

You will derive far more satisfaction from SALADA than you will from cheap tea

# "SALADA"

(GREEN)

## JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

# WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

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 denounces him as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew. He is discovered and thrown overboard. Drake now is lying snug on a heap of canvas, where he overhears Mr. Adams and Mr. Twining, the two mates, discussing Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger on the Orontes and the guest of Captain Stevens.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Mister Adams, you will please not discuss the Captain or his passengers," said the mate. "You will find work enough about the ship, if you're going to make as good a second mate as I was."

"I'll bet she has some fun with Jake, though," retorted the irrepressible Adams, as he stepped down the winding poop ladder to smoke a pipe in the waist, waiting for the bell.

While he was there, Drake had to remain hidden. The men forwaded clustered at the fore hatch. The lads in the halfdeck put on their jackets and caps. At the rail above Mary Manning's voice rippled; her hearty laughter leaped aloft in the sleeping

leaving his mates to divide the men. There were bosun, and carpenter, and then the sailmaker. Next the able seamen, one by one.

"Tony Fernando!"  
"Here!"  
"Henry Hall!"  
"Ere, sir!"  
"Joe Bunting!"

The names were called down to the end. And there was no response to the last name called. Drake suddenly remembered the ship had sailed one man short. The mate apparently had forgotten, too. He called again:

"Peter Finch!"  
"That's the man that cleared out," the second mate volunteered. When Drake, stepping into the crowd like a shadow, answered:  
"Peter Finch here, sir!"  
"Oh, you are, hey?" snarled the mate, stooping over the rail to look. "You been stowed away sleeping, hey?"

"Yes, sir," said Drake, tingling with pride in his swift move. Mary Manning laughed merrily overhead. She had watched the milling of the men, the shuffling movement across the deck as they answered to their names. She wanted to see this cheerful rebel.

"Oh, you have?" the mate cried. "Let's see you! Step up!"  
"Please hurry up and set the



"HERE, HERE! NONE OF THAT!" CRIED DRAKE.

breasts of the gleaming sails.

"I want to see watches picked again," she said. "It is so interesting to watch how a new crew shapes up."

"The only interesting thing about crews nowadays, is how they happened to be the only rascals out of jail just when a ship needed a crew!" Captain Stevens stated emphatically.

Drake felt an almost irresistible impulse to go forth and confront this new skipper who broadcast such opinions about sailors. Then the big poop bell clanged eight, sonorous strokes and the mate blew his whistle.

"Let the hands muck, bosun!" he bawled. Captain Stevens walked aft, watches, Mister Twining!" said the captain impatiently, walking forward to find what caused the delay. He wanted to show Mary the shore lights. He slipped a hand inside Mary's arm. She gave him no notice.

"We're not a man short, sir," the mate said. "Finch has been stowed away all day, skulking."

"Get the watches picked and set! Never mind Finch now. You can give him some wake-up medicine some other time. He won't jump overboard, Mister!"

Drake mingled with the sailors going forward. Joe Bunting was in the mate's watch, too. He overtook the fat little red man at the fore firerail.

"And I thought you 'ad come into money," wheezed Joe. "See wot comes o' makin' too sure of anything. I didn't see—" He stopped outside the little room shared by the bosun and Chips, staring at Drake in the yellow lamp-light just for a moment before the lamp was extinguished. "Hey, wuz you th' bloke they hove overboard in dock? Wuz you? Bl' me! I knowed you wuzn't wiv the crowd as signed in the cabin."

"I wasn't. But here I am, Joe, and they won't put back to dump me out. As soon as the pilot goes off, I'll see the Old Man. Just now, I am starving, and bedless, and want a smoke so badly I'd sign away my payday for that inch of clay you're chewing to chalk."

"I'm on!" said Joe, and they entered the forecabin. Already the big forecabin rumbled with the shearing bow wave. Sleepers added their own note. The bright new kerosene lamp on the bulkhead was turned low. With the easy motion of the ship clothes swung from their pegs with a sibilant swish. In the after end of the port forecabin Joe Bunting had chosen his bunk. The only other bunk vacant was far forward. Beneath Joe's bunk Tony Fernando lay, dreaming already of his next payday. Joe seized him by the breast of his shirt.

