

# The Aroma Captivates "SALADA" GREEN TEA

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## CAPTAIN BLOOD

By Rafael Sabatini  
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LONDON: HEA SERVICE

### BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Plans for escape from Barbados are made by Peter Blood and fellow conspirators, who have become slaves in Barbados after conviction on charges of treason by King James of England. Colonel Bishop, owner of Peter Blood, cruelly flogs Jeremy Pitt, another of his slaves, for failing to reveal the escape. Before the escape can be made a Spanish ship captures the town. Blood saves, from probable death by a Spaniard, a girl friend of Arabella Bishop, niece of the colonel. An interesting friendship has been formed by Blood and Arabella.

gallery, was suddenly confronted by the black shadow of a man standing before him at the head of the ladder. The wooden taffrail was a low one, and the Spaniard was taken completely by surprise. Save for the splash he made as he struck the water, narrowly missing one of the crowded boat that waited under the counter, not a sound announced his misadventure.

"Whist!" hissed Mr. Blood to his waiting rebels-convict. "Come on, now, and without noise." Within five minutes they had swarmed aboard, the entire twenty of them overflowing from that narrow gallery and crowding on the quarter-deck itself. Lights showed ahead. Under the great lantern in the prow they saw the black figure of the other entry, pacing on the forecastle. Crouching low, they glided, noiseless as shadows, to the quarter-deck rail, and thence slipped without sound down into the waist. Two thirds of them were armed with muskets, some of which they had found in the overseer's house, and others supplied from



### DON DIEGO MOUNTED THE LADDER AND STEPPED UPON THE DECK ALONE, AND UNSUSPICIOUS.

At the sound of her voice, the girl Mr. Blood had rescued peered up through the gloom. "Arabella!" she called. "It is I, Mary Traill!" After a brief pause the door opened wide. Beyond it in the wide hall stood Miss Arabella, a slim, dignified figure in white mysteriously revealed in the gleam of a single candle which she carried. Mr. Blood strode in followed by his distraught companion, who, falling upon Arabella's slender bosom, surrendered herself to a passion of tears. But he wasted no time. "Whom have you here with you? What servants?" he demanded, sharply. The only male was James, an old negro groom. "The very man," said Blood. "Did he get out horses. Then away with you to Speightown, or even farther north, where you will be safe. Here you are in dreadful danger." The horses came at last—four of them, for in addition to James who was to act as her guide, Miss Bishop had her woman, who was not to be left behind. Mr. Blood lifted the slight weight of Mary Traill to her horse, then turned to say goodbye to Miss Bishop, who was already mounted. The last he heard of them was Mary Traill's childlike voice calling back on a quavering note: "I shall never forget what you did, Mr. Blood. I shall never forget."

### CHAPTER IX. THE REBELS-CONVICT.

There were, when the purple gloom of the tropical night descended upon the Caribbean, not more than ten men on guard aboard the Cinco Ligas. The Spaniard gunner and his crew, who had so nobly done their duty and insured the easy victory of the day—were feasting on the gun-deck under the wine and the fresh meats fetched out to them from shore. Above, two sentinels only kept vigil, at stem and stern. Two whistles under cover of the darkness came gliding from the wharf, with well-greased rowlocks to being up in silence under the great ship's quarter.



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secret board that Mr. Blood had so laboriously assembled against the day of escape. The remainder were equipped with knives and cutlasses. Mr. Blood, himself, crept forward with two companions, leaving the others in the charge of Nathaniel Hagthorpe whose sometime commission in the King's Navy gave him the best title to that office.

Mr. Blood's absence was brief. When he rejoined his comrades there was no watch above the Spaniards' decks. When their quarters were invaded, and they found themselves surrounded by a score of wild, hairy, half-naked men, the Spaniards could not believe their eyes. And then, from out of this uncouth pack of savages that beset them, stepped a slim, tall fellow with light blue eyes in a tawny face. He addressed them in the purest Castilian. "You will save yourselves pain and trouble by regarding yourselves my prisoners, and suffering yourselves to be quietly bestowed out of harm's way."

Don Estaban and the fellows who had manned the boat came up the ladder, one by one, to be handled with the same quiet efficiency. With Colonel Bishop at their head, and gout-ridden Governor Steed sitting on the ruins of a wall beside him, the survivors watched the departure of the eight boats containing the weary Spanish ruffians who had plighted themselves with rapine, murder, and violence unspeakable.

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### Russian Hymn of Hate For England Appears

Soviet Russia's hymn of hate against England has just reached London. The composer, Alexij Bezymenskij, is regarded as one of the most important of the purely Communist writers. Following is a rough translation of three stanzas of the "hymn":  
England! You country of brainless kings!  
England! In purple or ironed top-hat, Lipstick and foxglove, dreadnoughts and grenades,  
Your steel-safes forming a paunch of fat!  
Home of assassins in frock-coats and walking-sticks,  
On their lips lies, but bearing a crucifix,  
Curses creep in your ear like melted lead,  
England! We have no enemy worse!  
Your ships' guns thunder to clear the air  
For the deep carass of the long-drawn curse!  
Blood, greans and death-screams from China to Egypt's sand,  
Australia and India's palms Join the will with the golden Rand.  
Curses! Weak word! We act instead!  
See, England! Our factories stand wide eyed,  
Mine-shafts graze teeth, chimney-stacks clench fists,  
Peasants' hats muscle-like knots are tied,  
Shoulder to shoulder, our cry rises higher  
England—Words become deeds. The command is: Fire!

