# PRINCE EDWARD

5—NIGHTS—5
Matinee Saturday
COMMENCING
**Tuesday, Dec. 4**
THE FAVORITE
**W. S. HARKINS PLAYERS**
In Five Great Plays

All New Scenery

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4th
**"The Woman He Married"**

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5th
Just One Continuous Laugh
The World Famous Comedy
**"Fair And Warmer"**

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6th
The Brilliant Comedy Drama
**"Putting It Over"**
Full of tense dramatic situations, as well as some screamingly funny ones.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7th
The Startling Three Act Drama
**"Play Things"**
The greatest dramatic success in the history of the stage.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8th
TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

EVENING PRICES
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NOTE: — Advertising locals cost five cents per word, payable in advance.

SEE TRAINOR about a Caloric Pipeless Furnace. 11-28-3i.

HEA MRS. JONES IN VIOLIN selections at the Baptist schoolroom this evening. 1i

AT HOME—Mrs. E. G. Coombs will be at home to her friends, at 39 Rochford Square, Wednesday, November 28th, from 4 to 6. 2i

DECIDE ON A CALORIC Pipeless Furnace. Fred H. Trainor, Agent. 11-28-3i.

FOR SALE—Singer Sewing Machine in good condition. Apply Guardian Office. 11-27-3i

MOLASSES — Schooner Union Jack, cargo arrived today 475 puncheons of best quality for extra fancy. Carvell Bros.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN wants —A Prim Lady Shopping Bag. Every lady may have one for only 80 cents at the Guardian Office.

REFRESHMENT TABLE AND home-made candy sale, St. Paul's Parish Hall, Thursday 29th. Admission 10cts., tea 10cts.

NO COMPLAINTS where a Caloric Pipeless Furnace is installed That's the kind to buy. Fred H. Trainor, Agent. 11-28-3i.

THERE WILL BE A DOLLS' Millinery Show for the children at St. Paul's Tea, to-morrow, (Thursday.)

THE S. S. "CANADIAN SAPPER" due here November 28th, will load a large part of her cargo at Railway wharf, thus saving shippers the cost of truckage and wharfage. Buntain, Bell Co.,—3i.

AN IDEAL SHOPPING BAG OF high grade waterproof art leather and handsomely lined with flowered cretonne. Would make an appropriate Xmas gift. Only 60c. at Guardian Office.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION— A telegram was received yesterday from Montreal stating that Mr. James McCallum, Southport, had been successfully operated on in the Royal Victoria Hospital and was progressing favorably.

MRS. JONES TOLD HER GROCer that one of her reasons for using MORSE'S TEAS was that everybody else used them. The grocer said, "do you think that is a good reason?" "Yes," she replied "I do, and I'll tell you why. It is a guarantee that they are always fresh, and tea freshness is almost as important as to have it of the right quality. You cannot expect freshness in a slow selling tea."

THE S. S. "CANADIAN SAPPER" which rendered such good service between Montreal, Ch'town and St. John's, Newfoundland during the past four years, will be due here Wednesday morning November 28th. As this will be her last trip from here this season, we are anxious to give her a large cargo of produce and livestock. Buntain Bell Co., agents. 1i


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# WHAT A WIFE LEARNED

## (From Thomas H. Ince's Screen Drama of A Woman Who Sought A Career and Found Love)

### Chapter 1

Jim Russell, six feet of brawn, tanned by the sun and wind, was essentially a product of the plains. His ranch, which touched the eastern border of California and stretched away through some five hundred acres of Arizona cattle land, represented long years of struggle and self-denial by his father and his mother, who were killed when a horse ran away with them and Jim's sister a baby in arms. The child had survived, though hopelessly crippled, and Jim as residuary legatee of his father's estate and managed to carry on the ranch with the aid of old Pat McGrath and his wife Maggie, who had been with the Russell household ever since Jim was a boy.

Esther's twisted little body lay helplessly for months in a pillowed chair after the accident, but as the child grew older she managed to limp about on a pair of crutches that her brother had fashioned for her. Her plight had made her an object of Jim's tenderest solicitude, a characteristic quite out of keeping with the man's other attributes; and Esther in turn lavished upon him a love and admiration which were curiously capable at times of selfish tyranny.

Her girlish rebellion against Jim's affairs of the heart was all the more poignant when for the first time she realized that Sheila Dorne, the pretty district teacher, was unconsciously claiming Jim's attentions. Not that she disliked Sheila, for she didn't. Nor would she ever allow herself to betray the least sign of her childish unhappiness.

