

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

LORRAINE MAKES A FOURTH AT LUNCHEON

CHAPTER LXXXII.

When we drew up to the curb in front of the restaurant Neil and Mr. Frederick were just turning in. They saw us, and helped me alight, then Neil said to Lorraine: "Aren't you coming, too?"

"I wasn't asked?" she replied smiling. "You are asked now, Miss Morton, please join us." Mr. Frederick quickly responded. "If you all really want me, I should be delighted."

"Take it for granted that we do, Lorraine and come along," Neil took her arm and they walked ahead of Mr. Frederick and me so giving him a chance to say: "We will not be able to talk, but perhaps it is just as well. I like you and—Forbes to be seen with her."

"She is a dear," I returned, just as the waiter showed us to the table which had been reserved, adding another place. "See! I wasn't expected!" Lorraine bantered.

As is always the case when one's mind is filled with a certain subject, the conversation veered around to business before we had finished our luncheon. Lorraine seemed terribly interested, and asked several intelligent questions which showed her familiarity with terms used in talking of monetary affairs. Neil was explaining a certain deal he was about to take up to Frederick. He seemed to me to be trying to impress his listener with the probity of the deal.

I tried to grasp what was being said, but most of it was over my head. "Have you seen this tract?" Mr. Frederick said.

"No—Neil flushed, but Tearle has. He brings glowing accounts of its possibilities." "Will you wait until I have investigated it. I wouldn't take Tearle's word under oath." Someone had just spoken to Lorraine as they passed so she did not hear, although Mr. Frederick had lowered his voice—I knew for that purpose.

"It is too late. The prospectus has already gone out." "When?" "About a week ago. We have had several returns, hundreds of inquiries. The country is prosperous. People are anxious to invest their money."

"And Tearle tells them how." It was the first sarcastic speech I ever had heard Mr. Frederick make. "Come you two, you must stop talking business when you have ladies with you," I hastened to say. I saw a look on Neil's face which I recognized; one he invariably had when he was beginning to get angry or impatient.

"That's right, Mrs. Forbes. We aren't very polite," Mr. Frederick answered, while Neil looking relieved, turned to Lorraine. "I'll see your husband in this office later." I knew he had added that to let me know he would not so easily give up helping me, and attempting to make Neil see things as he wanted him to.

The remainder of the luncheon passed pleasantly. Before we rose from the table Lorraine said: "Won't you and Mr. Frederick dine with me one night, when ever it is convenient to you men of business?" "That will be lovely!" I hastened to say. I would know that Neil was not with Blanche Orton for that night, and I should enjoy dining with Lorraine and her father. It flashed over me that Mr. Frederick would be sure to make a good impression, and that as he was a friend of Neil's it would help Neil. Little did I think that the lunch, his acceptance of Lorraine's invitation were both because of that very idea. He knew that Neil would soon need

friends. He also knew that it helped him to be seen with nice people. But not until years afterwards did I learn all that this man had done for us.

BARBARA IS OBLIGED TO GO TO THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

That afternoon after my return home I felt happy at times because of my faith in Mr. Frederick; that he would influence Neil to end his intimacy with Tearle and men of his kind; unhappy at other times when I dwelt upon the fact that it had become a necessity.

About six o'clock the telephone rang. "This is Mr. Forbes' office. He wished me to telephone Mrs. Forbes that he would not be home to dinner."

"Is Mr. Forbes in the office?" I recognized the blonde stenographer's voice. "No, he went out with Mr. Tearle about half an hour ago."

"Very well, thank you." Regardless of what Mr. Frederick had told him of Tearle's character and reputation, Neil had gone out with him. It seemed to be such a reckless thing to do. I, of course, did not realize that it isn't an easy thing to break off business relations at any time; that under certain circumstances it might be almost impossible to accomplish any great change in the personnel of a company quickly. So I dwelt upon the idea that Neil had decided to pay no attention to Mr. Frederick, to me, or to what he had been told others were saying. That he had decided to go along in the same way he had been going—a law unto himself.

I was the most distressed that he did not come home as his aunt had telegraphed while we were out to lunch that she would arrive on the midnight train. I called the club hoping to catch him there. They had not seen him. I tried one or two other places. He should meet his aunt. It would be dreadful for her to find no one at the station.

Finally I gave up trying to locate him. I ate my dinner, then sat down with a new magazine and tried to read. He might come in any minute. I said to myself, knowing he would not. Of late he had remained out the entire evening and far into the night when he had not dined at home.

