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**"SALADA"**

(GREEN)  
**JAPAN TEA**  
'Fresh from the gardens'

**WIDE WATERS**  
by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
Alden Talbot Drake is contemptuous of the idle life he is leading in his luxurious home. The urge which took him to sea on leaving school has never left him. One night, slipping away to Sailortown, Drake meets up with little Joe Bunting, a sailor. They drink each other off their feet in a barroom, and Drake is carried upstairs. Awakening next morning, Drake hears himself denounced by Captain Stevens of the Orontes, as being a "dude"—not even fit for shanghaiing. Drake sneaks aboard the ship as one of the crew. On the Orontes is Mary Manning, the daughter of the owner. Hiding in a narrow steel shell in the forecastle, Drake hears the voices of Miss Manning and Captain Stevens. Inopportunistly Drake sneezes.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)  
"What the hell!" exclaimed Stevens, as Drake's strangled sneeze let go. In a moment Captain Stevens was on his knees, reaching with a long, steel-muscled arm that seemed to grow fathoms long to Drake. The hook-like fingers fastened upon his dungareed leg. He tried to fight; another sneeze robbed him of strength; he was hauled out, still sneezing, to stand humiliated before those blue eyes that held the ocean deeps in them. Stevens swore fervidly:  
"Why it's you! Damn my eyes! Wait till I—"  
"Who is it?" cried Mary getting over her startlement and regarding Drake with big wide eyes.  
"Who is it? Hell! It's th' putty dude that crimp tried—"  
The skipper went to the forecastle door, shouting for the mate.  
"I—beg—your—" stammered Drake, shook him speechless. In came the mate, bubbling over with the enthusiasm of a recent promotion.  
"Mister Twining," growled the skipper savagely, "take this out and run it ashore."  
"Gangway's in, sir," grinned Mister Twining.  
"Then dump it over the side! Get it out o' the ship!"  
Sheer humiliation forced Drake to fight, although he could not see, could scarcely hold up his head, which still ached. He clenched his fists and fought blindly.  
"Oh you don't mean to throw him into the water?" cried Mary.  
"They can't! The pair of them can't!" panted Drake, and Mister Twining, fresh, strong, full of pep, found that he could not alone.  
"What call themselves men, nowadays!" growled Stevens, enigmatically, and put his two powerful hands to the task. A fit of sneezing overcame Drake at that inopportune moment; he was putty in truth then; he was rushed outside, his knees were



The skipper went to the forecastle door.

peeled cruelly on the coaming of the door; they picked him up clear of the deck.

"We're a man short, sir," mentioned the mate as they swung him.  
"We'll get a man!" retorted Stevens. "One, two!"

Alden Drake beat his way half drowned to the boat steps beside the lock gates.

In a corner of the Docks he sneezed his head clear of dust, and tried to plan his next move. He had got aboard too easily that last time. It wasn't logical to expect such simplicity. But he had paid well in the end. So well, that his fighting blood was thoroughly heated now; he would show that blue eyed girl that he was a man, and prove it upon the teeth of Captain Stevens.

But first he had to stow himself away beyond fear of discovery. And he had little time. Once the tug ranged alongside the tall clipper, he would almost surely have lost. And there was a grievous amount of activity about the Orontes. He watched the mate's come ashore.

"Looking for a man!" Drake muttered sarcastically. "I don't look like a man to Captain Stevens! And I had my master's ticket when he—"  
He halted that train of thought. It led to nowhere. "He's right!" he decided. "A man's only the man he is, not what he was. I'll ask him what I am; but I'll be no putty dude when I ask him, by Caesar! And I want to see no pity in that girl's big eyes when he answers me, either."

He shivered in his wet dungarees. But his eyes never left the glossy painted side of the Orontes. One great anchor hung at the hawspepe, almost in the water. That anchor would not be taken aboard and stowed for sea until the ship won outside the river.

The whole picture suddenly became vividly clear. Drake waited until the mate had gone out of sight; then ran as fast as he could go right to where the boatman sat.

"Hey, mate!" he called gruffly. "Give me a shove over, will you? I've been ashore for a last half pint and almost lost the ship."  
"Wuz you th' bloke the myte's gorn a-lookin' for?" asked the boatman. Such escapades were common. He was at the steps even as he put the question.

"He'll be glad to see me, all right," grinned Drake, jumping into the boat. "Just let me get hold of the backpocket, matey. I don't want to be copped."  
The boatman winked knowingly. He even hoisted Drake well up into the jibboom rigging.

"Good luck!" he uttered hoarsely, as Drake clambered over the forecastle rail and disappeared from view.  
The mate returned bringing no man. The skipper swore, but his tide book warned him against further delay.

