuckles, when a sudden instinct checked her: "When you bring the other, you can have this."

She pushed the circlet back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally frustrated in his plans. He caught Kathleen's arm and, while his words pleaded, his hands begged: "Please—please let me take it—for the measure—you know!"

She read the determination in his fierce eyes, and she struggled furiously: "Why, Richard—Chaucey!—er—Billy! I'm amazed at you! Let go or I'll scream!"

She rose and, twisting her arm from his grasp, confronted him with bewildered anger. Mallory cast toward Marjorie a look of surrender and despair. Marjorie laid her hand on her throat and in pantomime suggested that Mallory should throttle Kathleen, as he had promised.

But Mallory was incapable of further violence; and when Kathleen, with all her coquetry, bent down and murmured: "You are a very naughty boy, but come to breakfast and we'll talk it over," he was so added that he answered: "Thanks, but I never eat breakfast."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Down Brakes!

Just as Kathleen flung her head in baffled vexation, and Mallory started to sink back to Marjorie, with another defeat, there came an abrupt shock as if that gigantic child to whom our railroad trains are toys, had reached down and laid violent hold on the Trans-American in full career.

Its smooth, swift flight became suddenly a spasm of jars, shivers and thuds that Mallory cried:

"We're off the track."

He was sent flopping down the aisle like a bolster hurled through the car. He brought up with a sickening slam across the seat into which Marjorie had been jounced back with a breath-taking flying backwards and landed in a heap on both of them.

Several of the other passengers were just returning from breakfast and they were shot and scattered all over the car as if a great chain of human beads had burst.

Women screamed, men yelled, and then while they were still struggling against the seats and one another, the train came to a halt.

"Thank God, we stopped in time!" Mallory gasped, as he tried to disentangle himself and Marjorie from Kathleen.

The passengers began to regain their courage with their equilibrium. Little Jimmie Wellington had flown the whole length of the car, clinging to his wife as if she were Francesca da Rimini, and he Paolo, flitting through Inferno. The flight ended at the stateroom door with such a thump that Mrs. Fosdick was sure a detective had come for her at last, and with a battering ram.

But when Jimmie got back breath enough to talk, he remembered the train-stopping excitement of the day before and called out:

"Has Mrs. Mallory lost that pup again?"

Everybody laughed uproariously at this. People will laugh at anything or nothing when they have been frightened almost to death and suddenly relieved of anxiety.

Readers who are reading a late issue

Continued on page 7.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Central Drug Store

Now Don't Forget

That we have a full line of **Rubber Goods** of every kind **Filling Prescriptions** is only one of our several specialties. If it is rubber, we have it and when we have it the best of its kind in the market. Our present stock of Hot Water Bottles were made expressly for our Trade and is fully guaranteed for Two Years, see that Central Drug Store is patched on every bottle.

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There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

HAMPDEN.

The Hampden baseball team intend playing the Red Bridge team some night this week. We hope our team will make a good beginning.

Rev. Mr. Thyne took Mr. McLean's work last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. McLean are attending the Congress at Toronto.

Miss Zetta Marshall and brother, of Durham, spent over Sunday with the Kerr family.

Mr. John Milligan spent a few days of last week at Toronto attending the Congress.

Mr. John Cooper left Monday morning for Toronto with a car load of fat cattle.

The people in south Bentinck, along with many others, are appreciating the benefits of rural mail delivery.

A few of our young people took in the telephone picnic at Allan Park on June 3. They report a good time.

Mr. Archie Park left Tuesday morning for Owen Sound, to attend as a petit juror.

Miss Bessie Park spent a most enjoyable evening with her friend, Miss Etta Anderson, recently.

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