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## A New Ship Modelled on Fish

Great Speed Attainable at  
Considerable Saving in Fuel  
Consumption — Passage  
of Atlantic in Three  
Days May Be  
Possible

Munch, Ger.—Nature is once more beckoning the engineer's teacher. The study of zoology and this new technical science is called biotechnology. A young inventor, A. Borner of Dresden, who attracted attention some years ago by his plans for a "Super-Zeppelin," has now constructed a new type of boat based on the fruits of biotechnology. His invention is closely connected with his study of fish. He observed trout for some time, and the result of his observations was the conviction that the fish's gills are not exclusively breathing organs. It had been more or less universally taken for granted that the impulse for motion is given by the tail fin, the side fin enabling the fish to balance and to rise or sink.

Watching a trout swimming upstream Mr. Borner saw him move swiftly forward without motion of tail or fins. The water swallowed by the trout was spouted through his gills with force, much as a man swimming pushes the water with his feet. Mr. Borner came to the conclusion that the fish's gills are used for the purpose of accelerating motion. This discovery is in accordance with the observation that swiftly swimming fishes have larger gills than a slow species. This was a first step in his studies. A further question was whether the protruding scales of sharks, the purpose of which has not been explained hitherto, are not likewise used in swimming. Mr. Borner observed that the spouts of water spouted through the gills were utilized to accelerate the forward motion by giving increased impulse when breaking against and turning around the protruberances on the sides of the shark.

As a result of his zoological studies Borner set to constructing a completely new type of boat, which has been tried with success on the River Elbe. In gratitude to his "instructors" the vessel Forelle (the German word for trout).

The Forelle is 9 meters (about 10 yards) in length and 1 1/2 meters in breadth. The screw is not as usual in the stern of the vessel, but in front beneath the water, in a hollow or funnel in the ship's bow. The water sucked in by the screw is pushed through tubes on either side and is spouted through splits opening in the middle of the vessel's sides. The binder part is provided with protruberances resembling the scales of the shark.

The advantages of this new type of construction are increased speed with a less powerful machine and a considerable saving of fuel. With a motor of but 6 horsepower, a speed of 20 knots is reached by the Forelle, a speed that would require a motor of five times the power in an ordinary boat. The Forelle can be easily steered and immediately stopped. The inventor hopes that steamships of this type will cross the Atlantic in three days, half the time required at present.



ITS FORM

She: What form has a kiss?  
He: If you'll consent to a round I think it would be square.

It was a little out-of-the-way village in France, and the Highland regiment was swinging along the road. Two old Frenchmen, obviously puzzled by their costumes, were having a heated argument of the same. Said one— "You cannot be men, for look at the shoes and the skirts!" Replied the other—"You cannot be women, for my love so mountainous!" "Ah!" replied the first speaker, "I have it. Key say so famous Middlesex Regiment, of whom I have heard so much!"

Winard's Liniment for Grippes.

ISSUE No. 46-17

## The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

### BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., who engages Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, in a quarrel during a motorboat ride, threatens to throw Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, overboard for interfering. He awakens from a drunken stupor to be told by Ishmin that he threw Sarichef overboard during the night America, but unbeknownst to his wife, Dorothy, he flew to Alaska, where he is known as the Remittance Man.

He joins Big Chris Larson, cannery web foreman, in response to a distress signal at sea and forces his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits the rocks. Dorothy Newhall receives a telegram that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried near Pirate Cove, Alaska. She permits Ishmin to call feeling she can now receive his attentions.

But Peter Newhall had not drowned. As sole survivor he was rescued by another ship answering the same call.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

**CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)**  
"I know it's a pretty big job for my skill," Bill answered promptly. "If there was a real M.D. on the boat or within a thousand miles I wouldn't tackle it—though I've tackled some pretty stiff jobs, and got away with 'em, too, my years at sea. If I don't work on that face he'll be a monster to look at the rest of his life. I really think I can help him—I believe if he was conscious he'd tell me to go ahead."

Peter opened his eyes again. "I'm conscious," he said thickly. His jaw wobbled as he tried to enunciate. "Go ahead."

The sailors looked at him with no great amazement. "That's another complication—that you're conscious," Bill returned. "We haven't any anesthetic."

"Go ahead, anyway. My face hasn't any feeling in it, at all. It feels numb."

"I'm afraid it won't be numb when I get to work on it. But we're a thousand miles from a real surgeon, and you've got to have help. I'll be as easy as I can."

