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"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Sailortown, where he meets Joe Bunting, a seaman, with whom he drinks himself off his feet in a barroom. Awakening next morning Drake hears Captain Stevens of the Orontes denounce him as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew. For awhile he passes muster as "Peter Finch," until Stevens recognizes him. There follows a fight between Drake and Stevens, in which Drake is soundly trounced. He is put down in the ship's articles as Boy, thereby shaming him before Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes. Joe Bunting and Drake join hands in the forecastle.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Captain Stevens refused to let me have things out of the shops. Said at my rate of wages I'd need all the allowance coming to me to buy oilskins and boots when the weather gets bad."

"Then I'd wear my old dungarees till I was bare-legged, me lad!" growled Joe. "Show 'im up afore th' gal!"

"I wonder, Joe," grinned Drake, stealing a glance aft.

Joe sat beside his pal and threaded a needle. He could help, if he could not dissuade. As he stitched he, too, stole glances aft, for he was a loyal little man, was Joe. He sided with Drake. For the proverbial pair of fat weevils he would have marched aft and demanded clothes for him.

Mary Manning laughed merrily. Drake glanced up, to gratify the senses with sight of her. As she stood there in sailor blue, her brown hair full of golden glints, her face alight in the last rich rays of the setting sun, she was a vision for a sailor to see.

"Wot's bitin' th' Old Man now?" growled Joe. Drake started at the voice. It dragged him out of his dream. He looked at the skipper. And he, too, wondered what could be the matter. Jake Stevens was not looking at Mary Manning. His eyes were cold and hard. He was smiling, in truth, but it was the smile of a sailor-fed shark. And it was fixed full upon Drake and the work in his hands. The skipper spoke to Mr. Twining, and the mate's whistle shrilled out.

"You, Drake! Lay aft!"

"Go on, mate!" urged Joe hoarsely. "Don't give 'im no chance to git after yuh!"

Drake laid down his work leisurely, and rummaged among the canvas

"Go on!" wheezed Joe, painfully.

-they call him

"The man you can't rattle"



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WRIGLEY'S



ISSUE No. 31—29

CHAPTER IX.

MARY TAKES THE HELM.

The Orontes romped through the North-East Trades with a bone in her teeth, and with never a pull-haul of brace or hallard to keep the crew from growing fat and discontented.

Drake soon discovered himself the centre of difference between two sharply defined factions in the forecastle. There was a friendly faction, headed by rubicund Joe Bunting, backed nobly by Nick Coombs, and given dignity by Sails. There was a frankly unfriendly party urged on by Tony, headed by the two young and lusty seamen, Tubbs and Sims. Tony would have led that gang, but his two lieutenants proved far too assertive. Old Bill Gadgett played a sort of Jack o' both sides. That was old Bill's way. He played the winner after the race, always. There was the cook, too, and Chips; these distrusted each other so vehemently that neither would declare himself, each waiting on the other.

But little did Drake worry about factions. He was only concerned in the progress he was making. Physically he was satisfied. He had tried some of the stunts practiced by the apprentices; stunts he used to do himself in bygone years; and he could swarm a backstay as far as the best of the lads. More, he gave them something to ponder over one fine evening by swarming clear up to the collar of the topmast backstay and there hanging by one hand for five minutes before descending hand under hand.

When he went to the forecastle after that gratifying trial of strength, he found a wordy battle on between Tony and Joe, and the gang egging them on. Tony had a bitter spite against Joe ever since having been hauled from his bunk in favor of Drake. Joe was busy upon a general overhaul of his bunk.

"I t'eenk you keesa da boy sometime, Joe, ha?" challenged Tony desperately. Joe seemed to be proof against his jibes.

"M'lad you run away an' play before you get hurt," replied Joe, his head and shoulders still buried in his bunk gear. Drake stood just inside the door, wondering at the silence that suddenly came over the waiting gang.

