



Try these Bakers' Raisin Pies —save baking at home

THERE are luscious raisin pies just around the corner, at your grocer's or a bake shop.

Baked to a turn—a flaky crust filled with tender, tempting raisins, the rich juice forming a delicious sauce.

Once try these pies that master bakers bake fresh daily in your city and you'll never take the trouble afterwards to make raisin pies at home.

Get a pie now and let your men folks taste it.

Made with tender, thin-skinned, meaty, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a fine content of food-iron—good food for the blood.

Use raisins frequently, therefore, which are both good and good for you, in puddings, cakes, cookies, etc.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes. Learn what you can do with luscious raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS The Supreme Pie Raisin

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers

Membership 15,000

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



Blue Package

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. N-533-7, Fresno, California.
Please send me copy of your free book,
"Recipes with Raisins."

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

One of man's first inventions was the net for catching fish. His idea was obtained from studying a spider's web. Dr. Lucien Cuentot, famous French biologist, claims that the wheel is our only invention not found in nature.

Minard's Liniment for Diphtheria.

Observing the nicety with which a cow licked the cotton out of a boll, an inventor got the idea of what promises to be a really successful cotton picker. His electrical cow has a rough tongue of revolving brushes, the suction of a high-powered vacuum cleaner, and a group of long, flexible necks. The machine, operated from a tractor, enables four pickers to cover eight rows at once, and to pick clean and about five times as fast as by hand.

Cleaning

THE postman or express man will bring Parker service right to your home.

Whatever you send—whether it be suits, coats, dresses, lace curtains, tapestry draperies, etc., etc.—will be beautifully cleaned by the Parker process and speedily returned.

We pay carriage one way on all orders.

Write for full particulars.

Parker's Dye Works, Limited
Cleaners and Dyers

791 Yonge St.
Toronto 98R



BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

Copyright by the Musson Book Company

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

With the fall of night the wind came away stronger and the westering sun gilded a huge expanse of tumbling, wind-tossed sea. Westhaver, dressed in his shore clothes, was still at the wheel. He had left it but for a moment to go below in the cabin and bring up his bottle of whisky, and with it sticking out of his pocket, he sat astride the wheel-box and steered the rearing schooner. The sun, in a great ball of fire, dropped below the serrated sea-line; the sky flushed from nadir to zenith in delicately blended tints from the crimson of the west, the orange and gold of the mid-attitude to the night azure of the zenith and the starlit dark of the eastern heavens. It was a night for the gods! Nature's painting of a June sunset in all the gorgeous colors and tints of her incomparable palette; the twinkling, diamond-like stars set in the deep nocturnal blue of the firmament overhead and to the east, and the blackness of the raging waters, wind-hounded and breaking in livid crests which caught the sanguinary glare and appeared like foaming waves of blood.

Drenched in the spray which slashed across the decks, and drinking from the bottle at intervals, the lone man at the spokes of the Kinsella's wheel found a fit setting for his torment of soul in the wildness of the night, and as he strained at the wheel, wild-eyed, hatless, and with hair tossing in the wind he roared strange songs which were snatched up by the breeze. He had drunk so much of the vile Kentucky whisky by now that he was maddened with it—mad, reckless, and defiant, and Jules, offended and sulky, lay in his bunk below and sensed the wilder plunges of the straining vessel and listened to the snatches of song which came from the skipper.

"Morrissey, eh? Morrissey—Bob Morrissey—he's th' lucky man! Ha! ha!" And he broke off to sing.

"Oh, th' carts will creak in th' lanes to-night,

An' th' girls will dance to th' band.
But we'll be out with th' sails to fist,
An' th' tops'l sheets to hand!"

"Go it—you o' peddler! Slam your o' horn inter them greynacks! Drive, you o' barge, or I'll tear th' patch off ye! Ha! ha!"

Hilo town is far away!

John's gone to Hilo!

Hilo town is in Haw-way!

'Way down Santy Anna!

'Way down—'way down, I tell you!

John's gone—Hilo!

'Way down—you Mobile hoosier!

'Way down Santy Anna!"

