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"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life 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 recognized by Stevens and soundly trounced. He is put down on the ship's articles as Boy, thereby shaming him before Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes. In the fore-cabin Joe Bunting has made an enemy of Tony, another sailor, by throwing him out of a bunk in favor of Drake. Tony attacks Joe. Drake steps in and proceeds to administer a beating to Tony.

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, or something. But Herbert was not a fighting man, so long as he had a choice. He was a good warmer; proper 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 bells struck, and the first watch was set for the night, Drake rolled into his bunk and sighed blissfully. He had fought and won. Tony might not be the hardest man to beat, but he had beaten him, and done it well. Better still, he had done it with ease. He was hardening.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"Blime! Th' lad can handle hisself!" yelled Joe, dancing around the combatants.

"Aw, give 'im th' knee, Tony!" advised Tubbs, disgustedly. "I 'd wallop th' pair o' yuh!"

"Never min' 'im, lad, I'm your man!" shouted Joe, pushing a pudgy fist up close to Tubbs' nose. "Lookin' fer a fight, are yuh?"

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

Tony slipped between Drake's arms

In the pink shaded first flush of a fine weather dawn the great clipper awoke to another day's work. All dripping with dew, she was lovely with mantling light. Drake carried his brass rags aft. The Doctor and 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 to lend a hand. He and the Doctor got along very well. A terrific clucking in the chicken coops forward brought the Doctor aft, running, the



SHE STOOD A MOMENT, INHALING THE MORNING'S FRESHNESS

to the deck and crouched there on hands and knees shaking his head foolishly. Drake stood over him, unmarked except for a blue eye and a scratched cheek, the result of an attack at gouging; but Tony stayed there, shaking his head, a thin trickle of blood reddening the deck; and Tubbs and Sims grabbed hold of him and dragged him out on deck to wash him off. Joe seized Drake by the hand, and dragged him over to the bunk, where he filled his own precious little nose-warmer with rich plug tobacco and handed it to him in proud silence.

"Good lad, yer a good lad. I allus said so," said old Bill Gadgett, lighting a scrap of paper for Drake's pipe.

"Better watch ahf fer 'is knife, ehum," warned Herbert Oats from his top bunk. "Them Dagos 'ud stick a feller as soon as look at 'im!"

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 as he went up the poop ladder. He had been an apprentice once.

He fell to work upon his brasswork, feeling as if the world might yet be his. A good fight won is ever a tonic to a real man. A fight well won is more than tonic; it is inspiration. Drake hummed a song. Young Mr. Adams stood forward, giving orders to the bosun. Sailors were getting out brooms and buckets, squeegees, and hose; Chips rigged the head pump. The log line twirled merrily; the blue seas flashed into creaming white as the ship crushed them, turned into lacy blue and white as she left them, and turned again into deepest azure beyond the end of the log line. And the big red sun peeped up.

Then, to challenge the sun, Mary Manning stepped from the companion-way, rosy as the dawn, sweet as the sun-warmed air. She stood a moment inhaling the morning's freshness, revelling in the dancing glints of the rising sun upon the waters, then glanced aft. She seemed to be hesitating. Mr. Adams greeted her with a smiling good morning.

"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. "I hope the captain won't disrate you for lettin' me," she laughed.

"I will trust in your good word," Mr. Adams replied gallantly.

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 brickbust

and oil tin on the lee grating as she sang the last lines of the verse: "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 absently. 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 of 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 inept 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 were 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 teeth gleam through lips slightly opened in a little gasp of surprise. A slow 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 helmsman; then a sarcastic sneer twisted his face and he curtly told the second mate to get 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.)

Little Things

He came a little sooner
Than the other fellow did,
And stayed a little longer
Than the other fellow would,
He worked a little harder
And he talked a little less,
He was never really hurried,
And he showed but little stress,
For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways,
And banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.
Of course, it's little wonder that
He murmurs with a smile,
As his dividends come regular,
"Are the little things worth while?"
—Investor.

