

THE END OF THE LOG LINE

"You'd like to know what scared my hands so badly?" said the captain. "Well, take the tiller while we make this long reach to the fishing grounds, and I'll tell you. It's something that happened about 15 years ago, long before I settled down to shore fishing and taking city men out for a day's try at the cod.

"In the winter of '88 I went out of Gloucester to the Banks as 'first hand' on the schooner Never Fear. When we pulled up our anchor for the last time, in March, and started for Boston, we were full of cod to the deck beams, and sure to make over \$60 a man. Everybody on board was feeling good.

"Five of the fleet got under way together. Talk about your cup races! They don't compare for a minute with a brush between three or four fishermen with their bowsprits pointed for market and home after a 'fresh trip' to the Banks. Minutes mean dollars then. Every stitch set, lee rails under, and nothing taken in after it's blown away!

"For the first hour it was nose and nose between us by the wind, all logging over 10 knots with a stiff northerly breeze. Then the Never Fear drew ahead of the bunch, and we shook a rope's end over the taffrail. You can't blame a crew for feeling a little frisky when they're leading the fleet, and their duck is lifting them landward at the rate of a mile every six minutes.

"Before dark we had a good lead over the nearest schooner, and when we went down to supper their running lights were twinkling well astern. The wind showed no signs of going down; on the contrary it seemed to be freshening every minute. This just suited us, for we had the best rough weather boat on the Banks, and we knew that, even if we did have to put in a single reef, our rivals behind would be putting in two.

"The cook gave us the best he had that night. If there was a man on board who failed to do justice to that smoking hot supper, I didn't see him. The only dissatisfied ones were the watch on deck, who began to be afraid that there wouldn't be anything left for them, and who kept shouting down the companionway for us to 'give them a show.'

"After supper those who had no work on hand busied themselves in writing letters, making boats, or playing games. During the trip I had played checkers a good deal with one of the men named Howard Johnson. A few days before we had arranged a tournament of five games; each had won two, and now was to come the rubber. We set our pieces, and three or four of our shipmates gathered round us to watch the battle.

"The board was equipped after a unique fashion. In the middle of each square was a little hole to receive a short brad fixed in the bottom of the checkers. This prevented them from rolling off, and we could play, even when the vessel was on her beam ends, without fear that the position of our men would be disturbed by the motion.

"At it we went in good earnest and a series of cautious exchanges soon left us only three kings apiece. Then ensued several minutes of manoeuvring to gain the advantage. I was just getting my opponent in a tight place when all at once we heard the captain shout from deck: 'All hands to reef the mainsail!'

"So engrossed had we been in our game that we had paid but little attention to what was going on above, and we were hardly aware that the staysail, foretopsail, balloon jib and maintopsail had already been taken in. But that last order brought us up 'all standing,' for we knew that it would never have been given without need.

"I grabbed my reefer from its hook and pushed my arms through the sleeves, jammed my cap down on my head, pulled on my mittens and made a jump for the companionway. Things were lively enough outside. A living gale was blowing, and the spray flew over the bow, and the Never Fear heeled to her lee rail, cut through the tumbling seas. The sky was perfectly clear and dark blue, and the stars shone large, cold and brilliant.

"In a few seconds the deck swarmed with men. The halyards were slacked away, the bull-rope hauled out, ear-rings passed, and we began to knot the reef points. As first hand I took my place at the end of the boom, which was a very long one, running out almost 16 feet beyond the stern. Right under me, as I worked, was the log line, shimmering with phosphorescence where it skimmed the surface, like a cord of fire. I remember thinking how high our speed must be to make the line turn so rapidly.

"I had been out on the boom again and again in much rougher weather, and never given the danger a second thought. A man will run a certain risk nine times and escape. The tenth time he is punished for his carelessness. This was my tenth time.

"My duty took me a little longer than the others, and by the time I had finished there was nobody else working on the boom. I had just

DYSPEPSIA.

The Miseries of This Terrible Disease Cured by

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure.



"Dyspepsia is the parent of failure and the harvester of blasted hopes."—Munyon.

If I tried I do not believe I could overestimate the value of my Dyspepsia Cure. It has brought peace and happiness into thousands of homes where all had been discord on account of sick and ailing stomachs. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and indigestion, such as rising of food, distress after eating, bloating of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, and all affections of the heart caused by indigestion, wind on the stomach, belching wind or sour food, bad taste, offensive breath, loss of appetite, faintness or weakness of the stomach, improper circulation, coated tongue, heartburn or waterbrash, inflamed or ulcerated stomachs, shooting pains of the stomach, constipation and costive bowels, dizziness, faintness and lack of energy. It makes good rich blood and vitalizes the whole system. Makes old and worn-out stomachs almost as good as new. Permits you to eat what you want and all you want.—Munyon.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.
Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure relieves stomach distress instantly. Price 25c. Personal letters addressed to Prof. Munyon, Philadelphia, U. S. A., containing details of sickness, will be answered promptly and free advice as to treatment will be given. 12B

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tied the last knot when the schooner gave a sudden roll to windward; I lurched back, lost my footing and in an instant was flung into the water. As I sank I gave a shout for help, and the last sound that reached my ears as the waves closed over me was Johnson's cry of alarm: "Man overboard! Man overboard!"

