# You Should Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T74

when you want a change. It's delicious.

# CAPTAIN BLOOD

*by Rafael Sabatini*

© RAFAEL SABATINI
ARRGT. NEA SERVICE, INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

A Spanish warship successfully attacks the island of Barbados, upon which Peter Blood and a number of other Englishmen have become slaves. Colonel Bishop, owner of Blood, is the most tyrannical of slave owners. Blood and his fellow slaves, through stratagy, capture the Spanish ship, and Bishop, who boards the vessel to learn the identity of the island's saviors, is compelled to leap overboard and swim to shore.

Don Diego, the Spanish commander, is captured. He is given the freedom of the ship upon his promise that he will navigate the vessel during the illness of Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster. Don iDego proves false and sails the ship close to another vessel commanded by his brother.

Blood resorts to strategy to save the ship and crew.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Nay, nephew, nay," Don Miguel protested with ironic repudiation. "I can have no knowledge of these things. Already you have told me more than it is good for me to know." But he winked into the twinkling eyes of Captain Blood: then added matter that at once extinguished that twinkle. "But since Diego cannot come to me, why, I will go across to him."

For a moment Don Esteban's face was a mask of pallid fear. Then Blood was speaking in a lowered, confidential voice that admirably blended suavity, impressiveness, and sly mockery.

"If you please, Don Miguel, but that is the very thing you must not do the very thing Don Diego does not wish you to do. It was his consideration of himself and the false position in which you would be placed if you had direct word from him of what has happened. He paused a moment. Your excellency understands."

His excellency frowned thoughtfully. "I understand . . . in part," said he.

Captain Blood swept on to afford further confirmation before the Admiral could say another word.

"And we have in the boat below two chests containing fifty thousand pieces of eight, which we are to deliver to your excellency."

His excellency jumped; there was a sudden stir among the officers.

"They are the ransom extracted by Don Diego from the Governor of . ."

"Not another word, in the name of Heaven!" cried the Admiral in alarm. "My brother wishes me to assume charge of this money, to carry it to Spain for him? Well, that is family matter between my brother and myself. But I must not know . . ." He broke off. "Hum! A glass of Malaga in my cabin, if you please," he invited them, "whilst the chests are being hauled aboard."

They laughed, and drank the damnation of King James—quite unofficially, but the more fervently on that account. Then Don Esteban, uneasy on the score of his father, rose and announced that they must be returning.

As they stepped into the waist of the Cinco Llagas, Hagthorpe advanced to receive them. Blood observed the set, almost scared expression on his face.

"I see that you've found it," he said quietly.

Hagthorpe's eyes looked a question. But his mind dismissed whatever thought it held.

"Don Diego . . ." he was beginning, and then stopped, and looked curiously at Blood.

Noting the pause and the look, Estaban bounded forward, his face livid.

"Have you broken faith, you curs? Has he come to harm?" he cried—and the six Spaniards behind him made chorus to his furious questionings.

"We do not break faith," said Hagthorpe firmly, so firmly that he quieted them. "And in this case there was not the need. Don Diego died in his bonds before ever you reached the Encarnacion."

Peter Blood said nothing.

"Died?" screamed Estaban. "You killed him, you mean. Of what did he die?"

Hagthorpe looked at the boy. "If I am a judge," he said. "Don Diego died of fear."

Don Diego struck Hagthorpe across the face at that, and Hagthorpe would have struck back, but that Blood got between, whilst his followers seized the lad.

"I was not concerned to insult," said Hagthorpe, nursing his cheek. "It is what happened. Come and look."

"I have seen," said Blood. "He died before I left the Cinco Llagas. He was hanging dead in his bonds when I spoke to him before leaving."

Blood's council decided that, going east of Hispaniola, and then sailing along its northern coast, they should

"MY NAME," HE SAID, "IS PETER BLOOD."

make for Tortuga, that haven of the buccaneers, in which lawless port they had at least no fear of recapture to apprehend.

It was now a question whether they should convey the Spaniards thither with them, or turn them off in a boat to make the best of their way to the coast of Hispaniola, which was vut ten miles off. This was the course urged by Blood himself.

"There's nothing else to be done," he insisted. "In Tortuga they would be flayed alive."

"Which is less than the swine deserve," growled Wolverstone.

"Oh, faugh! I've no stomach for cold-blooded killing," said Blood. "At daybreak pack the Spaniards into a boat with a keg of water and a sack of dumplings and let them go to the devil."

