

Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.



CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini
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ADAPT. NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XXX—(Cont'd.)

Within a quarter of an hour Blood's ship had rounded the head, and stood in to the harbor mouth, within safer shot of Rivarol's three ships, to which they now abruptly disclosed themselves.

Where the fort had stood they now beheld a smoking rubbish heap, and the victorious Frenchman, with the lily standard trailing from his masts-heads, was sweeping forward to snatch the rich prize whose defenses he had shattered.

Before Rivarol could move to give an order a volcano of fire and metal burst upon him from the buccaners. The Arabella held her course, giving place to the Elizabeth, which executed the same manoeuvre. And then the Arabella had gone about, and was returning in her tracks and losing her second broadside in the wake of the Elizabeth and then the Arabella's trumpet sent a call across the water, which Hagthorpe perfectly understood.

"On, now, Jersey!" cried Blood. "Straight into them before they recover their wits. Stand by there! Prepare to board! Hayton . . . the grapple! And pass the word to the runner in the prow to fire as fast as he can load!"

He discarded his feathered hat and covered himself with a steel breastplate. He meant to lead his boarding party in person. But he explained himself to his guests. "Boarding is our only chance here. We are too heavily outnumbered!"

Of this the fullest demonstration followed quickly. The Frenchmen, having recovered their wits at last, both ships swung broadside on, and concentrating upon the Arabella, volleyed upon her jointly at almost the same moment.

The Arabella rocked and staggered under the terrific hammering, although it kept her headed towards the French so that she should offer the narrowest target.

Meanwhile, the Frenchmen, going about, gave the line reception to the Elizabeth. The Arabella pressed forward to come to grips. But before she could account for her object, the Victorious pointed her advancing enemy with a second broadside at close quarters. The half-wrecked Arabella plumed and reeled into the cloud of smoke that concealed her prey, and then from Hayton went up the cry that the way was going down by the head.

Blood's heart steel still. And then in that very moment of his despair, the blue and red flag of the Victorious leaped through the smoke. But even as he caught that embreasting plimpe he perceived, too, how sluggish now was their advance, and how with every second it grew more sluggish. They must sink before they reached her.

Thus, with an oath, opined the Dutch admiral, and from Lord Willoughby there was a word of blame for Blood's seamanship in having risked all upon this gambler's throw of heading.

"There was no other chance!" cried Blood, in broken-hearted frenzy.

But they had not yet completely failed. Hayton himself and a score of sturdy rogues whom his whistle had summoned, were crouching for shelter amid the wreckage of the fore-castle with grapples ready. Within nine or ten yards of the Victorious, when their way seemed spent, and their forward deck already awash under the eyes of the joring, cheering Frenchmen, those men leapt up and forward and hurled their grapples across the chasm. Blood, watching from his own quarterdeck, sent out his voice in a clarion call:

"Musketiers to the prow!"

The musketiers, at their station at the waist, obeyed him with the speed of men who know that in obedience is the only hope of life.

Starboard to starboard the two ships swung against each other with a jarring thud. Then Blood was down in the waist, judging and acting with the hurricane speed the occasion demanded. The foundering Arabella was literally kept afloat by the half dozen grapples that in an instant moored her firmly to the Victorious.

Willoughby and van der Kuylen on the poop had watched in breathless

vivid eyes looked out preternaturally bright, and from those eyes two tears had ploughed each a furrow through the filth of his cheeks.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR.

When the cost of that victory came to be counted, it was found that of 320 buccaners who had left Cartagena with Captain Blood, a bare hundred remained sound and whole. The Elizabeth had suffered so seriously that it was doubtful if she could ever again be rendered seaworthy, and Hagthorpe, who had so gallantly commanded her in that last action, was dead. Against this stood the facts that Blood's buccaners had saved Jamaica from bombardment and pillage, and they had captured the fleet of M. Rivarol, and seized for the benefit of King William the splendid treasure which she carried.

