TREASURE OF THE SEA

By George E. Walsh

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER 1: When a steamer bound for the United States from South America sinks in the Caribbean sea, Dick Jordan assists the passengers into lifeboats. He is commended for this by Hen Pettigrew, a U.S. federal officer, who was returning Dick to the States as a convicted felon.

CHAPTER 11

Dick was surprised into stammering by the question. Until then there had been no choice. He still considered himself Pettigrew's man; he had not thought of making a break for liberty. Ever since he had left the South American port in Hen's custody he had been a model prisoner, and it seemed slightly dishonorable to take advantage of the disaster to escape.

"Why, the one you choose for me," he answered. "It makes no difference. Is there room for both of us?"

"No, not in the same boat," came the unexpected reply. "That's why I'm giving you a choice. You deserve it—after this."

He waved his hand around to indicate his meaning.

Jordan was more astonished than ever. Pettigrew was eyeing him as a man, and not as an officer of the law; he even placed a hand familiarly on one shoulder.

"We're just man to man now, Jordan," he added. "We're not going to leave this ship together—can't you know—captain's orders. you go your way, and I go mine. If we meet again—on shore—I'll pinch you. It's my duty. But just now we're — Well," laughing quietly, "friends, I guess. I don't mind calling you that. I wish you good luck! If you reach shore and I don't I wish—wish—"

* * *

Dick never knew what he intended to wish, for at that moment the harsh, grating voice of the first mate interrupted, and Jordan tumbled into one boat and Hen Pettigrew into another.

Almost instantly they were separated in the blackness of the night. Dick was free, in truth, then —not on probation. He had the whole world to roam so long as he didn't run afoul of Hen Pettigrew. As they drifted through the darkness of the night, he smiled broadly, while the others sat and moaned or spoke in awed frigthened voices. Would they ever reach land? How far were they from the nearest shore? That was the burden of their conversation.

At first an effort was made to keep the boats together, but this was soon abandoned by the seamen. There was always the danger of collision in a rough sea.

* * *

In a couple of hours each boatload was a separate unit, dependent upon the skill and exertion of its own crew for safety, with no knowledge of what was happening to the others. The black pall of night descended upon them, obliterating the rest of the world, and circumscribing for them an existence bounded by the gunwales of the boat. In this narrow sp they huddled, awed and te aves. as much by the sense of urprised as by the roar of win

Jordan was not had been anwhen the accid seemed the inticipating c to their adventure, evitable idable. A gian wave and them clear out of the water lifted and upset the frail craft, rolling it over and over before allowing it to descend into the trough to be trampled upon by the mountain of surging green brine.

After that it was every man for himself. There was no further opportunity for team work or mutual co-operation. Dick Jordan found himself clinging to a few boards that had been in the bottom of the boat. It made an excellent raft for one, but hardly of use for two. In his eagerness to take full possession of it, a fat man climbed upon it, overreaching himself by his greediness.

The slender raft sunk out of sight, and when it finally came to the surface again the fat man was gone. Jordan retrieved it; clung to it; clutched it with both hands, refusing to yield his hold even when the waves rolled it over and over and buried him fathoms deep in the sea.

He had been three days on the raft before the will to live had finally cracked, and then, fortified by the raw food washed up to him by the mass of drifting seaweed, revived, and once more struggled to reassert itself over exhausted, tortured flesh.

It was a real sail that his red-rimmed eyes saw this time, but he refused to believe it for a long time, laughing at his own inconsistency in hoping and praying that it was not an optical illusion, and declaring in the same breath it could not be anything else. It was not only a real sail that he saw, but it was coming in his direction, bearing down upon him at a speed that quickly dispelled all doubts.

As the boat drew nearer, Dick made out its nondescript character from its sails. A two-masted lugger, quite common in the Caribbean for fishing and coasting, with lumpish hull and mildewed canvas, spotted like the coat of a leopard, it slopped along in the rough seas as if unwillingly propelled by a power that it could not resist.

Long before any one aboard sighted Dick Jordan, he had studied the craft from stem to keel with greedy, anxious eyes, taking in everything from the clumsily bent topsails to the ill-fitting jib that was forever shifting in the wind.

"Fishermen," he concluded, speaking his thoughts aloud. "I can't be far from land."

A moment later, when the lugger acted as if about to change her course, he raised his free hand and shouted with all the strength he could muster. Even at that distance, it seemed almost miraculous that they heard or saw him: but keen eyes had been scanning the sea closely, looking for just such derelicts. It was their business to pick up flotsam and jetsam of the ocean on the chance of finding a prize.

