Do not be tempted by the price of cheap teas. Only fine teas will give continued enjoyment

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

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, but is recog-He is put down on the ship's articles as Boy, thereby shaming him before Mary Manning, laughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes. In the forecastle Joe Bunting has to lend a hand. He and the Doctor made an enemy of Tony, another got along very well. A terrific cluck-sailor, by throwing him out of a bunk ing in the chicken coops forward in favor of Drake. Tony attacks Joe. brought the Doctor aft, running, the Drake steps in and proceeds to administer a beating to Tony.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

self!" yelped Joe, dancing around the been an apprentice once. combatants.

"Aw, give 'im th' knee, Tony!" ad-vised Tubbs, disgustedly. "I c'd wal-his. A good fight won is ever a tonic

man!" shouted Joe, pushing a pudgy Drake hummed a song. Young Mr. fist up close to Tubbs' nose. "Lookin' Adams stood forward, giving orders to fer a fight, are yuh?"

"Go take a jump at yerself! Who's to you?" growled Tubbs.

beaten him, and done it well. Better Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now still, he had done it with ease. He was grown soft and flabby through a life hardening.

fine weather dawn the great clipper awoke to another day's work. dripping with dew, she was; lovely with mantling light. Drake carried his brass rags aft. The Doctor and nized by Stevens and soundly trounced. Tony bent over the grindstone forward, putting razor edges on two butcher knives. A sheep was to be killed for fresh meat, and Tony was steward popped out of the maindeck door, and the second mate ran to the rail; but none of them were smart enough. There were eggs for the halfdeck coffee again. Drake grinned "Bli'me! Th' lad can handle his- as he went up the poop ladder. He had

He fell to work upon his brasswork, lop th' pair o' yuh!" to a real man. A fight well won is "Never min' 'im, lad, I'm your more than tonic; it is inspiration. to a real man. A fight well won is the bosun. Sailors were getting out brooms and buckets, squegees, and hose; Chips rigged the head pump. ny slipped between Drake's arms The log line twirled merrily; the blue

SHE STOOD A MOMENT, INHALING THE MORNING'S FRESHNESS

tack at gouging; but Tony stayed the big red sun peeped up. there, shaking his head, a thin trickle and dragged him over to the bunk.

ing a scrap of paper for Drake's pipe. 'Better watch aht fer 'is knife, chum," warned Herbert Oats from his

top bunk. "Them Dagos 'ud stick a feller as soon as look at 'im!" Drake laughed. Other quiet sailormen laughed, too. Herbert Oats was believed to have cause for dislike of Tony. Tony had stolen his girl's ring, Mr. Adams replied gallantly. or something. But Herbert was not a fighting man, so long as he had a

choice. He was a good warner; prophet of evil. "Shut yer 'ead, y' lop-eared crow!" growled Nick Coombs. "Ton's on'y killin' sheeps after this. Keep under cover, me son."

But when all was over, and eight set for the night, Drake rolled into sang the last lines of the verse: his bunk and sighed blissfully. He had fought and won. Tony might not be the hardest man to beat, but he had

to the deck and crouched there on seas flashed into creaming white as hands and knees shaking his head the ship crushed them, turned into foolishly. Drake stood over him, un- lacy blue and white as she left them, marked except for a blue eye and a and turned again into deepest azure scratched cheek, the result of an at- beyond the end of the log line. And

Then, to challenge the sun, Mary of blood reddening the deck; and Manning stepped from the companion-Tubbs and Sims grabbed hold of him way, rosy as the dawn, sweet as the and dragged him out on deck to wash sun-warmed air. She stood a moment him off. Joe seized Drake by the hand, inhaling the morning's freshness, revelling in the dancing glints of the where 3 filled his own precious little rising sun upon the waters, then nose-warmer with rich plug tobacco glanced aft. She seemed to be hesiand handed it to him in proud silence.

"Good lad, yer a good lad. I allus said so," said old Bill Gadgett," light"You have never taken your trick

"You have never taken your trick yet, Miss Manning," he said. "You won't get a better chance. She steers like a yacht now. Want to try?"

"I'd like to," she said quickly. She looked around, all over the deck. hope the captain won't disrate you for letting me," she laughed.

"I will trust in your good word,

Mary took the wheel, and the helmsman stood by until the second mate was satisfied that she could steer as well as the seaman.

She sang softly, in a full throated contralto that held the timbre of the ocean itself. Drake moved from brass to brass. He set down his brickdust bells struck, and the first watch was and oil tin on the lee grating as she

"Glad, and glad, was the sailor lad, as he steered and sang at his wheel."

