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"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

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Spencer Trumbull, in order to be near his girl in the Adirondacks instead of taking a health trip, hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him one thousand dollars and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician. Trask starts aboard the Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is he pushed on deck by Keeler than he beholds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. She is Miss Kent, a society girl with a mania for nursing, who takes at once to the interesting invalid despite her dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm. Meanwhile, Keeler makes himself a hero to Sidney Sands, a girl in the second cabin, concealing his identity. Trask breaks bounds and meets Sidney, who fascinates him.

"There's the devil to pay, sir," he announced abruptly. "What now?" "It's on account of Miss Grimm—the one you call the dragon."

"What's she been doing?" "She managed to visit the second cabin this afternoon, sir."

"Well?" "And she saw you jump six feet over a bar, sir."

"Trask whistled softly. "What then?" he managed to ask. "Well, she's told Miss Kent, sir. And she's told Mrs. Kent. And the worst is, sir, she's told the captain!"

"Go ahead. What's the rest of the cheerful news?" "Well, the captain thinks there's some queer business going on, sir, and he's started an investigation. He's sent for me and you, Mr. Trask."

"Tell him I'm sick." "I'm afraid it won't do, sir. He seems to be suspicious. He hasn't forgotten about the 'man overboard' business. There's nothing for it, sir, but to go up to his office."

"Trask chewed his lip and tried to reflect, but no solution of the dilemma suggested itself. "Well, how am I to go, Keeler? Afoot or awheel?"

"Take my advice, sir, and stick to the chair as long as you can." "All right. Wheel me up to the judgment seat. But listen, Keeler. We stick together, now. Understand? We'll play the string out like pals!"

"Right, sir. I'll do my best by you, Mr. Trask, and I know you'll do as much for me. We'll fix it somehow. Shall we shake hands on it, sir?"

"They shook hands. "And my name's still Trumbull, you know," warned Trask. "Leave that to me, sir," said the Tennessee Tornado.

Keeler Does Some Thinking. Captain Blodgett was a short man of incredible girth and width, dimensions resulting in a contour that was accentuated, rather than disguised, by his uniform. He never looked at anybody; he always glared.

Now he was glaring at the man in the wheel chair, as though about to spring upon him. Trask returned the scrutiny with composure, and then devoted himself to an inventory of the other occupants of the room.

Aunt Mehetabel was there, glaring at the captain. Trask felt that if anything happened to Captain Blodgett, Aunt Mehetabel would, as a matter of course, take command of the ship.

The goddess was there, too. She met his glance for only a fleeting instant, then looked away, her forehead furrowed into little lines of

pain and perplexity. Mrs. Kent was also present, but she was wholly a negative addition to the company. The fifth person that Trask observed was one whose presence was a surprise and a shock. It was none other than Sidney Sands. She nodded and smiled, yet there was plain amazement in her eyes as she studied the wheel chair and the somber form of Keeler standing behind it.

Captain Blodgett was seated behind his table, against which his thick body was tightly aggressively, his attitude was suggestive of a human Gibraltar.

"Well, what about it, sir?" His stare signified that he expected an answer from the man in the wheel chair. "What about what?" countered Trask cautiously.

"All this devilment that's been reported, sir! It concerns you, it seems."

"You'll have to tell me something about it first, I'm afraid." Captain Blodgett snorted and turned to Aunt Mehetabel.

"Repeat what you told me, madam, he commanded. Aunt Mehetabel eyed her victim balefully and proceeded orally with the indictment.

"This man," she said, pointing, "who says his name is Trumbull and who is a passenger in this cabin, is supposed to be an invalid. He says he cannot walk. On one occasion my niece saw him jump out of his chair. On another occasion you stopped your ship for an hour, because they found his deck chair empty. This very afternoon I saw this man, who says he has been shot in the legs, jumping over a bar as high as his head down in the second cabin. I asked some questions and was told by somebody his name is Trask."

"As for this person with him," she added, her accusing finger now pointed at Keeler, "I don't know who he is, or what, but one look ought to be sufficient for anybody."

