

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Alden Talbot Drake is contemptuous of the idle life he is leading in his luxurious home. The urge which took him to sea on leaving school has never left him. One night he slips away from a party at his house and makes his way to Sailortown, ancient rendezvous of men who follow the sea, where he meets up with little Joe Bunting, a sailor. They drink each other off their feet in a barroom, and Drake is carried upstairs, presumably to be shanghaied next morning aboard the Orontes. Drake hears himself denounced by Captain Stevens of the Orontes as being not even fit for shanghaiing. Drake mutters: "This is too much of a good thing"—and marches through the door of the room in which he was thrown the night before. At the threshold he stops, however, upon hearing a woman's voice.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

In the passage three people walked slowly by, two men, and a girl.

"So it's as well you were delayed over the men," a deep, puzzling, unstrange voice was saying. "I shouldn't have brought Mary into a den like this; but time is short, and you must sail today."

"Oh, please don't worry about me," answered the girl's voice. "It's fun. I wanted to see—Oh, look!" the voice dropped to a stage whisper. "There's a man in there!"

Drake groaned silently. He wanted to take a square look at the owner of that voice. It was a rich, liquid, happy voice. It sent a queer ripple along his throat. But he dared not take his arms from his face. He knew, by the next voice, that they had passed on.

"All the men are aboard but one, Captain Manning." This was Stevens speaking. "I'll have a man in half

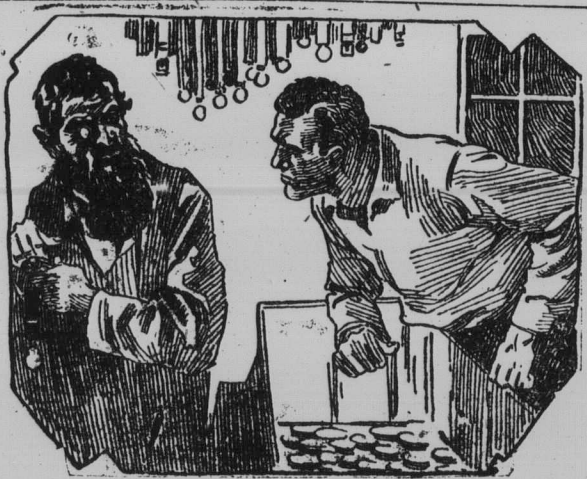
done all that's needed in change of masters. You'll take the Orontes out to stavia. Take good care of Mary, and see her safely to her brother's place. I'll get the business that's keeping me ashore all settled by the time you get back. Then we'll talk about what's to be done."

Drake's first peep showed him the thick gray bearded, copper-bronzed old gentleman of nautical aspect whose fat chaise horses he had startled with his clanging gate. His next was more than a peep, for he raised his head, and looked straight into the wide blue eyes of the girl who had handled those frightened horses. He shuddered.

He wanted, as he had wanted no other thing in life, to show that clean, self-possessed young lady that he belonged of a clean race, too. He wanted to tell her something. He could still hear her voice. He could hear the deep rumbling tones of her father, if Captain Manning were her parent; hear too the blatant, confident roar of Stevens. He hated Stevens more than ever. Stevens apparently was the sail-master of the Orontes clipper; with Mary Manning as passenger, Stevens, a brute, a manhandler who set himself up a judge of a man's value as a man.

"He says I'm not even worth shanghaiing! Caesar! I'd like to argue that with him!"

But how? Drake took steps to peep outside again. If he could just catch Mister Stevens alone for a moment, with that girl out of the way, he would see. The big blond beast might batter a clumsy customer like the crimp, slow moving, slow thinking, a creature of one idea. But Drake had known the day when he could handle himself



"DON'T BE FUNNY. HOW MUCH?"

an hour. The crimp tried to send me a putty dude." The fellow laughed discordantly. Evidently playing to the girl, thought Drake. "If you saw it, Miss Mary, you'd want it for a dolly, but you'd have to wash it first."