"Who weel hurt me, ha?" demanded Tony, stepping nearer and touching Joe's bending back. Joe slowly emerged, his fat red face wearing an annoyed expression, his keen gray eyes glittering. And after the fashion of some forecastle fighters, Tony leaped to get the advantage before his foe could straighten up. He fell upon Joe while the fat little red man was twisted halfway around, and drove him back savagely upon the sharp edge of his bunk. It was an old trick, and one likely to break ribs if properly followed up. Tony proceeded to follow it up. One knee was on Joe's hips. Tony's nervous fingers were twisted in Joe's gray-shot red hair. The sailors drew up their legs and howled delightedly, for nothing could stop the fight now until one man was beaten to a pulp. That was sailors' way. But they had to wait just one breath longer. Before Tony had fairly seized Joe's red hair, Drake left his place by the door and reached the pair in one smooth leap, and his hands dug down into Tony's shirt collar.

"Fair play, Tony! Let him up!" he shouted, and with a knee at Tony's back forced him upright.

"I t'eenk you ask for get keel, by dam!" stuttered Tony, and let go of Joe to punch Drake in the eye. Joe got up and thrust at Drake.

"Leave him to me, Joe," Drake said quietly, and methodically went to work upon the spitting Tony. Even Joe stared. Drake had not gone through a sea apprenticeship without learning to fight; and, being intelligent, and hating a beating, he had learned to fight to win. But winning by such tactics as he used was a new experience in the forecastle. He used his fists entirely. When Tony, almost blinded by straight jabs, his lips split, and his nose a gory ruin, rushed curs-

The skipper was scowling. Drake picked up the scissors he had borrowed and walked aft, trying to brush and pull his soiled and torn dungarees into some sort of fitness as he went.

"Get a move on, m'lad!" cried the mate. The skipper's eyes glittered. Mary took her eyes from the fore hatch gathering and looked interestedly at Drake as he mounted the lee side ladder.

"You told me you had been to sea before," snapped the skipper.

"Yes, sir," smiled Drake, meeting the glittering eyes squarely, wondering what new humiliation was to be tried out upon him.

"Take the helm. Mister Twining, watch him! If he's been lying, keep him there until he learns!"

Captain Stevens turned to Mary, and she looked up rather surprisedly into a face wreathed in a broad smile. Sometimes she was puzzled at Stevens' moods. She felt certain this sudden decision to have Drake stand a trick at the wheel was induced simply by meanness. As for the genesis of that broad smile, she did not know what it was. Only a sailor could be expected to know the supreme disgrace of being driven from the helm of a sailing ship for incompetency. Be-



He used his fists entirely.

sides, she had no inkling of the depth to which Stevens had been stirred by her outspoken championship of the mature ship's boy. The helmsman whose proper trick it was, passed on his way to join the singsong, grinning expectantly, for he was one of the foc's'le hands who could not understand Drake and therefore disliked him.

"Shall we walk a mile?" the skipper suggested, taking her arm in a strong grip. They turned and walked the deck, past the wheel, to the taffrail and back to the forward rail. Mr. Twining stood beside the wheel, watching the compass with a queer look on his face.

Drake stood at the helm as unconcerned as if he had done nothing but steer clipper ships all his life. Mary glanced at him, and smiled less broadly. Next time they passed he flashed a glance at the mate, who avoided his eye. And when once more they approached the wheel, the skipper stepped to the binnacle and peered in sharply.

"Drake steers better than anybody in my watch, sir," grinned Mr. Twining.

"Then you have a rotten lot! You're not watching him!" retorted the skipper.

"Why, the wake runs as straight as can be!" cried Mary, pointing astern where the after glow of the vanished sun touched with purple and gold the gancing foam-threads of the passing waters.

ing to a clinch and used knees, skull and teeth in desperation, Drake used one arm to force space for himself, and with his free fist drove uppercuts to Tony's chin that came near to unshipping his head.

(To be continued.)

Fashions for Men

A courageous professor in Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., appeared on the campus the other day attired in a roomy blouse that topped conventional trousers, and left a V-shaped opening at the throat so that the Adam's apple might have a better chance to do its "daily dozen."

The blouse—long, trim, and full—completely hid the most irksome and unsightly of human harness, the suspenders, and was furnished with a broad, loose waistband at the meridian of the belt. Deep, wide pockets set within easy reach of the hands, and sleeves shortened to allow play of the wrists, added serviceability to the outfit. The innovation in costume appealed so strongly to the haberdasher who fashioned the blouse in accordance with the professor's specifications that he is planning to put it on the market, so that all men have a chance to become more comfortable.