Sheila had never once given matrimony a thought. Her ambitions lay in another direction. She had already tasted the first fruits of authorship, and she had taken the little school a thousand miles from friends and home in the east so that she could bury herself in the business of writing a "best-seller." The first flush of success she resolved, would be a stepping stone to greater achievement.

With their first meeting, Jim had fallen desperately in love. He had begun a courtship which refused to be sidetracked or wrecked on the rocks of a woman's ambition. For marriage, in Sheila's case, he said to himself, would only ensure its realization.

The children of the neighborhood knew Jim and loved him, and with childish intuition they sensed Sheila's embarrassment the day Jim boldly entered the school-room just as Sheila was dismissing the classes for the day. While she was at the door with the children he idly opened a magazine that lay on her desk, and beheld the magic words: "The Crossroads—by Sheila Dorne."

A moment later Sheila came back into the room, and glancing over Jim's shoulder at what he was doing, she suddenly flushed resentment at what she saw. But, unperturbed, he finished printing the name "Russel" after her name beneath the title of the story.

"You see it doesn't hurt the story any to change your name," he reflected laconically. He had come, he said, to say that Esther wished to see her. Whatever his excuses had been before, this was a real excuse. He had brought his best riding horse, all saddled for the ride to the ranch.

Esther saw them coming around the bend in the road, Sheila seated in the saddle and Jim walking by the horse's head.

"I really did want to see you this time," Esther told her. "I want you to come to my birthday party next week." And the three entered the house, Sheila taking the child by the arm to assist her, as Jim turned his horse over to McGrath to be taken to the stable. McGrath called a new Mexican ranch hand who took the animal as he was bidden, mounting it on the way to the stable. The horse balked at the strange rider and the Mexican, in cow-boy fashion, drew his bridle tighter and dug his spurs into the animal's side.

From the window of the big living room Jim caught a glimpse of what was happening. A blind fury seized him, and leaving Sheila with the presents with which he planned to surprise his sister, he rushed madly into the yard, calling to the Mexican to dismount. No sooner had the man swung to the ground than Jim dealth him a crashing blow in the face and ordered him to leave the place at once.

Sheila had followed Jim to the door. She was stunned by what she had seen, and Jim at once caught the pained expression in her eyes.

"You'd ask me to marry you when you can't control your temper, Jim? I'd be afraid," she said reprovingly.

Teaching at best is a prosaic occupation in a town a thousand miles from home. The romance of writing a "best-seller" lost some of its color. Jim Russel had stirred Sheila as no other man had, but she fought back his love for fear it would block her career. She wanted him but—somehow she was afraid of him. She could not forget the scend she had witnessed at the ranch.

It was after Esther's party that Sheila for the first time acknowledged her love. The man's joy in the child's happiness quite overawed her. Perhaps, after all, he could be pardoned for the hot, quick temper that mastered him at times.

A hurt jealously flamed into Esther's face as she saw Jim and Sheila slip away from the house before the party was over.

"I've often wondered what that is, Jim. It looks like the ruins of Rome," cried Sheila, pointing to a massive wall of concrete silhouetted against a background of stars.

Russell told her that it was a great engineering project that had been abandoned years ago when the private enterprise which was building what would have been the biggest dam in the southwest failed to raise sufficient capital to complete the work. Settlers had taken homestead sites, but they would never prosper in such dry soil until the dam, with its irrigation possibilities, could be completed. Perhaps some day it would blossom into a rich, fertile community. Jim was dreaming his pet dream aloud, and Sheila turned her head as he was speaking to watch him.

"Jim," she whispered, "I didn't know you were a dreamer, too Let's work together!"

### Chapter 2

Six months later Sheila Russell finished her first novel.

"Who said they couldn't be married and write?" demanded Jim gaily as they tied up the precious manuscript and sent it off.

Quickly Sheila turned to him with radiant face.

"Of Jim! It's been wonderful. If only the book is a success!"

When a letter arrived at the ranch two weeks later addressed to "Mrs. Sheila Russell" and bearing the imprint of the publishing house known from coast to coast, Sheila refused to open it until Jim had returned. There was breathless silence a little later as Jim watched his wife read the letter:

"We have read the manuscript of your book, 'Jim,' with real delight. There are some slight changes we would like to talk over with you, however, before preparing the contract. Can you arrange to come in any time soon and see us? Again offering you our sincere congratulations. Cordially, John Merrill."