"Pass the towline to the tug and let's get out," he growled. "You'll be a man short in your watch, Mister, that's all."  
The tugs went ahead. Girls waved handkerchiefs and hats.  
The ship moved out into the rolling river. The tug snorted powerfully on her way. Heavy headed men dragged wearily at the wet hawsers, coiling them to dry on the fore hatch. And Captain Stevens, proud as a peacock in his new command, paced his poop-deck and secretly watched the blue eyes without a suspicion of the existence of the black.

A fresh easterly blew the Nore waters into yellow yeast. A fair wind, splendid portent. "The skies were blue as Mary Manning's eyes."  
"Let-fall yer lower-tops! Sheet home!" roared the mate. A still younger second mate leaped among the soresheaded sailors, full of splendid young manhood full of pride, too; for his promotion had been as unexpected as that of mate and master.

CHAPTER VI  
THE STOWAWAY.

Drake lay snug on a heap of canvas in the sail locker. Right opposite was the half-deck. The evening was calm and serene, the ship made no more fuss than a musical tinkling of running seas and cheery chirrup and rattle of gear aloft. It was the dog-first watch of the Orontes had been set yet; men were too sore to do anything but sprawl and curse, waiting for the mates to choose their gangs.

"My son, when you've eben to sea as long as I have, you can smoke," a bold, deeply browned lad of eighteen was saying to an awe-struck greenhorn who had dared to produce a cigarette. Drake enjoyed that. He remembered hearing the same thing on his first voyage years ago. Those were good old stock maxims of the half-deck that mature apprentice of eighteen was laying down. "Get the mast-color off your legs, m'lad; grow hair on your chest; learn to roar like Barney's Bull and spit solid; then you'll be by way of making a sailor. If I catch you blowing the weed before that, I'll have to put the strop to you. Savee?"

The lad came out on deck to ponder over that warning. Drake was going to step out of his refuge. The mere sight of a smoking pipe set him craving. He had not missed his briar pipe before in the excitement of the day; but now, he felt he would dare all for just one pipeful of strong plug. He cautiously opened the door. He knew the boy would know nothing about shipboard ways yet; would see nothing queer about a sailor emerging from the sail locker. With his hand on the handle ring, he thrust out his head; he drew it back so swiftly that he almost cracked it upon the steel jamb. The two mates were at the poop rail right above his head.

"If we carried lady passengers all the time there would be no getting a berth in sail," said Mr. Adams. "The steward done himself proud tonight. Did you try the kidney stew, sir?"  
Drake suddenly felt hungry. It was not a pipe he craved, but kidney stew. He was sure now.

"Ike Saintry can set a table fit for kings when he likes," replied Mr. Twining with dignity. His innerman might delight in kidney stew, but his new dignity forbade discussion of such things with his junior.

"Is Miss Mary coming home with us, too?" pursued Mr. Adams. He did not suspect that he had such a keenly eager audience just out of sight.  
"Hope she is. She's a jolly sort. Did you see her wink at all while you were at the table? Boy! She tipped like a wink as she told him to pass the pie to the Old Man the third time while I was there. How many whacks did he skoff while you—"  
(To be continued.)

**Explorer Hailed As Peacemaker in Mid-Arabia**

Closer Contact Between Britain and the Hejaz Credited to H. St. John Philby

Jerusalem.—The London announcement that Britain and the Hejaz have reciprocally arranged an exchange of diplomatic representatives, thus forestalling closer contact with Central Arabia, is regarded here as a triumph both for King Ibn Saud and H. St. John Philby, noted explorer, now living at Jiddah, the staunchest backer of the Wahabi monarch, and who is consistently demanding the most friendly relations. Closer contact between Britain and the Hejaz is held to indicate fresh hopes in British circles of the satisfactory settlement of the Nejd Iraki dispute over frontier post which twice in recent years has been the subject of fruitless conversations.

King Ibn Saud's position is doubtless greatly strengthened as a result of this latest development which is bound to increase his prestige with the more or less unruly chieftains of Nejd while holding out the hope of better behavior of all the tribesmen under his authority toward the mandated territories and British dependence on the western shore of the Persian Gulf. Further to secure the Pax Arabica Britain is expected to try and settle difficulties with another powerful Arabian ruler, Imam Yahya of Yemen, both with themselves over the boundaries of the Aden Protectorate and with King Ibn Saud, notably over the hegemony of Asir, lying between two domains claimed by both, Yahya, as well as King Ibn Saud, is reported to have promised Zazi Pasha, noted Egyptian scholar, that there should be no aggression one against the other, though Zaki's efforts toward an entente between these rulers have not succeeded.