And when she began to sing the refrain, Drake unconsciously sang in harmony:

"Only another day to wander, only another night to roam; Then safe at last, the harbor past-

She stopped abruptly, coloring in embarrassment. And Drake went on and finished the verse as he rubbed oily dust over the brass boss of the wheel.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Manning. The beauty of the morning must have made me forget that I am just a dirty little ship's boy."

#### CHAPTER X.

Drake glanced forward. He polished away assiduously. The brasswork received much benefit from the momentary excitement that flooded him. He tingled with the urge to boldly tell her everything. But the back view cf Mr. Adams warned him that perhaps some other time might be better. The second mate stood watching something going on in the waist; the skipper's voice was heard down there, too. Captain Stevens was anxious about the skinning of that murdered mutton. A few slashes from inexpert blades would utterly ruin the sheep pelt for a rug; and the skipper expected to make a decided hit when he gave that snowy, silky skin to Mary.

"You wore a blue velvet frock, and a silly pot-shaped hat that hid your ears and almost smothered your face," he said softly. He polished away at his brass, but glanced up and grinned, to see her eyes widen, and her parted In the pink shaded first flush of a teeth gleam through lips slightly opened in a little gasp of surprise. A slow All smile broke over her face, and she raised her brows.

"And you were in a beastly temper," she retorted. "You slammed the gate! I knew you were no ship's boy. Now tell me what on earth you have embarked on this crazy escapade for."

"Is it so crazy?" he asked softly, and looked full into her blue eyes with so much meaning in his own glowing black ones that the blue eyes fell, the deep color flooded her neck and throat, and she turned her face away. Drake bent over his brasswork, polishing like mad, chuckling happily. And the big ship swung wide of her course, for Mary's attention was far, far off. The main skysail flapped and went aback; the royals began to shake; the flying jib rattled its hanks and thumped its sheet blocks. Mary spun the big wheel; Drake sprang to help her; but the mischief was done. The skipper came running up the ladder, his face portending ill for the culprit. He stopped and stared when he saw the helmsnan; then a sarcastic sneer twisted his face and he curtly told the second mate toget a man to the wheel Drake had got the ship to her course by the time the seaman relieved the wheel; he picked up his brasswork tin and moved to the skylight rods.

(To be continued.)

Keep Minard's Liniment always handy

Prime Minister MacDonald is in complete control-as long as he can please his own party and the Liberals and Conservatives.

Jim-"Modern Marriage is like a cafeteria." Jack-"And how?" Jim-"A man grabs what looks nice and pays for it later



NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's always Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Aspirin tablets for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.



ISSUE No. 32—'29

## A Leaf

Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on the soft clay, and seemed to be lost. But last summer a geologist in his ramblings broke off a piece of rock with his hammer, and there lay the image of the leaf, with every line and every vein, and all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through those centuries. So the words we speak, and the things we do to-day may seem to be lost, but in the great final revealing the smallest of them will appear.-Jmes Russell Lowell

Minard's Liniment for aching joints

Saskatoon Star-Phoenix (Lib.): Canada should be the last to complain against any change which the new British Government may make in the British tariff. This Dominion has an advantage of more than two to one in merchandise trade with the Mother Country. Our sales there in the year ending with last March were \$430,000,000 and our purchases \$190,-000,000. If trade between Canada and Britain is to be increased, it is Canada's move.



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## Anglo-Saxon Rapprochement

La Patrie (Cons.): Mr. Dawes has suggested to the English that they should take their American visitors around to the places where their ancestors came from. Nothing could move them more, he said. He menticned his own case, and did not hide the pleasure he had in finding himself at Sudbury, where he could trace his origin. It is in fact a commonplace pleasure enough for any Ameri-Every Smith and Jones can experience the same. And this is how, in the simplest manner imaginable, the Anglo-Saxon rapprochement will be brought about. As far as we are concerned, we find no sentimental. attraction in all this. But we cannot resist a hope that a solid friendship will be established between Americans and English, who after all are their parents. As long, that is to say, as this friendship is not necessary directed against any other nation. And to make this more clear, there can be friendship between England and the United States without this hurting, in our opinion, our cordial relations with France.



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THOMAS BRADSHAW, President

in two events (Friday, Aug. 23, for women, and Wed., Aug. 28, men and winners of women's race) for the world champion-ship and \$50,000 purse—the greatest international sport spectacle. Competitive Displays of Agricul-

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