

# Be Sure To Say "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.



## CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini  
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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, is convicted unjustly, on a charge of treason against King James of England. With Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster, he is sent into slavery in Barbados where he is purchased by Colonel Bishop, uncle and guardian of Arabella Bishop, who is as sweet and beautiful as her uncle is ugly and vindictive. Blood is given an unusual degree of freedom when he is fully treated Governor Stead and his wife for illness.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

They fetched from her hold over a score of English seamen as battered and broken as the ship herself, and together with these some half-dozen Spaniards, the only survivors of a boarding party from the Spanish ship which had invaded the English ship and found itself unable to retreat. These wounded men were conveyed to a long shed on the wharf, and the medical skill of Bridgetown was summoned to their aid. Peter Blood was ordered to bear a hand in this work, and partly because he spoke Castilian—and he spoke it as fluently as his own native tongue—partly because of his inferior condition as a slave, he was given the Spaniards for his patients.

With the assistance of one of the negroes sent to the shed for the purpose, he was in the act of setting a broken leg, when a deep, gruff voice, that he had come to know and dislike, as he had never disliked the voice of a living man, abruptly challenged him.

"What are you doing there?" "I am setting a broken leg," he answered, without pausing in his labors.

The Colonel delivered himself in a roar. His long bamboo cane was raised to strike Peter Blood's blue eyes as he finished the blow, and he spoke quickly to arrest it.

"I am setting upon the express orders of Governor Stead," he echoed. Then he said, "I can swing round, and without any effort to Blood rolled away toward the other end of the shed where the Governor was standing at the moment.

It was two days later when the ladies of Bridgetown, the wives and daughters of the planters and merchants, paid their first visit of charity to the wharf, bringing their gifts to the poor and maimed.

Arabella Peter Blood was there, ministering to the distress in his care, moving among these unfortunate slaves with a grace and beauty that surprised all eyes. She was dressed in the general throng and was playing some plaintains and a bundle of sugar cane on a table that served one of his patients for a cot. She was elegantly dressed in lavender silk and was followed by a half-naked negro carrying a basket.

Peter Blood, stripped of his coat, the sleeves of his coarse shirt rolled to the elbow, and holding a bloody rag in his hand, stood at a gaze a moment. The lady, turning now to confront him,

her lips parting in a smile of recognition, was Arabella Bishop.

"The man's a Spaniard," said he, in the tone of one who corrects a misapprehension, and also tinged never so faintly by something of the derision that was in his soul.

The smile with which she had been greeting him withered on her lips. She frowned and stared at him a moment, with increasing haughtiness.

"So I perceive. But he's a human being none the less," said she.

That answer and its implied rebuke, took him by surprise.

"Your uncle, the Colonel, is of a different opinion," said he, when he had recovered.

She continued to stare at him.

"Why do you tell me this?" "To warn you that you may be incurring the Colonel's displeasure."

"And you thought, of course, that I must be of my uncle's mind?" There was a crispness about her voice, an ominous challenging sparkle in her hazel eyes.

"I'd not willingly be rude to a lady even in my thoughts," said he.

But the lady was not satisfied at all.

"First you impute to me inhumanity, and then cowardice. Faith! For a man who would not willingly be rude to a lady even in his thoughts, it's none so bad." Her boyish laugh trilled out, but the note of it jarred his ears this time.

He saw her now, it seemed to him, for the first time, and saw how he had misjudged her.

"Sure, now, how was I to guess that . . . that Colonel Bishop could have an angel for his niece?" said he, often as, in his sudden penitence.

"You wouldn't, of course. I shouldn't think you often guess aright." Having withered him with that and her glance, she turned to her negro and the basket that he carried.

From this she lifted now the fruits and delicacies with which it was laden, and piled them in such heaps upon the beds of the six Spaniards that by the time she had so served the last of them her basket was empty, and there was nothing left for her own fellow-countrymen.

Having thus emptied her basket, she called her negro, and without an instant's delay or so much an another glance at Peter Blood, swept out of the place with her head high and chin thrust forward.