With singing heart Sheila started off to the city but Jim watched her go with uneasy forebodings—forebodings which he felt had come true when she returned with the ecstatic news that Rudolph Martin, the playwright, wanted to dramatize her story.

"But—it means that we must go to the city, Jim!"

Fearfully she watched his face change and harden. "Think what it will mean though. Now there will be enough money for Esther to be treated with the best medical skill obtainable. And it means so much to me, dear!"

Convulsively the man caught her to him.

"I promised—never to interfere with your career," he said grimly. "We'll go."

But his eyes were somber as he held her, crying happy tears on his flannel shirt.

Late August found "Jim" on the bookstands and the name of Sheila Russell one of the big authors of the hour. But Jim was unhappy. His search for work in the city proved fuitless for a time. Could it be that he, Jim Russell of the Russell Ranch, had nothing the city wanted? When, finally, after long search he was hired by a construction company to drive a pair of bay horses, he accepted the job grimly. Everywhere he went he was pointed out as Sheila's husband and he had overheard Mrs. Martin's guests at a dinner party one night refer to him as a truck driver.

"The city! With tin gods of money and society! God, how I hate it," Jim ejaculated late one afternoon to Jerry, his helper. Sheila, returning from a polo tournament in which Martin's team had won, had invited everybody into her little apartment for lunch; and when Jim arrived with Jerry, both men in blue denims, he heard voices as soon as he opened the door. He had never come home in his working clothes before, and upon seeing Sheila's embarrassment when he entered, he stopped short as if to retrace his steps

"My Word!" exclaimed one of the guests in derision—as he adjusted a monocle after a prolonged stare. The remark was repeated with a half laugh by some of the others. Jim had sensed what was in everyone's mind who knew Martin, and had felt that Martin's interest in Sheila was becoming more than that of a disinterested collaborator. The sneering remark cut him to the quick. "What are you laughing about?" he thundered, striding across the room. There was a menacing tone in his voice. Jim clenched his hand over the shoulder of the man who had offered the insult and shook him vigorously. Flinging him to one side he stepped nearer the table and thundered again: "Get out! All of you."

A frozen silence fell over the gathering. Sheila, caught in the whirlwind of her husband's fury, could not believe the man who spoke was Jim Russell.

"How dare you!" she stammered. "How dare you insult my guests!"

"Your guests are not going to insult me," he retorted: "at least not in my own house."

Sheila burst into tears. "It was wrong to come here, Jim," she cried. "Let's go back to the ranch."

"No," he answered grimly, "you wanted your chance and you're going to have it. We'll stay."

Returning to the construction company's yards, he was met by the superintendent, who told him that the company had decided to replace the horses with motor trucks. If Jim cared to take a job as riveter on one of the buildings he could report for work in the morning. He nodded assent. A moment later he caught the head of one of the horses in the yard and rubbed the soft nose with his hand.

"You and I don't belong here, old-timer—we're out of date."

### Chapter 3

The play finished, Martin urged Sheila to go with him to New York, but Jim objected. "You're not going," he said "I only love what's mine. And what is mine I keep. We're going back to the ranch."

Picking up his hat he started out of the door. Sheila caught his arm.

"Don't go that way, Jim. You can't drag me back to the ranch like one of your cattle. That isn't love!"

"It's the only love I know," he retorted. "You can take it or leave it," and with an angry motion he flung her off.

"If you aren't back here before six tomorrow evening, I'm going to New York," was Sheila's answer.

John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte in "What a Wife Learned"

Stormily he flung out of the apartment to sit shivering and brooding all night long on a park bench. At daylight his feet involuntarily took him back to the door of their apartment but he was still stubborn and turned back to work.

At the yards he was met with the word that the superintendent wanted to see him. He had seen some of Jim's idle drawings and saw in him a real talent for engineering. He was ordered to report to the draughting department the following day. After all he did have something the city wanted.

It was a different Jim who climbed twelve stories high to his work on the spidery girders of the great steel structure. As he worked he looked out over the city and doubling up his fist shook it.

Some day you'll hear from me," he exulted.

For the first time he understood something of the urge back of Sheila's work. He would go to her and ask forgiveness

A sudden shout—"Man has fallen!"

Jim, in his preoccupation, has missed his footing.

He made a frantic clutch at a girder but missed it. Hurtling through the air, he had presence of mind enough to catch a scaffold. He had saved himself from death, but he had wrenched the muscles of his arm so badly that the doctor said he would probably lose the use of his fingers.

