

You will derive far more satisfaction from SALADA than you will from cheap tea

# "SALADA"

(GREEN)

## JAPAN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

# WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

© 1924 BY BENTON & BOWLES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
REPRINTED BY N.E.A. SERVICE INC.

**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**

Alden Drake formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Salsortown, 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 "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew. He is discovered and thrown overboard. Drake boards the vessel a second time and now is lying snug on a heap of canvas, where he overhears Mr. Adams and Mr. Twining, the two mates, discussing the ship. Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes and the guest of Captain Stevens.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

"Mister Adams, you will please not discuss the Captain or his passengers," said the mate. "You will find work enough about the ship, if you're going to make as good a second mate as I was."

"I'll bet she has some fun with Jake, though!" retorted the irrepressible Adams, as he stepped down the winding poop ladder to smoke a pipe in the waist, waiting for the bell.

While he was there, Drake had to remain hidden. The men forward clustered at the fore hatch. The lads in the halfdeck put on their jackets and caps. At the rail above Mary Manning's voice rippled; her hearty laughter leaped aloft in the sleeping

leaving his mates to divide the men. There were bosun, and carpenter, and cook; they answered to their names. Then the sailmaker. Next the able seamen, one by one.

"Tony Fernando!"  
"Here!"  
"Henry Hall!"  
"Ere, sir!"  
"Joe Bunting!"

The names were called down to the end. And there was no response to the last name called. Drake suddenly remembered the ship had sailed one man short. The mate apparently had forgotten, too. He called again:

"Peter Finch!"  
"That's the man that cleared out," the second mate volunteered. When Drake, stepping into the crowd like a shadow, answered:  
"Peter Finch here, sir!"  
"Oh, you are, hey?" snarled the mate, stooping over the rail to look. "You been stowed away sleeping, hey?"

"Yes, sir," said Drake, tingling with pride in his swift move. Mary Manning laughed merrily overhead. She had watched the milling of the men, the shambling movement across the deck as they answered to their names. She wanted to see this cheerful rebel.

"Oh, you have?" the mate cried. "Let's see you! Step up!"  
"Please hurry up and set the



**"HERE, HERE!—NONE OF THAT!" CRIED DRAKE.**

breasts of the gleaming sails.

"I want to see watches picked again," she said. "It is so interesting to watch how a new crew shapes up."

The only interesting thing about crews nowadays, is how they happen, ed to be the only rascals out of jail just when a ship needed a crew!" Captain Stevens stated emphatically.

Drake felt an almost irresistible impulse to go forth and confront this new skipper who broadcast such opinions about sailormen. Then the big poop bell clanged eight sonorous strokes and the mate blew his whistle.

"Let the hands muster, bosun!" he bawled. Captain Stevens walked aft,

watches, Mister Twining!" said the captain impatiently, walking forward to find what caused the delay. He wanted to show Mary the shore lights. He slipped a hand inside Mary's arm. She gave him no notice.

"We're not a man short, sir," the mate said. "Finch has been stowed away all day, skulking."

"Get the watches picked and set! Never mind Finch now. You can give him some wake-up medicine some other time. He won't jump overboard, Mister!"

Drake mingled with the sailors going forward. Joe Bunting was in the mate's watch, too. He overtook the fat little red man at the fore fitrail.

"And I thought you 'ad come into money," wheezed Joe. "See wot comes o' makin' too sure of anythink. I didn't see—" He stopped outside the little room shared by the bosun and Chips, staring at Drake in the yellow lamp-light just for a moment before the lamp was extinguished. "Hey, wuz you th' bloke they have overboard in dock? Wuz you? Bli' me! I knowed you wuzn't wiv the crowd as signed in the cabin."

"I wasn't. But here I am, Joe, and they won't put back to dump me out. As soon as the pilot goes off, I'll see the Old Man. Just now, I am starving, and bedless, and want a smoke so badly I'd sign away my paydoff for that inch of clay you're chewing to chalk."