"The captain again surveyed the accused. "Did you hear that?" he demanded. "I heard," affirmed Trask pleasantly.

"Well, what have you got to say?" "What's the charge against me, may I ask?"

"Blazes!" thundered Captain Blodgett, his face growing steadily redder. "Charges enough! Breaking the rules of this ship with regard to visiting between cabins! Causing a panic aboard, or trying to, by a fake attempt at suicide! Traveling aboard my ship under two names! Acting in a suspicious manner generally! Causing disturbances, annoying other passengers, behaving in an improper manner, and so forth and so forth."

"If it's as bad as all that, I've got nothing to say," said Trask, smiling. Captain Blodgett gulped, glared and banged a list upon the table.

"What's your name?" he demanded. "I'm on your passenger list as Trumbull. Isn't that sufficient?" "Can you walk?"

"I could once." "Can you walk now? Get up and walk, sir!"

"I respectfully decline." "Have you walked since you've been aboard this ship?" "You'd better call your witnesses," suggested Trask.

He ventured a glance at Miss Sands. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, her lips pursed into an expression of bewilderment, her eyes bright with excitement.

Once more Captain Blodgett turned to Aunt Mehetabel, the Public Prosecutor. "Have you seen this man walk?" "Walk, run and jump," answered Aunt Mehetabel, with undisguised pleasure.

"And you?" said the captain, turning his glance toward Lucille Kent. "Have you seen this man walk?" The goddess hesitated. "Not walk," she said. "I saw him stand."

"And you know him as Trumbull?" She nodded, but with apparent reluctance. For an instant her sorrowful eyes met those of Trask in a passing glance.

"Did he tell you anything about himself?" "He said—he had been shot—in the limbs," she murmured. "I was very sorry for him. I wanted to do all I could to make his voyage pleasant. You see, he was an invalid."

The little person from the second cabin was leaning forward, her glance fixed steadily upon the goddess. She seemed to be weighing something in her mind, and swiftly calculating. From the goddess she turned her scrutiny to Trask.

"Were you a lot in the legs?" demanded Captain Blodgett, suddenly turning to the patient. "You will have to ask my physician, Dr. Van Norden."

"And I would, by thunder!" boomed the captain, "if my wireless wasn't out of commission. I'd mighty soon find out whether you're Trumbull, or Trask, or what you are!"

He turned and bestowed a ferocious look upon Mrs. Kent, who sat quiet and rather fearful, her hands folded in her lap.

"What do you know about this man, madam?" "Only—only what has already been said," faltered Mrs. Kent. Captain Blodgett made a gesture of impatience and paid no further attention to the goddess's mother.

"And now you, young lady," the captain scanned a list that lay on the table before him. "You're Miss Sands from the second cabin."

"Yes." "I understand you were seen talking to this man."

"Did he give you his name?" "Yes." "What was it?"

Sidney Sands had answered three questions very readily and quietly. She was wholly untroubled by the red ferocity of the Gulf Stream commander. Now she paused before replying, turned her glance deliberately toward the ceiling and studied a cluster of electric bulbs.

"I think," she said, finally, "that his name began with a T."

Captain Blodgett shook his head angrily. "Was it Trask?" She glanced evenly at her inquisitor for several seconds, then answered: "On reflection, I am sure that it began with a T."

"You'll have to do better than that, madam," blurted Captain Blodgett. "You will please not address me in that manner again," observed Miss Sands placidly. "I do not have to do anything, or say anything, simply because you tell me to do so in a very offensive manner. All I have to do is to comply with the rules of your ship, and I am not conscious that I have violated any of them."

Captain Blodgett went purple to his eyes. There was a rumbling deep within his throat but no words issued therefrom for fully half a minute.

Aunt Mehetabel's eyes blazed as they looked at the small person perched opposite her. The goddess was plainly shocked, as well as astonished. Trask wanted to cheer; not because for some unexplained reason, Sidney Sands was trying to turn herself into a witness for the defense, but in recognition of her calm little defiance of the master of the ship.