Anglo-Saxon Rapprochement

La Patrie (Cons.): Mr. Daves 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 mentioned 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 American. 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 necessarily 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.

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.—James Russell Lowell

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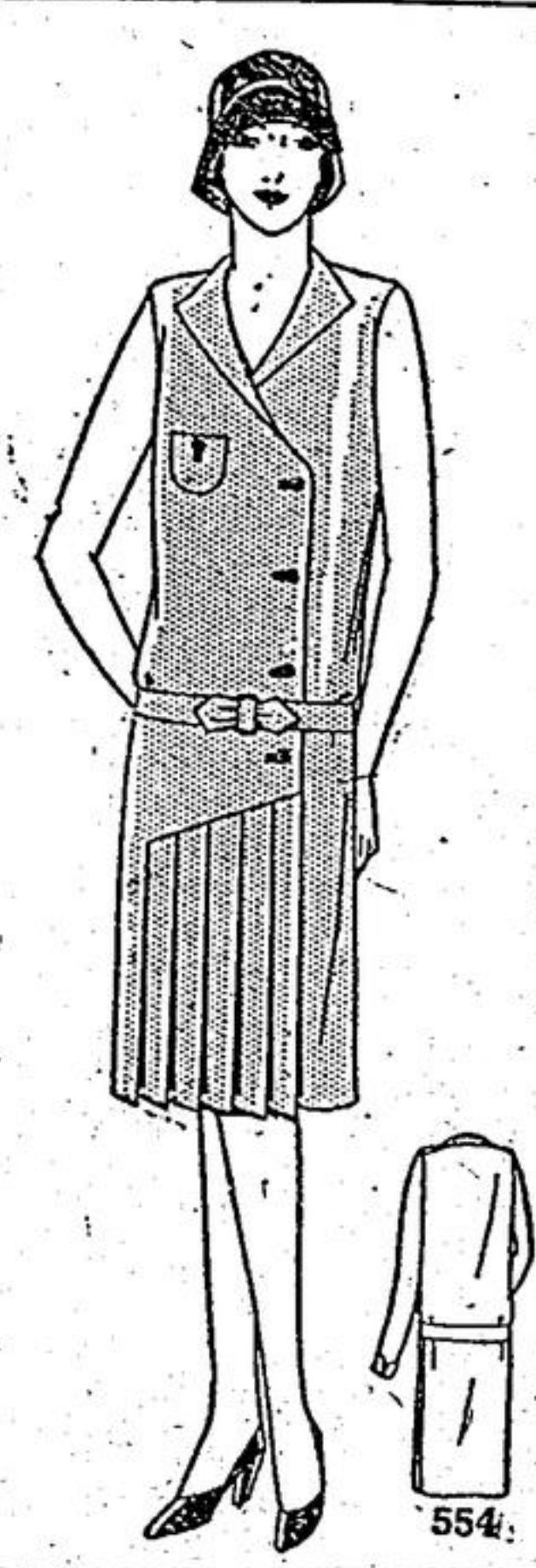
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"Jim—Modern Marriage is like a cafeteria." Jack—"And how?" Jim—"A man grabs what looks nice and pays for it later."



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Couplets

There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.
O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.
—Tennyson.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recalled.
—Roscommon.
Some flowers of Eden ye yet inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.
—Moore.
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
—Moore.

Making British Foreigners

Toronto Telegram (Ind. Cons.): Native Sons of Canada have asked that British subjects of other than Canadian origin be required to undergo "naturalization" before being admitted to Canadian citizenship. Such a step would be to make aliens of subjects of His Majesty, and would narrow the terms of Dominion and Provincial Acts, which admit British subjects to the franchise. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier referred to Lord Dundonald as a "foreigner" it was explained that a mistranslation of a French term was responsible for the use of an unfortunate appellation. The Native Sons say in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's case, attributed to error.

Minard's Liniment for aching joints

Hail, Columbia!

