old college and war-days chum,

Mily Trask, to make the sea

rip in his place and promises

him one thousand dollars and

expenses if he takes his place

nder the eye and care of a

male nurse, who is a stranger

to both, and thus fulfill the

order of Trumbull's father's

physician, and by his imper-

onation ward off any dis-

cleasure which said stern fa-

ther might see fit to visit on a

Trask starts aboard the steamthip Gulf Stream in a wheel

chair, and no sooner is pushed

on deck by Keeler, his nurse,

than he beholds a girl at the

-and interesting!

wasn't. She was just pitying him!

half bent, as is in a quandary.

Then she turned away and walk-

ail—the "goddess," he dubs

THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN" cose. In the pro

By E. J. RATH

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tered Trask, "But I suppose it's bet-Spencer Trumbull, son of a wealthy father, is ordered to ter than being ignored." ake a sea voyage to Galveston for his health when he'd ra-No Cigarettes! ther go to the Adirondacks because of the presence there of a certain girl. So he hires his

"L' didn't ask for anything, but I got something I didn't ask for," re-

marked Trask. "Got a match?" As the somberly clad Keeler reached into a pocket. Trask drew forth his cigarette case.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Keeler apologetically, and he took the sil- convincing in his tone. Trask invol- senger she carried was out, in the ver case from Trask's fingers.

then laughed. "Help yourself, if you want one,

"I never smoke, sir." "Then hand me the cigarettes." Keeler shook his round head!

orders, Mr. Trumbull. You're not ed upon Trask a distinct impression Trask winced. The old gentleman's to smoke, sir."

Billy Trask, whose wheel-chair "Yes, sir I'm to be particularly sive. was back against the deckhouse, be- careful about that. Smoking is one gan a deliberate study of the god- of your troubles."

dess herself. Her face was half Trask half rose from his chair, turned from him; she seemed to be suddenly remembered and settled looking down at the tossing pilo: | back. There was a flash of dismay boat. But he could see distinctly the and anger in his eyes as he watchmelancholy little droop of her lower ed Keeler pocket the

He wondered if she were always "You mean to say I'm to go to like that. Not that he minded it in Galveston and back without smok the least; a forlorn lady aboard aring?"

ship even if a young man is play- "Yes, sir, I'm sorry; but that's ing invalid is by no means a pros- the way it's to be. It's not my dopect to be ignored. Her white flannel ings, you know; it's the doctor. But suit was spotlessly severe, yet wholly the doctor and I agree on it at becoming. He could see a billow of that, sir,"

closely coiled dark hair under that There was a smug vanity in the brim of her white felt hat. There purse's tone. was a faint suggestion of pink in "Consider yourself something of

her cheeks; otherwise she was paie a diagnostician, is that it?" demanded Trask satirically She turned slowly and their "Well, something like that, Mr.

glance met. Trask did not intend to Trumbull." be rude yet he made a point of The cool gray eyes of Keeler surnever flinching under such circum- veyed his patient with a critical yet stances, in order that he might not friendly glance. The patient checkbe able to reproach himself with ed an outburst. He was there to play the game, even if the rules were Even at the distance that separat- against him. Not a smoke between ed them. Trask could see a swift New York and Galveston! He sighchange in her dark eyes. His heart ed. speeded a trifle. She was-No, she

Doctor's Orders.

"Any other things I'm not to do There was pity in her eyes, as unmistakable as though she had voic- | Keoler?" he asked, "We may as well ed it with her lips. Just plain, or- have all the tragedy at once."

The Nervous Strain

"You're to drink, sir." "That doesn't bother

ed slowly down the deck, her head on." "Confound her sympathy!" mut- evening, sir, Trask scowled.

whatever.' "Huh! No excitement? Well. "Beg pardon, sir? You saked for now, just suppose, Keeler, that something came along and sunk us. Not that it will; because it won't. But suppose it did. That would be the wheel chair and gently set it in excitement, wouldn't it?"