* * *

His cry brought several black faces to the port rail and Jordan's former conclusion that the lugger was a native fishing craft seemed confirmed by the appearance of the crew. They were swarthy Caribs, an ancient type weakened and diluted by the blood of pure Negroes A burley half-br with the white part of him ting in his straight hair be in led complexion, seem came from command, for the ger up in the him to heave boat.

wind and utes later Dick sat

Tw rty, ill-smelling deck of o ssel, greedily eating and king food and liquid that under ordinary circumstances would have repelled him; but nature's cravings had to be satisfied, and it was no time to be critical. The crew formed a half circle around him, with Captain Tucu, the half-breed skipper, and Black Burley, the lugger's mate, in the immediate foreground. They were inspecting him with something more than curiosity—with greed and avaricousness, Dick thought, but he could not exactly translate it in words.

* * *

Captain Tucu had an evil, sinister face that in repose was hard and sullen, as if the white blood in him was silently protesting the injustice of the trick played in mingling negro with it; in action it lighted up with a fierceness of either joy or anger that had an element of the fanatic's.

(To Be Continued.)

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Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

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HE TALKS — THEY SAY

Meet Ben, the famous talking dog of Royston, England, who is reported to speak intelligibly, although his vocabulary seems to be limited to "I want some." And if one is to be limited to three words, what better three could there be? Ben, pet of Alfred Brissenden, is pictured watching a friend pour tea, and, presumably, saying "I want some."

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The scene was Ginger Farm; the day was Saturday; the time was nine a.m., and we were more or less at a loose end following an early morning down-pour. It was also very hot and humid.

We heard the motor-bike coming up the lane. In a few minutes Bob came in and said quite casually—just as you might say—"the baker is at the door"—"Well, I guess the threshing machine is on its way down!" Partner made no comment at all but for a few minutes I said plenty. You know — nothing in the house to eat . . . couldn't be done . . . no pies . . . no cake . . . no meat . . . no nothing . . . and why were they coming in unexpectedly anyway?

* * *

Well, it appears the threshers were all set to thresh on the farm above us. And then it rained — and that was that. Of course, rather than lose time, threshers are only too glad to pull into a barn on a wet day. And we certainly needed to thresh so there was only one thing for me to do—make the best of a bad job and get on with it. Mentally I prepared my dinner menu . . . sausage would cook about as quick as in thing . . . potatoes . . . b sliced the pressure cooker e sauce—tomatoes . . . lots of ked, thank (it was alread d pies? Well, goodness) time to make pies there was buy a few down town but I maybe . . . yes, I think six be enough.

But that's where I met my Waterloo. Pie—there wasn't such a thing in town. I wocld just have to make some after all.

"Sez you" I said to myself after shopping around for lard or shortening and wasting my precious time. No lard, or shortening anywhere.

It was ten a.m. when I left town. It was about 12.30 when the dinner was served to ten hungry men. Don't ask me how I did it for I will never know. However I certainly did have very timely and welcome assistance fr m Partner and neice Betty. They were busy peeling potatoes when I got home. And the electric stove was also a great help. The warming oven is grand—it saved me that last minute rush because I was able to lift things ahead of time. I kept everything delightfully hot and yet did not dry anything out.

* * *

After dinner it was back to town again for more supplies as we were having the men for supper as well. They also survived that meal successfully. Around six-thirty neice Joy arrived by bus to stay the weekend and nothing would do but I must sit down and she and Betty would do the dishes. I sat . . . it was an easy order to follow . . for a while anyway. But soon there were chickens to feed and on my way to the chickens I had to take a squint at the granary. And was it ever good to look into—such a nice lot of wheat, and a good size bin of barley.

Yes, on the whole the day had been quite worthwhile — and I'm hoping the men didn't feel too badly because they didn't get any pie. They were very nice about it anyway. Given time I might have thought of something as a substitute but at the moment my wits refused to function.

* * *

Now let us leave the threshing and step back through the week to last Wednesday. That was another big day. It was the day on which presentations were made in our Ward to the boys who had served in the armed forces during the war. The council, the people of the community and the Women's Institute had gone all out to remember the boys in a big way.

To each was given either an inscribed gold watch and chain. a watch only. or a signet ring according to the type of service each had seen. To the father of the only boy who did not return a clock was given. But how we wished that Davie — happy and carefree as we remembered him—could have taken his place with the rest of the boys.

When the young "vets" marched up to the grandstand the old "vets" were called on to bring up the rear. And there was Partner marching with the rest, prou were punch because he and B parade, the only father and so of it my-I got quite a kick ill never hapself. Probably ty again.

pen in our f

Follo the presentation the of both wars and their vet were treated to a swell banquet by the W.I. And believe me, there were pies for that meal anyway.

Sunday School Lesson

Right Uses of Property

Exodus 20: 16; Proverbs 30: 7-9; Matthew 6: 25-33.