"I'm on!" said Joe, and they entered the fore-castle. Already the big fore-castle rumbled with the shearing bow wave. Sleepers added their own note. The bright new kerosene lamp on the bulkhead was turned low. With the easy motion of the ship clothes swung from their pegs with a sibilant swish. In the after end of the port fore-castle Joe Bunting had chosen his bunk. The only other bunk vacant was far forward. Beneath Joe's bunk Tony Fernando lay, dreaming already of his next payday. Joe seized him by the breast of his shirt.

I've forgotten I ever had any nerves

Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes strained nerves, and how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all round. Aids digestion.

# WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

ISSUE No. 29—29

"C'm on outa that, hombre! Shake a leg! Rise an' chise!"

"Wotta da mat! Time for turn out so soon?" stammered Tony, rubbing heavy eyes. Joe was rummaging through his pockets for a stub of pencil. He found it while yet Tony struggled with sleep, and scribbled a scraggly "Peter Finch" on the lee board.

"C'm on, me son! Show a leg! Yer in th' wrong pew, that's all. Yer in me mate's bunk. Shunt out it, slippy!"

"I geev you a tick ear, you!" snarled Tony, justifiably angry at being roused out. "Dees my buns, an' you go to hell, see?"

"Let him stay," whispered Drake, for other men were rousing at the noise, muttering oaths, and horrid threats. It is a grievous sin to break the sleep of a watch below.

"Me mate's name's wrote on it, see?" wheezed Joe inexorably. He hauled at the furious Dago, and drew him from the bunk so smoothly that Drake stared in amazement, wondering where the tremendous strength came from. And though Tony fought like a terrier, Joe took him by the neck and pushed his face down for him to read "Peter Finch" on the lee board.

"See? Nah git yer dunnage outa here quick!"

Tony spat like a wet cat. Teeth agleam with grinning rage, he grabbed his belt hanging on the bunk stanchion, and whipped out his sheath knife.

"Here, here! none of that!" cried Drake, thrusting forward. Joe wheezed to him to keep clear; then, coolly gripped the knife hand of Tony, twisted it cruelly until the knife dropped, and grappled with the man. Picking him up like a bag of potatoes he heaved him headlong into the bare vacant bunk; then dragged out all his bedding and gear and threw them in on top of him.

"Wet's all th' bloody racket?" growled an awakened sailor.

"Tony drew a knife," wheezed Joe, easily.

"Kick th' bloody bum's guts in, then!"

You've made an enemy," Drake muttered as Joe hauled out a blanket from his own bunk and pitched it into "Peter Finch's."

"Wotta you care? You got a bunk, 'aven't yer?" grinned Joe.

Drake took a smoke for his supper. He lay in his bedless bunk, with nothing but Joe's seabag for his pillow, and smoked luxuriously while every other man slept. He fell to pondering whether he had left anything undone in embarking upon this mad voyage. His affairs were efficiently handled by the family lawyer. His Aunt Angelina's guidance; would run the smoother in his absence, no doubt. He was still forming smoke pictures when the watch was called to turn out at midnight.

"Shake a leg, me salty sons!" bawled the sailor calling them. "Now me old brown sons, Resurrection Mornin'!" (To be continued.)

### Echo of Old Times In Horse Thief

#### And Even Then It Seems Hard On Mike When He Has Money Coming to Him

Calgary, Alta.—Horse thieving, once an offence which meant death to the culprit, still is a serious offence in this western country, John Mike, a Steunge Mission Indian has discovered. For the next two years he will remain at New Westminister penitentiary for the theft of two three-year-olds from the herds run on the open range near Fernie, by the late Alfred Doyle.

"He told me to take two three-year-olds for some money he owed me for back pay," protested Johnny before being sentenced.

"How long has he owed you the money?" inquired the Court.