CHAPTER XIII.

TORTUGA.

It was no part of the design of Blood to join hands with the buccaneers who, under a semi-official French protection, made of Tortuga a lair whence they could sally out to drive their merciless piratical trade chiefly at the expense of Spain.

It was Blood's original intention to make his way to France or Holland. But in the long weeks of waiting for a ship to convey him to one or other of these countries, his resources dwindled and finally vanished.

Temptations proceeded not only from adventurous buccaneering acquaintances in the taverns of that evil haven of Tortuga, but even from M. d'Ogeron, the governor of the island, who levied as his harbor dues a percentage of one-tenth of all spoils brought into the bay.

Moreover, to a man, those who had escaped with Peter Blood from the Barbados plantations, and who knew not whither to turn, were all resolved upon joining the great Brotherhood of the Coast, as those rovers called themselves. And they united their with other voices that were persuading Blood, demanding that he should continue now in the leadership which he had enjoyed since they had left Barbados, and swearing to follow him loaylly whithersoever he should lead them.

The resolve being taken, he went actively to work. Ogeron advanced him money for the proper equipment of his ship the Cinco Llagas, which he renamed the Arabella.

To the score of followers he already possessed, he added threescore more. With them he entered into the articles usual among the Brethren of the Coast under which each man was to be paid by a share in the prizes captured.

Toward the end of December, when the hurricane season had blown itself out, he put to sea and before he returned in the following May from a protracted and adventurous cruise, the fame of Captain Peter Blood had run like ripples before the breeze across the face of the Caribbean Sea.

One day as Captain Blood sat with Hagthorpe and Wolverstone over a pipe and a bottle of rum in the stifling reek of tar and stale tobacco of a waterside tavern, he was accosted by a splendid ruffian in a gold-laced coat of dark-blue satin with a crimson sash, a foot wide, about the waist.

"C'est vous qu'on appelle Le Sang?" the fellow hailed him.

Captain Blood looked up to consider the questioner before replying. The man was tall and built on lines of agile strength, with a swarthy, aquiline face that was brutally handsome.

Captain Blood took the pipestem from between his lips.

"My name," he said, "is Peter Blood. The Spaniards know me for Don Pedro Sangre, and a Frenchman may call me Le Sang if he pleases.

"Good," said the gaudy adventurer in English. "My name," he informed the three men, two fowhom at least were eyeing him askance, "it is Levasseur. You may have heard of me."

They had, indeed. He commanded a privateer of twenty guns that had dropped anchor in the bay a week ago. A roaring, quarrelsome, hard-drinking, hard-gaming scoundrel, his reputations as a buccaneer stood high among the wild Brethren of the Coast. There was about his gaudy, swaggering raffishness somethang that the women found singularly alluring.

It was current gossip that even Mademoiselle d'Ogeron, the Governor's daughter, had been caught in the snare of his wild attractiveness.

This was the man who now thrust himself upon Captain Blood with a proposal of association, offering him not only his sword, but his ship and the men who sailed in her.

Because he disliked the man, Captain Blood would not commit himself at once. But because he liked the proposal he consented to consider it. The end of the matter was that within a week articles were drawn up between Levasseur and Blood, and signed by them and—as was usual—by the chosen representatives of their followers.

All being now settled they made ready for sea, and on the very eve of sailing, Levasseur narrowly escaped being shot in a romantic attempt to scale the wall of the Governor's garden, with the object of taking passionate leave of the infatuated Mademoiselle d'Ogeron.

That night he slept aboard his ship, which with characteristic flamboyance he had named La Foudrea, and there on the following day he received a visit from Captain Blood, whom he greeted half-mockingly as his admiral. The Irishman came to settle certain final details of which all that need concern us is an understanding that, in the event of the two vessels becoming separated by accident or design, they should rejoin each other as soon as might be at Tortuga.

Thereafter Levasseur entertained his admiral to dinner, and jointly they drank success to the expedition.

(To be continued.)

**Man of the Hour.**

"Since he became so popular he says he has to live by the clock."

"Naturally—he's the man of the hour."

Flies are among the latest things used for trimming women's hats. And we thought there were no flies on Eve!

Several other American aviators are planning to fly to France. These heroic men are undeterred by the fact that Captain Lindbergh was kissed by several politicians on his arrival.

The Battle of Jutland was fought in 1916. It is not known when it will be finished.


Minard's Liniment for sore feet.