The Eighth Commandment

The principle underlying the Eighth Commandment is the sacredness of property. To take anything from another, secretly or openly is to break this commandment.

Falsehood and vanity are coupled together in the Scriptures. To walk after vanity is to walk after that which is false. To be vain is to have a false opinion about ourselves, to be ignorant of ourselves.

Two Dangers

Extreme wealth and extreme poverty each have their dangers. The wealthy man is tempted to be proud and to think he owes all to his own wisdom and ability. In adversity man cries unto the Lord, in prosperity he is apt to forget Him and even to deny Him.

On the other hand extreme poverty has its temptations. The man who is starving is sorely tempted to steal to satisfy his hunger, and in his bitterness of spirit to blaspheme or charge God foolishly.

The God of Nature

The God of Nature, the same God who reveals Himself in Jesus Christ, provides for the birds; certainly then he will provide for His children. While "the birds of the heaven" will teach u not to be anxious about food if we will look at them, the lilies of the field will teach us not to be anxious about our clothes if we will "consider" (learn thoroughly from) them.

"Be Not Anxious"

Anxiety is a foolish thing—it never accomplishes anything. When we worry, we have "but little faith." Our Father knows what our real need is and we can trust Him to supply it. If we will only put God's kingdom and God's righteousness first, God will see to it that we shall not lack any really good thing. Most of our anxiety about the future is about troubles that seldom come, and God will take care of our troubles when they do come.

TABLE TALKS..

A Long, Cold Drink

A jar of ready made syrup in the icebox for use at a moment's notice will prove to be a great time and sugar saver. Quite often when sugar is added to a cold drink, some of it does not dissolve and is lost. The syrup is made in the proportion of 1 cup of water to 1 cup of sugar, brought to the boiling point, scimmed and stored in a covered glass jar in the icebox. Any syrup or fruit juice left over after canning may also be used.

Simple cold drinks like lemonade or orangeade are very much improved by the addition of a few fresh berries or berry juice.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest a few recipes for long cold drinks.

Blueberry Quench

- 1 cup blueberries
- 1 cup boiling water
- ⅓ cup sugar
- Few grains salt
- 1 orange, juice and grated rind
- 1 lemon, juice and grated rind
- 3 cups cold water

Pour boiling water over blueberries. Add grated orange and lemon rind and simmer slowly for 5 minutes. Press through a sieve. Add sugar and salt and stir well. Add orange and lemon juice. Cool. Before serving add 3 cups of cold water Six servings.

Peanut Butter Shake

- ¼ cup peanut butter
- 2 tablespoons honey or sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 3 cups milk

Place peanut butter, honey or sugar and salt in a bowl with ½ cup of milk. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Add the remaining 2½ cups of milk with vanilla and beat well before serving. Serves 4-5.

Banana Shake

- 2 large ripe bana s (1 cup mash d)
- 1 to 2 te oons honey or sugar
- 3 cu milk
- ¼ aspoon vanilla
- teaspoon salt

Mash bananas with a fork until smooth. Add to the milk and mix thoroughly with rotary beater until well blended Add honey or sugar, salt and vanilla and shake well before serving.

Serves 4 to 5.

Raspberry Egg-Nog

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup raspberry juice
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons honey or sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Cursh 2 cups of raspberries with ½ cup of water, bring to the boil and boil for 2 to 3 minutes. Drain through a moist jelly bag, add water to make a cup of juice. Beat eggs with salt and honey or sugar until light. Add milk, raspberry juice and nutmeg, and beat well with rotary beater. Chill well before serving.

NOTE: Other unsweetened fruit juices may be used instead of raspberry juice. If sweet fruit juice is used, reduce honey or sugar.

The Farmer Pays

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied the farmer. "When a man is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the zoological name of the insect that eats it and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

Farmer Group Is Still Largest

At the last census that of 1941, there were over a million Canadians engaged in agricultural work, or 31.7 per cent of the total gainfully occupied people of the Dominion, states the Hamilton Spectator. Manufacturing had the second largest group with 561,001, or 16.7 per cent, this group included bakers, tailors, machinists, etc., whether employed in a manufacturing industry or not. Then came services, clerical, professional and personal with about 10 per cent.; construction, general labor, and transportation followed; with fishing, trapping, logging and mining having about six per cent combined.

Although the trend has been cityward, the agricultural population is still the biggest single group.

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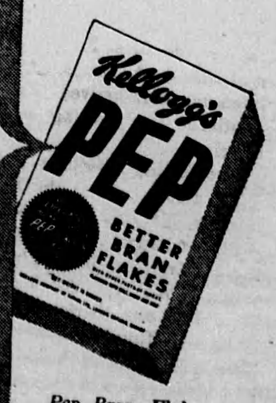

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