Peter watched her departure. Then he fetched a sigh.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### PLANS OF ESCAPE.

After that Arabella Bishop went daily to the shed on the wharf with gifts of fruits and later of money and of wearing apparel for the Spanish prisoners. But she contrived so to time her visits that Peter Blood never again met her here. Also his own visits were growing shorter in a measure as his patients healed.

One day, whether by accident or design, Peter Blood came striding down the wharf a full half-hour earlier than usual, and so met Miss Bishop just issuing from the shed. He doffed his hat and stood aside to give her passage. She took it, chin in the air, and eyes which disdained to look anywhere where her sight of him was possible.

As he was leaving an hour or so later, Whacker, the younger of the other two physicians, joined him—an unprecedented concession this, for hitherto neither of them had addressed him beyond an occasional and surly "good-day!"

"If you are for Colonel Bishop's, I'll walk with you a little way, Doctor Blood," said he.

Dr. Whacker drew closer to him as they stepped along the wharf. He lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

"How often have I not seen you staring out over the sea, your soul in your eyes! Don't I know what you are thinking? If you could escape from this hell of slavery, you could exercise the profession of which you are an ornament as a free man with pleasure and profit to yourself. Lower still came the voice until it was no more than a whisper. "It is none so far now to the Dutch settlement of Curacao. At this time of the year the voyage may safely be undertaken in a light craft. And Curacao need

be no more than a stopping-stone to the great world, which would lie open to you once you were delivered from this bondage."

"I have no money. And for that a handsome sum would be necessary."

Whist! Dr. Whacker was professing that his heart bled for a brother doctor languishing in slavery, Peter Blood pounced like a hawk upon the obvious truth. Whacker and his colleague desired to be rid of one who threatened to ruin them.

Blood laughed. "If I should be caught and brought back, they'd clip my wings and brand me for life."

"Surely the thing is forth a little risk?" More tremulous than ever was the tempter's voice.

"Surely," Blood agreed. "But it asks more than courage. It asks money. A sleep might be bought for twenty pounds, perhaps."

"It shall be forthcoming. It shall be a loan, which you shall repay us—repay me, when you can."

That betraying "us" so hastily retrieved completed Blood's understanding. The other doctor was also in the business.

They were approaching the peopled part of the mole. Quickly, but eloquently, Blood expressed his thanks, where he knew that no thanks were due.

"We will talk of this again, sir—to-morrow," he concluded. "You have opened for me the gates of hope."

He was in haste now to be alone. Also he must consult another. Already he had hit upon that other.

For such a voyage a navigator would be necessary, and a navigator was ready to his hand in Jeremy Pitt. As a result Blood was betimes that evening in the spacious stockade that enclosed the huts of the slaves together with the big white house of the overseer, and he found an opportunity for a few words with Pitt, unobserved by the others.

"To-night when all are asleep, come to my cabin. I have something to say to you."

The six months of plantation life in Barbados had made an almost tragic mark upon the young seaman. His erstwhile bright alertness was all departed. His face was growing vacuous, his eyes were dull and lacklustre, and he moved in a cringing servile manner, like an over-beaten dog. But the man was still there, not yet dormant, but merely torpid.

From a surfeit of despair; and the man in him promptly shook off that torpidity and awoke at the first words Blood spoke to him that night—awoke and wept.

"Escape?" he panted. "O God!" He took his head in his hands, and fell to sobbing like a child.

Among the privileges enjoyed by Blood was that of a hut to himself, and they were alone in this.

(To be continued.)

### THE SCOTCH WAY

#### Legislator Declines to Join Protest Against Exclusion in Dance Halls

London—Indian students who have been protesting against what they regarded as racial discrimination in their exclusion from certain restaurants and dance halls in Edinburgh, have had another aspect of this question put before them by Frederick Alexander Macquisten, a Scottish member of the British Parliament. Mr. Macquisten is a Conservative and a solicitor in London. He is also the son of a manse in Renfrewshire.

