

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Sailortown, where he meets Joe Bunting, a seaman, with whom he drinks himself off his feet in a barroom. Awakening next morning Drake hears Captain Stevens of the Orontes denounce him as a "dink." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew, but is recognized by Stevens and soundly trounced on two different occasions. Drake is put down on the ship's articles as Boy Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes. Drake is not a ship's boy—God knows what he is! Stevens tells Mary, "Don't see you should not encourage him in familiarities?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

In the days that followed, the angel of peace hovered a bit further away from the Orontes than usual. After the first few days of settling down, when men and mates were not acquainted with each other, the mates of necessity seemed hard until they knew the men, the finest of harmony had ruled the tall clipper. The men were as good as the average, if not better; the mates knew their work and did not drive the men unnecessarily. But the devil seemed to have entered into Captain Stevens. He ordered the mates to work the men at jobs and hours out of reason. The mates had to do it. Instead of peace, there was smoldering discontent in the forecabin and the men blamed Drake for it. Even Joe Bunting and Nick Coombs, both friends, grumbled that he had brought this upon the men by daring to put up a fight when the skipper hammered him.

Drake took all their grumbling with a laugh. He was sorry for them, but told them to blame the skipper rather than him. It was the skipper who started in to hammer him, not he the skipper. But all told, there was unrest in the forecabin where before had been peace.

"Erbert Oats asked to be shifted over to the other watch. He was afraid of Tony. Tony was bound to kill him, he said. Erbert was laughed at by the mate. He took his tale to the cabin by his collar, and told the mate to be a rattle around his neck. And Tony grinned villy at the panic he was starting. Tony and the Doctor formed themselves into a gang of two. The Doctor, dirty at first, dirtier as the voyage rolled on, was an outcast. Not even the apprentices stooped to toady to him for privileges. Instead of flattering him so that they might cook their Dog's Body in the afternoons for supper, they went boldly to the mate and secured the privilege officially. That made the Doctor hate the mate. Soon there would be trouble with the crew, too; for the food, good enough, was spoiled by bad cooking. Tony was a good man to swing in with. He handled a knife like a man, did Tony. Thus the Doctor reasoned. And old Bill Gadgett, the bosun, after settling down to a comfortable voyage with a crew who knew their work, found himself suddenly as be-damned and outcast as the Doctor; and all because he was ordered by the mates to work up the men.

Drake had in turn done all the humiliating jobs of the ship. The apprentices were given the brasswork to clean, and he was given the morning job of cleaning out the chicken coops and the sheep pen. That was always to be done in the hours when Mary Manning invariably took her morning walk on deck. It was an unpleasant job. Chickens kept in narrow quarters become nasty. They smell. The smell has a bad habit of lingering in a fellow's clothes.

But Drake whistled and sang at his unpleasant tasks. He whistled "Anchored"; and when Mary was in sight he sang "Maimuna."

The breezes hardened into gales as the latitudes were crossed. The watches were hard worked all day without any extra jobs having to be invented. New running gear, preventive backstays, a new sail or a quick shift to an old one while a rent was patched. Sails sewed all day on stout, heavy weather canvas. Chips overhauled tops and crossrees, mast fids and rigging screws; saw to his tarpaulins and batten wedges.

Then came the night when the Doctor was washed out of his galley, bombarded by his pots, and smothered in a sticky mass of dough which would certainly have brought about his end as a cook had it ever been made into bread. The Doctor never knew that his narrow escape from drowning had saved his life for a little while longer. But the sea that cleaned out his galley filled the deep main deck. It held the ship down perilously. It was no time for cracking on.

"Two 'ands send down th' skys' yard!" roared old Bill Gadgett.

for first place in the narrowing top-mast rigging. The apprentice on the royal yard heard them cursing each other above the shrieking of the squall. Wondered why they were coming up. There was already somebody on the skysail yard above him.

"On deck!" yelled a voice from the skysail yard. "Take the weight, skys' yard!"