"I was heavily and warmly dressed, I had on thick fishermen's boots, and a leather jacket under my reefer, and so was in no condition for swimming. My situation was a desperate one. A man who falls in the night from a vessel moving so rapidly as the Never Fear stands but little chance of living to tell of it.

"As my head came above water, I shot an anxious glance in the direction where I supposed the vessel to be. She was nowhere in sight! For a few seconds I tasted the bitterness of death. Then I was lifted comber, and saw the Never Fear 50 feet away. At the same instant down across the billows came the shout:

"Light the torch!"
"A few minutes before I had been warm and comfortable in the cabin over my game of checkers. Now I was fighting for my life in the freezing seas. A great wave overwhelmed me, blotting the schooner from my view once more. When I was lifted aloft on the crest of the next comber the vessel was 25 feet farther away.

"Hope was almost dead within me, when suddenly I saw the log line, like a ray of light, cutting the waves near by. That line represented life to me. I made a grab at it, but missed it altogether; my hands clutched cold water and nothing more. I tried a second time, and just touched it with the tips of my mittens.

"Once more, I grasped at it desperately, despairingly. This time I caught the cord fairly in my hands, but it was so small and was running so rapidly that I could not retain my hold. The line was of cotton, woven hard, and about the size of a lead pencil.

"I knew that the end of the line must be near. Casting a glance over my shoulder, I saw the ripple of the log not thirty feet away. If that once passed by me, all hope was gone. I determined to hold fast, let my fingers suffer what they might, and with a sudden effort I closed them once more. The cord tautened under my weight, and began to pull me along. But, grip hard as I could, it slowly slipped through my lacerated fingers, cutting them to the bone. I cannot express to you the mental suffering caused me by that slowly escaping line. It seemed but to prolong the agony of a certain death.

"My hold loosened. The cord darted forward again; and then my fingers closed in a final grip round the brass fin of the log! It was my last, my only chance. It was like taking hold of a propeller, and my hands were cut frightfully as the fin revolved for an instant before it stopped. The only thing that saved my fingers from being literally sliced to pieces was the thick mitten I had on. I was jerked ahead for a few feet, the strain telling fearfully on my arms and shoulders. Then the line slackened, as the schooner came up into the wind.

"Just then, with a burst of smoky light the torch flamed up, revealing every detail of the vessel and flashing in sparkles innumerable across the foaming black waters. I shall never forget how the Never Fear looked to me in that brief moment. Her sails were shaking, and every rope stood sharply out. As she rolled her deck toward me I could

see the tubs and fish kits, the nests of dories lashed between the fore and main rigging, and the anchor on the bow. I could see my shipmates preparing to do all they could for my rescue. Half a dozen were getting a dory over. I knew that I had been seen, for fingers were pointed in my direction, and voices of encouragement were faintly borne to me above the rush of the waves. Could I keep afloat in that freezing water until they could reach me?

"Then somebody realized my situation.

"He caught the log line!" I heard a voice shout. "Get hold here, everybody, and pull him alongside. Stand by to haul."

"Half a dozen men formed a chain at the stern, and I knew that they were going to pull me in. The figures busy with the dory were lowering her over the side.

"Hold tight, Jackson!" came the hail. "Steady, now, mates, pill away!"

"The slack came in rapidly, and soon the line was taut. Then with a shock that almost broke my hold I was pulled under water. Both arms were stretched to their utmost straight over my head, and my hands clutched the logs in a death grip. If I let go now, I should never rise.

"I had been snapped under so suddenly that I had not time to get a full breath, and in a few seconds I was on the verge of strangulation. Should I never come to the top?"

"I seemed to be stemming the course of a furious river. The constant rush of cold water against the top of my head was turning me into a block of ice. I could see nothing. I could hear only the thunder of the billows that engulfed me. And through it all, growing more and more painful every instant, was the terrible strain on my hands and arms.

"My shipmates were hauling me in like a cod on the end of a line, not steadily, however, but with a series of jerks, as they loosened their holds to get fresh ones. And every jerk seemed to start my arms in their sockets. They told me afterwards that it was only a matter of seconds, but to me the agony of my strained muscles lengthened the time indefinitely.

"It was impossible to keep my mouth closed any longer. I opened it, and experience the sensations of a drowning man, as the cold water rushed in. Gradually my senses slipped away. I forgot where I was, why I was holding on so tight. My fingers were just relaxing their grip when with a rush I was pulled to the surface. A rope slipped down round my shoulders, and the sharp iron of a gaff penetrated the back of my coat. I heard the sound of voices over me. Then my head struck the side of the schooner as she rolled down, and everything seemed to explode in a blaze of stars.

