

Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SARADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

533

'Fresh from the gardens'

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard the clipper *Orotas* 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 At Cape Town Stevens is superseded as captain by Drake, whose lawyers have seen to the purchase of the *Orotas*. During his cruise, Drake becomes cold and dignified in the presence of Mary. Stevens is reduced to the rank of chief mate. Answering Mary's plea, Jake starts the *Orotas* through the Straits of Java, where they run aground.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

An hour before dawn Twining reported a rocky coast, apparently of volcanic formation, with sharp rocks rising from deep water right up to the shore. Adams found that the ship lay pinned on one solitary head of rock, with deep water all around to seaward. An anchor was laid out, with a long hawser, and led in over the ship's stern, through leading blocks to the anchor windlass. Every man able to push on a handspike was mustered. If there was power enough and the tide came high enough, the ship would slide off the way she slid on, and the damage would scarcely be worth noting in the log. But the tide had fallen considerably since the stranding, and all the combined strength of the crew could accomplish was to get a terrific strain on the hawser and satisfy Drake that the anchor had taken firm hold.

he threw down his pen without making the entry, and lay down to strive for a long time, fruitlessly, to drive Mary Manning and Jake Stevens from his mind, and to, in the end, fall into a troubled doze which gave little of rest.

And while the gray curtain stole over the east, Mary sat hunched up on her unopened bed. As the light brightened, she heard Ike moving in his pantry, getting toast and coffee ready for another day's beginning. She could see the dark loom of the land grow clear cut. From her port-hole the coast of a sizable island ran away into distance; it looked barren, however there were little stretches



SHE STARED AT THE LITTLE MAN, THEN SPOKE INTO HIS EAGER EARS.

The waters lapped softly around the impaled ship. The air was soft and cool. Morning was not far away. The east already had a pearly gray gleam stealing up across the velvet black of night. Drake sat in the chart room, restless, yet knowing the need of rest. He had opened the log book to enter up the stranding. But after awhile

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of beach, and here and there some wood. It was the first time she had seen a tree since leaving Table Bay. The colors were mostly gray and slate at that hour; but never had stunted and gnarled verdure seemed to her so much like the gardens of Paradise.

She surprised Ike by suddenly appearing in his pantry.

"Ike, I am so hungry," she smiled at him. The little Cockney almost went on his knees to give her the first toast and the freshest coffee.

"I hate the ship now," she remarked. The steward glanced up at her. She was flushed and her blue eyes were dark. Ike thought she was a bit feverish. He went on toasting at his charcoal stove. With one hand he took down from a locker a pot of marmalade and slid it along to her. He never gave marmalade to anybody. Not even to the captain. She thanked him with a smile that set his scalp tingling.

"Thank you, Ike," she said. "You shouldn't do this. People who do things to please me get knocked overboard, Ike. It's very, very dangerous, my friend."

"I'd git knocked overboard, too, if you wanted me to, Miss," stammered Ike with a rush. She stared at the little man, wide eyes; then laughed softly and spoke in his eager ear.

At five o'clock men clustered about the galley with their hookpots, getting coffee and hardtack. On the poop Twining and Adams stood at the landward rail. Stevens watched them from his place on the skids. He had debated whether to get coffee with the men, or to go without through pride. He had no quarrel with Twining or Adams. If he went to talk with them, Ike would no doubt bring him coffee. "He's got to feed me if I'm a passenger!" he grinned.

The two officers were talking rather excitedly as he went up the ladder. At halfway he stopped; for Adams was saying:

"She isn't around. Miss Manning's cabin door is open, and she's not there. Her bed wasn't slept in, either. And what's more, one of the boats is gone!"

Stevens dashed up the remainder of the ladder, mouthing questions. Twining had run to the tuffrail, to which the boats had been tied. Ahead of the companionway door he collided with Drake coming out of the chart room. Drake had heard through the open ports what Stevens had heard from the ladder. Each stopped short, confronting the other. And each flung out an accusing hand, and the tense demand:

"Where is she?"

CHAPTER XXV. RUNAWAYS.

Men stood with hookpots midway to their hanging lips. They remembered all those occasions during the early days of the voyage, when Drake, the ship's boy, dared face Stevens, the master, in man-to-man conflict. Twining and Adams drew near; for the accusing eyes of the two angry men seemed to shoot fire at each other.

"Where is she?" demanded Drake icily. The long scar down his cheek writhed like a white ribbon.

