

PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE

Sammy Paige had just dismissed her last violin pupil for the day when her older sister Pauline entered the room. For the last five minutes Sammy had heard Pauline at the phone in the library holding gay converse with somebody whose identity she had already guessed.

"We're going to motor with Bruce Gordon at 4," Pauline announced, smiling.

"I'm not," Sammy spoke curtly. She took up her violin and laid it tenderly in its case, with the bow beside it. Her violin was her dearest possession, and although there was no need she made herself independent by teaching, much to Pauline's disgust. A wage-earner in the family lowered the standard that the idle and well-to-do Paiges had held aloft for several generations. Sammy has acquired strange ideas as well as a musical education at that dreadful university which she would attend in spite of Pauline's efforts to withhold her. Pauline had been educated at the Queen Elizabeth school for young ladies, exclusively known, very expensive, and only frequented so far as the usages of the best society were concerned.

Feeling her sister's coldly unfavorable gaze upon her, Sammy lifted her head and repeated more emphatically: "I'm not going motoring with you and Bruce Gordon again. I hate playing second fiddle."

"Don't, Sammy," Pauline gently chided. "That sounds classroomy and vulgar. Besides you are going. I can't go without you. It isn't at all proper for me to go motoring about the country with a man I know no better than I do Mr. Gordon. And I'm wild to go. Besides there's the back seat. It joggles so when it is empty."

"Take Aunt Abby—take anyone, but do leave me in peace, Pauline." "Aunt Abby is at a meeting of the Belgian relief committee. You will have to go dear. Please!" When Pauline descended from her imperial dignity so far as to say "please," a stone would have melted itself into water for her.

Sammy capitulated. "Well," she conceded ungraciously. "A siren tooted at the corner and Pauline ran to the window. 'It's Bruce now! I had no idea it was so near. Go out, dear, and tell him I'll be ready in a moment. I'll be no time at all planning on my hat.' She was gone."

NEURALGIA AND SCIATICA

Caused by Starved Nerves Due to Weak, Watery Blood

People generally think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve of the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease is the same. The cause is the same, and the remedy to be effective, must be the same. The pain of neuralgia, and sciatica, or whether it affects the face and head, is caused by starved nerves. The blood, which normally carries nourishment to the nerves, for some reason no longer does so and the excruciating pain you feel is the cry of the starved nerves for food. The reason why the blood fails to properly nourish the nerves is usually because the blood itself is weak and thin.

When you build up the thin blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, you are attacking neuralgia, sciatica and kindred diseases at the root. As proof of the value of these pills in cases of this kind we give the statement of Mrs. Thomas McGuire, North Malden, Ont., who says: "I have been a severe sufferer from sciatica which attacked the sciatic nerve in the left leg. At times the pain was most excruciating and as a result of the trouble there was a distinct shrivelling of the leg. I could only hobble about by using a cane, and if I attempted to walk to the field I would have to sit down every little while to ease the agony I felt. I was under medical treatment, but as there was no improvement, shown, I was getting very dispondent, as the trouble was affecting my general health. Finally a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to do so. I took the pills faithfully for several months, finding a gradual and increasing improvement in my case, until finally every vestige of the trouble had gone, and was again enjoying the blessing of good health and freedom from pain. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me seems almost a miracle and I hope that my experience may benefit some other sufferer."

If you are suffering from any ailment due to weak blood avail your treatment of the splendid home treatment which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so easily afford, and you will gain health. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

Sammy had no choice. Slowly she went out to the car now waiting at the curb. The instant Bruce Gordon's gray eyes fell upon her she was conscious that she was almost unrepresentable.

"You are going?" Bruce Gordon asked rather eagerly. "Both of you?"

"I HATE PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE"

"Pauline's getting her hat. She'll be here in just a minute," Sammy answered.

"You aren't going to wear a hat then?" Bruce persisted.

Sammy shook her head. "I don't mind the sun. And it doesn't mind me, now it has done all the damage it possibly can do."

Bruce did not laugh. "Tan is becoming," he said quietly. "And your hair is all the better for the air." He held open the front door.

But Sammy, remembering past instructions, quietly opened the back door herself and climbed in. His act, however, had jolted the color into her cheeks. He had actually invited her to sit beside him in Pauline's place. Ah, there was Pauline.

Pauline looked lovely. She was as fresh as the rose she had at her girdle. Her hat was pinned on securely and from under its fashionable brim her pink oval face would have gladdened the sight of the veriest women hater. She did not have to be asked into the front seat. She took it as her bounden right. Bruce turned on the power and the big car swirled away.

Sammy, alone in the back seat, was speedily forgotten, as it seemed to her. At least Pauline forgot her. Pauline was very talkative today and Bruce silent, listening, perhaps to her chatter. His car needed a good deal of attention. They were going toward Rockvale and the road had not yet settled evenly after some recent rains.