"About five years," was the answer. Provincial police, in giving evidence explained Doyle had notified them he had located two of his horses on a ranch near Cranbrook. He had asked Tony Skoff, the proprietor, where he had doubted them and Skoff said he had bought them both from the Indian for \$55. He then reclaimed the animals and notified the police. Soon after he died.

The Indian, when located, protested Doyle had told them to cut the two horses from the herd in payment of a wages debt more than five years old. This Doyle at the time denied, stating the horses had been stolen from him. Arrest and appearances before Judge Thompson resulted in a penitentiary sentence.

Enquiry in the vicinity of Calgary has disclosed no case has ever been reported in Alberta of a man being hung for horse-stealing although the pioneers of the early days in the States, immediately south, recall such instances in the frontier United States very well.

This province is fertile, but in the arid stretches below the border the loss of a horse was a most serious affair.

"A man could die of thirst possibly, or starve to death without a horse," one old timer pointed out. "You mustn't forget, too, that many of those old time riders were lost without a cayuse under them. Many of them were born in a saddle, you might say—they were bow-legged and walked with a funny gait. Walking was hard work for those fellows."

### Public Ownership and Power

Toronto Star (Ind.): Premier Ferguson has helped along the private power program. He has made one contract to buy 260,000 horsepower for 30 years from a power plant on the Gattineau River in Quebec which is owned by United States power magnates, and he has made another to buy 100,000 horsepower for 40 years. One financial authority says that the total amount the Hydro will pay to this New York controlled company on the first contract alone will be more than \$100,000,000. And Mr. Ferguson has intimated that he is willing to buy another huge lock of power from other private power interests in Quebec. Meanwhile he is owned power-houses on the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa rivers. Indeed, he is known to be the chief obstacle to the development by Ontario of its own water-powers wasting away in the St. Lawrence rapids.

Mistress—So you have got a situation with my friend, Mrs. Long, Mary? Did you tell her you have only been with me for two months? Mary—Yes, mum, and she said that if I could stay with you for two months that was a good enough reference for her.

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the employer of the candidate for a job. "No, I don't like inside work," replied the applicant, without heat. "I'm a whistle listener."

### Reading and Remembering

The late C. E. Montague in the London Mercury: What I mean by reading is not skimming, not being able to say as the world saith, "Oat! yes, I've read that," but reading again and again, in all sorts of moods, with an increase of delight every time, till the thing read has become a part of your system and goes forth along with you to meet with any new experience you may have. Quite early in the history of medicine the doctors found out that a man could digest his food best if he ate it with pleasure among cheerful friends. So it is with books. You may devour them by the thousand swiftly and grimly, and yet remain the lean soul that you were. The only mental food that will turn to new tissue within you, and build itself into your mind, is that which you eat with a great surge of joy and surprise that anything so exciting should ever have been written. When Scott's witty or tragic imagination was working at the top of its powers, more and more whiffs of Shakespeare would seem to visit his brain, to regale and incite it.

Keep it this way

Just place a glass or cup over the opening and the contents will keep perfectly. Eagle Brand has been the leading baby food since 1857.

FREE BABY BOOKS  
Write The Borden Co., Limited, Montreal, Dept. B 46, for Baby Welfare Books.

# EAGLE BRAND

CONDENSED MILK

# Christie's ARROWROOTS

An Ideal Baby Food

Roll Christie's Arrowroot Biscuits fine and mix with hot water or milk and a little sugar. Safe, Pure and Nourishing for babies.

In the store or on the phone, always ask for

# Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853

### Baldwin and Lloyd George

A. A. B. in the London Evening Standard (Ind. Cons.): According to Mr. Lloyd George there is no time to be lost in preparing for the next election, "for the moment the Socialist Government acts Socialistically I will turn them out. I am the Master of the House of Commons, and I will tolerate no Socialism, though I will allow the Government to carry some of my program." Such was the substance, very nearly the exact words, of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the National Liberal Club. This swaggering is un-speakably foolish. Mr. Lloyd George can do nothing in the House of Commons without the co-operation of the Conservatives, and he talks as if he had Mr. Baldwin in his pocket. So far from his being in that part of his person, Mr. Baldwin is more likely to be at his throat.

