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LOVE ISLAND

BY OWEN OLIVER.

PART I.

Castaway Island, as they called it, was barely a mile and a half long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, but it was divided into three republics, although its inhabitants only numbered eight. They were nine originally, but now there was a mound by the bushes at the back of Mercy Beach, where they had landed after the shipwreck. The division of the little state into three lesser states grew out of that.

The first republic consisted of three sailormen: Tom Richardson, Dave Carter and Harry Lane. They were three sturdy young fellows between five-and-twenty and thirty, and very like other sailormen of the more respectable class. They had the middle of the island, from the south shore (where they dwelt) to the north shore. On the west their boundary was a line from Toad Rock, to just outside Flatfish Creek. On the east their limits were the ravine that ran from Mercy Beach to the big hollow and the bush from there to North Cove. They held most of the material resources of the island—salvage from the wreck of the Anna Jones—and kept them stored in a cave in Toad Rock. Originally this had been a bed-chamber for the women castaways, but when these seceded the sailors filled it with the stores, which they considered more perishable than themselves. The women, who were in the tarpaulins in the broken boat, were admitted that, within reason, republic No. 2 had equitable claims to a portion of these resources, but held that republic No. 3 was a force in arms and outside equity.

Republic No. 2 comprised the three passenger women, who had the east end of the island. They held the beach, where the shellfish abounded, and the best of the berry bushes. They lived in a tent made of boat sails, and kept a smaller stock of stores under a hatch which had floated ashore and was propped up at the corners on large stones which were stood upon one another. Their names were Ruby Green, Stella Raikes and Molly Brien. They were aged from twenty-three to twenty-six, and they were very like other young lady passengers. There were diplomatic relations with Republic No. 1, but none with Republic No. 3.

Republic No. 3 consisted of only two persons; the Millionaire (before he was cast away) and the Flapper (who had almost outgrown the flapper stage in the year since they landed, three weeks before Christmas). By treaty they held the western end of the island which was hilly and well wooded. This included Flatfish Bay, where the best fish were caught. Republic No. 1 claimed a right of fishing off the eastern side of the narrow bay, but did not exercise it by daylight. Republic No. 3 possessed all the armed resources of the island—viz: the Millionaire's revolver—and he had announced that he would shoot any one who came there. He and the Flapper had a stronghold on Palm Hill, the only access to which was over a deep cleft. They bridged this with a gangway of branches which they drew in at night. Their residence was a cleft in the top of the hill which opened into three caves—one for the Millionaire, one for the Flapper, and one for the few stores which they had. The Millionaire's cave was near the entrance. He slept lightly and with the revolver under the blanket which he folded for a pillow.

The internal condition of all three republics was peaceful. Richardson commanded the sailors. The ladies were a good-tempered, chattering anarchy. The third republic was really a dual monarchy. The Millionaire ruled the Flapper and the Flapper ruled the Millionaire. Their behavior to each other was more proper and very creditable; but this was exactly what the others did not believe. There had been no diplomatic relations between them and the other states since they had departed carrying (upon two journeys) as much as they could take consistently with the Millionaire having a free revolver hand and (upon the second occasion)

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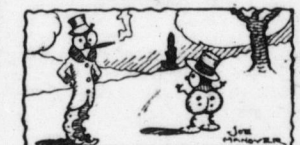
ISSUE No. 50-23.

hurt the ladies, and they didn't say that the Millionaire was altogether unjustified in his action; but it wasn't right to kill a man for kissing a girl under the mistletoe. "And I don't suppose Missie would have made such a fuss if you had done it!" (The ladies applauded this sentiment, and Ruby Green muttered "Fat hussy!") "Still, he did it in a way it shouldn't have been done, and hinted at things," Tom Richardson owned. So they didn't want to have a trial, or make any unpleasantness. But they weren't going to be at the mercy of one man who had a revolver, and he must give it up, or they'd "down" him sooner or later. "Don't give it up," the Flapper advised. "They'll kill you if you do." "My girl," Tom Richardson told her, "we happen to be men. If we give our word not to harm him, we won't; and he knows it."

"Yes, Richardson," the Millionaire said. "I know it. Sober, you are men. If you agree to break up the rum cask, and any more that come ashore, I'll throw the revolver in the sea."

They laughed this proposal to scorn. There was little enough to console them on the island, they declared, without throwing away what, "in moderation," was a good thing for a man; and a little wouldn't hurt a lady at Christmas time.