Here is his reply to an invitation from the students to attend a meeting of protest:

"In my opinion you should be very grateful to those proprietors of the dance halls for what they have done. I am sure that all Indian fathers and mothers will be only too glad to have their sons excluded from dance halls—places where they are liable to make undesirable acquaintances and to waste the time which they ought to be spending upon their studies, which their parents make great sacrifices to enable them to pursue."

"Speaking on behalf of all Scottish parents with sons in India, I sincerely trust that, if there are any dance halls there, you will do all in your power to see the action of the Edinburgh dance hall managers is reciprocal, and that you in India will exclude any young Scottish lads from their precincts. All Scottish parents who have sons in India will bless you for so doing. If it was the churches your members were being excluded from, you would have my most cordial support in your protest. But dance halls, No!"

"The first thing is to forget about the heat," Dr. Pierce told the United Press recently. "The psychological effect is remarkable for the more one frets about being too warm the hotter he gets."

"During the summer months people should dress lightly and avoid violent exercise in the sun. Water when taken too cold shocks the system and the consumer is warmer after drinking it than before."

Eat, fruits, and vegetables, and drink plenty of water, lemonade and milk, he advised.

"Avoid sweets, for sugar is a heat producer," he added. "Soft drinks are fine summer beverages providing they are not too sweet."

"Cool water, but not ice water, is nature's best summer drink."

Always Wagging.

"Some people," said Mrs. Knagg, "have eyes and see not, ears and hear not."

"But never tongues and talk not," growled her husband.

Stern Man to the Front.

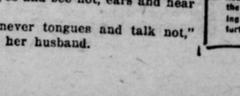
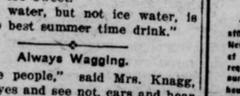
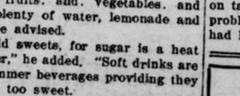
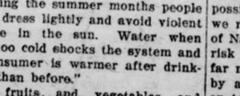
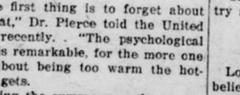
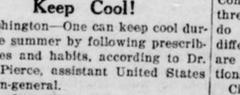
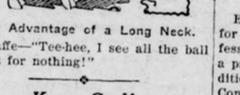
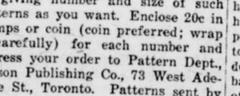
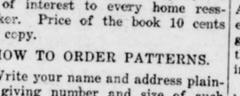
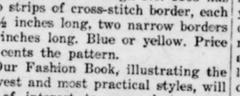
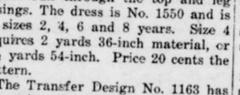
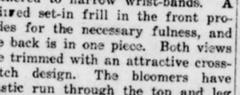
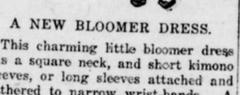
"You say he's a stern man?" "Yes, a stern man."

"Nevertheless he has forged to the front."

Minard's Liniment for earache.

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### A TOWN MOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

It was rather an inspiration that brought Amelia Ellen to my part of the country. Last year our scouts managed, every Jack one of them—by digging in folk's gardens, by mysterious sals of jam-jars, and some financial juggling we won't enter into too deeply—to raise, between Lady Day and midsummer, no less than ten shillings a head, the stupendous sum (at least, it seemed so on Lady Day) required to cover victuals and oddments in camp.

And I am best if each patrol didn't find, in the preliminary week-end camp we always have, that if they squeezed up a bit tighter in their tent, and played light, just the merest shade, with the porridge, they would just have room enough, and fodder enough, for one scout more.

Well, anyway, we had a guest from London in each patrol tent.

And, of course, the Guides . . . had to ask a guest or two down, when it was their turn to tumble out, at reveille, on to the sloping pasture which leads down to the lake in a certain wonderful wood.

And among the guests was Amelia Ellen.

During the week Amelia Ellen was rapturously peeping beneath the bell-tent curtain, somewhere in the region of five a.m., to see if by chance there was a rabbit about.