"Are you speaking about a man?" came the girl's voice, cool and unappreciative. Drake never could decide, even years later, whether the girl meant that to be frosty, or was having fun with Stevens too deep for his understanding. Now they were coming past the door again.

"Tried to dump the dude onto me, sir. I hammered him well."

"Who, the dude?" queried the girl, sharply.

"Hush, child! Let Mister Stevens get through. Time's short," cut in Captain Manning.

"The crimp," said Stevens. "I would feel like a child heater if I hit that double left handed thing in silk striped pants that—"

"Yes, yes," said the captain impatiently. "Never mind the dude. You get your ship warped out to the pier-head whether you have a full complement or not. You'll lose the rest if you don't." The trio were right at the door. Drake simply had to peep. "I

above a bit. He had licked the half-deck bully on his first voyage to sea. There was nothing like confidence.

"So you'll get on board, Captain Stevens, and haul out to the pierhead before your crew jump," the old gentleman was saying. "Mary, my girl, take care of yourself. Make a good holiday with Jack, and he'll bring you home when he comes. I'll write you at Cape Town."

Drake followed stealthily. His hopes were dashed, for the three left the place together and walked towards the Docks. He stood on the sun-bathed pavement, staring after them.

Then he hurried down the quieter side street. The sight of three gilded balls over a grimy window full of knives, pistols, sextants, ship models, and curios from all the Seven Seas rounded out a resolve which set his pulse bounding again. He slipped inside.

"How much, Uncle?" he demanded, producing his gold fob watch.

"Where'd y' pinch it?" returned Uncle, a jeweler's glass in one sharp eye alongside a battleship's ram of a beak.

"Don't be funny! How much?"

"It got a name in it. 'Tain't vort much. Gif y' a arf quid fob an' all."

"How much can I buy a suit of dungarees and a shirt for?"

"Tree arf crowns."

Drake mentally calculated. He had to send a telegram.

"Give me a good pair of stout shoes for these togs and pumps, and we'll make the deal," he said. "I want the odd half crown cash."

Rearranged in blue dungarees, shod with wooden pegged shoes, still minus a cap, Drake almost ran until he found a telegraph office. There he spent fifteen precious minutes coding a message to his lawyer. After which he ran in good earnest through the Dock gates, for he had seen the long jibboom with the snowy furling jibs, slowly creep out of sight above the dock wall.

The Orontes was moving out to the locks. Drake mingled with the gang shifting her lines as she warped along. He hauled wet, heavy bowlines enthusiastically. But Lord! how soft he had grown! How his arms ached. How his breath caught.

Drake recalled all his earlier knowledge of a ship's arrangement. He had no fear about being seen for a brief while, where all men were strangers. He knew there was only one man aboard who would be likely to know the men he had shipped, and that man,

recently the mate, was now walking the poop, master. A whistle shrilled out aft. The mate ran to the fore-castle rail to answer; and Drake ducked and ran into the fore-castle itself. Some steel ships, he knew, had a steel bowsprit which entered the fore-castle through the bows, and was hollow to the big wide keel. The Orontes had. He wriggled into the convenient cavity like an eel, and lay there palpitating jubilantly.

Overhead the dreary gang tramped the capstan around.

CHAPTER V.

MAG'S FANCY BLOKE.

Crouched in his narrow steel shell, Drake thrilled to the adventure he had hurled himself into.

He inhaled a deep breath, for the confines of his steel shell grew stuffy. Dry red lead dust tickled his throat and nostrils. He sneezed. Thanked the stars there was nobody to hear. Then started to sneeze again, and fought desperately to stop the explosion; for voices sounded appallingly near. At the fore-castle door.

"Won't be fit for a lady to look into those hogs get settled down here," Captain Stevens was saying. "I am rather proud of this ship's fore-castle. It's the driest, roomiest, lightest fore-castle I ever saw in a sailing ship. Wonder you never saw it before."

"Oh, Daddy never let me come forward!" laughed Mary Manning. "It is a nice big place, isn't it? How many men live here? O-oh!"

(To be continued.)

Food should be served warm and well cooked, on clean plates and on a clean table. Food that is "off flavor" or tainted should never be served.