WRIGLEY'S after every meal

ISSUE No. 29—29

"C'm on outa that, hombre! Shake a leg! Rise an' shine!"

"Wotta da mat! Time for turn out so soon?" stammered Tony, rubbing heavy eyes. Joe was rummaging through his pockets for a stub of pencil. He found it while yet Tony struggled with sleep, and scribbled a straggling "Peter Finch" on the lee board.

"C'm on, me son! Show a leg! Yer in th' wrong pew, that's a'll. Yer in me mate's bunk. Shunt outa it, slippy!"

"I geev you a tick ear, you!" snarled Tony, justifiably angry at being roused out. "Dees my bunk, an' you go to hell, see?"

"Let him stay," whispered Drake, for other men were rousing at the noise, muttering oaths, and horrid threats. It is a grievous sin to break the sleep of a watch below.

"Me mate's name's wrote on it, see?" wheezed the inexorably. He hauled at the furious Drake, and drew him from the bunk so smoothly that Drake stared in amazement, wondering where the tremendous strength came from. And though Tony fought like a terrier, Joe took him by the neck and pushed his face down for him to read "Peter Finch" on the lee board.

"See? Nah git yer dunnage outa here quick!"

Tony spat like a wet cat. Teeth gleam with grinding rage, he grabbed his belt hanging on the bunk stanchion, and whipped out his sheath knife.

"Here, here! none of that!" cried Drake, thrusting forward. Joe wheezed to him to keep clear; then coolly gripped the knife hand of Tony, twisted it cruelly until the knife dropped, and crapped up the man. Picking him up like a bag of potatoes he heaved him headlong into the bare vacant bunk; then dragged out all his bedding and gear and threw them in on top of him.

"We'll all th' bloody racket!" growled an awakened sailor.

"Tony drew a knife," wheezed Joe, easily.

"Kick th' bloody bum's guts in, then!"

"You've made an enemy," Drake muttered as Joe hauled out a blanket from his own bunk and pitched it into "Peter Finch's."

"Wotta you care? You got a bunk, haven't yer?" grinned Joe.

Drake took a smoke for his supper. He lay in his bedless bunk, with nothing but Joe's seabag for his pillow, and smoked luxuriously while every other man slept. He fell to pondering whether he had left anything undone in embarking upon this mad voyage. His affairs were efficiently handled by the family lawyer. His household ran smoothly under his Aunt Angelina's guidance; would run the smoother in his absence, no doubt.

He was still forming smoke pictures when the watch was called to turn out at midnight.

"Shake a leg, me salty sons!" bawled the sailor calling them. "Now me old brown sons, Resurrection Mornin'!" (To be continued.)

### Public Ownership and Power

Toronto Star (Ind.): Premier Ferguson has helped along the private power program. He has made one contract to buy 260,000 horsepower for 30 years from a power plant on the Gattineau River in Quebec which is owned by United States power magnates, and he has made another to buy 100,000 horsepower for 40 years. One financial authority says that the total amount the Hydro will pay to this New York controlled company on the first contract alone will be more than \$100,000,000. And Mr. Ferguson has indicated that he is willing to buy another huge lock of power from other private power interests in Quebec. Meanwhile he is doing nothing to establish public-owned power-houses on the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa rivers. Indeed, he is known to be the chief obstacle to the development by Ontario of its own water-powers wasting away in the St. Lawrence rapids.

Mistress—"So you have got a situation with my friend, Mrs. Long, Mary? Did you tell her you have only been with me for two months?" Mary—"Yes, mum, and she said that if I could stay with you for two months that was a good enough reference for her."

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the employer of the candidate for the job. "No, I don't like inside work," replied the applicant, without heat. "I'm a whistle listener."

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Winnipeg Tribune (Ind. Cons.): It may look like good business on the surface—this business of running water merchandise into a dry country—but in the long run it will prove to be losing business. Canada is losing character in this border enterprise, and doing so is parting with something that will be a long time coming back.

