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"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Allen Drake, formerly a sailor, grown old and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships board the clipper Orontes as "boy" under the command of Jake Stevens, whose enmity he incurs because of a mutual love for Mary Manning, daughter of the Orontes by Drake, whose lawyers have purchased the vessel during an evening together in Cape Town, while the demoted Stevens is making the rounds of the barrooms. The infuriated ex-captain has asked for a five-minute interview with Drake. And, searching Stevens is dropping himself in liquor.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)
"Angry, sir, very angry," replied Twining with a grin.
"Liquor?"
"A little, sir."
Drake laughed, and thrust out his hand.
"You're a good fellow, Twining," he said. "Until other arrangements can be made, you carry on as you go. Start working out the cargo as soon as the lighters come alongside. Whatever changes have to be made, you will not suffer materially; and you may tell Adams the same thing applies for Miss Manning and myself at five-thirty. Put Joe Bunting and Nick Combs into the boat, and let Joe pick two more men; then 'he four of them can star' ashore until we are ready to come aboard."
"Aye, aye, sir," responded Twining. In the big saloon Mary sat writing letters. She looked up with quick apprehension which changed to relief when she saw who it was.
"So you are coming to dinner with me?" smiled Drake.
"I'm not sure I want to go out with anybody," she retorted. Her tone was irritable rather than angry. "Captain Stevens was offensive when he returned. He upset me enough for one day."

Drake dragged his sea-chest and bag into a small unused stateroom, and answered her through the open door as he unlocked the chest.
"You can catch the mail tomorrow with the letters you have ready. We'll go past the Postoffice. A little run out to Green Point, a nice little dinner beside the sea, with music—Or, would you prefer to run out to Rondebush? That's a gorgeous suburb, Mary. All roses, rhododendrons, silver leaf bushes and vineyards."
"I haven't said I'm going anywhere!" she retorted sharply.
"Perhaps, for the first time, we had better say Green Point," he went on, dragging out evening clothes and flinging them on the bunk. Her blue eyes flashed, and her red lips pouted, but he chattered on as if she only existed as something to do things for.
"I haven't been out there since I was a 'Prentice kid. Corcking place, though. Better start getting ready, if the letters are finished. No use going to a place for dinner after dinner's over."
"I won't be ordered about like this!" she cried, angry at last.

She flounced into her cabin with a bang, and he whistled softly as he dressed.

A good dinner, a bottle of good wine, and excellent music completed the work of bringing Mary back to normal. Drake helped, of course. He was out to enjoy himself and went to the limit. Mary was amazed at the infinite lights flashed by this man she had seen only as a very rough diamond except for that brief moment at all. Drake drank a good deal of wine; not more than would have been usual at home; not more than a gentleman might drink safely; but enough, after him sparkle. His laughter was a thing of sheer jollity and fun.
"Some day you're going to fall in love, Mary, and you won't have very far to fall," he said softly. She lowered her eyes and colored warmly. She longed lightly, when a waiter approached.
"Captain Drake, a man at the rear bar wants to speak to you."
"Can't he come here?" asked Drake, slightly annoyed. "Who is he?"
"I think he's one of your men from the ship, sir. He isn't—well, he's—"



"That's the bully boy!" roared Jake.

The man hesitated, but Drake understood. Whoever it might be was probably drunk.
"All right," he said, rising. "Excuse me, Mary. I'll be back in a minute."

He followed the waiter to the rear of the place. There was a bar which was used by drivers and underlings. A great noise was going on inside, mostly made by one man. And as Drake edged his way in, at the waiter's heels, he recognized the voice with a sharp tightening of his nerves. In a moment he came face to face with Jake Stevens, as drunk as mixed liquor could make him, and ramping mad.

"That's th' bully boy!" roared Jake, lurching forward and walloping Drake heavily on the shoulder with an open hand. "Tried to dodge me, hey? Tried to chouse me outa f' minutes convy-s'hun. I'm goin' to break y' into li'l bits an' stuff y' down a sewer! I'm goin'!"

Drake seized him by the arm and hauled him sharply to the door, while the crowd followed gleefully, all keyed up for a gorgeous bit of sport. The licking of a dress suit bloke was always good for a crowd. Stevens lurching along behind Drake, cursing horribly, beating at the strong grip that towed him faster than his unsteady feet wanted to travel. His eyes were almost hidden under scowling brows; his face was swollen and purple with heated blood; his big strong hands were scarred and bleeding as if he had already tried his flats out on somebody else. Right behind him lurched another seaman, perhaps the master of the white barque.

Outside the door, still in the radius of light from the bar windows, Drake straightened Stevens up and shook him.