Shouting his roistering old sea chanteys—picked up in his boyhood days from the sing-songs and concerts of the Bay Shore, where men who had learned them in packet ship and Cape Horner were wont to croak their weird melodies for the edification of the stay-at-homes—he talked to himself and felt a keen delight in the manner in which the brave little vessel was swooping over the shouting seas. There was something in it which appealed to him, and when the tide began to back against the wind and the schooner commenced wilder antics he roared in pleasure at the sight. Crash! The little craft staggered against a tide-backed surge, and with the weight of the wind behind her she burst the solid water into a vast cloud of harmless spray which drenched the laughing and singing madman at the wheel.

"Morrissey, eh? God, I wish I had ye here, you dog! Ha, ha! The infernal cat that she was—

Oh, th' hog-eye men are all th' go,

When hey come down to San Francis-co!

Now, who's bin here sence I bin gone—

Oh, a railroad nigger with his sea-boots on—

A hog-eye railroad nigger with his hog-eye.

Row th' boat ashore with a hog-eye oh!

For she wants her hog-eye man!

Ha, ha! That's a good one! Up she goes! Look out!" Crash! Over the quarter slammed a sea which filled the whole after-part of her. Westhaver hung to the spokes with the water swirling up to his knees, and as it drained off over the taffrail as she lifted to the next wave he laughed in savage glee.

"On th' first of August, bullies, we did set sail,

An' th' wind from th' no't'ard was blowin' a gale.

To Sable Island our vessel did steer,

With Cap'en John Viver in th' Spencer F. Beer . . .

Ha! Tide's on th' turn. Up! Oh!"

Crash! The Kinsella's whole bow, windlass, and fo'c'sle hatch went under a frothing surge, the great mainsail strained at the sheet, the rigging stretched and creaked with the dead weight of water resisting the push of the gale in the canvas, and hissing and creaking, the schooner stormed her bows clear and shook the water from her like an amphibious animal. Then came another plunge even worse

than the previous one, and the drunks in the fo'c'sle, drenched by the chilly brine which poured down on them, began to wake up.

"What th' hell is he doin'? Who's at th' wheel?" growled someone.

"Go'n hev a squirt." A man hauled himself out of his bunk, stretched himself with a yawn, and clambered up the ladder. Crash! Swish! A sea met him as he peered out through the half-drawn slide and in a torrent of chilly brine he was driven into the fo'c'sle again.

"Holy Trawler! It's blowin' o' blazes outside!" he growled as he wrung the water out of his soaked trousers. Crash! Another boarding sea which thumped thunderously upon the deck above and streamed down scuttle, ventilator, and through the cracks where the foremast and pawl-post came through the deck.

"Py ta Cross o' Chrinahanish!" grunted McCallum, rolling out of his bunk. "She's runnin' ta vessel under, so she is." The men began to turn out, and staggering and slipping around the drenched forecastle, they changed their clothes for their sea tuggery and oiled up, while the schooner scudded and swamped herself in the tide-whipped sea.

"Feel her tremblin', fellers? Lord, he's got th' whole patch on her!"

They lolled on the lockers, oilskin-clad and waiting for the call which they knew must come soon. In such a breeze and sea she should be down to her foresail—whole four lowers was too much for a vessel like the Mabel Kinsella, and the manner in which her staunch timbers were creaking and groaning told of the awful strain to which she was being subjected.

"Wonder why th' skipper ain't given us a call?" shouted someone above the din. "Never knew him t' carry sail like this afore—"

Thump! The vessel staggered with a trembling in every plank and beam; the men jumped to their feet in apprehension, and then, with a sullen roaring above their heads, the forecastle seemed to turn upside-down. The lamps flared and went out. Men were flung bodily to leeward, and while the sea poured down upon them, they struggled, yelled, and cursed in their fright.

"God Almighty!" screamed a man. "She's runnin' herself under! Aft ye git an' make th' skipper take th' mains'l in! He must be crazy!"