Brisbane Courier (Aus.): American megalomaniacs of anti-British tendencies, east of the manner in which the people of the overseas British Dominions are gradually drawing away from the United States "rival"—Great Britain—and nearer to the States. They mention Canada, Australia, and India. There can be little doubt that American salesmanship has successfully invaded many markets in the overseas Dominions. To such a degree is this so that in Australia we are in danger of being Americanized.



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Moving Day For The Ants

Nina A. Ley
Was I really awake! From the window I could see a queer black steam, like tar or molasses, pouring steadily down the mountain side. What could it be? I left the house and walked out to the fence.

As I looked, the steady, dark stream came nearer. Ants! I realized in a flash that I was about to witness the moving of an ant colony. Here before me was just the thing I had doubted in the tales the old Arkansas settler had so earnestly told me. Being a Northerner, new in that section of the Ozarks, I was somewhat incredulous, and the old fellow had patiently said, "I reckon you-all has got a lot 'o' learn. If ye're lucky maybe ye'll see this here ant-moving day like I did when I was a boy."

There were his ants—millions of them streaming down the mountain side. Why were they moving? Where were they going? While I watched them, my interest changed suddenly to complete horror. In true ant style, they were traveling a "straight and narrow" path. The house lay in that path! Could it actually be true that they would not turn aside for a house? Nearer they came, and nearer, till I rushed into the house and shut the doors and windows.

Up the porch they boldly marched. Across the porch floor to the wall of the house they came, and then, still undaunted, they marched up the side of the house.

I called the chore man from behind the house. In a flash he was off to get aid from some near-by mountaineers. We poured boiling water on the ants, threw ash on them—but steadily forward marched the others, with no heed for the dead bodies of their comrades.

Unbelievable as it may seem, those ants—yes, those millions of ants—were ready to climb as the leaders had done—climb the side of the house, follow the ceiling of the roof out to the edge, then start along the roof of the porch to the house again. Thus some of them continued their journey up, over, and down the other side of the house.

Seeing that boiling water and ashes were not effective, the mountaineers tore up the porch floor and spaded the ground underneath it. Thus, eventually, seemingly after hours, the ants decided to swerve from their course and go round the corner of the house. Every ant which followed made exactly the same turn as the leaders had done—no panic, no riot, nothing but perfect order.

After the new course had been followed for several hours we felt somewhat safer. There was nothing to do, then, but watch them; and watch them we did for two days—yes, two days before the last ant left the yard. There were no laggards or stragglers. Those ants seemed to possess an extremely practical knowledge of the order of marching. Large ants led the colony. Guards were posted on each side of the line at intervals to keep the file in order. Our attempts to check their progress broke the ranks only for a few minutes right at the porch. Their formation resembled an arrow—the head of the procession was always a perfect V.

They seemed to be organized in a regular series of those V-shaped regiments, marching through the yard at various intervals. Several times we were extremely relieved, feeling that the last of the ants had gone through the yard—but on looking toward the mountain we could see another regiment appearing. And so it continued from early noon of the first day until sunset of the second.

Those poor stupid ants—as if climbing the house were not enough extra mileage for them. At the end of the gravel walk which they followed was a gate. Since the gate was narrower than the walk, only those fortunate ants in the centre of the procession could walk under the gate. The gateposts were right in the path of the ants who were on both sides of the file. Those ants went up, over, and down the posts.

The birds in the vines on the porch were frantic during the first few hours the ants were around. They fussed and cried in a very disturbing manner. Some of the ants got into the vines and thus into the nests. It was early summer; the young birds had just been hatched. Late the first day we found that all the young birds had been killed.

After two days we saw the last of the ants climb the gatepost and continue down the road. A few days later the old Arkansan stopped in passing to tell about a wonderful sight—a traveling colony of ants he had passed the day before miles down the mountain. "You-all should have been there. You-all would have believed my story then," he said. And very humbly I told him I had decided to believe every word of his story—"Atlantic Monthly."

Britain and Preference
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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