ISSUE No. 35—'27



CORNS

Quick relief from painful corns, tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere


## Sailing for Peru

When I told my friends I was going to Peru they became flippant. The most staid and serious immediately quoted Limericks about young men of Peru who had nothing to do and sent snakes to the Zoo. Others made puns about Peruvian bark and several declined altogether to believe that Peru existed anywhere but in a poet's fancy. I am still unable to understand why Peru, of all the countries in the world, should be treated as a geographical joke, but I know to my cost that it is.

Two or three people treated me seriously. One Fleet Street man said all he knew about Peru was that it was where ink came from. I asked him if he were not thinking of "Incas" rather than "ink." He said it might be so. He knew he had heard of Peru in connection with something allied to ink.

Another journalist said I did well to go to Peru. I should be a missionary of Empire.

"How so in Peru?" I asked.

"Why, isn't Peru part of the British Empire?" he demanded.

He was nonplussed to learn that Peru had somehow or other escaped absorption. "If it doesn't belong to us then," he said, "I suppose it belongs to the United States."

My literary agent had heard of Peruvian condors, cannibals and crocodiles. She desired me to leave in London a full power of attorney. "Your return being so doubtful," as she explained.

The first shipping agent I consulted confessed himself quite in the dark as to how one travelled to Peru. "We have never booked a passage there," he said. He declared that I should in any case have to change ship at Panama; but after some searching discovered an Italian line which sailed from Genoa direct to Callao. Callao, I had explained to the agent, was the port of Lima, the capital of Peru. . . .

The Genoese ship I selected was to call at Barcelona and take her last sight of Europe at Gibraltar. Thence she would skirt the coast of Africa to Teneriffe and from there run down the trades to Trinidad. Who could resist the idea of first setting foot in America at Trinidad, so named by Columbus himself when he sighted its three hills on his third voyage?

So it came about that I left England for Peru by way of Newhaven. A thick mist shrouded the Seven Sisters as we left the harbor and spared us a pang, for no one would willingly leave the chalf cliffs of Sussex astern when they are shining, under an April sun. Farther out the sun was indeed shining, but the coast of England was already below the horizon.

Dieppe was showing up ahead when we began to overhaul a sailing boat whose bellying topsail instantly made me think of the Overland Passage into London River.

"Why, she is like a Thames barge," I said to a sailor.

"That is what she is," he replied, "an old Thames spreety bound for Diepee."

A westerly breeze was carrying her forward at a good speed. Her red sails shone like copper and her great sprit, newly scraped and varnished, sparkled in the sun. I watched her as we overhauled and passed her, for of all the rigs in the world there is none which makes the same appeal to the Londoner as the Thames sprit-sail barge. With regret I saw her top-sail dim and fade away in our wake for I knew that with her had vanished the last sight of home.

The next morning I was crossing the French Alps into Italy and some time after dark reached Genoa. Outside the railway station stands the statue of Columbus and from a little way down the street can be seen the funnels of the ships in harbor.

We sailed for Peru at three o'clock the next afternoon. No mist veiled the exquisite city of Genoa from the eyes of the Italian exiles on board. Some were so much affected that they went down to their cabins.

"I am going out for five years," said one young engineer afterwards. "If I had as much as looked at Genoa as we went out of the harbor I should have jumped overboard."

The ladies heartily agreed with him, and a day among the splendid shops of Barcelona failed to revive their spirits. The lordly peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which we passed at sunrise, were not worth a glance, and even Gibraltar failed to interest. . . .

Two days later the Peak of Teneriffe rose on the starboard bow. The sun was setting as we approached the island and Sugar Loaf Rock off the north coast was silhouetted against a flaming sky. In a few minutes the color faded and we drew under tall blue-grey cliffs already shadowy in the dusk. The lights of Santa Cruz gleamed ahead, but while still a good way from the town we dropped anchor. . . .

We sailed from Santa Cruz, at seven o'clock, on a bright spring morning. In the town we could see the tops of palms and other trees but the south coast of the island was composed of bare, red, volcanic rocks. We saw the opening into the crater on the Peak, and about the middle of the morning passed Red Point. Here were many flying fish, some about a foot in length and others smaller. They darted up from under the bows and skimmed away in flashes of silver over the waves, finally dropping with a sudden plop into the water. Seagulls followed us for some distance and then left us and shoals of porpoises played alongside.

In the channel between Teneriffe and Gomera Island we met a northwesterly wind and swell, but soon we ran under the lee of Gomera into smooth water. . . .

