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Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

## Closing the Prisons

London Daily Chronicle (Lib.): Few symptoms of social progress are more welcome than the closing of prisons. Warwick Prison is advertised for sale. Built 70 years ago for nearly £80,000, how many tears have been shed, how many groans uttered how many human hearts broken, within this gloomy pile? Now its walls will hold captives no more. Many others have ended likewise in recent years, so much fewer are the prisoners to be housed. To what is the change due? In part to several things—less poverty, better police, a better penal system. But above all to popular education. People often grumble about the cost of schools; they can tot up the outlay in figures; they annot similarly measure the results. Yet the results are there. This is one of them.

## Fiscal Imperialism

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): A good deal of misunderstanding of the Dominion position in this matter is due to the fact that many people at home fail to take account of the rise of overseas manufacturing interests. They persist in viewing the "new" countries as almost exclusively ocupied in primary production. They fail to se Sydney for sheep stations, and Toronto for wheat fields and apple trees. They forget that manufacturers in Australia and Canada are faced with competition from manufacturers at home and are convinced that a measure of protection is essential to their salvation and survival. We may consider them wrong-headed or we may not, but we are compelled to take account of the attitude as a fact and not to advance ideal theories as if competition did not exist.

LIFE

And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
—S. T. Coleridge.

An IDEA

There is only one thing stronger than armies and that is an idea whose time has come.—Victor Hugo.

# WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E.DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, frmerly a sailor, grown soft and flaby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard 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 owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes. At Cape Town Stevens is superseded as captain of the Orontes by Drake, whose lawyers have purchased the vessel during its cruise. Drake and Mary are enjoying an evening together in Cape Town, while the demoted Stevens is making the rounds of the barrooms. Drunk and furious, Stevens calls Drake away from Mary in order to fight with him. Stevens is whipped, and now Drake goes back to Mary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

When Drake returned to Mary, she stood up with a cry of dismay. He had been gone about twenty minutes.

Now he came back to her smiling, bright eyed, but with a three-inch strip of plaster down one cheek, and a lumpy bruise as big as a purple passion fruit on the other temple. His hands, too, looked as if he had been breaking bricks with his fists for a wager. Her big blue eyes widened.

"Don't look like that, Mary!" he laughed, pressing her into her chair gently. "I'm not hurt. Little accident, that's all. Let's see, we were chatting about how we were to furnish the boudoir—"

"Do stop your jesting!" she cried. "We were talking of no such thing! I won't hear a word until you have told me what has happened. Was it—?" Her eyes darkened, and she frowned as the truth, or possible truth, dawned upon her. He broke in, grinning:

"It was, Mary. Jake Stevens. They prevented him coming here to see you, so he tipped a waiter to bring me, then tried to jamb me under a rhododendron."

"It looks as if he succeeded!" she retorted sharply. "Let us go, now, before somebody else tries. You look horrible."

A tiny chill fell over Drake. Mary wanted to go back to the ship, and her baffled escort led her to the car in silence.

"It has been a bully evening, anyhow," he said heartily. She said nothing, taking her seat in the electric tram beside him as if resigned to something unpleasant. He peeped at her once, then with a loud sigh settled down to a window-gazing ride.

So they rolled along, beside the Bay, through a suburb noted for its serene loveliness. It ought to have thawed her. Then abruptly the car slowed down and stopped, progress made impossible by the outer fringe of a crowd that whooped, roared, and cursed.

Drake stood up. Over the outer heads he saw the milling centre of the crowd, and fists and sticks were flying there. The car driver clanged his gong, and the impeding crowd slowly made way for it. But Drake had caught sight of a head he knew, two heads, in the very vortex of the mob, and those two heads were getting hammered by far too many fists and sticks for fair play.

"Excuse me for a moment," he murmured as he stepped past Mary. "Go on to the boat. Don't worry. I've got to see Stevens safe."

He leaped as the car started, and fought his way into the mob. It was something of a fight, too. Halfway through he wrenched a heavy stick from a swearing ruffian and prodded his wap with it, using it like a spear. It was very efficient. Then in the middle he found Jake Stevens, horribly cut and bruised, trying blindly, but with splendid brute courage to stand off the attack of half a dozen murderous sticks. Right with him the affluent miner attled gloriously; bleeding and muddy, but with the light of sheer fighting lust in his face.

"Orontes! Orontes!" yelled Drake, ringingly, and laid about him heartily with his stick. "Get a stick, Jake! Get a club!"

"I don't want no club!" gasped Stevens, blindly staggering ever forward. He went to his knees as Drake reached him. A word of recognition, then Drake and the miner stood over Jake and fought for their own lives and his. Whatever the cause, the crowd were apparently looking for blood. The miner was battered fearfully; but he had a grin for Drake. A whizzing stick tore the plaster from Drake's cheek, and he started bleeding as if his head was split.

"They're trying to murder us!" he panted. "What's it all about?"

"Started with just tall talk," gasped the miner, poking his stick into a leering face and bringing a tooth back with it. "Jake challenged all hands, and some toughs followed him out. That's one of 'em now!"

He darted forward and struck down a tough looking fellow just as he was putting the boots to Stevens as he lay prostrate. Drake had little time to look around. Sticks seemed as thick as rushes in a basket. But he saw where the heart of the fight was. The rest was simply gang sympathy.

"Come on," he sai to the valiant miner. "Let's finish those three huskies, and the rest will run! Altogether!"