He tried to catch her glance and bestow a wordless thank offering, but she did not look at him. Her eyes never flinched from those of Captain Blodgett.

"I apologize, madam, if my manner offended you," said the officer after a tense pause. "I accept your apology," she replied, imperturbably. "Is it possible, Miss Sands, that you don't remember whether he said it was 'Trask' or 'Trumbull'?" "I suppose such a thing would be possible."

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The most a rheumatic sufferer can hope for in rubbing something on the swollen, aching joints is a little relief and all the while the trouble is becoming more firmly rooted. It is now known that rheumatism is rooted in the blood, and that as the trouble goes on the blood becomes still further thin and watery. To get rid of rheumatism, therefore, you must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved so beneficial when taken for this trouble. They make new, rich blood which expels the poisonous acid and the rheumatism disappears. There are thousands of former rheumatic sufferers in Canada, now well and strong, who thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they are now free from the aches and pains of this dreaded trouble. One of these is Mr. Robt. A. Smith, Mersey Point, N.S., who says: "Some years ago I was attacked with rheumatism, which grew so bad that I could not walk and had to go to bed under the doctor's care. It is needless to say that I underwent a great deal of suffering. The doctor's medicine did not seem to reach the trouble, so when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I did so, and after taking them for some weeks I was able to get out of bed. I continued using the pills and was soon able to work, and I have not been troubled with rheumatism since. In other respects also I derived a great deal of benefit from these pills and I think them a wonderful remedy."

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RADIO

CFCA (356) Toronto. 7.15 p.m.—Organ recital, Clifford McCormick. KDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh. 8 p.m.—Special Feature. WFAP (492) New York, N.Y. 6 p.m.—Dinner Music. 7 p.m.—Music.

WHN (361) New York. 6.30 p.m.—Moore Club. 7.30—Joe Ward's orchestra. 9—Feature. WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner music. WIP (508) Philadelphia. 6.05 p.m.—Concert orchestra. 7—Bedtime stories.

WJZ (455) New York. 7 p.m.—Concert orchestra. 7.55—John B. Kennedy. 8—Dance orchestra. 9.30—Thayer West Point Cavaliers. WOR (405) Newark, N.Y. 6.15 p.m.—Ensemble. 9—Serenaders. 11—Dance music.

Complete radio programmes sold at Canada Radio Stores. LATE MRS. JOHN DICKEY.

Prominent Rockport Lady Passes Away Very Suddenly. Rockport, Oct. 28.—Death came with shocking suddenness on the evening of Oct. 21st to Mrs. John Dickey, of Rockport. Mrs. Dickey was in her usual health and was on her way to a supper in the United Church at Mallorytown when she was struck.

Dr. Bissell, Mallorytown, was immediately summoned, had her taken home at once and did all that any earthly power could do, but she expired in a few minutes without having regained consciousness.

Mrs. Dickey was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Buell, of Caintown, and was in her 64th year. All her married life was spent in this vicinity and the esteem in which she was held was evidenced by the many beautiful floral tributes which rested on and about the casket. She was for many years a member of the

Methodist (now United) church and was ever a willing worker in every good cause. For fifteen years she was treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society. A sister, Mrs. S. D. Wilcox, of the place had the privilege of a "classical and commercial" school, kept by Johnson Nelson, School Bell & Co., general store, sold marriage licenses. Mr. Bell was the big noise as he was M.P.P., reeve, postmaster and conducted a tannery. Further than that he was secretary and treasurer of the County Agricultural Society.

To Reside in Kingston. Inverary, Oct. 28.—Mrs. Charles Barr has left for Michigan where she will spend some time with friends. Miss Agnes Thompson still continues poorly. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Ferguson have gone to Kingston where they will reside this winter.

The third dance of the season was held in the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday night. Mrs. F. S. Ferguson is spending Thursday and Friday in Kingston. On Friday she will attend the meeting in the Dairy school where Mrs. Adam Shortt will speak.

Carleton Place in 1851. Carleton Place in 1851 was on the map and enjoyed a population estimated at 500. The Herald was then in existence, conducted by James C.