Bill went to work—to the absolute limit of his skill. He stitched great ugly cuts, he banded loose, torn strips of flesh, he tied bleeding veins, he fastened again—with some deftness—a torn eyelid that was the result of a long cut that passed diagonally across his face and which had broken the bone of the nose, and he tried his best to set the broken jaw. Through it all Peter clenched his hands, bit the wedge that Bill had placed between his jaws, and said nothing.

"The boy's got guts," Bill had said with emphasis.

Stabbing, burning pain in his jaws and face woke Peter late in the night; and he was somewhat surprised to find Bill sitting at his bedside. "Don't try to talk," the latter cautioned quickly. "You won't do any talking for some weeks, my boy. But I can see you're better."

Peter managed to grin wanly and moved his hand as if in the act of writing. Bill understood promptly.

"I'll get you a piece of paper in a minute. It's lucky for you you know how to read and write. I've got to look at some of those bandages first, though." He slipped off some of the stained white strips, sterilized the wounds, and put on fresh bandages. "Just doing fine, so far," he gloated with professional pride. "You won't look like you, but you'll look like something. You wanted a piece of paper? Wait a second."

He laid the back of an envelope on the rail of the bunk and put a pencil in Peter's hand. The latter wrote simply like the seafaring man he was coming to be.

"What ship and where bound?" Bill read aloud. "Naturally, you would be interested in that. This is the auxiliary schooner Dolly Betts, sailed from Nakhok for Siberia. But don't worry—we'll be back to Unalaska in six months, and from there to 'Frisco. I hope you haven't got any pressing engagements."

Peter grinned in his bandages, and at the cost of some pain shook his head.

"Good. Don't want to be put off if we meet any one?"

The castaway indicated "no" again. "Then we'll be shipmates for some time. The captain'll be glad to sign you up; though you haven't the hands of a seafaring man, there's always something you can do. What do they call you?"

Peter took the paper again and started to write Peter Neville, the name he had gone under—the few times he had had occasion to give his name—during his residence in the native village. But he halted before he

had completed the first word. A sudden, deeply moving thought flashed like a light in his mind.

He was hardly aware that Bill had picked up the paper. "Pete, eh," he read. Many men, in this remote end of the North, go by first names only; and it is not considered the best manners to inquire too closely as to what the family name might be. They were men to men, and Bill had no desire to embarrass his friend. He seemed perfectly matter-of-fact and grinned in a friendly way. "Limejuice Pete!"

Limejuice Pete! Bill went out and left this southern aristocrat to ponder on the interesting situation in which he found himself.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### PETER DISGUISED.

Limejuice Pete! It did not surprise Peter Newhall that Bill should take him for an Englishman. He was a pure Anglo-Saxon to start with, his features had suggested those of the better class of Britabers, but mostly Bill got the idea from his southern accent—an accent with which the crew of the Dolly Betts was entirely unfamiliar but which, because it was nothing else they knew, became English by the process of elimination.

Only the crew of the Dolly Betts knew that there was a survivor from the disaster of the reefs. In order that the whole world should be made to believe that Peter Newhall, alias Peter Neville, had gone down on the Jupiter he must tell his shipmates that he, Limejuice Pete, had been aboard and was a survivor of the auxiliary schooner that had sunk among the reefs, the ship that the unfortunate Jupiter had gone forth to save. No one living, so far as he knew, could contradict his story. Thus the world would believe that every one aboard the Jupiter was lost, Peter Newhall of course among them.

He resolved to get up as soon as possible, take his place in the crew



He signed the name "Pete Limejuicer."

of the ship, and get what companionship he could from his shipmates. He would not pay for his passage; in the first place it might arouse suspicion of him—men of the class he was supposed to be do not pay for steamboat tickets when they can work their way—and in the second, the hard work on the deck might fill up the long days and give him some shadow of happiness. He would not take to the whiskey bottle again at once. That wild, half-mad dream was ended.

Ten days thereafter he was well enough to begin his first light taste aboard ship; and the captain signed him up. This proceeding was not without an element of humor: the southern gentleman signed the name "Pete Limejuicer" with a flourish.

The captain grinned widely, then assigned him a shift on the paint deck that is always busy on shipboard.

His wounds healed, his jaw and bone of his nose were sound again, and now the blond hair had begun to lengthen and mat about his lips and jaws. Because it was gradual, he did not at first realize the tremendous, incredible change in his appearance since the night of the wreck. In the first place health and decent habits had mostly eradicated the revolting signs of dissipation. His eyes were clear, no longer bloodshot and thin; the flesh of his face was firm rather than swollen and soft; he was a deep, good brown instead of pasty white, and the network of red lines at his cheek bones was no longer manifest. But this was only the beginning. His burly form had stripped down until he weighed but one hundred and sixty pounds, and now he had started to gain slowly as his muscles hardened to iron.