Tubbs and Sims stopped in their mad race, starting aloft into the darkness. The royal was finished, the apprentice climbed into the topgallant rigging beside them. They felt the skysail halliards pull tight as men on deck swayed away. Then:

"Lower away easy, skysail halliards!" The slender yard crept down



Captain Stevens developed into a wooer.

into sight. "Hold on!" bawled the unseen man aloft. There was a very brief pause while he cast off the upper yardarm brace and lift, then: "Lower away haulsomenly! All clear!" and a figure flashed downwards by a backstay to the deck.

"That was Drake sent down the skysail yard, sir. Did it single-handed," the second mate told the skipper when the ship was snug again.

"I'll have the police investigate him in Cape Town!" the captain growled.

CHAPTER XII.

IN IRONS.

Gray seas rolling from horizon to horizon, with a gray sky overhead. The Orontes staggered through the roaring crests like a stallion through a wolf pack.

The decks were too full of boarding seas for the men to work. A man here and there had a job where it could be done safely. Two apprentices helped and watched sails patching flags on the poop. The skipper walked nervously to and from the helm. He was a seaman of the finest stamp, was Jake Stevens; there was no such thing as fear in his big body; but it was his first command, and it is only the hit-or-miss sailor who assumes bravado the first time he takes his first step through a hard dusting. Mary stood at the rail, wind whipped and splendidly eager. She looked as much a part of the scene as the great commanders themselves. Her eyes sparkled, and her red lips were parted in ecstasy. When a mile-long sea reared up and poured its untold tons of gray spite over the bulwarks to flood the maindeck awash, she gripped the rail with her capable hands until the knuckles shone white through the brown skin, and her fine body swayed to the ship's giddy roll. Little wisps of brown hair lay wet on her cheek under her sou'-wester. She laughed happily when a flying spray drenched her face and pattered like shot against her oilskin coat. Cape Town lay ahead with its promise of a pleasant break in the voyage; and the ship, though staggering, staggered on a straight line for her port at a speed that wracked the arms of the reel man when the common log was hove.

Captain Stevens developed into a wooer. Not even the blindest of bats could fail to see that the skipper was madly smitten with Mary Manning. No man need wonder at it either: In the blustering days, when sprays flew and sea crests roared aboard, when gales stung and rain squalls kept the decks a-drumming, she was on deck every day and all day, except for mealtimes. She looked as if she belonged there, too, with her glistening oilskins, her blooming cheeks, her sea-blue eyes. She was the true Ocean's daughter. She stood on the poop as strongly at ease as any man there, swaying to the roll of the ship.

And Captain Stevens kept the deck, too. Stevens made quick work of his navigational calculations in order to lose no moments of the hours that Mary spent on deck. His keen eyes took on a softer glow. He spoke to officers and men in quieter tones.

Never did Mary appear to realize that Jake Stevens was madly in love with her. Several times he had begun to speak to her in intimate vein, and had been choked off by sheer shyness. He was a shy man of speech. He felt like smothering her to him and bearing her off like a covensman.

(To be continued.)

Strange Tales From Africa

How Legends Grow in Tales From the Dark Strange Continent

That the advance of civilization and the spread of education have not destroyed the myth-making faculty is illustrated by a grim story which has recently begun to make the round of the world's press. Two or three months ago a native hunter reported to the officer in charge of a district of the British Mandated territory of Cameroon that he had accidentally killed a native woman while hunting in the forest. On enquiry the District Officer was satisfied that this was one of the accidents which occasionally occur in the forest where the undergrowth is thick and the light bad. The involuntary homicide was acquitted of blame and the story was robustly forgotten in the Cameroon when it appeared, revised, enlarged and improved in a Berlin newspaper. According to the German version, the German overseer of one of the plantations, on which the Germans have resumed operations in the Cameroons since the Peace, had reported that one of his African workers, having penetrated into a part of the forest where no human being had ever set foot, had met a party of apes, and had fired at a particularly fine specimen seated in the fork of a tree. The animal fell to the ground, and on approaching it he was astonished to find the body, not of an ape, but of an African woman without ornaments or tattoo marks by which she could be identified as a member of any of the local tribes. According to the report "it was assumed that the woman must have been carried off by the apes when a child and grown up among them and adopted their habits." This is quite a credible effort; note the artistic touches—the forest "impenetrable to man," and the suggestion of a feminine Tarzan. The hunter is reported to have been acquitted of any blame—in unpenetrated African forests Tarzans are not so common that hunters can be expected to keep a lookout for them. Once more we seemed to have come to the end of the story, but it still had plenty of life in it. It has travelled to Cape Town whence the correspondent of the "Sunday Chronicle" has cabled the story as it has grown on the journey down the southern half of the continent. In this latest version it was the German overseer himself who went hunting in the Cameroon, and meeting a company of apes "raised his rifle and shot one." This sequel must be told in the correspondent's own words:

"To his horror he saw an unclothed, half-brown girl, with blonde hair, tumble out of the branches and fall to the ground, while the apes, snarled by the shot, ran away. The strange creature, who had been shot just above the heart, died a few minutes later. We note the advance from "no tattoo marks" to "blonde hair," and are not surprised to learn that this "remarkable drama of the jungle..." is causing a wide-spread speculation among African travellers and explorers, who, however, have made a good start towards solution of the mystery. "Investigations are now taking place to discover if the girl could possibly be the daughter of the Copenhagen explorer, Louis Bertelli, who was lost with his wife in the jungle fourteen years ago and has never been heard of since."

The story is now well launched and I expect to have the pleasure of finding it bobbing up from different parts of the world for years to come, and of watching it grow as it travels round until the girl with dark Auburn locks like Lolo D—whom Mr. Alfred Aloysius Horn met on the Ivory Coast in the Earlies.

A LEGEND CUT SHORT.
Other stories have not been so fortunate. At the beginning of this year another one had a promising career cut short in its early youth. A large and mysterious animal was reported in the Southern Provinces of Nigeria by entering huts at night and carrying away sleepers. In most cases it appears to have been followed up closely by the villagers that it dropped its victims before they had been seriously injured, but the terror of its fame spread through the country. The full beast was abroad hunting for people arranged in every village, but before the story had got well started the "laidly beast" was shot and killed by a man into whose hut it had ventured and proved to be a large hunting dog, probably a stray from the Northern Provinces, where such animals are used for hunting, which had run wild. And so the legend was scotched before it had time to add another to the list of Africa's mysterious monsters.

MYSTERY BEASTS.
Though no one now believes in the existence of the human and animal monstrosities which, sixty years ago, were supposed to be found in Nigeria and other parts of the West Coast, reports of mysterious "dragons of the prime," surviving in remote places, the evidence of competent observers. In Nigeria and the Congo native traditions assert the existence of monstrous animals resembling those whose former existence is proved by their fossil remains, but unknown to science as

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"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

existing in the present era, and some have been seen by Europeans. In 1919 a Belgian railway engineer, M. LePage, reported that he had seen in the Belgian Congo an animal about twenty-four feet long, as tall as a rhinoceros, with a large hump between its shoulders, two tusks, and a long straight horn on its snout. That the creature was not a figment of his heated imagination was proven by its track, which showed that while its forefeet were one-toed like those of a horse, its hind feet were cloven like those of a cow. In Nigeria another hitherto unknown animal was seen by a big game hunter named Lee. He described it as having a head like a hippopotamus, but with cheeks and ears like a horse, a long arched horse-neck and a red mane, two straight horns on its snout, and the body of a hippopotamus on horse-like legs. The reports of other mystery beasts from South, East and Central Africa are evidence that the Dark Continent has not yet yielded up all its secrets, and that there are still many new things to come out of Africa.—W. F. H., in The African World.

Mixed Farming
Windsor Border Cities Star (Ind. Lib.): Farmers of the West are not now depending so entirely on wheat as they once did. They have learned a lesson in the hard school of experience. They have learned that, wealthy though the land may be, they are at the mercy of the elements, where grain is concerned.