It was not until the evening of the following day that van der Kuylen's truant fleet of nine ships came to anchor in the harbor of Port Royal, and its officers, Dutch and English, were made acquainted with their Admiral's true opinion of their worth. Six ships of that fleet were instantly refitted for sea. There were other West Indian settlements demanding the visit of inspection of the new Governor-General, and Lord Willoughby was in haste to sail for the Antilles.

"And meanwhile," he complained to his Admiral, "I am detained here by the absence of this fool of a Deputy-Governor."

"So," said van der Kuylen, "why should that detain you?"

"That I may break the dog he deserves and appoint his successor in some man gifted with a sense of where his duty lies, and with the ability to perform it."

"Ah! But it is not necessary you remain for dat. And meantime de Vrech vill haf delr eye on Barbadoes, which is nod vell defended. You haf here chust de man you vant. He vill require no instrushons, dis one. He will know how to make Port Royal safe, better nor you or me."

"You mean Blood?"

"Of course. Could any man be better? You haf seen vhad he can do."

"You think so, too, eh? Egad! I had thought of it; and, rip me, why not?"

Blood was sent for. He came, spruce and debonair once more, having exploited the resources of Port Royal so to render himself. He was a trifle dazzled by the honor proposed to him, when Lord Willoughby made it known.

"I had counted upon going home, so I had. I am hungry for the green lanes of England," Blood sighed. "There will be apple blossoms in the orchards of Somerset."

"Apple blossoms!" His lordship's voice shot up like a rocket, and cracked on the word. "What the devil . . . Apple blossoms!" He looked at van der Kuylen.

The Admiral raised his brows and pursed his heavy lips. His eyes twinkled humorously in his great face. (To be continued.)

Police Horses Prove Better Than Motors

Chicago Department Adds 100 Despite Advice to Substitute Motorcycles

Chicago—One hundred additional horses are to be purchased to increase the mounted police patrol, despite recommendations that motorcycles displace them.

At present there are 80 horses in the department and it is planned to dispose of about 45 of these, said Capt. Frank J. Matchett, commanding the traffic division.

The average horse serves 10 years, he commented, though the department has one that has been in downtown work 17 years.

A mounted policeman is expected to equal three men afoot in service rendered in directing slow moving traffic such as passes through the skyscraper district, Captain Matchett continued. It has been shown many times that a mounted squad is more efficient than a motorcycle division in traffic gets a clearer view of street conditions and because the horse can take care of itself in a crowd when his rider has dismounted.

The mounted policeman usually patrols three blocks here, though there are some areas where he is confined to two blocks. The man is paid \$2500 per year. The horse costs \$850 a year to maintain.

So this speaks well for our Ontario horse breeding industry.

The negro exhorter shouted—"Come on en jine de army de Lord." "Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation. "Whar'd you jine?" "In the Baptist church." "Why, 'chile," replied the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."

Colonel Lindbergh says that schools that graduate men as fliers with as few as ten hours to their credit constitute the greatest menace to aviation. Here is evidently one place where fly-by-night educational methods positively should be controlled.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Wilson Publishing Company



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Mr. Baldwin Tells Canada to Go Slow

Prime Minister Advises Us to Fill Up With Best

London—The British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, would have Canada hitch its wagon to a star. "If it be of no importence to you to part to say one word to Canadians," the Prime Minister said at the Canadian Club in London. "I say 'the future is with you, don't be in too much of a hurry.'"

"Your country is a country for men from the north—a hard, virile race—quality before quantity any day. Fill up with the best. What does it matter whether it is 100 years or 200 years or more before your country is full?"

Keep the stock you have, the man and woman you have, and see that the coming generation is in no way inferior to them.

"I often think that it is a dangerous to the morale of a country to get rich too quickly as it is to an individual. Maintain the standards, maintain the standards, and may the prayer of Canada always be the prayer of the old Greek sailor which is preserved for us by Seneca, 'God, you may save me if you will, you may when you will, but always I will try to keep my rudder true.'" Rudyard Kipling also spoke.