"Mister Stevens, you are a disgrace to your ship! You will go back to

Cape Town and go aboard the ship at once. You hear me?"

"Hark to th' bloody stowaway duder!" cackled Stevens, turning for approval to his companion, who had subsided into a thick bush of shrubbery as soon as he ceased moving ahead. "Nother good man gone wrong," Stevens said, sagely. Then he turned ferociously upon Drake and shook his hand off.

"They wouldn't let me come up to join y' an' Mary, so I got 'em to fetch you down," he said. "You stole my girl, you dirty rat! You stole my ship, you little bit o'—"

"That's enough, Stevens! Are you going aboard?"

"Yes, by God! So are you, on a shunter!"

Jake swung a terrific right fist which split Drake's cheek like a knife slits a ripe mango, and hurled him headlong into the bush where Jake's companion snored uneasily.

CHAPTER XIV. RED WAR.

Abolitionist miner, just down from diggings with a full belt, elected himself bottle holder to Drake. He hauled his lean to his feet, peering hard at his bleeding face.

"You ain't hurt," he decided. "You're a bleeder, that's all. Now you play fer his pantry, old gentleman. Hit him where he stows his booze. That's what'll sink him. Watch him now!"

Stevens crouched and rushed as soon as Drake stood clear. The crowd formed a circle, and the howling ceased as the ghters came together. Drake made no effort to avoid Jake's rush, other than to duck his head under the terrific lead that went over him with a round arm swish. As their bodies crashed together, he drove his right and left into Jake's stomach, with every ounce of power and every bit of spring in his body. Jake sat down with a "whoof" and an "oomp!"

The crowd roared again. Two of them dragged Jake Stevens to his feet, and one gave him a swig of rum. Drake's second poured raw spirit into the bleeding gash on his cheek, and the pain almost maddened him. When Stevens rushed again, fired with fresh courage and ferocity from the rum, Drake jumped to meet him, gritting his teeth and swearing with agony. There was a fierce flurry of fists. Drake tottered backward under the impact of a punch that all but loosened his head from his spine; and Stevens plunged headlong after him, snorting and grunting, swinging a fist in either fist.

Drake dodged the rush, recovering only in bare time to sidestep; then half turned, swung a right with his weight behind it full upon Stevens' ear as he roared past, and that was the end so far as Mister Jake Stevens was concerned. Jake lay in the bushes where a fell, neglected even by his seconds, while every roaring ruffian bawled profers of drinks to the victor.
"Let me get a wash," said Drake, ducking through the crowd at the heels of his second. "Can't you look after Jake? I'm all right. He's out. No, I don't want a drink, thanks."
(To be continued.)

Mr. Thomas' Mission

La Patrie (Ind.): The Federal Government alone can bring about the change which Mr. Thomas desires in our import trade. And it would not be too much to say that circumstances are now particularly opportune at this moment when the Canadian people have been disturbed by the threat of an increase in the American tariff. But however convincing Mr. Thomas' pleading may be, it needs more than his powers of persuasion to modify the current of our importations. There is only one way we can get Canada to buy more from Britain than from the United States. That way is a change in our fiscal policy. And it is possible that Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues, who have hitherto showed themselves to be so friendly to the United States, could have roused Mr. Thomas' hopes in this matter?

The Reparations Deadlock

La Presse (Ind.): There doesn't seem anything else to be done but to declare the entente impossible and to adjourn the deliberations indefinitely, at least until Great Britain's representative shows himself more conciliating, which looks pretty doubtful after the practically unanimous approval displayed by the British people. . . . Does Mr. Snowden care less about ruining the work of the experts who worked out the Young plan than he does about getting the sums he demands? One can scarcely believe it and, surely, if the conference fails entirely, he will have to shoulder the responsibility not only in the opinion of other countries, but of the British people themselves, who have lately been applauding him so generously.

J. H. Thomas' Task

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): It is hard to see what Mr. Thomas can do in Canada. He may find openings for British capital here, and he may be able to return home and induce British manufacturers to open branch factories here. That would make for some employment. But apart from that, and unless Premier King's Government decides to ask Parliament for a vote of ten millions to forward some great state-controlled scheme of immigration, we greatly fear that Mr. Thomas will return home with little of accomplishment.

Minard's Liment—Used for 50 years

Reds in Toronto

Toronto Star (Ind.): The police must have possession of the seditious writings which the Reds have been circulating and the police commission must have, through their secret agents reports of seditious utterances in meetings they have attended. Why not go ahead and prosecute these known offenders in the courts and according to laws framed for the purpose? Why wait until rows and rumpuses have gone from bad to worse before taking that legal action that will have to be resorted to in the end before anything decisive can be done? The slapping and hooting of offenders—and non-offenders—may provide a sensational entertainment, but it causes greater disorders than it cures.