"Well, how would you stop it,

"I'd do my best, sir," said Keeler | Stream was thronged and animated. quietly-yes, even confidently. There was something comically rooms, it seemed that every pas-

untarily glanced down at the knotty midday sun of an August day. The The man in the chair frowned, hands and the apelike arms. He was steamship chairs were already in almost ready to believe that Keeler commission and the pedestrians were could even catch a torpedo, if he at it with vigor and determination. Keeler. I didn't know you smoked." | set about it.

though his lips remained impas-

said Keeler gravely. "Will you have a glass of milk, sir?" "Milk! Do I drink milk?"

"You do, sir." "But I hate the stuff." "Sorry, sir; but Dr. Van Nor-

"To blazes with him!" -was very particular that you should drink two quarts-"

"Hanged if I do!" "-every day, sir; and he told me

"Forget it!" -to see that his orders were carried out," droned the quiet voice of Keeler, completing the sentence with respectful pauses at each interruption from his patient.

The eyes of the pair held each other steadily. Trask's were defian: Keeler's were placid, unemotional him. He envied them. He hated

tattoo on the arm of his chair, frowned and chewed his lip. Being an invalid was an occupation sud- it-emphatically. He had deliberatedealy fraught with alarming pros- ly sentenced himself to a wheel pects. No smoking-bed at 8-milk! chair! His soul revolted; but there was misgiving in it, too.

"You're to go to bed at 8 in the would get those two quarts of milk bore the label: "In Memoriam."

of Modern Life

Brings Sleeplessness, Headache, Indigestion,

Brain Fag, and Tired,

HERE is only so much nervous energy

This stored up energy is used to operate the

machinery of the body. Not only the move-

ment of the body but also the activities of the

digestive organs, the breathing of the lungs,

the action of the heart-all are dependent on

Under ordinary circumstances the supply is

sufficient and all goes well. But excessive

worry or mental exertion, fear or too strenuous

habits of living bring about an emergency and

nervous energy is consumed at an enormous

The result is bankruptcy of the nervous syst-

Such a condition is very difficult to get away

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Slowly at first but just as certainly new nerve

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em and a nervous breakdown.

the nervous energy supplied from the brain.

available in the human system at a given

time and this is stored in the brain cells.

Languid Feelings.

"Any other bad news from home?"

"Nothing I think of just now,

he demanded.

"Then you might wheel me around the deck for a spell." "Yes, indeed, sir; Dr. Van Nor-

den said you were to have your exercise regularly, every day." Keeler bent over and tucked the steamship robe carefully about the legs of his patient, stepped behind

Fellow Passengers. The upper deck of the Gulf

Booked to the capacity of her state-

To Trask it seemed that an as-"Keeler, were you ever a human tonishing number of persons went to sea chiefly for the purpose of A flicker of change appeared in walking. An old gentleman with a Keeler's eyes. It was incongruous cane brushed past him at a gait so -perhaps incredible-but it produc- brisk that it was almost a trot. that the nurse was smiling, even ostentatious display of agility irritated him.

A trio of palpable school teachers. "Why, I think I'm human, sir," reclining in deck chairs, inspected him narrowly as he rolled past, exchanged glances, whispered and shook their heads. A stout lady, chasing a will-o'-the-wisp that represented itself to her in the figure of a sylph, painfully made way for him and sighed her sympathy as the imperturable Keeler marched him onward. Two youths, smoking eigarettes and lounging against the rall. glanced at him casually and resumed their scrutiny of a tam 'shantered girl whose mother and father were convoying her on either side and daring the world to snath their

The prisoner of the wheel chair was scowling. His feet were restless under the robe that covered them. He wanted to walk, to leap, to run. The lame and the halt were as the athlete of Marathop compared to himself, his perambulator, his nurse, The patient drummed a finger his employer and Dr. Van Norden.