"When I came to myself I was in a bunk, and we were nearly up to Boston harbor. It was some days before I could make much use of my hands and arms, or even feed myself, and my fingers did not heal for weeks. But I finished that game of checkers with Johnson, and beat him, too, although someone else had to move my kings for me."—Youth's Companion.

FARTHEST SOUTH.

It appears that the point reached in the antarctic circle by Captain Scott of the exploring steamer Discovery, which left England in 1901, was 2 degrees farther south than was at first announced. In his final sledge journey he pushed forward to latitude 82 degrees 17 minutes, when he was about 460 geographical miles from the south pole. It was well known that explorers have come considerably nearer to the pole, less than 4 degrees, or less than 240 geographical miles, remaining to be crossed in the arctic circle. Captain Scott has unquestionably shown that Victoria Land stretches much farther south than had hitherto been demonstrated, but it remains uncertain whether the land extends to the south pole. It is said that a rich collection of marine fauna, including many new species, has been made by the scientists attached to the expedition, and we may take for granted that due attention has been paid to seismographic records, and to magnetic and pendulum observations. As the explorers were re-ventured toward the end of January by the relieving steamer Morning, they will be enabled to live with an approach to comfort during the next six months, which are, of course, the winter months in the southern hemisphere, after which they can resume their southward journey, and may possibly succeed in reaching the antarctic pole.—Harpers Weekly.

WILLING TO DROP IT.

A prisoner was in the dock on a charge of stealing, and the case having been presented to the court by the prosecuting solicitor, he was ordered to stand up.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.

"No, sir."

"Are you able to employ one?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want a lawyer to defend the case?"

"Not particler, sir."

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We'll-ll!"—with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing—"I'm willin' to drop the case, far's I'm concerned."

A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it.

\$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those sending in the best advertisements for Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea.

First Prize	- - - -	\$200.00
Second Prize	- - - -	100.00
Third Prize	- - - -	40.00
4th to 13th Prizes, \$10.00 each	- - - -	100.00
14th to 25th, \$5.00 each	- - - -	60.00

\$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of \$5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks \$45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, \$545.

CONDITIONS

- 1st. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.
- 2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are preferable.
- 3rd. One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are two in each package—must be enclosed with each batch of advertisements sent.
- 4th. The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertisements must reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

**Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C.**

- 5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also take one or more weekly prizes.
- 6th. In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements submitted by the competitors in question.

Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to judge the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to try the article advertised.

Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.

RAMSAYS

Right Paint—easy to put on, beautifies and protects.
Wrong Paint—easy to wear off, never looks right.
Our name is on right paint only.

Write us for booklet telling how some beautiful homes have been painted with Ramsay's Paints—mention this paper.
A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers,
MONTREAL. Estd. 1842.

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

14-28

KILLING POISON IVY.

If in early spring as soon as the young leaves of the ivy have fairly expanded, and before they have commenced to perfect sap, the plants are cut down close to or just under the ground with a sharp hoe they will be nearly or quite killed. Poison ivy, however, is very tenacious of life and the little supply of sap left in the roots will be employed in forcing up a weak crop of shoots, but if these are immediately cut off, and any other which may follow later in the season, the plant will almost surely be completely eradicated. But should a few weak stems appear the next spring, cut them off as soon as the leaves have expanded and that will end it. Choose a dry day for the work, be careful not to come into direct contact with the plant; if a breeze is blowing keep to the windward, while doing the cutting. By observing these precautions one who is not immune may safely do the work.

DESTROY WEEDS.

The easiest and best way to destroy all kinds of weeds is when they are just beginning to appear above ground, as even a slight stirring of the soil will then seriously cripple them in growth or destroy them. If weeds are permitted to grow, however, they make excellent green material for ploughing under, but while they may nearly reach maturity before being thus utilized, under no circumstances must they be permitted to produce seed. If no weeds are allowed to scatter

seeds it will but a few years before the farm will be entirely clear of them. It will pay the farmer, however, to keep weeds down by stirring the top soil when the weeds are young.

PLOWING CLOVER.

When clover is to be plowed under as a green manure it is best to wait until the plants are in full bloom and then turn completely under. At this stage the plant contains the largest amount of plant food. Care should always be taken to turn under as completely as possible so as to have the plants fully decay. This is the best plan when wheat is to follow clover. Many farmers prefer to allow the clover to fall down and lie upon the ground, covering and protecting it during the fall and early winter and plowing under early in the spring.

LIME IN WOOD ASHES.

When wood ashes are applied lime is unnecessary, as every 100 pounds of wood ashes contain about 40 pounds of lime. Ashes very greatly, as they are produced from different sources, easily absorb moisture, and their composition cannot be determined without careful examination. The most valuable ingredient in ashes is potash, the proportion being about six pounds to every 100 of wood ashes. Ashes also contain about two per cent. of phosphoric acid and about three per cent. of magnesia. Coal ashes are of but little value. Wood ashes give excellent results on all kinds of crops, especially grass.