McCallum leaped up the ladder and glanced out. He was only up a few seconds before he slammed the slide and jumped below again. Crash! Another sea. The men cannoned against one another in the Stygian darkness, and all rolled in a heap to leeward. "Skipper's gone daft!" bawled McCallum. "Ta tories are gone from off ta deck—"

"Who's at th' wheel? Who's at th' wheel?"

"All out, fellers! We'll go aft an' see what's th' matter.—Holy sailor! be careful or we'll be washed off!"

Westhaver was still at the wheel, talking and singing to himself, and when he saw the men scrambling along the swept decks—the dories had been carried away—he laughed and shouted, "Lord Harry! I knew I c'd bring ye out! I'm soberin' ye, my bullies— Eh? What d'ye want aft here?"

"Call'te ye sh'd be takin' th' sail off'n her. It's hell down fo'ard!" The man had to shout into his ear to make himself heard, and Shorty pushed him away.

"Clear out," he shouted aggressively. "I'm handlin' her, an' I'll take in sail when I feel like it." And taking the bottle from his pocket with one hand, he drew the cork with his teeth and indulged in a nip before the astonished men congregated aft.

"So 't'at's what iss to matter," said McCallum. "She's been trinkin', so she has—"

"Git below, th' lot o' ye!" The stocky figure at the wheel bawled the command, and the men hesitated for an instant and went down into the cabin.

"She's crazy trunk!" said McCallum. "She'll pe for runnin' ta vessel under wae aal this sail on her—Chules! what iss ta matter with to skipper herself?"

The Frenchman, lying in his bunk, shook his head. "I don't know an' I don't care!"

"But we care!" shouted a man. "Lord Harry! I ain't a-goin' t' be drowned by no crazy skipper, an' I call'te we'll jest hev t' take charge o' th' vessel ourselves."

And while the crowd below were arguing over the question, Westhaver's madness began to pass off and he began to awake to a realization of what he was doing. He was feeling the cold now, and he shivered in his dripping clothes. Another nip would warm him, and he reached for the bottle. Oh, how his head throbbed! The wind in the rigging sang weird tunes to his ears—tunes which set his brain whirling like the incantations of the savage. His body felt like ice, but his head burned like fire, and his whole being seemed to be rocking and wheeling in space. The stars were sweeping past him in great circles. What was it that was dragging



For
RHEUMATIC
SUFFERERS

Testimonial:

Dear Sirs,—After suffering from Sciatica for over 15 years and spending money on medicine, baths, electric belts, etc., which did me no good, I was cured by using one bottle of your NEW LIFE REMEDY.

Yours truly,
Wm. Giffay,
Gerrard St. East, Toronto

One bottle for One Dollar;
Six bottles for Five Dollars.
Mailed direct to customers.

Hobson
New Life Remedy Company
78 West Adelaide St., Toronto
Canada

the arms off him? Oh, yes! There he was hanging on to the tail of a comet—was it a comet?—and they went so fast that everything roared in his ears and the stars flashed past with express speed. What a curious thing! He felt that the strain of holding on was becoming too much. He couldn't hold on any longer—it was killing him. He held his breath and let go. Instantly there came a great peace to his soul. His head cooled, and when the mist cleared from his eyes he was at the wheel of a plunging, storming schooner. What vessel was it? Not the Kinsella—it was too big a vessel for that, and—most curious of all—it was snowing. Snowing on a June night in the Bay of Fundy! And it was blowing hard too—very hard.

(To be continued.)

Dye Any Garment or Old Drapery in Diamond Dyes

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

For Nervous Headaches

IS THE RELIEF from headache or neuralgic pains worth one cent to you? That's all it costs for an application of "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. With the first indication of a headache rub a small amount of it gently on the forehead and temples. So convenient, effective and economical!

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Incorporated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal



Vaseline
Trade Mark
MENTHOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

Colds in chest try Sloan's



It scatters congestion

You get quick relief from a cold by applying Sloan's. By quickening circulation of blood the congestion is broken up. Millions have also found in Sloan's welcome relief from rheumatism. Keep it handy for sore, bruised muscles, back aches and neuralgia.

Made in Canada

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

Booril
makes you
enjoy life