Trumbull had warned him not to overplay his part. Well, he had done

He hated the people who stared at him, and their unspoken, though He was haunted with the notion obvious, commiseration at that he was about to do all those plight. Even Keeler was pitying him penances prescribed by the unspeak- -- a hired mourner at the mock funable Van Norden. He had more eral of his departed health. His Go than a vague idea that, if it came blunder had been colessal; the lark to a showdown, the capable Keeler upon which he had launched himself

Serve hot Quaker Oats and milk



Class of 38 Big sister's cap and gown are somewhat oversize for little Mary to-day, but the years will quickly pass. Important years, years when the

of '38 depends on the start she is getting now. If your child is to grow up strong and sturdy and mentally alert, she must go to school fortified with food that gives ample energy for the morning's work.

foundations for her life-long health are being laid.

Whether Mary will graduate with the Class

Medical and school authorities agree that a child's success in school and after-life is largely dependent on the physical development during its early growth years. The big problem is to keep the energy supply equal to the demands made upon it.

Quaker Oats and milk supply the important element for energy and growth in an easily digested form. Here is a hot, satisfying breakfast that "stands by" all day. It builds sturdy bodies for future years.

Quaker Oats -you have known since childhood

Quick Quaker -cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

distant. His thoughts of Trumbull gan a languid review of her fellow were bitter. What availed the thous- passengers. The latter brought no bargain. Trumbull was standing on past them until it reached the Senforth. two legs; he could walk, he could young man who stood against the Fruit crops were damaged by smoke, he did not have to drink deckhouse, and there it paused for hashstorm in the Quee two quarts of milk, a day.

Trumbull could sit up all night and indubitably would. Trumbull could speed with the wings of Mercury to the side of his lady. While he-Bill Trask, the foolishcould not hasten a step after a

pretty girl, if he saw one. Keeler resumed his patient round of the deck. They were far forward now, and the ship was perceptibly dipping and rising, in acknowledgment of a ground swell that was growing under a freshening breeze. The manipulator of the chair seemed in nowise inconvenienced by the lazy motion of the deck beneath his feet. He swayed easily with it, guiding his gentle vehicle as surely and steadily as though its rubber-shod

wheels were on solid earth. They turned a corner of the deckhouse, and then Trask saw her once more. She was standing at the rail again, but guarded now by a dragon. A coil of her dark hair had been unpinned by the wind and swept loosely across her forehead. When she pushed it back with a slender hand Trask noted mechanically that her fingers were bare of rings. It was her left hand, too, He was always

The air had whipped a deeper shade of color into her cheeks. Against a background of summer sky her profile was cut as sharply as a scissored slihouette.

The dragon was talking to her, but she did not appear to listen. If her glance rested upon anything, it ward, between which and the ship itself rolled miles of green and froth-created waves. She seemed unconscious of the ship, its people, or

The dragon was different. She was alert, conscious of all about her, with a pair of suspicious blue eyes that looked challengingly through horn-rimmed lenses,

Probably the dragon was 50. To a certainty she was sturdy, fearless, and probably truculent. Beyond the least shadow of doubt she was an old maid. Her ample figure was sternly arrayed in a suit of dark weather. Her shoes were squarebook under her arm and a tightly rolled umbrella in her hand. She was speaking in choppy, incisive sentences, although Trask could not hear the words. "Stop here a while," commanded

He continued his scrutiny of the rolling prison, and noted with ansoyance that another young man against the deckhouse, folded his arms, and was wholly absorbed in a consideration of the profile which. through some quirk in his brain Track had already come to look upon as something intended only for his own eyes.

The young man gave every evidence of being in annoyingly robust health. He was presentable, too, in person and in dress. Trask disliked him immensely.

his signal. Trask could see the re-! The girl in white flannels turn- an instant. He was too well bred to turning pilot boat, now nearly a mile ed her head, and her dark eyes be- do more than look hopeful. and dollars-with \$500 added- flicker of interest in them. Her The death occurred Wednesday of now? Trumbuil had the best of the glance swept slowly and aimlessly Michael Broderick, former mayor of

Victor

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