

# WIDE WATERS

By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

## CHAPTER I UNREST.

Alden Talbot Drake possessed characteristics which fitted all three of his names. But chiefly he was restless. The urge, which had taken him to sea on leaving school, had never left him. He had left the sea. That, he now believed, had been a mistake. The sea was in his blood. Even where his horizon was bounded by terraces of dull brick and sooty trees, his nostrils ever quivered questioning whenever the wind blew from the eastward. To the eastward lay the muddy river, and the docks, and the ships; ships and the ports where Romance still beckoned to hold youth.

He stood awhile at the gateway of his house, nostrils all a-tingle, his black eyes a-glitter, a discordant grin of discontent, marring the good-humored lines of his strong mouth. He had come from golf, and there was a trace of contempt in the fashion of his unslung and dropping the bag of clubs he carried.

The big house which he called home was one of those stately old places which always seem to have had owners provided for them as they were built, stone by stone, timber by timber, owners to fit their dignity, growing, maturing as the years mellowed them. And Alden Drake had the looks

aspect. Alden was about to raise his voice in apology; he raised his cap instead, and stared with sharper interest at the other occupant of the chaise, the driver, who, her horses again in hand, turned a fair face full of haughty reproof upon the cause of her brief discomfort. Then the equipage turned the corner of the road, and Alden went in.

As he bathed and lounged, smoking a rich old briar pipe, relic of his prentice days at sea, he scowled impatiently at the thought of the evening before him. His duty to Society ordered that he play host to a ponderous dinner party.

"There'll be Patty, all set to flirt," he growled. "Caesar! How I hate that perfume she drenches—herself with! Big! Phah! She'll call me Alden, dear! Oh Lord! And that cute little trick, Celeste. Thirty-eight, if she's a day. Wonder she doesn't go up in smoke every time she lights a cigarette. Talk about putting a match near powder! Scissors! And the old hens, whose chicks are just getting old enough to be flown at my head—Suffering sailor! Why should I put up with it? A lot of birds of prey! Damn women, anyhow!"

The youthful cynic knocked out his pipe, refilled it, and flung himself into a deep lounge chair to smoke another

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"OH, DEAR—THAT HORRID TOBACCO AGAIN!"

and the dignity to fit smoothly into the groove worn so unbrokenly by his immediate forbears. Trouble was, they failed to fit him. In externals he was part of the picture. His face was brown and clean-shaven, his hands were brown and well kept, his golf toggery was brown and of fine tailoring; and all appeared in exquisite harmony with the fine old house within the gate. But there was that glitter in his eyes, that vague something about his mouth which jarred the harmony.

He turned in and flung the gate to with a harsh iron clang which startled a pair of fat horses just trotting past dragging an old-fashioned low chaise. The discontent fled from his face, giving way to a genuine smile of amusement. Those horses looked as if nothing short of a cataclysm could startle them, so fat were they, and so staid. He realized how tremendously he must have slammed the gate to startle them, for they regained their steadiness in a moment, trotting placidly on. It was one of the two occupants whose tranquility was less easily restored, and the innocent offender raised his eyebrows surprisedly at the turbulent flood of deep water expletives, that issued from somewhere in the thick grey beard of a sturdy, copper-bronzed gentleman of nautical

round before his man came to, fix him up for the evening. The second pipe always made his see a gleam of sunshine behind the stormiest of horizons. There flashed before him now the thought of an indignant feminine face, the prettily angry face of the girl who drove those two fat, lazy horses. He smiled more brightly. That face had only flashed across his vision for an instant, yet he retained a more vivid notion of its graces than close acquaintance with many another woman could leave.

"That brown hair might have golden glints in the sunlight," he mused. He gripped one wrist with the other full hand, saunter fashion, leaned his head back against the chair top, and blew smoke about his head until he saw nothing of the room at all. Then he could form pictures. It was an old trick of his. He saw quite sharply clear the picture of that fat old nag hauling that fat little low chaise. And the copper-bronzed leathery face of the old gentleman with the grey whiskers. "A seaman, that," he decided. "A seaman, that," he decided. "A seaman, that," he decided. "A seaman, that," he decided.