(To be continued.)

**Real Ejoyment**  
Head steady as a rock, eyes fixed frenziedly on-the froth, right arm raised in one long sweeping motion, the whole body pivoting on the waist-coat button which won't do up, they follow well through till the glass is empty.  
Many are the golf links who find it easier to hole out a double whisky in one than to grasp their way round the links in a hundred and fifty.  
There is a lot of mind gambling on golf, but for this we cannot blame the Scots. The Caledonian does not risk money; because it excites him too much. Occasionally, when there are no Elders about, a couple of Scots will play a match; the loser to put a penny into the plate at Kirk next Sabbath an dthe winner nothing, instead of a halfpenny each. But not often. They don't believe in risking heart attacks north of the Tweed.  
When a man and a girl marry they become one; but it is for them to discover which one.

**NURSES**  
The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allred Hospitals, New York City, offers a three year course of training to young women, leading to a certificate of graduation, and diploma of nursing. The Hospital has adopted the night system. The grants receive salaries of four system. A monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

### Training an Eagle

Last summer Captain C. R. W. Knight, of the British Army, rescued a young female eagle, which he has since succeeded in training to hunt like a falcon. At first the bird was nervous, but she soon learned to perch on her master's arm and feed there. After being made to feel at home, she was tempted to go for stuffed rabbit-skins and sacks of food. The bait was swung or thrown in the air, and the bird would be attracted to it from greater and greater distances. She then learned to fly up into a tree and watch Captain Knight until he produced and projected his lure. If, however, the bait was not thrown up promptly the indignant fowl would make a bee line for the trainer's head, and in order to save himself the Captain would have to toss up the bait at once.

The first time this happened the lure was not extracted in time, and the eagle swooped down on the Captain's head, opening up his neck with her talons so that three stitches had to be taken. After this episode the trainer covered his fist and forearm with mail and wore a fencing mask. To bear the weight of the bird he had to support his arm on a crutch, and the eagle was attached to a clothes-line, tied to a strap on either leg. At capturing live game the bird proved a great disappointment. She could only catch hares and rabbits when they ran downhill—a fact the animals had sense enough to appreciate. Captain Knight believes that a goshawk is ten times as efficient at hunting as an eagle but was surprised to find the larger bird so tractable. On the whole the experiment proved a great success, since excellent slow moving pictures were secured of the eagle seizing the artificial lure, carrying it away, and perching on its master's arm. Once these films were taken the bird was set free.

A golfer missed the ball three times, ploughing up the turf. "You've re-voled," said his partner. "But I'm not playing cards," remonstrated the unfortunate player. "All the same," was the reply, "you've been playing a spade instead of a club!"

Minard's Liniment for sore feet.

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Knows All the Holds.  
"Ethel is quite an athlete."  
"She must be a wrestler, I think."  
"And why?"  
"Her men friends say she knows all the holds."  
Women don't really like wicked men—they only like them to seem wicked.

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## BETTER TRAFFIC LAWS IN EFFECT ON ALL-HIGHWAYS

Broader Policy Adopted as Result of Co-operation by Auto Clubs

**SPEED LIMIT LAW**  
Washington, D.C.—If the motor tourist does not completely uniform traffic regulations this summer when he goes forth on his annual vacation journey, he at least will be certain of finding more equitable and just codes prevailing, as a result of the progress of the movement toward uniformity in vital features of motor vehicle codes, according to a statement from the American Automobile Association recently.

In connection with their fight for the adoption of the more vital features of a national code, units of the A.A.A. have been making vigorous onslaught upon reactionary and unduly restrictive provisions of the local codes with which the motor tourist comes in contact. Thomas P. Henry, president of the national motoring body, declared, He continued:

"An excellent measure of success has marked these efforts in hundreds of communities and, in this, officials of the national motoring body see a fine stimulus to touring career."  
Broader Policy Prevails  
"The circumvented views on motor vehicle movement held by local authorities in many parts of the country have been supplanted by a much better perspective. The narrow, distorted vision of traffic that every tourist has found at one time or another in both small and large centers rapidly is giving way to a broad, sane policy as the automobile club presents motorist's case to the local legislators."

"To the credit of the municipal officials generally, they not only have revealed a willingness to listen but to learn and to be as fair and just as the most sanguine could hope. When they were told, as in many cases they were, that the local regulations were reactionary and successful chiefly in driving away business, they usually gave their attention to the club's spokesman or committee. This same attitude was manifested in many municipalities adjacent to cities in which the club headquarters were located."

Among the advantages which have come to the motorist as a result of this campaign by the motor clubs, are less rigid and restrictive speed regulations reflected in the disappearance of hundreds of signs specifying "Speed limit, 15 miles an hour"; more reasonable parking regulations; fewer confusing laws on driving practices that are generally approved; a broader tendency to warn instead of arrest the traveller and a general leniency where violation of the regulation palpably was caused by ignorance.