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The Ontario Voters Lists Act

NOTICE OF SITTINGS OF REVISING OFFICER. ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF ADDINGTON

TAKE NOTICE that sittings of the Revising Officer for the purpose of hearing complaints or appeals with regard to the Voters' Lists of the several municipalities hereinafter set out to be used in the pending general election of a member of the Legislative Assembly for the Electoral District of Addington, will be held at the following places and times:

- TOWNSHIP OF OSO Community Hall, Sharbot Lake, Oct. 28th, at 1 p.m. TOWNSHIP OF PALMERSTON & NORTH AND SOUTH CANOTON Town Hall, Oct. 28th, at 4.30 p.m. TOWNSHIPS OF CLARENDON & MILLER Town Hall, Oct. 29th, at 9 a.m. TOWNSHIP OF BEDFORD Town Hall, Nov. 2nd, at 2 p.m. TOWNSHIP OF HINCHINBROOKE Town Hall, Nov. 2nd, at 3.30 p.m.

The Revising Officer for all of said municipalities will be JUDGE H. A. LAVELL, and his Clerk for each municipality shall be as follows, respectively:

- OSO: Mrs. Arthur Reynolds, Sharbot Lake. PALMERSTON and N. & S. CANOTON: T. G. Burke, Oupah. CLARENDON & MILLER: J. F. Card, Plevna. BEDFORD: J. A. Kennedy, Tichborne. HINCHINBROOKE: A. E. Beattie, Godfrey.

The sittings in each municipality will commence at the hour above stated and continue until the appeals have been disposed of. And further take notice that any voter who desires to complain that his or her name or the name of any person entitled to be entered on said lists, has been omitted from the same, or that the names of any persons who are not entitled to be voters have been entered thereon, may on or before the THIRD DAY (exclusive of Sunday) before the date fixed for the sittings as above set out, apply, complain or appeal to have his or her name or that of any other person entered on or removed from the same list.

And further take notice that such appeals must be by notice in writing in the prescribed form, signed by the complainant in duplicate and given to the Clerk of the Revising Officer for the municipality or left for such Clerk at his address as given above.

H. A. LAVELL, Chairman of the Election Board for the County of Frontenac. Dated at Kingston, this 10th day of October, 1926.

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FOR NEURITIS



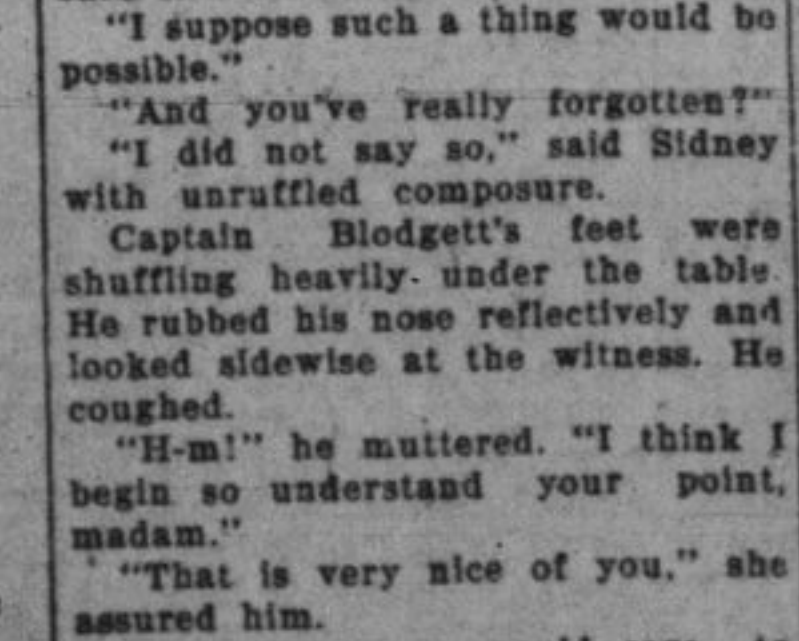
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