This revolution in masculine attire, thus boldly proclaimed in the face of a stupid tradition that insists that homo sapiens shall move about the planet in a somber, heavy sack drawn tight at the neck and thickly wadded at the shoulders, should indeed mark the beginning of an era for the emancipation of the fashion-trodden male.

For a generation women have enjoyed freedom from discomforts and unyielding conventions, have in fact audaciously developed novelties in dress that seize upon every beguiling color in the rainbow. Modistes blend, slash and fabricate so that the feminine frock to-day not only gladdens the eye, but also admirably serves every practical requirement, especially on a sultry summer day when an armored man becomes a wilted cabbage.

Let the courageous champion of reformed fashions for his fellows "carry on" his beneficent campaign, and thus usher in a new reign of freedom. Let him add riotous colors—perhaps deep purple or gorgeous crimson—to men's street attire, so that the sedate business suit shall be permanently relegated to the attic and the devouring moth. Let him discard that fluttering streamer of useless foggy known as a necktie. Let him originate some dashing waistcoat designs, perhaps even an artistic substitute for the old-fashioned vest, at present little more than a bulging envelope for pencils, fountain pen, and watch. Let him design a straw hat that reveals some touch of individual ownership, and doesn't look like a million other sun-kissed skimmers. Let this intrepid crusader try his wits on the conventional dress suit and tuxedo, for years strait-jackets of masculine misery.—Christian Science Monitor.

South Africa and the Empire

London Daily Telegraph (Cons.): The position of General Smuts, as leader of a party beaten for the second time, and with little visible prospect of recovering its lost ground in the agricultural areas, is one of the tragedies of the public life of the Empire. In any country leaders of his attainments, or with a comparable record of statesmanship in the broader sense, are rare; yet the man who did most to save South Africa to the Empire, and who was among the chief architects of the League of Nations, appears condemned to a future in which his genius will have little scope.

Slow to Learn

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): The post-war economic and political education of the French people proceeded more slowly than that of any other nation. It is only now that they are beginning to realize that there are limits to what Germany can pay, that the evacuation of the Rhineland cannot be long postponed, and that their war debts to Britain and the United States must be paid according to the schedules contained in the Churchill-Cailaux and the Mellon-Berenger agreements. This last lesson especially, is an exceedingly hard one for them to learn.

Buy British

London Daily Mail (Ind. Cons.): We hope that the proposal which the Canadian Finance Minister, Mr. J. A. Robb, has just put forward for a closer Empire trade agreement will be promptly considered on its merits and without regard for ancient shibboleths. It marks another stage in the policy of buying British, and promises new and favorable openings for the industries of this country in Canada.

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The Radium Monopoly

London Daily News and Westminster (Lib.): (A director of the Belgian Company, which has a virtual monopoly of radium production, declares that the present price of radium—from £10,000 to £14,000 a gramme—is too low, and before long may go higher still.) The price is monstrously high. The skilled use of radium is the best reply science has so far made to the most terrible scourge of modern civilization. Yet hundreds of thousands of sufferers from cancer are being robbed of hope because radium remains the most costly substance in the world. It is morally indefensible that control of the production and price of a thing so vital to mankind should be vested in any private corporation. Here, if ever, there was one, is a case for international co-operation through the machinery of the League of Geneva, or some other properly constituted body acting on behalf of all national Governments.

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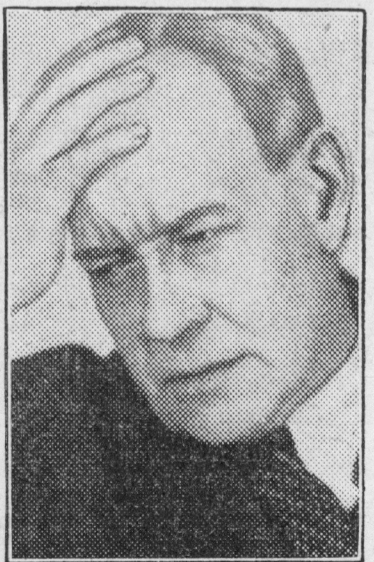
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