"If he doesn't come I will go to the station," I said aloud. Then: "I wonder if he is at Blanche Orton's." Just the thought made me so miserable the tears started. "Oh, what shall I do?" I felt that never was anyone so unhappy as I; that never was a woman so anxious and worried. "If I didn't love him so much!" I continued my soliloquy. "If I didn't I wouldn't be so hard to lose faith in him. I wonder if he does care for Blanche Orton, perhaps Mr. Frederick is mistaken about that. It doesn't seem as if he would go there so much if he wanted."

I couldn't read, and finally threw down the book in disgust. It was growing late. Should I try the club again? If Neil had not gone to Mrs. Orton's he might be there now.

"Is Mr. Forbes in the house?" I asked when they answered. "Will you page him please so that I may be sure. I will hold the wire." It seemed they would never come back to the telephone. After waiting an unreasonable time a voice said: "Hello—Mr. Forbes is not in the house."

I hung up disgusted that I had waited so long. "I might have known he wouldn't be there!" I scolded. I would wait until a little after eleven, then I would get ready and go to meet his aunt if he did not come in by that time.

I started at every sound. There was no use fooling myself. It was not the anxiety that he meet his aunt which caused me so much uneasiness, it was the feeling that he was at Blanche Orton's. I was not at all timid. Even had he been at home I should probably have gone with him, so it was not disinclination to go out either which made me nervous. It was the fear that he was with another woman; a fear which amounted almost to a sure knowledge.

If he had been with Mr. Frederick I shouldn't have cared, I said. After the clock had struck eleven I arose to prepare for my errand. It was strange how in every unhappy moment my thoughts flew to him.

Was it because I knew he loved me? BARBARA ANGRERS NEIL BY CALLING HIM AT BLANCHE ORTON'S

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

The clock had struck the half hour before I left the house. I did not care to wait in the station at that hour. Someone might see me and wonder why Neil was not with me

I hated to have anyone pity me because of his shortcomings.

Twelve o'clock came, and the train had not come in. I had waited some distance back of the crowd, hoping by doing so to be unobserved. Then I heard a murmur of horror, and pressed forward.

"An accident!" I heard a man say. "The train ran into a freight." "What is it please?" I asked the man who had spoken. "I have a relative coming on the train. Is anything serious the matter?"

"They don't know yet Miss, but if you wait here I will find out." The kindly man moved away, and I again stood a little apart from the crowd. "It is quite bad Miss," his voice started me. I had not expected him back so soon. "Some of the people are badly hurt."

"Do you know if they are bringing them here?" "Yes—it is the nearest place where they can get attention. The night kind of attention."

"How long before they can be expected?" I asked, my heart contracting as I thought that perhaps gentle, kind Mrs. Carter, whom I had always known might be among the injured or killed.

"No one knows ma'am." If there is anything I can do for you—I am afraid my sister is on that train, although I am not sure. I shall wait and see however, so don't be afraid to ask me anything."

I didn't know what to do. If only I knew where Neil was. It was terrible to wait here indefinitely alone. I thought of Mr. Frederick, if only he were with me. I went into the booth and called his hotel.

"No, Mr. Frederick doesn't answer." I left no message, and returned to my place of waiting. "Is there any further news?" I asked the man who so kindly had offered to do what he could for me.

"No, Mrs. I am afraid it will be a long wait. You see they had to send a wrecking train first. You better go inside and sit down. I will come and call you if there is any news."

I thanked him, but remained where I was. To sit quiet would be impossible and also intolerable. It was now one o'clock. I had left no word for Neil, supposing I should be back directly. I called the house. It was some time before Ada answered. She had been asleep she explained.

"No, Mr. Forbes has not come in." "If he does tell him to come at once to the station. The train upon which his aunt was to come has not with an accident. She may be injured. And Ada, you better sit up. We may need you."

I waited until two o'clock. If you know what it means to wait in a Railroad Station until two o'clock in the morning, wait for someone who may have been injured—perhaps killed, you will realize something of my distress. I really could remain inactive no longer. I called Blanche Orton's house.

"May I speak to Mrs. Orton?" I asked. "This is Mrs. Orton. What is it?" Suddenly it came to me that I would let her know who I was. I had not intended to say who was talking unless Neil came to the telephone. But I would show her that I knew of his visits.

"Is Mr. Forbes there? I should like to speak with him. The train upon which his aunt was to arrive has met with an accident." I waited an appreciable time before she answered.

"No, Mr. Forbes is not here." There was something in her voice, the hesitating manner in which she spoke which made me ask: "How long ago did he leave?" "About thirty minutes."