It was nearly six o'clock before he got away from the doctor and started running down the street. He must see Sheila before it was too late. He had lost his chance to make good—he couldn't lose her, too.

Sheila was chagrined over Jim's unreasoning demand. Why should he, if he had her welfare at heart, refuse her the privilege of seeing her play on its opening night—the triumph that comes perhaps only once a lifetime?

It was near train time and Jim had not returned. In a few minutes Martin would be at the door to take her to the station in his car. . . . The doorbell rang. There was no time to be lost . . . She would go and in another minute, as Jim came around the corner, too late to tell her what was in his heart to say, the door of the limousine banged shut and she was gone.

Drearily Jim turned away. He was going home—but alone.

### Chapter 4

Russell ranch was a lonely place without Sheila. If only Jim could have known how tenderly she loved him, how reluctant she had been to go, how different everything might have been if he had come home a few minutes sooner. But Jim didn't know—and he was hurt to the quick. Letters came from Sheila but he tore them up. As he brooded there grew in him, the determination to show her. He would build the dam of which he had dreamed. Mortgaging his ranch to the limit he began work on what his neighbors declared was a mad dream.

February came, and with it the heavy rains. The dam was nearing completion. There was danger that a flood from the upper country would wipe out the dam and with it Jim's dream of success. The gang of workmen worked unremittingly.

One evening Jim scanned the "Garunna Bulletin." A dispatch from San Francisco caught his eye. Mrs. Rudolph Martin was in Reno seeking a divorce and gossip had it that Mrs Russell might seek separation from her husband, for Martin and the pretty author were seen much together. The inference was plain.

On the night that Sheila's play became a Broadway success, Jim's crew were working heroically to finish Russell dam. Cobley dam was almost full.

The great Cobley dam fifty miles north had been the valley's only protection. If it failed to hold the flood would leave only death and devastation in its wake.

Returning to her hotel apartment that evening accompanied by Martin, Sheila found a box of roses. Their withered petals fell to the floor as she took them up. Attached to the stems was a note from Esther. Esther was sick! Why hadn't Jim told her!

"Oh," she cried sharply, "I must go back!"

Martin had wanted to tell her that he was now a free man. Jealously surged into his eyes. Was it for Esther alone that she wanted to return? He tried to take her into his arms, but she would not let him. He loved her. She would love him if she would only give herself a chance. She must not go back to the old environment.

"I must go back now, Rudy," she said. "I never could love you if I didn't.

"But I'll go along and bring you back," protested Martin. "It's civilization, culture, education, that count in the game of life. I'm not going to let you drift back into obscurity."

They arrived on the last day that marked the completion of the new dam. Sheila hurried to Esther's bedside but Martin went in search of Jim whom he found supervising the work of pulling down the staging of the completed dam. "Sheila has come back—to Esther," he told Jim. "I came with her."

Jim clenched his fists. But Martin faced him unflinchingly. "I have come," he said, "because I love Sheila. I am free I love Sheila and can give her wealth and fame and success. What can you offer? A laborer's home and protection?"

"I barter for my wife with no man," retorted Jim.

"Cobley dam has gone!" the cries of the workmen reached Jim's ears and in a minute he was gone. Martin followed him, for he knew the dire fate that awaited them all if the locks of the dam were not closed. But the two men were caught in the swirling water, and wreckage. They swam desperately. Jim pulled himself out of the dam in an exhausted condition. Sheila stood before him, terrified at the sight of Martin in a losing fight.

Jim saw the horrified gaze in Sheila's eyes. Something changed within him. He must save Martin for Sheila. He would not stand between her and happiness. And plunging back into the roaring deluge he battled his way to the sinking man.

Sheila watched the rescue with bated breath. She didn't sense its significance. She only glorified in the gameness of it all. It was her Jim—her Jim, who cared!

"I had to. I couldn't let you die if you could . . . give her . . happiness," said Jim feebly, as he pulled Martin to safety.

Flinging herself into Jim's arms and calling his name over and over, Sheila cried with joy, looking into his face with eyes that only too plainly told of love and gladness.

"But it's you I want," she cried. "I didn't realize how empty a career could be without you. Jim's big arms encircled her as Martin walked slowly away.

On the train going East the next morning Rudolph sat reading a newspaper. "Russell Dam Holds" ran a streamer headline.

In his heart Martin was glad. Sheila was happy and Jim Russell had made good.


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