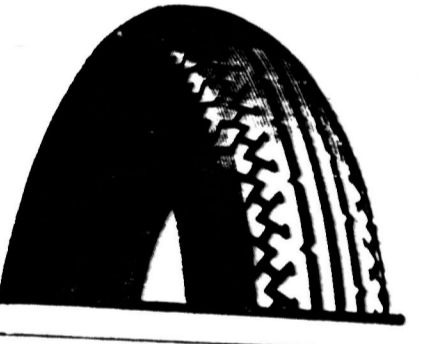
Greater Recklessness
Halifax Herald (Cons.): There is a recklessness on the highways of Nova Scotia this year beyond anything of the kind ever experienced before. A greatly increased number of motorists appear to have gone "speed-crazy" overnight. The results are inevitable. The motor car is leaving a trail of death and disaster in Nova Scotia in 1923 that is appalling.

Empire Free Trade
Saint John Telegraph-Journal (Ind.): In order to interest Canadians in the scheme of free trade within the Empire, Lord Beaverbrook and his friends will have to tell them what will take the place of the Canadian industries which, under absolute free trade, would be destroyed by competition from Great Britain. Australia is interested in the same question.

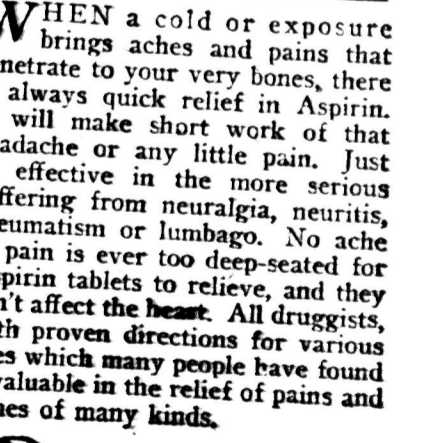
Kalawat in Our Garden
The member of the expedition most pleased with headquarters was Kalawat. Kalawat had been so young when she left Borneo that she had never had a taste of the natural joys of monkey-land. She knew nothing of the delight of climbing trees; she had developed her muscles, instead, on the chandeliers and curtains of a New York apartment. And now she was an acre of land surrounding our house, an acre of land surrounding our house, and all about the edge was a row of evergreen trees, great tall trees standing about twenty feet apart. Kalawat took to these trees as a duck to the water. She never ventured beyond the limits they set, but she would go round and round, swinging from one to another literally by the hour. She found a friend in the Airedale from the next door—one of those shaggy, friendly Airedales that are always laughing—and he followed her on her rounds, trotting along under the trees as she went through the branches and looking up now and then with a broad Airedale grin. Sometimes Kalawat would hide from him among the foliage, and then, while he looked about, puzzled, would steal down the opposite side of a tree and come up behind him and pull his tail. He would whirl around quickly with a sharp bark, but in a flash Kalawat would be up in the tree, chattering derisively. When Kalawat was tired of playing in the garden and pick poses and gorge herself with fruit. Or, sometimes, she would perform her monkey antics for a delighted audience of natives. I have seen as many as fifty blacks, market-women laden with vegetables, village dandies smeared with red clay, porters, servants off on an errand, all standing convulsed with laughter, to see Kalawat do her tricks. When night came, Kalawat did not want to come into the house. She hid in the trees under the overhanging eaves of the house. Only when we ordered a servant to pretend to beat one or the other of us with a stick would she come flying out of her hiding place. In that land of animals, we became known as "the people with the ape." Not only natives, but white people came to see Kalawat. Mothers brought their children to look at her, and when we took her to town, we were followed as if we had been a circus parade. If we went into a store, customers and clerks lost all their interest in buying and selling and watched Kalawat as she made a tour of investigation of the place.—From "Camera Trails in Africa," by Martin Johnson.

AN AIM
An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding, and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—R. L. Stevenson.