"Thank you, he is probably on his way to the station by this time." I hung up the receiver trembling. I had received the information I wanted.

I returned to my place with the rest of the watchers just as Neil dashed up. "I just got home, Bab! hurried right up here. Have they heard anything?"

"No—I knew you only just got home! Blanche Orton told me you had left only half an hour ago."

"The devil she did—what business had you calling her. I won't have you meddling with me, and my business, and the sooner you understand it the better!" He stalked over to one of the officials leaving me standing alone, the man who so kindly had helped me eyeing me with obvious pity. He had heard what Neil had said.

AN ACCIDENT DELAYS THE TRAIN UPON WHICH MRS. CARTER ARRIVES

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Tears filled my eyes. I was tired, anxious for Mrs. Carter, and had waited so long that my nerves were all "on edge" as mother used to say. The thought that the man who had so kindly tried to assist me had heard Neil's unkind speech added to my pain. But of all she had said I was hurt the most because he resented my calling Blanche Orton's home

to ask for him. I had thought it made it look better if he knew I was aware he was often with her upon business, and he had resented it. Was it business after all, or had he been spending the evening alone with her, and remaining until two o'clock.

I brushed the tears away as I saw him returning. "You better go home, Bab. I will stay and wait for Aunt. It may be another hour before they get in." Already he had forgotten his impatient words, and they had hurt me so.

"No, I will stay with you." "Very well, but I can't stand here. Let's walk up and down, or go inside."

"I should prefer to walk." We paced back and forth almost in silence for a while. Occasionally one or the other of us would mention his aunt and hope she was neither killed or injured. Then I could keep still no longer, so asked:

"Did you have a successful day, Neil?" "No—not so very. Why?" "I just wondered—that was all. Was Mr. Frederick at Mrs. Orton's tonight?"

"No! I tried to get him to go but he refused; acted like a fool. Said he didn't want to be mixed up with Tearle."

"Oh Neil, was he there?" "Of course he was! and Connor too. Thompson also came in for a little while. I told Frederick he was to be there—he likes Thompson, but he wouldn't come, at least he didn't!" in a tone of annoyance.

"Were there others there?" "What are you driving at? Yes, there were others. Now let's drop the subject, Frederick might have done me a lot of good by just appearing on the scene for a few minutes. Don't talk about it. I am disgusted with him—a regular mollycoddle he is getting to be."

"Oh, Neil! no one could call a blunt, plain spoken man like Mr. Frederick, a mollycoddle."

"Well something ails him. There comes a train now—perhaps it is the one." And he hurried me along until once more I was standing near the man who had tried to be helpful, and who had overheard Neil's disagreeable tone and words.

In spite of my anxiety over Mrs. Carter I could not help wondering who the "others" were whom Neil admitted made up the evening's party at Blanche Orton's. Neither could I avoid speculating as to the reason Mr. Frederick had not gone. Could it have been because of me?

I was rather startled at the thought, but it persisted. Could it have been that he hated to have me know he visited her; or that he thought by refusing to go, letting Neil see he disapproved, that he might help Neil—and so me? He always had been helpful, had tried of late to restrain Neil. At that thought I forgot Blanche Orton for a moment. I forgot Frederick, and was thinking of Neil's husband, the man I loved and had trusted. That was it. I had trusted, but did I trust him now? Was he being the straightforward man of business I had always thought him; and which I longed for him to be?

"There they come!" a voice in the waiting crowd drew me from my thoughts. A repressed sigh of anxious anticipation went up, audible, fear inspiring. I clung to Neil.

"Oh, I hope she isn't hurt!" I gasped.

"We will soon know," Neil answered as the gate opened and slowly the people filed through, horror still upon their faces. "There she is now! Thank God!" and shaking himself loose from my clinging hands he reached her, bringing her to me.

Then without giving us a chance to speak, and scarcely hearing the sobbing of someone in the crowd he bundled us into a taxi and we were on the way home.

"I am so thankful you weren't hurt," I said to Mrs. Carter. "Yes dear, but please don't talk about it, not tonight. It is all too fresh in my mind—to horrible."

"I should like to try it. But joking aside, Neil, it doesn't seem as if I could go on this way. I am so worried over—things."

"You mean that silly twaddle about my not going personally and testing the oil from every well; or testing the metal from every mine. It can't be done. I have to take a lot of things on faith, others will have to also—if they want to make money."

