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"SALADA"

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard the clipper *Oriente* as "boy" under the command of Jake Stevens, whose enmity he incurs because of a mutual love for Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger. At Cape Town, Stevens is superseded as captain of the *Oriente* by Drake, whose lawyers have purchased the vessel during his cruise. Drake and Mary plan to enjoy an evening together in Cape Town while the demoted Stevens is making the rounds of the barrooms. The infuriated ex-captain has asked for a five-minute "interview" with Drake. And, searching for him, Drake is relieved to find that Stevens is drowning himself in liquor.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Angry, sir, very angry," replied Twining with a grin.

"Liquor?"

"A little, sir."

Drake laughed, and thrust out his hand.

"You're a good fellow, Twining," he said. "Until other arrangements can be made, you carry on as you go. Start working out the cargo as soon as the lighters come alongside. Whatever changes have to be made, you will not suffer materially; and you may tell Adams the same thing applies to him. Please have the boat ready for Miss Manning and myself at five-thirty. Put Joe Bunting and Nick Coombs into the boat, and let Joe pick two more men; then the four of them can stay ashore until we are ready to come aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Twining. In the big saloon Mary sat writing letters. She looked up with quick apprehension which changed to relief when she saw who it was.

"So you are coming to dinner with me?" smiled Drake.

"I'm not sure I want to go out with anybody," she retorted. Her tone was irritable rather than angry. "Captain Stevens was offensive when he returned. He upset me enough for one day."

Drake dragged his sea-chest and bag into a small unused stateroom, and answered her through the open door as he unlocked the chest.

"You can catch the mail tomorrow with the letters you have ready. We'll go past the Postoffice. A little run out to Green Point, a nice little dinner beside the sea, with music—Or, would you prefer to run out to Rondebush? That's a gorgeous suburb, Mary. All roses, rhododendrons, silver leaf bushes and vineyards."

"I haven't said I'm going anywhere!" she retorted sharply.

"Perhaps, for the first time, we had better say Green Point," he went on, dragging out evening clothes and flinging them on the bunk. Her blue eyes flashed, and her red lips pouted, but he chattered on as if she only existed as something to do things for.

"I haven't been out there since I was a 'Prentice kid. Corking place, though. Better start getting ready, if the letters are finished. No use going to a place for dinner after dinner's over."

"I won't be ordered about like this!" she cried, angry at last.

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She flounced into her cabin with a bang, and he whistled softly as he dressed.

A good dinner, a bottle of good wine, and excellent music completed the work of bringing Mary back to normal. Drake helped, of course. He was out to enjoy himself and went to the limit. Mary was amazed at the infinite lights flashed by this man she had seen only as a very rough diamond except for that brief moment at his gate, which was not a meeting at all. Drake drank a good deal of wine; not more than would have been usual at home; not more than a gentleman might drink safely; but enough, after abstinence, to loosen him up and make him sparkle. His laughter was a thing of sheer jollity and fun.

"Some day you're going to fall in love, Mary, and you won't have very far to fall," he said softly. She lowered her eyes and colored warmly. She was almost ready to answer his challenge lightly, when a waiter approached.

"Captain Drake, a man at the rear bar wants to speak to you."

"Can't he come here?" asked Drake, slightly annoyed. "Who is he?"

"I think he's one of your men from the ship, sir. He isn't well, he's—"



"That's the bully boy!" roared Jake. The man hesitated, but Drake understood. Whoever it might be was probably drunk.

"All right," he said, rising. "Excuse me, Mary. I'll be back in a minute."

He followed the waiter to the rear of the place. There was a bar which was used by drivers and underlings. A great noise was going on inside, mostly made by one man. And as Drake edged his way in, at the waiter's heels, he recognized the voice with a sharp tightening of his nerves. "In a moment he came face to face with Jake Stevens, as drunk as mixed liquor could make him, and ramping mad."

"That's th' bully boy!" roared Jake, lurching forward and walloping Drake heavily on the shoulder with an open hand. "Tried to dodge me, hey? Tried to chouse me outa fit' minutes conv'ersation. I'm goin' to break y' into little bits an' stuff y' down a sewer! I'm goin' to!"

Drake seized him by the arm and hauled him sharply to the door, while the crowd followed gleefully, all keyed up for a gorgeous bit of sport. The licking of a dress suit bloke was always good for a crowd. Stevens lurching along behind Drake, cursing horribly, beating at the strong grip that towed him faster than his unsteady feet wanted to travel. His eyes were almost hidden under scowling brows; his face was swollen and purple with heated blood; his big strong hands were scarred and bleeding as if he had already tried his fists out on somebody else. Right behind him lurched another seaman, perhaps the master of the white barque.

Outside the door, still in the radius of light from the bar windows, Drake straightened Stevens up and shook him.

"Mister Stevens, you are a disgrace to your ship! You will go back to

Cape Town and go aboard the ship at once. You hear me?"