(To be continued.)



A Fine Position. Bug—"You look prosperous." Wood Borer—"Yes, I'm employed in a furniture factory making worm holes in antiques."



Woman's Interests

There are tricks in every trade and the home decorator sometimes has to use a good many to make interiors and furnishings appear what they ought to be instead of what they are. We rarely see things just as they are and it's a fortunate trick that will make things look better, a thrice fortunate trick that will hide a defect and give a feeling of comfort and pleasure.

Many a decorating problem may be solved easily if you know the underlying principles or requirements of good decorating.

Two of our chief requirements are spaciousness and repose. These go together and bring satisfaction. How can we overcome the too small room that seems crowded and lack repose? Lines and forms and colors all have their own meanings in decoration. Long horizontal lines, the lying-down position, express tranquility. Vertical lines express spiritual exaltation, striving, inquietude. Broken lines and slanting lines express motion, action and restlessness.

Too many objects and too many contrasts take away space and the feeling of repose.

How are the pictures hung? By two slanting cords that show plainly in contrast to the background? Two vertical cords will be better, and a hanging that doesn't show will be best. Either make the cord so short that picture hides it, or make it the color of the wall.

Too many pictures make a room appear crowded. Pictures long horizontally are more reposeful than narrow up and down ones. Small pictures hung in groups that follow an oblique line and arithmetical progression lead the eye up and assist on activity. Pictures should be hung with their centres of interest on a line at about eyeheight.

ELEANOR.

She stands before the mirror looking in Half timid, half admiring; wondering That any one like John should think her fair, Should say such things about her eyes And hair; Should want her for his wife—it is so new She half persuades herself it can't be true— She hears his voice again and blushes red To think of all the tender things he said; She knows that she will stay awake all night— She just can't sleep—she fumbles at the light; She turns it off and slips into her bed And is asleep before her prayers are said . . . Ashamed next morning when the sun looks in As if her sleeping had been half a sin; She wishes she could say and have it true, "I couldn't sleep last night—I thought of you!"—Abigail Cresson.

SAFETY-FIRST REMINDERS.

"Did I take the cake out of the oven?"

"Yes, Richardson," the Millionaire said. "I know it. Sober, you are men. If you agree to break up the rum cask, and any more that come ashore, I'll throw the revolver in the sea."

When Mrs. Farley learned that her old friend, Mrs. Tarler, had become "stone deaf" she went, with a long face, to see her.

"It must be an awful cross, Harriet," she wrote on the slate which Mrs. Tarler presented to her as soon as she was seated.

"Tint, either," snapped the afflicted woman, who, though deaf, was by no means dumb. "Folks that have got anything to say can write it on that slate. And Caleb Walter, that's had to put a curb on his tongue for upward of 50 years on account of the high temper he took from his mother's folks, is now able to say anything he likes to me and no feelings hurt. I count my deafness a real blessing. How's your rheumatism?"

Smith is a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to a distant town to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply he received was: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

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NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has a complete six-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Blessing in Disguise.

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A Useful Reminder.

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are very ambitious and I sometimes find it hard to keep them busy at work. Of course, they do not work all of the time, but they get tired of play, too, and ask for something to do. They have a cart to draw things, but best of all, is their home-made wheelbarrows. With the oldest one's ingenuity they lay boards up the steps and wheel the wood to the kitchen door or put it in the basement and see what a big pile it will make.

Of course, child-fashion, they want to do the things too hard and impossible for them. But many things (if not injurious) I let them try and prove to themselves; they soon are tired.

I often run races to see who can do the things best in the shortest time. I watch them, and if they try hard and do good work I manage to let them beat me, if not, I beat them, then tell them why they did not win, like the hare racing with the tortoise.

The boys are always out of doors, generally helping daddy, and when I go out to help they work with me. Last spring I set out a strawberry bed. They wanted to help so I let them do the plants, then I gave them a few plants, showed them how, and watched them plant, then praised or criticized, as the case called.

To get the best results, sometimes ask the child to do work for you and not always compel.—Mrs. B. O. S.

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

In Judicial Language.

A judge was crossing to Ireland from Holyhead one stormy night, when he knocked against a lawyer suffering severely from sea-sickness.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the judge.