Pacific Flier Declares He Will Try Again

Capt. Giles of England Had to Turn Back When 480 Miles Out at Sea

Los Angeles—Two setbacks in his advance upon the airways of the Pacific have failed to dim the determination of Capt. Frederick A. Giles, British war ace, to wing his way from America to Australia.

Scarcely had he landed on the Hearst ranch at San Simeon, Calif., after being compelled to turn back when 480 miles at sea, than Captain Giles voiced his new challenge to the Pacific.

"I'm going to try again," he said laughingly. "I'm going to fix the ship and fly her back to San Francisco. And then as soon as the moon's full and I can get new charts I'll be off again. I've started to fly to Australia and I'm going to do it."

He had hopped off from Mills Field, San Francisco, for Honolulu, his first stop in the long ocean flight. In an "air pocket," the flier's term for a variation in air density, his plane suddenly began to spin down. His center bracing wires snapped under the strain of the heavy gasoline load, and as the plane turned upside down, his charts, food and instruments were thrown into the ocean.

Then the British aviator brought his plane right side up, guessed as to the direction of the mainland and headed shoreward.

MANY A TIME HE HAD Soda Boy (to discontented customer): Say, you had better drink in some other place, I think. D. C.: Many a time I had. E. B.: Had what? D. C.: Had better drink in a good many places.

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A New Ship Modelled on Fish

Great Speed Attainable at Considerable Saving in Fuel Consumption—Passage of Atlantic in Three Days May Be Possible

Munich, Ger.—Nature is once more becoming the engineer's teacher. The study of zoology and this new technical science is called biotechnology. A young inventor, A. Borner of Dresden, who attracted attention some years ago by his plans for a "Super-Zeppelin," has now constructed a new type of boat based on the fruits of biotechnology. His invention is closely connected with his study of fish. He observed trout for some time, and the result of his observations was the conviction that the fish's gills are not exclusively breathing organs. It had been more or less universally taken for granted that the impulse for motion is given by the tail fin, the side fin enabling the fish to balance and to rise or sink.

Watching a trout swimming up stream Mr. Borner saw him move swiftly forward without motion of tail or fins. The water, through his gills, was spouted through his mouth with force, much as a man swimming pushes the water with his feet. Mr. Borner came to the conclusion that the fish's gills are used for the purpose of accelerating motion. This discovery is in accordance with the observation that swiftly swimming fishes have larger gills than a slow species. This was a first step in his studies. A further question was whether the protruding scales of sharks, the purpose of which has not been explained hitherto, are not likewise used in swimming. Mr. Borner observed that the whirls of water, spouted through the gills were utilized to accelerate the forward motion by giving increased impulse when breaking against and turning around the protruberances on the sides of the shark.

As a result of his zoological studies Borner set to constructing a completely new type of boat, which has been tried with success on the River Elbe. In gratitude to his "instructors" he vessel Forelle (the German word for trout).

The Forelle is 9 meters (about 10 yards) in length and 1 1/2 meters in breadth. The screw is not as usual in the stern of the vessel, but in front beneath the water, in a hollow or funnel in the ship's bow. The water sucked in by the screw is pushed through tubes on either side and is spouted through splits opening in the middle of the vessel's sides. The hinder part is provided with protruberances resembling the scales of the shark.

The advantages of this new type of construction are increased speed with a less powerful machine and a considerable saving of fuel. With a motor of but 6 horsepower, a speed of 20 knots is reached by the Forelle, a speed that would require a motor of five times the power in an ordinary boat. The Forelle can be easily steered and immediately stopped. The inventor hopes that steamships of this type will cross the Atlantic in three days, half the time required at present.

Minard's Liniment for Grippes.

It was a little out-of-the-way village in France, and the Highland regiment was swinging along the road. Two old Frenchmen, obviously puzzled by their costume, were having a heated argument on the same. Said one—"Zey cannot be men, for look at ze dress and ze skirts!" replied the other—"Zey cannot be women, for zey have ze moustachids!" "Ah!" replied the first speaker, "I have it. Zey are ze famous Middlesex Regiment, of whom I have heard so mooch!"