"Hark to th' bloody stowaway dude!" cackled Stevens, turning for approval to his companion, who had subsided into a thick bush of shrubbery as soon as he ceased moving ahead. "Nother good man gone wrong," Stevens said, sagely. Then he turned ferociously upon Drake and shook his hand off.

"They wouldn't let me come up to join y' an' Mary, so I got 'em to fetch you down," he said. "You stole my girl, you dirty rat! You stole my ship, you little bit o'—"

"That's enough, Stevens! Are you going aboard?"

"Yes, by God! So are you, on a shutter!"

Jake swung a terrific right fist which split Drake's cheek like a knife splits a ripe mango, and hurled him headlong into the bush where Jake's companion snored uneasily.

CHAPTER XIV.

RED WAR.

Abolitionist miner, just down from diggings with a full belt, elected himself bottle holder to Drake. He hauled his man to his feet, peering hard at his bleeding face.

"You ain't hurt," he decided. "You're a bleeder, that's all. Now you play for his pantry, old gentleman. Hit him where he stows his booze. That's what'll sink him. Watch him now!"

Stevens crouched and rushed as soon as Drake stood clear. The crowd formed a circle, and the howling ceased as the giggers came together. Drake made no effort to avoid Jake's rush, other than to duck his head under the terrific lead that went over him with a round arm swish. As their bodies crashed together, he drove his right and left into Jake's stomach with every ounce of power and every bit of spring in his body. Jake sat down with a "whoop!" and an "oomp!"

The crowd roared again. Two of them dragged Jake Stevens to his feet, and one gave him a swig of rum. Drake's second poured raw spirit into the bleeding gash on his cheek, and the pain almost maddened him. When Stevens rushed again, fired with fresh courage and ferocity from the rum, Drake jumped to meet him, gritting his teeth and swearing with agony. There was a fierce flurry of fists. Drake tottered backward under the impact of a punch that all but loosened his head from his spine; and Stevens plunged headlong after him, snorting and grunting, swinging a finisher in either fist.

Drake dodged the rush, recovering only in bare time to sidestep; then half turned, swung a right with his weight behind it full upon Stevens' ear as he roared past, and that was the end so far as Mister Jake Stevens was concerned. Jake lay in the bushes where a fell, neglected even by his seconds, while every roaring ruffian bawled profers of drinks to the victor.

"Let me get a wash," said Drake, ducking through the crowd at the heels of his second. "Can't you look after Jake? I'm all right. He's out. No, I don't want a drink, thanks."

(To be continued.)

Mr. Thomas' Mission.

La Patrie (Ind.): The Federal Government alone can bring about the change which Mr. Thomas desires in our import trade. And it would not be too much to say that circumstances are now particularly opportune at this moment when the Canadian people have been disturbed by the threat of an increase in the American tariff. But however convincing Mr. Thomas' pleading may be, it needs more than his powers of persuasion to modify the current of our importations. There is only one way we can get Canada to buy more from Britain than from the United States. That way is a change in our fiscal policy. And is it possible that Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues, who have hitherto showed themselves to be so friendly to the United States, could have roused Mr. Thomas' hopes in this matter?

The Reparations Deadlock.

La Presse (Ind.): There doesn't seem anything else to be done but to declare the entente impossible and to adjourn the deliberations indefinitely, at least until Great Britain's representative shows himself more conciliating, which looks pretty doubtful after the practically unanimous approval displayed by the British people.

Does Mr. Snowden care less about ruining the work of the experts who worked out the Young plan than he does about getting the sums he demands? One can scarcely believe it and, surely, if the conference fails outright, he will have to shoulder the responsibility not only in the opinion of other countries, but of the British people themselves, who have lately been applauding him so generously.

J. H. Thomas' Task.

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): It is hard to see what Mr. Thomas can do in Canada. He may find openings for British capital here, and he may be able to return home and induce British manufacturers to open branch factories here. That would make for more employment. But apart from that, and unless Premier King's Government decides to ask Parliament for a vote of ten millions to forward some great state-controlled scheme of immigration, we greatly fear that Mr. Thomas will return home with little of accomplishment.

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Reds in Toronto

Toronto Star (Ind.): The police must have possession of the seditious writings which the Reds have been circulating and the police commission must have, through their secret agents reports of seditious utterances in meetings they have attended. Why not go ahead and prosecute those known offenders in the courts for the purpose? Why wait until rows and rampuses have gone from bad to worse before taking that legal action that will have to be resorted to in the end before anything decisive can be done? The snapping and booting of offenders—and non-offenders—may provide a sensational entertainment, but it causes greater disorders than it cures.

The English Prayer Book

London Times (Ind.): It would be unwise of either the Bishops or their critics if they exaggerated the importance of this prayer-book question. Important in a sense it is, yet it is concerned in the last resort with but a means to an end. To link with it, for example, the immense issue of Disestablishment is to show a defective sense of proportion. A relationship bound up with our national life through centuries is not to be sacrificed in mere resentment at the result of two close divisions in the House of Commons. To concentrate upon the essentials of spiritual work, and to ally instead of fomenting ecclesiastical differences, is at this juncture the best way to serve both Church and State.