"Mama, is papa going to Heaven when he dies?" "Why, son, who put such an absurd idea into your head?"

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### Echo of Old Times In Horse Thief

#### And Even Then It Seems Hard On Mike When He Has Money Coming to Him

Calgary, Alta.—Horse thieving, once an offence which meant death to the culprit, still is a serious offence in this western country. John Mike, a Steagun Mission Indian has discovered. For the next two years he will remain at New Westminster penitentiary for the theft of two three-year-olds from the herds run on the open range near Fernie, by the late Alfred Doyle.

"He told me to take two three-year-olds for some money he owed me for back pay," protested Johnny before being sentenced.

"How long has he owed you the money?" inquired the Court.

"About five years," was the answer. Provincial police, in giving evidence explained Doyle had notified them he had located two of his horses on a ranch near Cranbrook. He had asked Tony Skoff, the proprietor, where he had bought them both from the Indian for \$55. He then reclaimed the animals an dnotified the police. Soon after he died.

The Indian, when located, protested Doyle had told them to cut the two horses from the herd in payment of a wages debt more than five years old. This Doyle at the time denied, stating the horses had been stolen from him. Arrest and appearances before Judge Thompson resulted in a penitentiary sentence.

Enquiry in the vicinity of Calgary has disclosed no case has ever been reported in Alberta of a man being hung for horse-stealing although the pioneers of the early days in the States, immediately south, recall such instances in the frontier United States very well.

This province is fertile, but in the arid stretches below the border the loss of a horse was a most serious affair.

"A man could die of thirst possibly, or starve to death without a horse," mustn't forget, too, that many of those old time riders were lost without a cayuse under them. Many of them were born in a saddle, you might say—they were bow-legged and walked with a funny gait. Walking was hard work for those fellows."

Reading and Remembering

The late C. E. Montague in the London Mercury: What I mean by reading is not skimming, not being able to say the word saith, "Oh! yes, I've read that," but reading again and again, in all sorts of moods, with an increase of delight every time, till the thing read has become a part of your system and goes forth along with you to meet with any new experience you may have. Quite early in the history of medicine the doctors found out that a man could digest his food best if he ate it with pleasure among cheerful friends. So it is with books. You may devour them by the thousand swiftly and grimly, and yet remain the lean soul that you were. The only mental food that will turn to new tissue within you, and build itself into your mind, is that which you eat with a great surge of joy and surprise that anything so exciting should ever have been written. When Scott's witty or tragic imagination was working at the top of its powers, more and more whiffs of Shakespeare would seem to visit his brain, to regale and incite it.

Liquor Smuggling

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### Baldwin and Lloyd George

A. A. B. in the London Evening Standard (Ind. Cons.): According to Mr. Lloyd George there is no time to be lost in preparing for the next election, "for the moment the Socialist Government acts Socialistically I will turn them out. I am the Master of the House of Commons, and I will tolerate no Socialism, though I will allow the Government to carry some of my program." Such was the substance, very nearly the exact words, of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the National Liberal Club. This swaggering is unspeakably foolish. Mr. Lloyd George can do nothing in the House of Commons without the co-operation of the Conservatives, and he talks as if he had Mr. Baldwin in his pocket. So person, Mr. Baldwin is more likely to be at his throat.

### Quebec Not Jealous

Le Canada (Lib.): The Province of Quebec has never been jealous of its sisters; on the contrary, it has enthusiastically supported them, knowing that the country as a whole will benefit thereby. Our delegates at Ottawa, for example, have never criticized enviously or jealously a credit intended for the ports of Ontario or those of the West when these credits were likely to add to the progress and prosperity of the whole Dominion. It has the right, therefore, to expect the same attitude on the part of Canadians from the other provinces.

If we notice little pleasures

As we notice little pains;

If we quite forget our losses

And remember all our gains;

If we look for people's virtues

And their faults refuse to see—

What a comfortable, happy, cheerful place

This world would be.

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