Beyond Gomera is Hierro, or Iron Island, the westernmost of the Canaries and the last point of land to be seen in the Old World. . . .

No one leaving Europe can look on the cliffs of Hierro with obsolute indifference. On its inhospitable hills are patches of light green verdure, and here and there a few white houses. Ahead of the ship is the open Atlantic, and when Hierro disappears astern we shall see no speck of green and no human habitation until, all being well, we arrive at Trinidad.—Anthony Dell, in "Llama Land."

## All Royal Guests Are Well Guarded

### Systematic Watch Kept on Possibly Dangerous Organizations

When King Fuad left London recently one group of men breathed more freely. They are the secret service agents, whose business it is to secure his safety, writes F. A. Mackenzie in the London Daily News.

Everyone sees the open protection, the police car that drives in front of the royal guest, the attendant high police officials and the like. But behind this is an organization that goes much deeper.

The real guard is the systematic watch that is kept on every possibly dangerous organization in this country. This is not a new thing. Thirty years ago, when the Internationale had its club and secret groups centred behind Tottenham Court-road, some of the most violent members of these groups received police pay, not always from Britain.

To-day the system is more far-reaching. Our secret service has its agents or informers in practically every violently revolutionary group in this country. People likely to make trouble are known, just as each class of thief is known to the C.I.D. Their records are docketed, and their faces are familiar to the men behind the scenes.

Before any state visit to this country our secret service gets in touch with the secret service of the other country and learns what dangerous elements, if any, might get here, who the men are behnd them, where they are and what their appearance is. Suspicious nationals find the ports closed to them. .

On the day of procession through London, any suspected man who comes anywhere near the Royal visitor is kept under close watch. If he starts to make trouble he is quietly, swiftly and effectively put on one side, and the men who do it are not particularly careful about the method employed.

Quite recently on the occasion of a big royal ceremony ,a violent Communist who had been waiting quietly among the spectators started to shout as the royal carriage drew near. "This is what we want," he cried, putting his hand into his inner breast pocket to pull out a red flag.

Before he had the flag half out, three men standing near turned on him. "You'll get what you want," said one, and three firsts simultaneously struck his jaw. The man took no more interest in the proceedings. Now, of course, these three men may have been loyal citizens, suddenly moved by the same impulse, but it was a curous coincidence that they happened to be just where they were..


Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.


## British Research Causes Discovery

### New Industry May Result From Treating By-Products from Tar

London.—New methods of extracting the by-products from tar are reported to have been discovered by research chemists at the Mond Gas Company's plant in Dudley, in the heart of England's Black Country, and it is likely that an entirely new industry wil be created as a result.

It is also likely that the discoveries will have an important effect on the world's chemical supplies, and it is understood that a new company will shortly issue a new range of products, the derivatives of tar.

For some time the Germans and Americans have held a monopoly in this industry.

**Wilson Publishing Company**

A CHIC BLOUSE AND SEPARATE SKIRT.

Extremely smart is the blouse shown here, having two points at the lower front edge, set-in pockets, and long or short sleeves extending into the neck. No. 1641 is for Misses and Small Women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch, or 1⅝ yards 54-inch material; ⅜ yard less 39-inch material for short sleeves. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The skirt, having two box-plaits in front and gathers at the back, is joined to a bodice top. No. 1349 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 1⅝ yards 36 or 39-inch material and ⅞ yard 36-inch lining for bodice top. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The older we get the more we learn and the more deeply we realize how little we know. Yet we are vain enough to think that our years of experience enable us to render our clients a worthy service.

"Jack Pickford and I could have been divorced in America. We chose Paris because it gives us both a vacation while we are waiting."—Marylyn Miller.

I am a true laborer—I earn that I eat—get that I wear—owe no man aught—glad of other men's good—content.—Shakespeare.

If you can laugh at your own troubles, your neighbor's troubles won't seem nearly so serious to him.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART
Grange Park, Toronto
Complete Instruction in DRAWING, PAINTING SCULPTURE and DESIGN, COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATION, INTERIOR DECORATION, and the APPLIED ARTS
NEW TEACHERS' COURSE (AUTHORITY ONT. DEPT. OF EDUC.)
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES RE OPEN OCTOBER THIRD
WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS OR INFORMATION



The Saving Flour!

Its superior strength makes Purity go farther than ordinary flours. It is perfect for all your baking—cakes, pies, buns and bread—so the one flour sack only, is necessary. Try Purity Flour to-day—it is certain to please you.

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 202

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.