Parent—So you desire to become my son-in-law? Sutor—No, sir, I do not; but if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it.

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Will Study 110-Pound Chip Dropped by Iowa Meteor

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They believe it is the largest meteorite to be preserved intact, for which the date of fall is known.

The meteor probably exploded at a height of fifteen miles, says Professor Charles C. Wylie of the University of Iowa.

Four fragments were found, the largest chunk was buried three feet in hard clay and two men labored two hours to remove it.

They had a dispute, and agreed to leave it to the military expert. "What bullet," they asked, "do you consider the deadliest?" For several minutes he remained in a brown study. Then he looked up with the air of one who has settled the matter finally and definitely. "The one that's dead."

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GILLET'S FLAKE LYE



IN OR OUT OF BED
Hubby! When you called into my room last night and asked if I'd been in the house long and said yes, I was lying in bed then. Wife: I haven't a doubt of it lying as usual, in or out of bed.



ITS FORM
She: What form has a kiss? He: If you'll consent to a round I think it would be square.

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African Hubbies Take Nights Out

Simply Herd Wives in Huts and Go to "Club House" With "the Boys"

Males are the Primpers

That native African husbands insist upon their nights out and their stag parties as an inalienable right was among the observations of F. C. Sterling, of Cleveland, interviewed recently following his return from two months' hunting in Tanganyika Territory, formerly German East Africa. Sterling, who shot five lions and the third largest buffalo ever slain by a white hunter in Africa, said he got a lot of fun during his trek through the African jungle, but no real thrill. He was more impressed, he said, with his study of the characteristics and mode of living of the natives who went to make up his safari, or hunting party, of 140 native porters than he was with his experiences as a hunter.

It is the men of Africa who primp and paint, not the women, according to Sterling. The bucks are most meticulous about their hair, he said, while the native women clip their locks closely and give it little care.

"I noticed among our gun bearers that care of their braided tresses came before the polishing and oiling of our rifles," he said. "They would let their hair grow, smear it with a combination of rust-colored grease and clay and use the same mixture to give a heightened color to their cheeks.

"At night the blacks would wear a stockinglike cap to keep their heads in order. When they would remove this in the morning some of them would look even more beautiful than their women folks."

While the African wives devoted less time than their better halves to their personal upkeep, he said, they religiously kept tabs on the number of years they were married by a curious but crude necklace of wire rings strung about the neck.

"The African husband is a stickler for his rights," said Sterling. "But I can't say he gives his spouse a square deal. When the native breadwinner wants to step out he does it in company with 'the boys' by first herding the wives in a 'boma,' or series of huts, with the cattle, surrounded that muddy enclosure with a fence of thornbush, and then sets up another boma two or three miles away, where the men alternately gorge on raw meat, sleep off their stupor and then gorge themselves again until little is left of the game but the bones. These feasts last two or three days. Once surfeited, they call in the wives to take the leavings."

The chief delicacy to African natives, Sterling said, were the eyes of a gazelle, which are devoured without cooking.

"Dawa," they call it," he said. "One sick woman with a monstrosity of a neck bawled begged for 'dawa' to put her infant out of misery. Of course, we didn't accede to her wishes, but it would have been merciful to have done so."

The African Dou Juan has a method all his own, according to the returning Clevelander. When the breech-clad sheik of the jungle goes a-courting, he said, he props his menacing spear in the soft earth outside the hut of the object of his affections, and if another Romeo tribesman should perchance approach, he proceeds on his merry way and makes no effort to disturb the jungle tete-a-tete.

"It is the sutor who owns the greatest number of goats who stands best with the old man and wins the daughter," Sterling declared. "But once won, it doesn't cost the husband much to keep his wife in wearing apparel, for she wears nothing more than a cloak of skin, and this isn't renewed every year. So, you will see, the shilling a day, English money, earned by natives as gun-bearers for hunters and the 8 cents a day they get for farm work is money in the bank, so to speak."

The black porters who made up the Sterling safari were fascinated by the phonograph and jazz tunes carried by the Sterling party.

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