The telegraph boy from the village over the hill—very self-important and a bit snipy about having to bring a telegram right across country into a girls' camp—panted up the hill one morning, and Amelia Ellen did not go back to London that week-end.

Parson seemed to frown a good deal over his post for a day or two, and Parson's wife, and the lady who does the flowers, and one or two more of them, seemed to be doing a lot of contriving—but then they are always contriving something; and, anyway, the upshot was that Amelia Ellen was sent away somewhere, and next we saw of her little cottage which I don't suppose you noticed as you came into the village, because you can hardly see its thatch through the apple blossom.

It has a funny little attic . . . and if you pass just after dawn, as I sometimes do, it is more than likely you will see, hanging out of the little dormer window, a head of hair that is not flaxen gold or lustrous brown, or any particular color that novelists like to write about. It is just very ordinary hair, and it belongs to Amelia Ellen; and she is taking an ordinary surprise in causing the thrushes and the blackbirds to burst into such a tumult of song.

Amelia Ellen has just lived through her first springtime; and her breath hasn't quite come back, and she pinches herself secretly now and then to see whether it isn't time to slip down to the kitchen in a certain little back slum, and fetch two pennyworth of milk, and get a kettle boiling.—A Bonnet Laird, in "This Way to Ardeary."

Hooked

"There is nothing that makes a man more angry than being tricked into a confession," remarked Ex-Judge Bliss at a Rotary Club meeting. "I remember a divorce case that started in this way. According to the testimony, the wife remarked at the breakfast table, 'John, why did they throw you out of your club at ten o'clock last night? What had you been doing?'"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the husband. "Someone has been telling you lies! Why, I was still playing cards there at three o'clock."

"That's just exactly what I wanted to find out," snapped the wife, and the war was on."

Daredevil Stunt.

Editor-in-Chief—"We're all ready for the big Sash-Waite trial now. Professor Jungfried will write it from a psychological standpoint, and in addition we're sending a minister, a Congressman, two playwrights, and three novelists. But I wish we could do something original, something different from what the other papers are doing. Have you any suggestions?"

City Reporter—"Well, you might try sending a reporter."—Life.

The Albanian Problem

London News Statesman: "We do not believe there will be any settlement possible except through Geneva. And we refuse to believe that the League of Nations is so weak that it dare not risk offending Signor Mussolini. It is more likely to reveal its strength by accepting the risk, and insisting on taking cognizance of the Albanian problem. Mussolini has never yet had his bluff called."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurable Diseases, 400 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, is now accepting applications for nurses. The hospital is a new building, having the required education, and desires of the highest order. The hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The nurse receives uniform, board, and other expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

### "Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

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Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

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Elephants That Burn

Mixed metaphors are not by any means uncommon. Sometimes they are merely inapt; occasionally they are ludicrous. In England the other day the Salford City Council emitted a gem.

The question under municipal debate was whether Salford wanted to have an exhibition hall. There seems to have been a considerable difference of opinion. Said one speaker:

"I do not want the Council to get their fingers burnt with a white elephant."

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

Best Cure.

William —, who has been undergoing treatment for the past two months at the Riverside hospital, has been removed to his home at the Greenlaw cemetery.

Getting Even.

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for his collar button to find him.

We Like 'Em.

Few housewives have not been bothered by ants. Those who have trouble with these pests may be interested in a Cornell bulletin, H. 134.

In The Country

"What's the matter now?" "Got to tie up my dahlias."

"What do they run wild?"

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### Novel Adventure

#### Found by Aviators Who Are Circling the Globe on Motor Cycle

Bombay—Captain Mallin and Charles Oliver, both aviation experts, who are seeking to encircle the globe on motorcycles, are at present in India. It might have been supposed that these two British aviators would have found the motorcycle a somewhat slow means of locomotion.

But already, though the journey is not yet half over, they have had plenty of adventure. After traversing Europe, they crossed the Mediterranean and tackled the 725 miles of the Sinai Desert from the coast to Bagdad. Here they found the worst country they had encountered, they said, when interviewed in Bombay. Heavy rain alternated with heavy sand storms.