His picture stopped short of the ears. But her eyes had been blue. He vividly recalled how frostily blue they had been: like the clear blue of an iceberg in shadow. They were shadowed with anger; but he knew they would be gloriously blue, when the ocean's own blue, when fat old horses and human events went placidly. How well that deep blue would go with her color!

At seven o'clock he was dressed and ready to go down. He knew his guests were arriving. But on his way down he entered his den again. He felt uncomfortable. He never liked entertaining, but never before had his dislike taken the bitter turn it seemed to have taken now. He felt as if he simply could not play host, even to save a reputation for courteous hospitality. He loaded up his pipe again, slung wide the eastern window, and stood puffing quick little smoke balls out into the night. There was a suggestion of fog creeping up from the river. The street lights, and the lamps of moving vehicles were blurred and yellow. There was a tang in the air, too. A vague, salty tang.

## Scottish Heroes Honored as Prince Unveils Statues

### Ceremonies for Edinburgh's 600th Anniversary End in Colorful Pageantry

Edinburgh.—The season of pomp and pageantry, which this city has embraced, closed on May 25th, with the unveiling of statues to the national heroes, William Wallace and Robert the Bruce.

It was exactly 600 years ago (on May 23, 1329) that Edinburgh's oldest existing charter was signed by the Bruce. The Duke of York, as Lord High Commissioner, unveiled the statues at Edinburgh Castle and the Duchess, who is a descendant of the Bruce, also took part.

The ceremonies began with a service in St. Giles Cathedral, after which the Lord Provost, magistrates and representatives of public bodies proceeded on foot to the castle. Beautiful sunshine lit up the gaily-colored robes of the dignitaries and knights of the Thistle, the heralds and representatives of law, art and natural sciences, and added variety to the red robes of Edinburgh and other Scottish corporations.

Messages were received from famous burghs who were unable to attend, among them one from J. Ramsay MacDonald, which said: "Either the Bruce or Mr. Baldwin is much to blame—the one for dating your royal charter May 25th, the other for having fixed a general election for May 30th."

## Fasting for Health

### How and When to Give Your System a Rest

By DR. FISHER

We are unmerciful nigger-drivers of our own organs. We work our stomachs, livers and kidneys from morning till night, in a most ungalant manner, and the wonder is that they put up with it at all.

Most of us, I think, would consider ourselves underfed and ill-done by, if we had less than three meals a day. There are people who are always taking "snacks," who believe that if they are not eating something at every possible moment, they will waste away.

Did they but know it, they are heading for disaster and an early grave. Our digestive organs can only absorb a certain quantity of food at one time. Each individual's powers of absorption varies. Put in more—and it is merely wasted.

This excess only imposes additional strain upon our secretory and excretory systems. The glands, which secrete digestive juices, and the liver, work overtime—for nothing. And our kidneys find themselves faced with a formidable quantity of waste products to dispose of.

Day by day this goes on. Is it any cause for surprise that our organs wear out before their time?

The Overfeeding Danger. More people are in danger of overfeeding than of underfeeding. Those accustomed to live freely would benefit immeasurably from an occasional day's fast.

Choose one day every fortnight when you will make a point of studying your own internal economy. That day will be your organs' period of rest. On that day eat nothing except, perhaps, some buttered toast. The morose, non-alcoholic fluid you drink the better.

It is surprising how much better everybody feels the next day, after the harmful excretions of overwork have been expelled, and the blood has been cleansed.

Apart from the hygienic importance of a fast, there is a psychological value; the more we feel we want our food—and we shall feel we want it badly the day after—the better will be our digestion and absorption.

A fast not only purifies our blood and organs, but muscular growth is benefited. It is Nature's own cure for fever. What better method is there of treating a severe cold or influenza than by strict starvation for a day or two, in conjunction with the liberal drinking of warm water.

It was Mark Twain, I believe, who said that "no cold in the head could survive 24 hours unmodified starvation." Many diseases respond favorably to short periods of fasting. Acute pneumonia, acute nephritis, diabetes, gout, indigestion, high blood pressure, rheumatic affections, skin disorders are examples. For severe obesity strict dieting is essential.

But fasting, while an excellent practice if indulged in with care and judgment, can be very dangerous. Long periods of starvation do more harm than good.