"You've sent her off to make sure of her, you woman buyer!" charged Stevens with grinding teeth. The men around the galley were drawn aft as chips are drawn by a strong current.

Young Adams suddenly broke the tense hush on the poop. He had swiftly glanced over the men.

"Nobody else missing but the steward, sir," he cried.

"I believe the silly girl has persuaded that idiot to take her ashore!" exclaimed Drake at last.

"Not so silly, either!" retorted Stevens sarcastically. "I'd feel like an inmate of an asylum if I was ashore, too."

"Go!" was Drake's terse retort. "Let me have a boat, and I'll bring her back."

"I have no boat for that purpose. Miss Manning chooses to take a boat and go ashore without my permission. She may stay until she is tired, then come back as she went," said Drake; and without giving the matter further apparent notice called away a crew and rowed around the ship to see for himself the daylight position.

The two mates got their coffee at the galley; and pretty poor it was. It started them off on their day's work, less than their customary good temper. When Drake returned from his inspection, a grumbling crew and irritable officers awaited his word.

"Take one watch to the windlass, and keep a strain on the hawser," he

said. "The tide is rising, and the ship only hangs by an isolated boulder on the round of her bilge. If the sea rose a little she would slip off. Take the other watch, and heave up all the chain from the locker. Bring it all aft, along with the spare anchors. I think she will slip off under strain at high water."

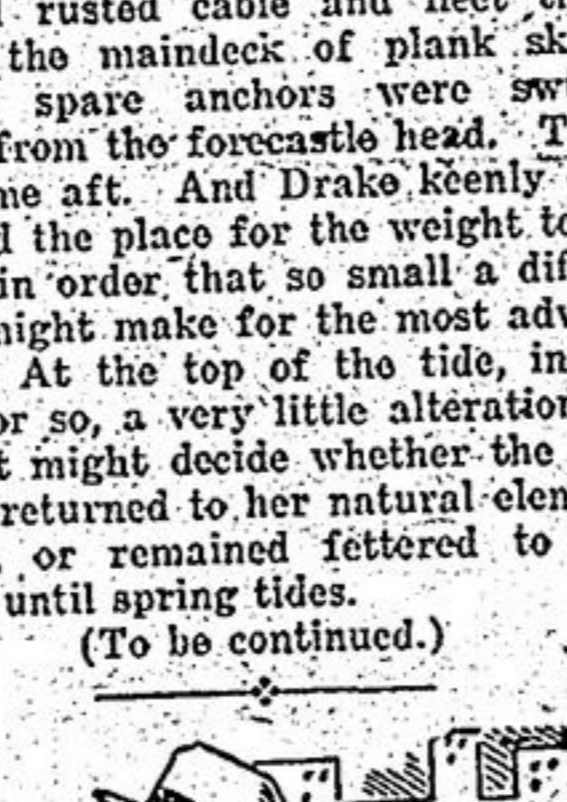
Twining and Adams drove their gangs to work, and the clinking monotony of the capstan pawls began to stab the still air. Stevens paced back and forth in the waist, his blond face red with shame, the glitter of cold fury in his blue eyes. Drake paced the poop coldly aloof. He watched the sweating sailors drag up great lengths of red rusted cable and fleet them along the maindeck of plank skids. Heavy spare anchors were swung down from the forecabin head. They all came aft. And Drake keenly calculated the place for the weight to be placed in order that so small a difference might make for the most advance. At the top of the tide, in an hour or so, a very little alteration in weight might decide whether the *Orotas* returned to her natural element again, or remained fettered to the shore until spring tides.

(To be continued.)

"He has absolutely no soul for beauty!"

"How now?"

"Yesterday, at the football game, I pointed out the reigning belle, and he merely complained that she obstructed his view of the north goal posts."



There was a man called Guy. And said he, "I'll blow sky-high all those gas-bags in Parliament, ment, ment!"

So to aid him in his task He took a powder sack, And straight down to Westminster he went; went, went.

But his pals—'tis sad to say— Went and gave the game away, And the hangman made a nasty mess of Guy, Guy, Guy.

But could he see the lot Of gas-bags we have got, He'd resurrect and have another try, try, try.

Science Notes

Application of copperas or sulphate of iron around trees whose green leaves turn yellow during the spring or summer has been found an excellent remedy for correcting the condition.

Making it possible for the amateur photographer to take snapshots in color, a special film recently has appeared on the British market.