**The Color Bar**

Le Devoir (Ind.): In the days when Theodore Roosevelt was at the White House in Washington, he provoked a regular campaign against himself because he had officially received at the presidential residence a negro well-known to the enlightened world of the day, Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Institute, founded to spread technical instruction among the millions of coloured people of the United States. Now, in the Southern States, there is an attempt to start a new campaign of the same kind against the latest occupant of the White House. Mrs. Hoover, in her capacity as wife of the President, has received the wife of a black deputy from Illinois, elected to the American Congress some months ago, who is living in Washington during the session. The deputies of the State of Florida have convened in their Legislature, and officially censured Mrs. Hoover—as if the wife of the President had not the right to receive coloured persons at the White House and as if an American of the black race were not a citizen of the Republic. The only result of the incident will be to show the narrow outlook of some of the people in the South and the good sense of the Hoover family.

**Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.**

**Tolerance and Fanaticism**  
Quebec Action Catholique (Ind.): The East has become accustomed—as the West will also become in its turn—to consider the French-Canadian Catholics as an integral and necessary part of the Canadian nation, as a reality and a beneficial reality. There is no point, therefore, in making too much commotion over what has happened in Saskatchewan.

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**Ex-Socialist Calls Doctrine "Fallacious"**

Emma Pankhurst's Daughter, Former Ardent Communist, Now Reverses Views

One of the most fiery supporters of communistic doctrines in Australia has reversed her views and now is declaring in her lectures that Socialism is based upon "an economic fallacy." She is Mrs. Tom Walsh, who before her marriage was Miss Adela Pankhurst, daughter of Mrs. Emma Pankhurst, leader of the woman suffrage movement in England in 1912.  
Both Mrs. Walsh and her husband, who is the secretary of the Seamen's Union, have been classed as the most ardent supporters of Socialism. During recent months, however, they have both developed a "better understanding of both sides in industrial disputes."

In a recent lecture here, Mrs. Walsh emphasized that labor takes nearly 48 per cent. of gross manufacturing income; taxation takes 20 per cent. and the owner gets the remaining 22 per cent., disproving the theory that the bulk of "created" wealth goes to the capitalist.  
Socialism is all "wrong thinking," Mrs. Walsh continued, declaring that the "entire philosophy of the structure of Communism" has been erected upon a fallacious basis. She added that socialist propaganda, intended to be destructive of the present system of society, failed to take into account its own initial error in regard to the true returns to Labor and to Capital.

**Town Planning**

La Presse (Ind.): (Towns and cities in England and Wales, most of them having a population of less than 20,000, have commenced town planning programs affecting an area of over three million acres.) Are we in Canada going to show less sense than this, where we have the advantage over the world of working with what is practically new ground, in vast stretches of country with a relatively small population. In Montreal, several mistakes have already been made, which will not be easily corrected. And yet, if we are ready to make the effort, we can still make not merely a good job of it, but a beautiful one as well. For we ought not to forget, and Mr. Blucher, secretary of the City Planning Commission of Detroit, emphasized this at the Winnipeg Congress, it is not enough for a city to acquire territory and importance, it must aim to grow in beauty, so as to reconcile its commercial interests with the interests of its fame abroad.

**Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.**

**Freedom of the Seas**  
Quebec Evènement (Cons.): Naval Disarmament may be only a vain hope and the conference set for July in the United States, to which Canada will be invited, will not prevent our powerful neighbors from realizing their dream of possessing a great fleet. But in consecrating the principle that the seas ought to be free for commerce the British and American Governments will have done a great piece of work for the peace of the world.

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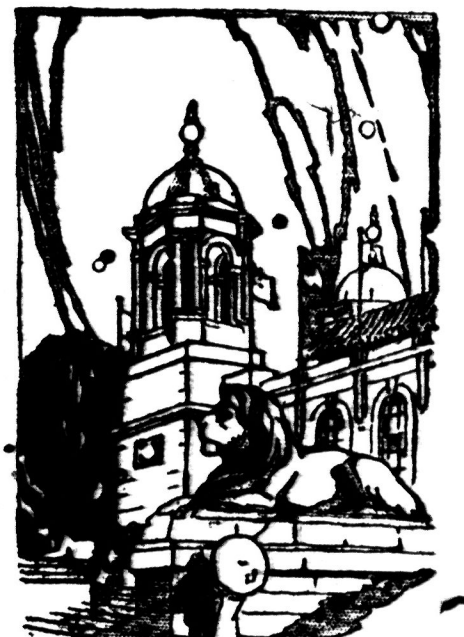
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Tailor (to little girl who has come in and asked for some patterns of cloth)—"What kind of a suit does your daddy want?" Little Girl (naively)—"Oh, he doesn't want a suit, mister—he just wants to nail up a creeper!"

Teacher—"In which of his battles was King Gustavus of Sweden slain?" Pupil—"I'm pretty sure it was his last one."

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