"But Neil that man Tearle, and Connor too must have very bad reputations. I do wish you would not be with them. It is your association with men like them that makes men like Mr. Powers afraid to trust you—and your—deals." I had been about to say schemes.

Damn Powers. I can get along without him or any of them."

A man is never in love with a woman until he begins to tell her his troubles. The worst thing about the skeleton in the family closet is that it refuses to remain there.

My maid had a nice hot supper for us, and we talked of father and mother, and other home folks while we ate. And even when Neil and I were alone we did not again that night mention the accident.

NEIL REQUESTS BAB TO SAY NOTHING OF HIS AFFAIRS TO HIS AUNT

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

The next day Aunt told us all about the accident. It had been a rear end collision and several had been badly injured; two or three killed outright.

"It was a terrible experience," she said. "One I hope will never be repeated, although it makes very little difference how we die, if only we are ready." She was a very good, and really religious woman.

"I thought that train never would come," I said. "It would have been very lonely and tiresome for Neil had you not been with him. I know of nothing more wearing than waiting way into the night in a railroad station. Then, too you were worrying about me," she had turned to Neil at her last sentence. I was about to say that I had been the one who waited alone, but caught myself just in time. Neil flushed when she said that it would have been tiring for him to wait all alone. I would not embarrass him by letting her know that he had arrived at the station only a few moments before she came.

I hoped great things from Mrs. Carter's visit. Neil was very fond of her, very proud to have her see how well he had done and anxious for her good opinion. Perhaps he would give up spending his evenings away from me. He might even give up going to Blanche Orton's if he thought she would know and disapprove. I would plan to do things for her entertainment, give little affairs from which Neil could not very well absent himself.

My social aspirations were again aroused. Perhaps Lorraine Morton and Mr. Frederick had not been quite so right as I had believed in saying that I couldn't do anything in a society way just at the present time. Aunt was very aristocratic, very fine appearing. She would be a great help if I should decide to persist in my plans. Yet even as these thoughts came I turned cold as other thoughts followed—that I might be snubbed, that Mrs. Powers might refuse to come to me, and all the other things which Lorraine had told me stood in the way of my success.

"You will remain at home more now that your aunt is here, won't you?" I said to Neil.

"I shall if it is possible. But I cannot neglect my business even for her. I shall tell her that she will have to excuse me when I am unable to come home. Other than that I prefer she should know nothing of my business, my affairs."

"You will not go to those business dinners at Mrs. Orton's though, will you?" She would be horribly shocked that you would accept an invitation to a woman's house without me."

"I shall do what I think necessary for the success of the deals I am trying to put through. If she hears of anything which displeases her, I shall know that your have told her."

"Neil—you aren't doing anything wrong, are you dear?" "What rot! I must say Bab that you are getting to be rather a wet blanket. You used to be so pleased when I was successful, now you act all the time like a bear with a grouse. When I look around and see how differently we live from what we did when we were first married, I can't understand you. Most women would be delighted to have as much—most young women I mean. Of course older people like Powers have more, but even they are in the minority."

"Sometimes I wonder if we weren't happier when we had less, Neil. You had more time for me then."

"I shall have all the time you will want after a few more years. You will be crying for me to go out and let you have a rest when that time comes."

"I should like to try it. But joking aside, Neil, it doesn't seem as if I could go on this way. I am so worried over—things."

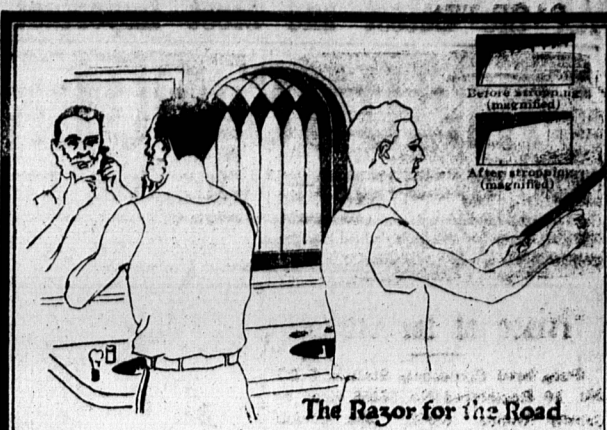
"You mean that silly twaddle about my not going personally and testing the oil from every well; or testing the metal from every mine. It can't be done. I have to take a lot of things on faith, others will have to also—if they want to make money."

"But Neil that man Tearle, and Connor too must have very bad reputations. I do wish you would not be with them. It is your association with men like them that makes men like Mr. Powers afraid to trust you—and your—deals." I had been about to say schemes.