Small towns and country roads are more dangerous than the streets of large cities so far as automobile accidents are concerned, according to a study made by the Connecticut department of motor vehicles.

Hardy microbes that lived on wood and remained active for more than 12 months, probably assisted in the formation of coal, bureau of mines scientists believe.

Heat adversely affects the efficiency of telephone transmission, making necessary automatic devices to control the service, particularly for long-distance conversations.

Blind persons do not hear better than those of ordinary vision, but they listen harder, investigators of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness have found.

Experiments with tires to be used in attempts to break world speed records disclosed that they all deflated when revolved at a rate of speed equivalent to 20 to 300 miles an hour.

Bank of Montreal Meeting

President and General Manager Review the Great Strides Made by Country.

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, held at the Head Office of the Bank, was marked by interesting addresses by Sir Charles Gordon, President, and Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, General Manager.

In a comprehensive review of the commercial situation in Canada, Sir Charles remarked: "It should be kept in mind that there have been five years of almost uninterrupted expansion. In that brief period Canada has achieved a degree of development quite unprecedented. Not in one or two directions, but practically in all, remarkable material progress has occurred—in agriculture, in many lines of manufacturing, in mining, forestry, trading, water power reduction, and building construction."

No Inflation in Basic Commodities.

Among the other favorable features in the situation, he mentioned the fact that there is no inflation apparent in any of the great basic commodities such as wheat, sugar, cotton, steel, and other raw materials.

Unfavorable features in the situation were, first, the small crop of the Prairie Provinces and the slow movement of the grain toward the sea-board, and secondly, the crash in the stock markets.

"There never was a time in the history of Canada," said Sir Charles, in summing up conditions, "when business as a whole has been at a higher peak than during the year under review, or when the developed sources of our wealth were more wide and varied than they are to-day, and never a time when the earning power of our people was sustained in so many channels of production. We must not allow a temporary reaction, the result of a purely speculative orgy in the stock markets, unduly to distort our view."

General Manager's Address.

In reviewing the business of the Bank, Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, general manager, drew attention to the fact that the balance-sheet showed assets aggregating \$965,000,000 against \$873,000,000 a year ago, an increase of \$92,000,000. He also pointed out that deposits aggregated \$772,000,000, an increase of \$50,000,000, despite the fact that deposits "after notice" had decreased \$18,000,000, the last a reflection principally of withdrawals for investment in securities. The last year had been exceptional in that respect, and the Savings Department would probably now resume its normal growth.

Ample Ground for Confidence.

Summing up, he said, "A review of trade conditions in the various provinces exhibits, upon the whole, not a banner year for Canada nor a quite cloudless sky but sound basic conditions, and allowing for a temporary lull in business, ample ground for confidence in our future growth and prosperity. The chief disappointment is the crop in the Prairie Provinces, but the crop in the Prairie Provinces is more than made up by the increase of one too much should not be made of one too much. The West is a country of proved agricultural nothing is more dependable than richness and over a series of years seedtime and harvest."

"Not many fellows can do this," said the magician as he turned his Ford into a lamp-post.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands

The Englishman who says Americans have no imagination should read the newspaper story of the fire in Washington which was "caused by a cigaret lighter."

A college education according to a Boston commentator never hurt anybody who was willing to learn something afterward.

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WHAT New York IS WEARING

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

By Anabelle Worthington

There isn't anything more youthful than the bertha cape collar as illustrated in Style No. 2905 that combines matching prints in silk and chiffon. The chiffon is used for the bertha cape collar which falls so softly over shoulders.

The one-sidedness of skirt is interesting means of slenderizing the figure. This shirred inset that takes a diagonal course tapering to left hip, also provides lovely flare to hemline.

The belt marks higher waistline so fashionable at the moment. The sleeves are fitted with darts below elbows.

It is an exact Paris replica. It's an opportunity to have it at just the cost of material and a few hours' time.

It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. In the medium size, 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting, is sufficient.

Dull black crepe silk with bertha collar in flatter eggshell shade is enchantingly lovely for street or afternoons.

Beige crepe satin with collar of matching chiffon, Royal blue canton crepe, with collar of matching sheer velvet, black crepe satin made of the dull surface with the shiny surface used for shirred inset of skirt, belt and collar and printed canton crepe are strikingly smart combinations.

Georgette crepe, crepe Roma crepe Elizabeth, and crepe-de-china appropriate.