Together they charged across Jake's body, their sticks going like flails. One man went down, only to rise up and trip Drake headlong. Sticks whacked down upon him as he lay defenceless. His arms felt as if they were broken in a dozen places; his head rang as if hammered with iron. With that vital impulse which drives a man on even after conscious volition fails he stumbled to his feet, guarling his head with one arm, and stabbing fiercely at a blur before him with his short-gripped club. Vaguely he knew somebody fought beside him; knew the blur before him thinned. Something stirred under his feet, and he fought to keep his balance.

"Orontes! Orontes!"

That cry sounded strange. It was near, yet seemed far off. Drake fought doggedly. There was that stirring under his feet. He knew he was to be tripped again. He could not see the man who still fought beside him. Something red and swaying rose from the ground, and another stick flailed, but at his foes now.

"Orontes! Orontes!" the cry was close. The blur of foes began to vanish like mist.

"Aye, Orontes! Give 'em hell!" babbled the red, swaying figure and Jake Stevens rallied for another onslaught. Drake saved his breath for fighting. His miner friend tottered and gasped. But through the crowd stormed the tram driver and conductor, with controller and switch bar; and with them marched Mary Manning, splendid daughter of old Neptune, smacking faces right and left and turning murderous scowls to foolish grins.

"What's the trouble?" demanded a policeman running up, looking queerly into the bruised and bleeding faces, and at Mary.

"Gang setting about these two blokes. This gent and we stopped off my car to help the under dog," replied the motorman.

"He's my first mate," explained Drake. "I'm Captain Drake of the ship Orontes lying in Table Bay. We're all right, thanks. If we could get an automobile, I'd be glad."

"I'll send one along, sir," said the officer, and went off with his men. Drake glanced at Mary. She was all soft womanliness now, examining hurts, her eyes big and dark.

"I'm afraid neither Mr. Stevens nor I could be called respectable now," said Drake with a grimace. The friendly miner grinned as Mary finished cleaning a cut on his chin

"I don't care what you are or what you look like. I think you are both splendid!" she cried. "You, too," she added. Swift as a swallow she seemed to dart forward, and dabbled a kiss right between the miner's eyes as the car drove up. She was blushing furiously as she ran into the auto. The miner stared, grinned, and stood robbed of speech.

CHAPTER XV.

A PRESENT FROM MARY.

The few days required for discharging cargo in Cape Town flew on magic pinions. Drake rode high upon the tide of triumph, showing Mary the sights, finding new charms in her every hour, once she elected to meet him on common ground. And Jake Stevens seemed to accept the new situation quite meekly.

(To be continued.)

"ORONTES! ORONTES!"

ISSUE No. 38—'29

## Herd of Reindeer Makes Long Trek

### Big Step Towards Raising Food Supply in Mackenzie Basin

Vancouver.—Canada's reindeer industry takes a big forward step this year with the trek of 3,000 northern animals from Alaska into the Dominion. In November this herd, secured by Canada from the United States herds in Alaska, will begin a trek which will take 18 months and will land the animals, in 1931, on the Arctic coast east of the Mackenzie River.

A. E. Porsild, botanist for the Northwest Territories Branch, Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, is on his way to Nome, whence he will go by ship or airplane to Kotzebue for the start of the movement. Porsild went from here to Seattle to meet Ralph Lomen, head of the Lomen Reindeer Corporation which has the contract of delivery to the Dominion.

The deer will be driven by easy stages to Kattigazuit, which is the destination, where corrals and buildings will be built. It is estimated the herd will double itself in three years.

The deer, it is hoped, will take the place of cattle in supplying Eskimos with food. A reindeer is worth about $25, and Canada's new herd is declared to be a profitable investment. Cost of the animals and their 18-month migration will be about $200,000.

From a herd of 1,280 Siberian reindeer, brought into Alaska at a cost of $300,000, the United States has developed a stock of a million animals. Canada, it is believed, can duplicate that.

## The Egyptian Settlement

London Telegraph (Cons.): More than once in recent years a British Government has been sharply reminded that it is responsible under the Declaration of 1922 for the lives and property of foreigners in Egypt. It is hardly five years since British and other foreign nationals were being murdered in the streets of Alexandria. It is now proposed that British protection shall be withdrawn without reserve—and Mr. Henderson tells us that there is 'no change of policy;' while Mr. MacDonald pledges himself that there is to be no departure in principle from the Declaration of 1922. This immense and disastrous concession having been offered, the proposal that the occupation of Egypt by British forces shall be terminated follows naturally, and completes the picture of insecurity held up for the contemplation of Washington and Rome, whence the strongest of the reminders already referred to have come.

Minard's Liniment—The King of Pain

## St. George and the Dragon

Liverpool Post: It has no doubt been exhilarating to most people in this country to watch Mr. Snowden standing up so sturdily for our almost forgotten rights. We had beome so accustomed to the meaningless words of diplomacy and to see our statesmen so tenderly considerate of every interest but ours that it is singularly refreshing to observe Mr. Snowden's downrightness at The Hague. He has struck a good old-fashioned John Bull note, and we naturally respond to the sound of it. Moreover, we are acutely conscious that he has ben in the right.

Difficult Customer—"You stupid girl; that isn't what I want. I want muslin!" Shop Assistant—"I quite agree, madam."

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GOOD MEN

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A HIGH CALLING

The highest ocupation of genius is to diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement—a sure forerunner of moral improvement—to hasten the oming of that bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid. This indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtues may well press forward to bear a part.—Brougham.

NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's always Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Aspirin tablets for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

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PICKLED BEANS

String a quarter of a peck of tender green beans, throw them into a kettle of boiling water, add 1 teaspoonful salt and boil 25 minutes. When done drain in a colander, let stand until cold, then put into jars. Sprinkle lightly with cayenne, add one tablespoonful of Keen's Mustard, 1 tablespoonful chopped horse-radish and cover the whole with strong cider vinegar.

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