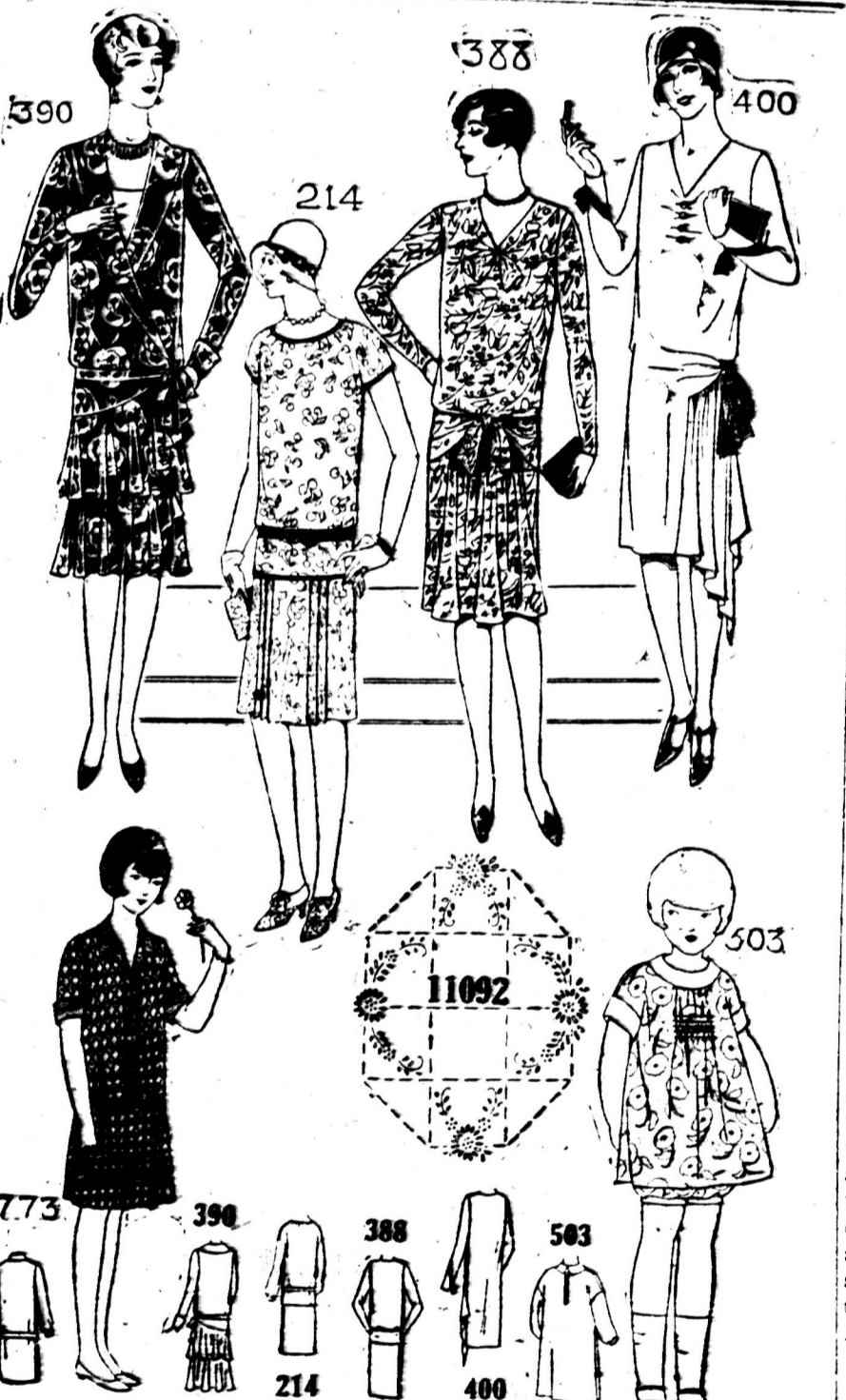
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ASPIRIN
Goodness is usually its own vindication, but not always, for holiness is not invariably self-evident.



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ATMOSPHERE
There is something in the atmosphere of every person which predicts his future; for the way he does things, the energy, the degree of enterprise which he puts into his work, his manner—everything is a telltale of what is awaiting him.

DUNGEONS IN THE AIR
I find (wrote Emerson) the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never have been born.

GOODNESS
Goodness is usually its own vindication, but not always, for holiness is not invariably self-evident.

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