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He promised that next year, that is, some time in 1930, a service from Montreal to the west by Toronto would be established. It would then be possible to mail a letter in Montreal one night and have it delivered the next day in Winnipeg. As much as possible, night flying would be avoided, but it might be necessary in a few instances. Lights were being arranged for airports en route, and when such details as these were arranged, the Winnipeg-Montreal air mail would be a reality.

Coast to Coast Service

Mr. Veniot pointed out that his route to Winnipeg was only a segment in the Montreal-Vancouver line. "It was hoped to get through to the coast from the metropolis by air, and accomplish a saving of 40 hours in so

Develop Poise

By JULIETTE FRAZIER

Mothers should feel it a very important part of the training of their children to make them calm, reasonable and helpful in emergencies and in case of accident. Even very young children have been known to show great presence of mind as a result of careful training.

I remember when the two children of my neighbor, Mrs. Blank, were quite small, she asked my advice with regard to their behavior on several occasions. Then one day when I was calling on her—it happened that a caterpillar was discovered on Marian's dress. Mrs. Blank screamed and made ineffectual dashes at the "horrid thing," and Marian howled like a Comanche. I scraped the caterpillar on to a piece of paper and threw it out the window.

"Marian is so sensitive," said Mrs. Blank, proceeding to pet her daughter. "Wouldn't it be better to have her sensible?" I asked smiling. "Though," I continued, "sensitiveness is very desirable if developed in the right direction. Is Ted also afraid of insects?"

"Why, no; he is a boy," said Mrs. Blank.

"But if an insect is dangerous, will it show any respect to sex? If it is poisonous, will it not poison him as quickly as it will his sister?"

"Oh, but—it looks so ugly," replied Mrs. Blank.

"Well, does Ted like unpleasant-looking things any better than Marian? Excuse me, Mrs. Blank; I think the trouble is that Marian has found out that you expect her to shriek at the insect, and that you regard it as genteel and quite becoming to an embryo lady. Ted knows his playmates would laugh at him for such folly, and so he shows common sense."

At that moment I saw the caterpillar crawling back up the window ledge and called the child's attention to it. "See, Marian, what a lovely silky coat he has. He is so helpless; you could easily hurt him, if you were so cruel, but he could not hurt you. Come, touch him." Some day it will spin a cocoon and go to sleep in it until Mother Nature awakens him, and then he will find himself turned into a beautiful butterfly."

Marian was at once interested in the caterpillar, and she has never feared one since, but her training had encouraged a disposition to frantic screaming at sight of all creatures of this kind, and this caused her mother considerable mortification soon after.

There was a wedding at our church, by far the grandest wedding ever held in our town. We were all invited, and Mrs. Blank, beautifully gowned, occupied a front seat with Marian, marvelously flounced and beribboned. In the very midst of the ceremony, Marian espied a beetle crawling up her sleeve. Instead of picking it off, or asking her mother to do so, she gave vent to unearthly yells, which startled everyone in the church, and momentarily halted the marriage ceremony.

Only a radical change in the method of training could change the habits of a child behaving in this way at seven, so that at thirteen she would display the presence of mind of a little girl I saw in the Yellowstone National Park last summer. She had been left to take charge of her little brother, a child of three years. They were standing upon a wide table-rock which overhung one of the natural hot springs, boiling some hundred feet below. The girl had been holding the child's hand but had let it go to run back a little way for her handkerchief which she had dropped. The child, meanwhile, walked towards the edge of the rock. The girl saw that to call or to pursue would insure his destruction. She grasped a small jar of candy which she had in her coat pocket, and shouting "Candy," poured its contents out on the palm of her hand. The child was paused and looked back. He was not six feet from destruction, but could not resist the luscious sweets, and came skipping back to share them!

Here was a fine instance of presence of mind; self-control which repressed the dangerous call or pursuit; disciplined intelligence which took advantage of the strongest impulse of the fugitive in a flash argued out the dangers and probabilities of the case, and then acted on the instant when to delay but a moment would have been death.

KINDNESS

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for kindness.—Seneca.

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To remove pits from the face of a valve before grinding it, use either a valve-facing grinder or put the valve in a lathe. Be careful to clean all carbon from the valve stem as a slight particle on the stem will throw it off center in the lathe.

Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, show will rap your knuckles.—Benjamin Franklin.

The man who cannot make a mistake cannot make anything.

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