"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"Well, the toothpaste we were rather better done than the tobacco, but there was more furniture than anything else."—Boston Transcript.

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

Hope For Fat Man

Here is my advice to men who want to recover lost or preserve slipping figures, and who possess average hearts.

If you are between forty and sixty rise earlier, drink hot water on waking, move about more, cut the daily intake of food by one-third, and then half; drink plenty of cold water between meals, and don't drink with meals.

Under forty do the same, but add regular hard exercise, beginning with brisk walks, and rising to a five-mile run-and-walk (say an hour and a half) every day.

And remember that the Irish priest who told his flock to "sweet once a day and be happy" knew more than the Harley-street specialists who charge fifty guineas for taking off 7 pounds in a month by diet, medicine and electrical vibrators.



Bug—"I hear you were arrested for speeding, Mr. Snail!"

Race Jealousy in S. Africa

Christchurch Press (N.Z.): The truth is that the dying down of racial jealousies in South Africa is going to be such a gradual process that the result of one election is neither here nor there. The history of Canada has shown us that it is quite possible for two racial elements to exist side by side in one State without a serious upheaval, even though there may be friction.

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Khedive in Exile Is Growing Dates

Concession on Sahara is Granted to Former Ruler of Egypt

MAY MAKE FORTUNE

Health Keeps Him in Northern Africa and He Enjoys Farming

Rome.—The ex-Khedive Abbas Hilmi, an exile from Egypt, who was deposed at the beginning of the World War for his leanings toward the Central Empire, has taken up a new role, that of the agriculturalist. He obtained a concession in the Oasis of Tozeur on the edge of the Sahara Desert.

Since his forced retirement he had hoped to regain his lost kingdom, but the end of Britain's protectorate meant also lost hopes for him. One might almost say that his political career was killed by the machine he had invented, as it was when he was first called to succeed his father, Khedive Tewfik, and was an enterprising youth of seventeen that he encountered nationalist propaganda.

Likes Climate of Sahara

Next to political intrigue he loved agriculture when he was Khedive. He was interested in cultivating land. Raising cattle was his pet hobby in his estate at Kouba; a model farm visited by agriculturists of all nationalities. He knows a deal about crops, and decided that dates could be grown with great success.

Because of his health he has passed the last few years in or near the desert in winter time. He found life in North Africa pleasant, for besides the mild climate, he was treated with great respect. He discovered that at Tozeur on the edge of the desert, a day's journey from Tunis, the climate best agreed with him. For this reason he decided to pass his winters in and near the Sahara.

He asked for a concession, for which he paid a certain amount per acre, and which he agreed to cultivate. His friend, the Bey of Tunis, added a recommendation. The land was given to him. This oasis yields marvelous crops of muscat dates, which fetch high prices in foreign markets, especially in Covent Garden, London.

France Encourages Exports

At present only one-fourth of the oasis is cultivated. French authorities for the last few years have been inviting French settlers to take up immigrations. France encourages the importation of dates, which are admitted duty free. This is in order that the central date market of Europe should be France, whence they are sent to England.

Undoubtedly the Khedive will make a fortune in dates as the demand is more than the supply. They are the soft kind which the Arabs call "the fingers of light." They are gathered between October and January. Fortunes are made and lost, as some of the growers, especially the Arabs, are not careful to gather them at the right time.

An idea of how the date trade is improving may be gathered from the statistics published in Tunisia. Nine years ago finer grade dates to the value of 3,500,000 francs and second quality dates up to 1,500,000 francs were exported. Five years later exports had been increased fourfold, and the present year's crop will far exceed this figure.

Vast districts which a short time ago were only sand, have been laid out in date palm groves, and arid wastes have been sown. The Khedive will run his concession on the local custom of share farming.

"Somewhere a Lad!"

Giants are slain as in the olden day. For never giant shadowed camp with gloom. But moving in the sure, and age-old way Of fruit succeeding, starry-petalled bloom. Somewhere a lad, stirred by a strange new flame Tosses aside the too-familiar crook, And lifting eyes from routin'd flocks, takes aim. With stones worn smooth in truth's unshuffled brook. Thereafter days hold burning quests to share. And more and more he seeks the pibbled stream; Fearless he tells the lion and the bear That prou'd beneath a boy's heart and its dream. Giants are slain, because while strong men cover Somewhere a lad has trained for his high hour!

Molly Anderson Halsey, in The Churchman.

Indian Princes and Self-Government

Calcutta Statesman: The hot anxiety of the Indian Princes is to avoid coming into the power of a Government of India that may develop in ways distasteful to them. The Government that may come into being in the near future may be of the kind to which the Princes will be very reluctant to trust their destinies. Many of the advanced politicians of India have made it clear that if they have their own way the Princes will have little of theirs.

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