Sammy was not altogether comfortable on the back seat. She was short and her feet did not rest firmly enough upon the floor, to brace her. She was pounded and swayed and jiggled with every motion of the car. Still the sights she saw compensated in a measure. After a long day of violin and stupid pupils the fragrant air, the daisy white and buttercup yellow fields and the plummy woods, dreaming, under drifting clouds, charmed her. After all she was glad she had come, even though it was only to play chaperon to her beautiful sister.

She did not wonder that Bruce was attracted by Pauline; most men were. And yet somehow Pauline had never had a real out-and-out proposal. It was very odd. Sammy could not account for it. On one or two occasions Pauline had seemed quite disappointed. Aunt Abby had a nasty way of saying that Pauline would have to marry Mr. Bacon yet. Mr. Bacon was old enough to be her father, but he had known her always, and he said she could never do anything that would make him dislike her. Mr. Bacon was a great collector of beautiful things; his home was full of them. Aunt Abby said that accounted for his wanting Pauline. "And the best thing she can do is to marry him before her tinsel tarnishes."

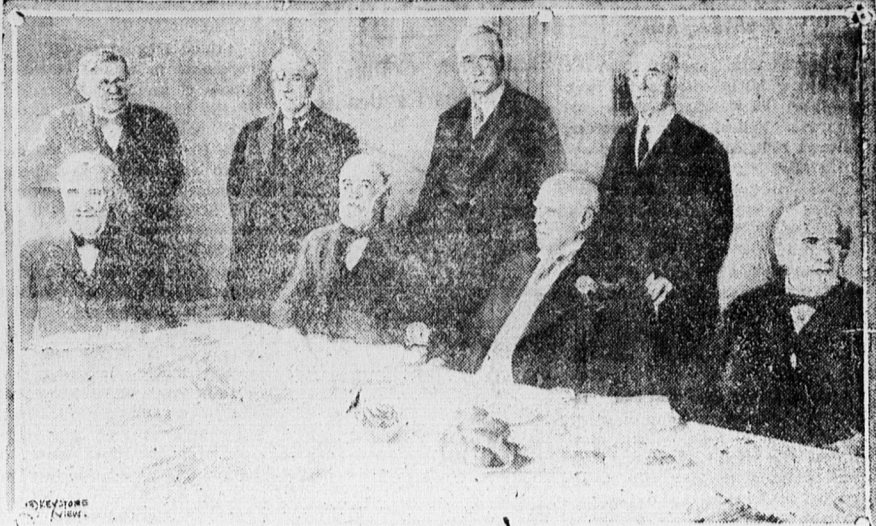
On the other hand, Sammy had actually had two proposals. Her teacher of harmony had asked her to marry him, and afterward a student, whom she felt had robbed himself, poor boy, to buy roses for her, had done the same thing. Her heart nearly broke in pity for them both, but she couldn't. Why, she never intended to marry at all! There really was no sense in marrying if one had plenty of work to do.

And yet alone in the back seat she looked at the back of Bruce Gordon's head and the set of his big shoulders, and wondered if it would not seem very good indeed to have Pauline's capacity for charming him.

"Oh, look!" Pauline had given a little delighted cry and was turning to point at a great splash of purple in a marshy hollow close to the road. "Iris! Do stop and let us get some."

The car paused obediently. Sammy jumped into the road and was down the bank in a moment. There was a good deal of water before she could get to the iris, but she crossed by leaping from stone to stone. Behind her she could hear Pauline giving little startled cries, while Bruce reassured and assisted her.

Poised on a stone, Sammy pulled iris with both hands. She would have a sheaf for the old blue jar in her studio and another for the porch, where Aunt Abby sat so much. And she could take some to old Mrs. Benton, who never got out to see the fields and woods any more. Perhaps little Carrie Clauson would like a few for her desk in that dreary office where she kept books all day.



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON AND "OLD BOYS" OF THE HOUSE AND SENATE WHO HELPED HIM CELEBRATE HIS 84TH BIRTHDAY

Following an ovation in the House of Representatives on his eighty-fourth birthday, "Uncle Joe" Cannon was the guest of Senator Carrol S. Page, of Vermont, at a luncheon to which all members of the House and Senate who were born prior to 1843 were invited. Four members of the House

and three of the Senate qualified and Vice-President Marshall, representing the "younger" members of the upper house, acted as toast-master. In the photograph are seen left to right, front row: Mr. Cannon, Representatives Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina; Representative Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio; Senator Knute

Nelson, of Minnesota. Back row: Vice-President Marshall, Senator Page, Senator William P. Dillingham, of Vermont, and Representative William S. Greene, of Massachusetts. At the same time "Uncle Joe" celebrated his nomination for his twenty-fifth term in the lower house, of which he was speaker for eight years.