"Yes," gasped the sufferer; "will your Lordship overrule this motion?"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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Johnnie Hotpoint Says

People want Practical Gifts so let's make this an Electrical Christmas

HOTPOINT Servants, the standard by which all other electrical appliances are judged, enable you to select a suitable gift for everyone on your list.

Iron, percolators, curling irons, chafing dishes, immersion heaters, glow bugs and air heaters, all can be obtained from your nearest dealer.

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GREAT VOYAGES IN TINY BOATS

Cape Town is well-known to sailors as the "Tavern of the Seas." It is the harbor of many strange craft, but one doubts whether stranger craft than two yachts which arrived recently have ever been seen there before.

The first to arrive was the twenty-seven-ton yacht Shanghai, which is on a 17,000-mile voyage from Shanghai to Copenhagen. The yacht crept into Table Bay one morning with three Danes on board, and they had an extraordinary story to tell.

Six Danes employed by 124 Great Northern Telegraph Company in Shanghai decided to return home in their own ship. They had the boat built, and sailed from Shanghai on February 27th.

Attacked by Pirates.

Heavy weather prevailed during the whole trip to the Philippines. While sailing down the Formosa Strait, a Chinese junk loomed in sight under full sail. The pirates came close alongside and ordered "Sails down!" The order was not obeyed, and they opened fire on the yacht. One bullet made a clean hole through the small craft amidships, just above the waterline, and grazed the head of one of the Danes.

The yacht's four rifles were quickly brought into action, and returned the fire. At the same time the auxiliary motor was started up, the head of the Shanghai was brought round, and preparations were made to ram the assailant. The pirates, with frantic yells, sheered off at once.

Lost Their Way.

The Shanghai voyaged by way of the Philippines, Borneo, and Batavia, where three of the crew decided to go home by steamer. The others sailed to the Cocos Islands, where the owner, a rich Malay, to show his welcome, ordered twenty palm trees to be cut down, for the sole purpose of supplying the sailors with "palm cabbage." When they left he gave them a boatload of bananas and coconuts.

The day after the Shanghai's arrival seamen at the docks were astounded to see a eleven-ton yacht sail in to harbor, flying the orange, white, and green flag of the Irish Free State. This was the Saoirse, which sailed from Durban on June 20th for New Zealand.

Her skipper, Mr. Connor O'Brien, said that he and his two companions, Mr. S. D. Lavelle, who acts as a whole-time cook, and Mr. Hodges, the "chief officer," had a splendid voyage, although they had been taken a little out of their way—the "little" being to South America—before reaching Cape Town.

The Mariners' Menu.

They hope to reach New Zealand before Christmas, and be in Dublin before the end of the year. They intend to go back round Cape Horn, and will probably call at Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco.

The skipper, who is writing a book, says that he is going to immortalize Mr. Lavelle's cooking. He produced the following menu, specially recorded in the log: Hors d'oeuvres varies. Consomme equatoriale, Poulet roti, Purée de pommes, Petit pois, Pointes d'asperges; Pouding de Noel, Sauce cognac, Fromage, Fruits, Cafe, Dessert.

Mr. Lavelle explained that it was for a special occasion. "The day we crossed the line—August 5th," he said, apologetically.

Touching Wood.

Many people, after they have boasted of their good luck, proceed to "touch wood." So did our remote ancestor, the tree worshippers.

An authority on such matters wrote: "The remarkable similarity in customs all over Europe points to the conclusion that tree-worship was an important element in the early religion of mankind, especially of the Aryan stock, and the singular uniformity of rites and ceremonies which can easily be shown to exist in widely separated countries warrants us in believing that they cannot have changed much from very remote ages; and that the practices continued down to a very recent period—some even among ourselves—were substantially identical with the rites and ceremonies observed by Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans."

The Primitive belief was that spirits resided in trees. Without this basic idea being entirely lost there came the period of the Sacred Groves and the Druid's Oaks, and then the dedication of certain sorts of trees to the earliest and simplest form of the superstition.

We touch wood to call the attention of the tree spirit to the fact that we recognize his influence in the good luck of which we boast, and in order that he may not feel slighted and change our good fortune into bad, at least, that is why our ancestors touched wood.

The Difference.

The teacher wanted to know why Jim had absented himself from school for a whole week.

"But he's past his sixteenth year, ain't he?" said Jim's mother. "And me and his father think he's had schoolin' enough."

"Nonsense," said the teacher. "I didn't finish my education till I was 18."

"Oh," said Jim's mother, "but Jim's got brains."

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