At one period they could not take off their boots for 11 days and nights; and at another they took five days to traverse 40 miles of loose sand; on still another occasion they had to cross over 800 irrigation channels in a distance of eight miles.

In the Sinai Desert there are no roads whatever and rarely even tracks. In the foothills so swift and sudden were the floods that Mallin, after getting his own machine across a gully, turned to help his companion, only to find that within a few minutes the gully was flooded and he was cut off. They emerged triumphant from such trials and they boast that their machines withstood the ordeal as well as they themselves.

From Bombay the route by way of the cyclists to the city of way of Nagpur, Agra, Delhi, Simla, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Calcutta, Rangoon, the Malay States, Sumatra, Java, Australia, New Zealand, San Francisco, New York, and they hope to be back in England in December.

A Family Co-operative

We are a family of eight children and all have a chance to share in the work of the home, for many hands make light work.

The children have their special work to do each day. Brother, aged eight, fills the woodbox each morning, also gets the potatoes from the cellar so they will be handy when time to prepare them for dinner, carries out to save wearly steps.

Sister often helps with the dishes, also dusting, bed-making, fills the lamps and does many other duties about the home which do not overtax her strength, but gives them more of an interest in the home.

Of course, we don't get the children to help by going after them with hammer and tongs, for you can catch flies easier with molasses than with vinegar," but it we say, "Mary, let's get our table set for dinner," then Mary is anxious to help.

But if we'd command and say, "Mary, set the table," then Mary would think from her duties. Also if they are buttoned from her apron, I say, "Let's see how nice and neat you can sew them on." It then is a pleasure to her for she feels, then, she is a part of the making in the home.—Mrs. H. B.

Garden Pathways

"Thoughtful and clever planning of pathways may work a transformation in a garden. Ingenious winding and curving paths may make a tiny estate seem much larger, add interest and variety to what is really a small plot of ground, leading to ascents and surprises pleasantly arranged. Paths may divide up a large and imposing estate, giving portions of it an intimate secluded air, lending to others the dignity of Versailles, making smaller units and gardens within gardens.

We think of gardens largely in terms of trees and flowers, yet a garden would be simply a picture to be observed from perch of highway were it not for the paths that entice us to enter and wander. Paths are the arteries of the garden through which life passes. Paths persuade first the eye and then the foot to exploration, and lead one on and on. Here is a broad gravel pathway that leads to a terrace. What lies beyond? We must investigate. There a tantalizing series of stepping stones dips behind the trees. The call to wanderlust.

The Road to Salesmanship

Think right. Acquire knowledge of your wares, talk tactfully, persuade alert. Be confident and sincere. Keep alert, practice system and develop personality. In these are the winning qualities of successful salesmanship. Nothing so clearly distinguishes the successful person as enthusiasm. When a man is so enthusiastic that his face lights up, his eyes shine, and his voice is vibrant, he compels attention and his words carry conviction. Learn to talk with your face. The man who never changes expression seldom amounts to much. He whose face so registers his thoughts that a deaf person would be drawn to him intensifies his impact manifold. A baseball game minus the enthusiasm would be a dead affair indeed.

Advertising

Norman Angell in the London Spectator: Advertising and its justification rests on the fact that it does not suffice merely to make known a fact to a man for him to act upon it. We are all so lazy, such creatures of routine, that we go on in our daily conduct ignoring the bit of new knowledge, and finally, maybe, to act. It altogether, unless it is brought home to us again and again.

### Hudson Bay R Vast

#### Completion of Line Great Realizing

Winnipeg, Man.—Western long dream of an ocean port Hudson Bay, 1000 miles inland, day much nearer realization many years past, by virtue of that completion of the Hudson railroad is now in sight. In a few months, the work of the line to the terminal station has been vigorously and there remains only a few miles of new steel to be laid, and a train service will then be in operation from Winnipeg to Nelson, before the end of this year.

A vast new empire would be up by the railway, for setting industrial