### Quebec Not Jealous

Le Canada (Lib.): The Province of Quebec has never been jealous of its sisters; on the contrary, it has enthusiastically supported them, knowing that the country as a whole will benefit thereby. Our delegates at Ottawa, for example, have never criticized enviously or jealously a credit intended for the ports of Ontario or those of the West when these credits were likely to add to the progress and prosperity of the whole Dominion. It has the right, therefore, to expect the same attitude on the part of Canadians from the other provinces.

### Nurses Wanted

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

### Beardmore Gold Mines Ltd.

(No Personal Liability)  
As the Best Buy on the Market To-day  
Development to date warrants your immediate investigation. Use Coupon for Engineers' Report, Maps, etc.

# FRED C. SUTHERLAND & SON

Metropolitan Building, Toronto, Ont. Elgin 6229.

FRED C. SUTHERLAND & SON  
Metropolitan Building, Toronto.  
Please send full information on the above stocks.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

# Snow-white Spotless!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

25 Branches Across Canada

Halifax, Saint John, Quebec City, Montreal (2), Ottawa, Toronto (4), Hamilton (2), Bramford, London (2), Windsor, North Bay, Winnipeg (3), Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

The modern girl, says a famous novelist, wears about 12oz. of clothing. But, of course, she doesn't wear it all at once.

Landlady—"If water or a piece of flower-pot falls on you every time you leave the house, you become tired of hearing that it was an accident.

# LUXO FOR THE HAIR

Ask Your Barber—He Knows

Most people rely on Aspirin to make short work of their headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Aspirin can bring such complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of Aspirin you will find proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.

# ASPIRIN

Aspirin is a Trademark Registered in Canada

Bush F  
Shipp  
Screen of S  
gation of  
PLANE  
Twenty-fiv  
in Ken  
Port Arth  
Lake Super  
over the we  
fires that ha  
directions si  
larges of th  
Thompson I  
south of Po  
is located a  
at Lake Lou  
miles east o  
Planes of  
partime wit  
Saturday aft  
on Thompson  
additional  
land is a big  
heavy timber  
of the island  
differently fr  
The North  
Hawone was  
winter has  
smoke.  
Lack of  
in the str  
the buke  
have much  
sprouting  
say is in  
so that  
of the dist  
Rever  
beard point  
fought at  
sides of dr  
and I strou  
fighters on  
butting the  
being fought  
have been  
plans.  
All  
Stork look  
Ontario air  
gaged in fl  
in the other  
there are  
true parabl  
planes locat  
Woman  
O  
Falls From  
by Am  
Belleville,  
22, a posse  
Limerick, m  
ings, stragg  
surrendered  
found by res  
the home  
Mrs. Boyd  
compared by  
themselves  
had been m  
a few days  
hold on the  
horns, possi  
ing for wh  
she man  
severely inj  
with the yo  
ing out of  
the box an  
swords, wh  
squad in the  
Hilly acc  
words wh  
rained on  
the stragg  
wounds. La  
honorifica  
Forke  
A  
Promises S  
tailmen  
Saskaton  
of moving  
whom par  
To be supp  
by the Ho  
of the separ  
is a business  
Mr. Ficks  
was his more  
takes steps  
as possible  
While he has  
for his actio  
especially th  
pen country  
that the wis  
quite appar  
conditions o  
experts dur  
probably has  
situation.  
At present,  
long of the  
a crew of m  
of employeer  
He has disc  
government  
vines and va  
with immigr  
other.  
How much  
that nosa of  
doubtly asked  
bulbos and  
of the villeg  
ye," pronou  
see, the joy  
yet!"—Harry