When food is withheld the body feeds on its own store of fat and carbohydrates. At the start, the weight falls rapidly; then it settles down to a steady loss of a pound a day. Excepting the fat stores of the body and the glycogen in the liver and muscles, the loss falls first on the glands.

Then the liver, spleen, and pancreas suffer; and, in their turn, the muscles. Finally, a call is made on those vital organs—the heart and brain.

Minard's Liniment for sick animals.

Tom: "Has your amateur gardening taught you anything?" Dick: "Yes; I'll never again believe that we reap what we sow."

Magie: "What is the charge?" Dick: "Driving while in the state of ex-Tromo infatuation."

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## "Not Made in Canada"

Toronto Mail and Empire (Cons.): It is apparently the determination of the government that no tariff add shall be given to any new industry. What is not already made in Canada will stand little chance of being made here, so far as Government policy is concerned. It is not made in Canada now a given article will continue to be admitted free of duty, so that the setting up of works to make the article will be hampered by unrestricted competition from outside countries.

## A Geographical Inexactitude

London Free Press Cons.: (The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix received a letter from the assistant editor of the National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D.C., in which reference was made throughout to "Saskatoon, British Columbia.") If all the other information published in National Geographic is equally accurate as the above, it is no cause for wonder that the Americans picture Canada only as a land of igloos and England as a country of beer mugs and plus-fours.

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## All that shower and sun, can give—in fragrance



## Elections

An interesting editorial in the "Christian Science Monitor" explains the chief difference between British and American electoral systems. It reads as follows:

One of the most interesting features of the British election—at least to the Americans—is the shortness of the period allowed for the active campaign. The electoral laws make it certain that the struggle will be over quickly. On the eighth day after the proclamation of the election is issued, the nominations take place. The poll is held on the ninth day after nominations. Parliament assembles ten days after the date of the proclamation summoning it. Thus this year Parliament was dissolved on May 10. Candidates are nominated on May 20. The election takes place on May 30.

This time-table is in striking contrast with the time-table of American elections. The British election is an express train which runs as rapidly as possible. An American election is a local train with many stops. From February to June of presidential year is the period during which delegates to the nominating conventions are chosen. After the conventions, four months are given over to the presidential campaign. The election takes place in November. The electoral college meets in January and the votes are counted by Congress in February; the President takes office on March 4. Unless he calls a special session, Congress does not meet until the following December.

There has always been a tradition in the United States that presidential years were disturbing to business. The statisticians have shown that this is not the case. Fluctuations in business activity between 1888 and 1924 have been exhaustively examined by Col. Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company. He found that business has improved in election years more often than it has declined. "In seven of the twelve cases the year closed with business at a higher level than it held when the year opened. In the remaining five cases the level of business was lower at the close of the year than it was at the beginning." But it is doubtful whether the election had any effect.

The speed with which British elections are conducted makes it impossible for the effect on business activity to be marked. Great Britain is particularly favored, it should be noted, by the fact that only parliamentary elections are held. The poll for members of the House of Commons is uncomplicated by a simultaneous choice of local governmental bodies. In the United States the Chief Executive, members of two branches of the National Legislature, governors, state legislatures, mayors and other officials are voted for at the same time; in addition, many laws go before the people of different states for a popular referendum.

The American system of nomination, furthermore, seems extremely complicated, in comparison with the British practice. A candidate may

run for the House of Commons if he is proposed in writing by a registered voter of the constituency and assented to by nine other voters. Freak candidacies or candidacies by those who have no chance of polling any considerable strength are prevented by a provision of the electoral law requiring a deposit of \$750. This deposit is forfeited if the candidate fails to receive one-eighth of the votes which are polled. This year, however, more than 1,600 candidates have presented themselves for the 615 seats in the House of Commons. It is likely, therefore, in view of the many three-cornered contests, that there will be a number of forfeited deposits. This device, however, is a safeguard against too many nominations, and enables the ease of nominations to contribute to the quickness with which a British parliamentary election can be concluded.



"That congressman is sick, suffering from exposure." "So? Didn't know he'd been investigated."

## HOW TIMES DO CHANGE

"Talking about Christmas reminds me that my better half gave me a book last year entitled 'A Perfect Gentleman.' This year she gave me another one, entitled 'Wild Animals I Have Known.'"