"Probably the most welcome improvement wrought is that which has brought to many communities a more liberal speed limit law," Mr. Henry says. "Nothing has so aggravated and irritated the motorist on tour as the conspicuous '15 mile speed limit' signs that have greased him in hundreds of small towns, villages and hamlets."  
"Everyone has recognized the dangers of excessive speed by the automobile, but when a village establishes a maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour while the metropolitan area will allow one to drive thirty, it is absurd to look upon the regulation as designed merely for safety. The motor club has taught the municipal officials the futility and injustice of this regulation in hundreds of instances already, and when the touring season comes again, hundreds more will have taken down these signs of reaction.

"The fight for uniformity of traffic regulations is continuing. In the meantime, more equitable and just regulations are being obtained everywhere," the statement concludes.

**Good Letters**  
To write a good, appealing business letter—pleasing, winsome and convincing—is an art or accomplishment but few of us have attained, and yet how important it is that the letter going from your office to another at a distant point should convey the right impression and produce the result. If it is true that every letter written represents an average cost of 30c, it is important that your letter should be good. There is competition in letter writing. Not any common communication will meet the situation at all times, and yet this important part of advertising and sales is woefully neglected or misused. Useless phraseology, hackneyed terms and superfluous verbiage seem to riot riot in business correspondence. We think it is largely due to the fact that the letter writer fails to put himself in the position of the one he is addressing. Smart or cunning phrases are out of place in good letter writing. Strong, masterful argument and presentation are qualities "very much to be desired."  
Magistrate (to victim of holdup): "while you were being relieved of your valuables, did you call the police?" Victim: "Yes, everything I could think of."

**Louisiana Paris**  
Only Signs of Life The Vultures Soaring Over Animals, and Other PATHETIC  
All Ruined, They Say They Are Not Grun Though They Think ington Should Bestir

Melville, La.—Somewhere vast, water-soaked, desolate the Mississippi flood some the be a town more desolate, more utterly wrecked, or more than Melville, but one would convince anybody in the Parkway St. Landry county that it is the fact.  
More than two months have since the western levees of the Atchafalaya at Melville gave way by rounding of the delta, and at day not a train whistle has been in Melville, not an electric trolley turned in humber, in circuits of the Jefferson highway.  
Today, as in the bestial one horse remains above the waters, and that the only way now bonding the river is by the offices of the railway by means of a barber shop, the only centre of business activity in a town that but a few ago was one of the most promising farming centres in the Mississippi valley.  
One must come to Melville, to get there, if he wants to see what maximum flood does to a town. There can be no drawing of the picture.  
And what is the use of Melville of the country for now? Some of the water, climate, sand, mounds of earth for all four points compass. There is no shade rows.  
Every Building Rattling in the Wind  
Across the way in Pointe à la Peste on the eastern side of the Atchafalaya is just a few miles over there the little town of Oryza, opposite Melville, just above the flood waters.  
One can take a launch and for miles toward Bayou de la Fourche to the happiness that lies beyond, all that stretch the traveler's eye one home, one cultivated one, one store that is not rotting in the mud of the Atchafalaya.  
He will see no wild animal in this part of Louisiana was but short weeks ago the home of the finest deer herds in America and of wild turkeys and quail a bear thrown in now and the good measure.  
About the only signs of life are the levees and water, a thin scarred carcasses of dead animals, hundreds of beautiful white egrets by one of the blue-headed species.  
The Pointe à la Peste part of the parish takes in the northwestern Lake in the south to near north of MeCreia in the upper part of the parish tip.  
After an hour's journey on a wretched boat reaches Red Cross docks at the base of the levee, top of which one sees for the time the tents of the hastily put together huts of refugees. Crowds of children, salvaged from the wreckage have the same haven.  
Atchafalaya Still Raging  
Climbing the levee and starting a hike of about a mile to a last one boards another launch that take him to the Melville side of Atchafalaya. He must carry his luggage. The men, white and black who might be hired, cannot help. It is explained that they have working for a long time in the area and their feet have become sore and sore.  
Reaching the Pointe à la Peste the big Texaco Pacific Road bridge, one views the Atchafalaya for the first time. The river is still in flood above the flood stage. The current is sweeping past at an unexpected speed. The Atchafalaya is no just a Louisiana bayou. She is just as wild and as majestic as "Old Miss" herself.  
One notes the missing span in the Parkway bridge, and after half hour's hike over the levee through sand knee-deep, makes the Melville landing.  
The third lap of the journey to St. Landry side begins. As a traveler nears the landing, the gap in the western levee comes in view. This is the crevasse through which the flood roared its devastating way into the western half of the St. Louis.

The break is a quarter of a mile wide and through it the water is plunging into the unhappy lands to the south. In another half hour of lands at Melville and, of course, on the levee, for that is the only dry land there is in this part of the United States.  
Smile and Wonder at Traveler  
Once again he smiles, but his journey ends at the railway station. Most the people still in town are there look him over. They smile a green