The English Prayer Book

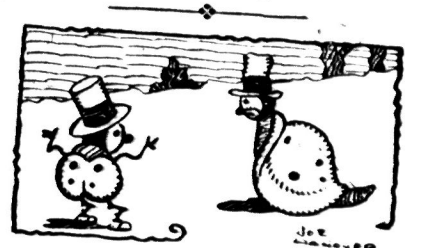
London Times (Ind.): It would be unwise of either the Bishops or their critics if they exaggerated the importance of this prayer-book question. Important in a sense it is, yet it is concerned in the last resort with but a means to an end. To link with it, for example, the immense issue of Disestablishment is to show a defective sense of proportion. A relationship bound up with our national life through centuries is not to be sacrificed in mere resentment at the result of two close divisions in the House of Commons. To concentrate upon the essentials of spiritual work, and to allay instead of fomenting ecclesiastical differences, is at this juncture the best way to serve both Church and State.

"How was the scenery on your trip?" "Well, the toothpaste ads were rather better done than the tobacco, but there was more furniture than anything else."—Boston Transcript.

Hope For Fat Man

Here is my advice to men who want to recover lost or preserve shipping figures, and who possess average hearts.
If you are between forty and sixty rise earlier, drink hot water on rising, move about more, cut the daily intake of food by one-third, and then half; drink plenty of cold water between meals, and don't drink with meals.
Under forty do the same, but add regular hard exercise, beginning with brisk walks, and rising to a five-mile run-and-walk (say an hour and a half) every day.

And remember that the Irish priest who told his flock to "sweat once a day and be happy" knew more than charge fifty guineas for taking of 7 pounds in a month by diet, medicine and electrical vibrators.



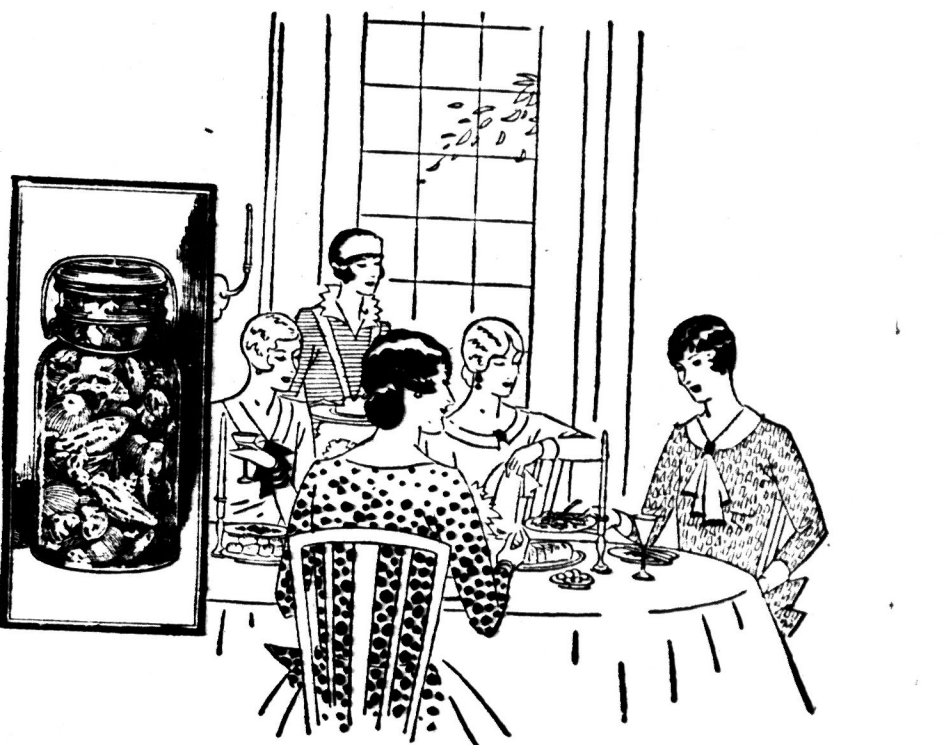
Bug—"I hear you were arrested for speeding, Mr. Snail!"

Race Jealousy in S. Africa

Christchurch Press (N.B.): The truth is that the dying down of racial jealousies in South Africa is going to be such a gradual process that the result of one election is neither here nor there. The history of Canada has shown us that it is quite possible for two racial elements to exist side by side in one State without a serious upheaval, even though there may be friction.

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