It is recalled that Mr. Bernard Shaw was once in the Salvation Army. No doubt that is where he learned to beat the big drum.—London Star.

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## The World's Strong Box

Untold Riches Lie in the Depths of the Sea

Treasure has been accumulating on the sea bed since the ancient Carthaginians sailed out to scour the then known world. Day in and day out men sail over treasure trove that would make them rich for life, and the treasure may only be a matter of thirty, forty, or fifty fathoms beneath their keel.

It seems incredible that science should not yet have found a way to this treasure chamber. Armed with the newest and latest diving apparatus, men periodically attempt to salvage the bullion of some famous wreck, but, more often than not, they return, broken in heart and pocket.

Once in a while, perhaps, one succeeds in wresting a treasure from the caverns of the deep, and, inspired by the news, others come forward to fill the gaps in the treasure seekers ranks left by those who have fought and failed.

## A Forlorn Hope

In 1911, a British salvage company attempted the salvaging of the Lutina treasure, held since 1799 in the grip of the treacherous Vlieland shoals. For nine months they labored, and in that time sucked millions of tons of sand from the wreck, and built it into a barrier to divert the sea currents; finally, they uncovered the wreck.

A mass of cannon ball, rusted together, then barred their way. They smashed through this, and found one ball that had been in actual contact with the gold. Then a storm drove them off—and buried, irrevocably, the wreck. The gold of the cannon ball weighed six grams.

Not always is it the storm, however, that sets at naught the salvor's efforts. The bullion lying in the Lusitania is a case in point. This great liner lies at a depth of forty fathoms, off the Old Head of Kinsale. Eleven years of tide rip and corrosion, to say nothing of the tremendous pressure of the water at that depth, will have reduced the once fine ship to a mass of tangled wreckage and grotesquely twisted platerwork.

What storehouses are still whole will be the haunt of gigantic conger eels, and the breeding ground of the loathsome octopus.

But shattered steelwork and darger from deep sea denizens would deter no diver worthy of the name. Dynamite can remove the stoutest ironwork, and there are means for the discouragement of the stoutest hearted of finney foes.

The trouble is that men dare not go down because of the pressure. At half the depth at which the Lusitania lies, a man in ordinary diving dress would be called upon to bear the tremendous pressure of about 172,000 lbs. Under such stress no man could go down and live; let alone work.

## All-Steel Diving Suits

To cope with the pressure, special all-steel suits were constructed, and in these, because of the tremendous weight, divers were lowered over the side of the salvage ship by means of a crane, a special non-twisting cable being attached to the helmet.

But the sea had still a trump card to play. At forty fathoms the darkness was so intense, that the most powerful of artificial lights failed entirely to penetrate the gloom. And without light it would be madness to attempt the exploration of a mass of shattered plates, many of them rusted to such an extent that their edges were razor-like in sharpness.

But, despite the terrible risk and losses involved, the lure of the world's strong box still continues to draw men away from their comfortable and secure businesses on land.

## War!

Major K. A. Bratt in the Review of Reviews (London): The advance of dictatorships at the present time affords a premonitory hint of what is to come. They spring up like mushrooms, not only in the earth's blood-drenched swamps and fever-stricken areas, but in the chill shadow of the new warfare. The reaction to this development and the psychological changes which it implies will result in a reversal of the social progress of the last fifty years. Such progress is the child of democracy. If that falls, they fall together. There can be no doubt but that this progress towards a warlike and dictator-ridden community must end in war. It can certainly not lead to peace. It will plunge into warfare the whole of the Western world, or more probably the whole earth, with its present tendency towards unification, and precipitate world revolution.

## The Prosperous Indian

Victoria Times (Lib.): Our Indian population is fairly stable; at about 100,000. Among the less civilized tribes, according to the Department of Indian Affairs, the high birth rate balances the high death rate, but in the civilized tribes who have met and withstood the first shock of contact with civilization there, is an appreciable gain, not only in numbers, but in physical standards. These latter people have long ago proved their worth and only need to develop and mature under protection until they reach their destined goal—full British citizenship.

A man, as he manages himself, may die old at thirty or young at eighty.

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