"DENIM? YES, BUT WHY UNSIGHTLY OVERALLS?" SHE ASKED, HERE'S THE ANSWER

"Denim is all right, but why unsightly 'overalls,' this pretty New York girl asked herself. She answered the question so well that strollers on Fifth avenue stopped to admire her 'creation.' She calls it a 'dress of the hour.' The coat and skirt, with the divided pantaloons, may be made, she says, of galatea instead of denim."

Sammy, stimulated by ginger tea and with no discomfort save what was purely mental, had taken up her violin and was playing softly when Aunt Abby brought Bruce Gordon into the room.

"I've brought your iris," he said. Sammy stared at him. "You didn't go all the way back for it?" she gasped.

"I certainly did," Bruce laughed. "And now may I stay and help you arrange it?"

"If—if you wish," Sammy answered, stammering unaccountably.

And though the iris only lasted some three days the romance that began in its presence will last for years and years.

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The World's Truest Woman

LOVELESS MATCH TO SAVE FATHER FROM RUIN

By Grace Isaacs, formerly Maid to Mrs. George Griffin

The announcement that my former mistress, Mrs. George Francis Griffin, has married Commander Paul Bastado will, if the truth is known, reveal one of the truest love stories in the world.

I was with Mrs. Griffin when she married the richest man in Chicago, as he was called nine years ago. She was then just a girl home from school with her hair down her back.

Her father had been a good papa to the girl, but he went in for horse racing and lost heavily. Then he met George F. Griffin, who was at home when Helen came back from school.

She was a beautiful girl, and Mr. Griffin fell in love with her. But she didn't care for him. She's always been chummy with Paul H. Bastado, then a cadet at West Point Academy.

I remember when she had her proposal from Mr. Griffin she cried all day and swore she would have nothing to do with the man. That was until her father told her that unless she made a rich marriage she and he would be ruined.

WANTED TO ELOPE

Helen married the man, because as she said, "I will take him because I shall have to marry a man I do not love, and I cannot bear to be held out for inspection to other possible buyers, whom I shall not care for any more than I do for George Griffin." So the girl accepted Mr. Griffin, and there was a real fuss made in Chicago at the time. I was with her always and she used to tell me a good deal.

A fortnight after she came home from school, and a week after the engagement, Cadet Paul A. Bastado arrived from West Point.

He was only a boy, but he raged and rampaged when he learned what had happened. He was a wild youngster, and he came to me with all sorts of romantic ideas about running off with Miss Helen. But from the first the girl would have none of it. She was the most honorable girl in the United States.

She told Paul she loved him and nothing could ever alter her love for him, but they could never marry. She said she was selling herself for her father's sake, but that she meant to be honorable over the

"I've worn these catskin shoes only two months; now look at 'em," said the irate customer. "My dear sir, you must understand the calf had already worn that skin five months, making seven months' wear, which is very good, I should say."

(Continued on page fifteen)

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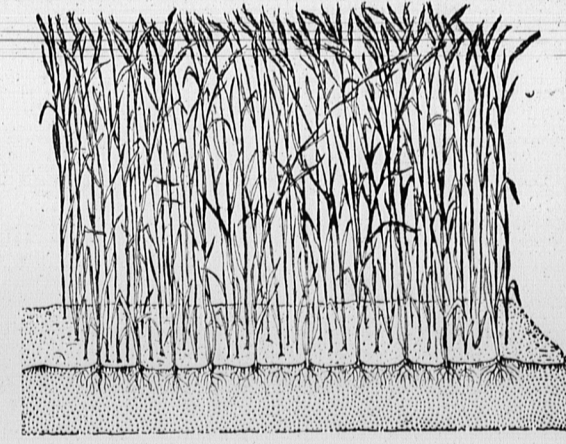
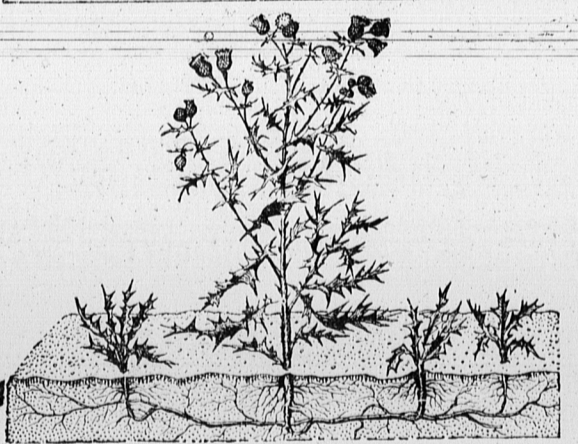
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vanized wire (it is made completely in our own mills), and with the laterals and stays locked securely together by the famous FROST TIGHT LOCK (illustrated at the side of advertisement), this fence will stand the test of the severest extremes of Canadian weather and all manner of rough treatment from frisky stock.

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