But these changes were all minor ones compared to the complete trans-

formation of his face. Bill's surgical work had been a huge success as far as repairing his disfigurement, but in so doing he had completely concealed the man's identity. He was as changed as if he were a mask.

Before he had had a rather full, extremely youthful face. Now it was lean, the cheek bones showed, the chin was prominent, the eyes looked larger, more luminous and clear, and much more sober. New lines had come in his brow, his nose was irregular, no longer finely chisled; his mouth no longer looked small and rather purred, but large and humorous. He was no longer handsome, not from any pronounced disfigurement, but simply because of the new set of his features and, perhaps, the presence of a few talkative scars. His hair had only been faintly touched with gray before the disaster; the last months of distress and dissipation had shot it full of silver. Finally his voice was completely changed in tone since the fracture of his jaw; it was still rich and full, and the differences were such as could not be narrated in words, yet the ear would never recognize it as Peter Newhall's voice.

Before that long cruise was done, he found a certain simple pleasure in the sailor's life, in holding his place as a man among men. The hardest tasks on the boat did not appall him now. His hands were like iron, his muscles untiring. He liked the regular hours, the plain, abundant food, the hours of easy speech with his shipmates on watch. He did not, however, intend to follow the seafarer's life, for the simple reason that he knew it would sooner or later carry him into danger. When he returned to Alaska he would get some kind of an outdoor job at one of the canneries where he would be mostly out of touch with civilization and the law.

The boat touched at Unalaska on the return trip, but because the ends of the earth foregathered here—because it was the meeting place for the wayfarers that came and passed through this empty, far-off edge of the East—he wisely decided to stay on board. But he would not continue on down to San Francisco, and thus into the toils of the law. The captain had agreed to put him off at one of the native villages, farther down the Peninsula.

(To be continued.)

## Mr. Baldwin Tells Canada to Go Slow

### Prime Minister Advises Us to Fill Up With Best

London.—The British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, would have Canada hitch its wagon to a star. "It is of no impertinence on my part to say one word to Canadians," the Prime Minister said at the Canadian Club in London. "I say the future is with you, don't be in too much of a hurry."

"Your country is a country for men from the north—a hard, virile race—quality before quantity any day. Fill up with the best. What does it matter whether it is 100 years or 200 years or more before your country is full? Keep the stock you have, the man and woman you have, and see that the coming generation is in no way inferior to them."

"I often think that it is a danger to the morale of a country to get rich too quickly as it is to an individual. Maintain the standards, maintain the standards, and may the prayer of Canada always be the prayer of the old Greek sailor which is preserved for us by Seneca, 'God, you may have me if you will, you may when you will, but always I will try to keep my rudder true.'" Rudyard Kipling also spoke.



**IN OR OUT OF BED**  
Hubby: When you called into my room last night and asked if I'd been in the house long and I said yes, I was lying in bed then.  
Wife: I haven't a doubt of it—lying as usual, in or out of bed.

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"  
"Certainly not, my dear." "Then why weren't you drowned?"

The negro exhorter shouted—"Come on en fine de army of de Lord." "I see done fined," replied one of the congregation. "Whar'd you fine?" "In the Baptist church." "Why, chile," replied the exhorter, "yeh ain't in de army; yeh's in de navy."

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**GILLETT'S FLAKE LYE**

## Police Horses Prove Better Than Motors

### Chicago Department Adds 100 Despite Advice to Substitute Motorcycles

Chicago.—One hundred additional horses are to be purchased to increase the mounted police patrol, despite recommendations that motorcycles displace them.

At present there are 80 horses in the department and it is planned to dispose of about 45 of these, said Capt. Frank J. Matchett, commanding the traffic division. The average horse serves 10 years, he commented, though the department has one that has been in downtown work 17 years.

A mounted policeman is expected to equal three men about in service rendered in directing slow moving traffic such as passes through the skyscraper district, Captain Matchett continued. It has been shown many times that a mounted squad is more efficient than a motorcycle division in traffic movement because a man on a horse gets a clearer view of street conditions and because the horse can take care of itself in a crowd when his rider has dismounted.

The mounted policeman usually patrols three blocks here, though there are some areas where he is confined to two blocks. The man is paid \$2500 a year. The horse costs \$550 a year to maintain.

So this speaks well for our Ontario horse breeding industry.



Excuse me for ducktin' I don't want my wife to know I'm smokin'.

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