Damn Powers. I can get along without him or any of them."

A man is never in love with a woman until he begins to tell her his troubles.

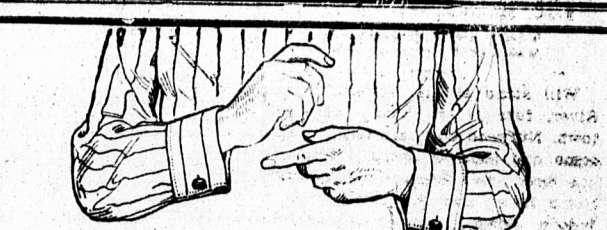
The worst thing about the skeleton in the family closet is that it refuses to remain there.



The Razor for the Road

SHAVING in swaying, jerking Pullmans has taught the travelling man the value of 'safety first' and so he uses an AutoStrop Razor. Wherever he goes he enjoys the comforting sense of cleanliness that follows the cool, satiny shave such as only a stropped blade can give. Stropping saves his blades and keeps them in perfect condition. He is never at a loss for a keen blade for he always has one. This and the fact that the AutoStrop Razor sharpens its own blades and doesn't need to be taken apart for cleaning has led thousands of travelling men everywhere to speak highly of the AutoStrop Razor to their friends. Any dealer will sell you an AutoStrop Razor, stropped and 12 blades complete for \$5.00, on a come-back money-back basis. AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Limited AutoStrop Building, Toronto, Canada

Auto-Strop Safety Razor



Which Cuff Looks The Neater?

YOU can't tell—neither can anyone else, because either side of the new W. G. & R. Double Wear Cuff is the right side.

Your picture shows one cuff turned in—the other turned out. The old style cuff can be turned, of course, but—"you can tell they are turned"—that's the difference.

The Double Wear Cuff turns easily and quickly and lies smooth and flat whichever side is up. As the cuff of the shirt always gets soiled first, the new Double Wear Cuff enables you to wear the shirt longer and save laundry bills.



ENTERPRISE PERFECT DOUBLE HIGH OVEN RANGE



Happiness in the home is so dependent upon tranquility in the kitchen that it is essential to have the very best range procurable. The Enterprise Perfect, so convenient and reliable, easy on fuel, and lasting a lifetime, is the ideal stove for the average family. It has two ovens for baking and roasting at the same time, with a warming closet as well. Write for free booklet giving full particulars. The Enterprise Foundry Company - Sackville, N.B. Makers of High Grade Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

CRABBE HARDWARE CO., LTD. Charlottetown, P. E. Island BRACE TCKAY CO., LTD. Summerside, P. E. Island Sold in this city by Geo. E. Hughes, Apothecaries (Hall), E. A. Foster, Central Drugstore, H. J. Mabon, (Monte guez)

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S FACE. Could Not Sleep Eruption Itched and Burned So. I noticed a little pimple on my baby's face. I thought it was from the sun but it kept getting worse and the skin was red and very hot. He could not sleep or rest the eruption itched and burned so, and it caused him to scratch. I was quite discouraged. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment he was healed. (Signed) Mrs. S. D. McGuire, Clarksburg, Ont., Dec. 18, 1918. Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for every-day toilet purposes. For free sample pack of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum, address: Cuticura, Dept. 5, P. O. Box 103, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S FACE. Could Not Sleep Eruption Itched and Burned So. I noticed a little pimple on my baby's face. I thought it was from the sun but it kept getting worse and the skin was red and very hot. He could not sleep or rest the eruption itched and burned so, and it caused him to scratch. I was quite discouraged. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment he was healed. (Signed) Mrs. S. D. McGuire, Clarksburg, Ont., Dec. 18, 1918. Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for every-day toilet purposes. For free sample pack of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum, address: Cuticura, Dept. 5, P. O. Box 103, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

AN ACCIDENT DELAYS THE TRAIN UPON WHICH MRS. CARTER ARRIVES. CHAPTER LXXXV. Tears filled my eyes. I was tired, anxious for Mrs. Carter, and had waited so long that my nerves were all "on edge" as mother used to say. The thought that the man who had so kindly tried to assist me had heard Neil's unkind speech added to my pain. But of all she had said I was hurt the most because he resented my calling Blanche Orton's home

THE FRIEND TO EVERY SUFFERER OF KIDNEY OR BLADDER COMPLAINTS. That pain in your back is Nature's warning that you need Gin Pills. 50c. a box at all Drug or General Stores. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. U.S. residents should address: Nat-Drug-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.