Milk should be kept cool—if possible on ice.

Files should be kept away from food.

Unbalanced Memory

It is so easy to forget a kindness, and to remember a kick. Yet controlling our recollections is almost as important as controlling our temper. We are apt to forget completely a hundred little kindnesses and courtesies which one has shown us, and to remember a single careless slight or thoughtless word. Often we hear it said of some wrong or foolish deed, "I have never thought so well of that man since then; it was there he showed his real character,"—as if a man's real character appeared more in one separate deed to which, perhaps, he was sorely tempted, than in the striving and overcoming of many days and years.

Minard's Liniment for sick animals.

Mr. Winston Churchill declared at a Conservative meeting at Sevenoaks that the Socialists were advancing under the banner of plunder and the Liberals under a policy of squander.

Science knows everything except why the kind of people who borrow books always have dirty thumbs.

Some Rules to Follow In Feeding the Pre-School Child

Rules for Eating

1. Children should wash their hands before eating.
2. Food should be eaten slowly and chewed thoroughly.
3. Include some fresh vegetables in each day's meals.
4. Give each child at least a pint of milk a day.
5. Water should be given freely between meals, but not at bed time.
6. A glass of milk and a piece of bread or some fruit is all that should be given to a well child between meals and then only if he is really hungry.

Cooking Food

Cereals.—Coarse cereals require at least three hours' cooking in a double boiler, fine cereals at least one hour. Cereals are largely composed of starch and fibre. Long cooking is necessary to soften the fibre and thoroughly cook the starch. In a fine cereal, heat penetrates more quickly to the centre of each grain than in a coarse cereal—hence the necessity of longer cooking of coarse cereals.

Vegetables.—All vegetables need to be thoroughly cooked. Steaming is the best method of cooking vegetables, because there is not as great a loss of food material, particularly the valuable mineral salts. If vegetables are cooked by boiling, however, the water in which they are cooked (stock) should be kept, and used when making soup or vegetable sauce. Potatoes are best baked, or boiled with the skins on and peeled afterwards.

Eggs.—Should be soft cooked, codded, poached or scrambled, not fried.

Meats.—Should be roasted, boiled or broiled. Fried meats should not be given to children. Most stews made with potatoes and other vegetables are recommended, provided they are thoroughly cooked and the fat has been removed.

Soups.—Clear soups have practically no food value, but soups made from meat, to which vegetables and barley, rice or macaroni are added, make valuable food. Thick soups, especially those made from peas and beans with the addition of milk, are nutritious and cheap and may largely be substituted for meat and eggs.

Serving Food

Meals should be served at regular hours. Dinner for children should be served at noon.

Food should be served warm and well cooked, on clean plates and on a clean table. Food that is "off flavor" or tainted should never be served.

Symbols In Rugs

Montreal—Interpretations of drawings on Oriental carpets were exemplified by D. W. Thomas, agent of St. David's Society, in an address on "The Influence of the Orient over American and European Countries."

Various industrial contributions of the Orient to other nations of the world and a short history of the Orient opened the speaker's remarks. In early days, Oriental rugs were not marketed. They were given as relatives or friends as tokens of remembrance or friendship. But to-day, the Orient, like all other countries, has commercialized all its products and its arts. Nevertheless, the same art as that of preceding centuries still prevails in all exported carpets.

To the majority of possessors of Oriental rugs, the speaker stated, the designs are without meaning. But such is not always the case for every design such as the eight pointed star, the sun, the flowers, the four cardinal points and the bird, is the symbol of an actual thing. Imitation of the style existing in pillars erected in Persia has also prevailed throughout the centuries.

These carpets are found chiefly in Persia. There is a notable difference between the style of Northern Persia and that of Southern Persia. The latter differs from the first in the abundance of curves rather than the geometrical and symmetrical forms of Northern Persia. Various examples of these differences were illustrated by the speaker.

During my months in Peking, of the many things I enjoyed those that stand in my memory for delight are excursions outside the city. I had been prepared by photographs for the beauty of the Great Wall, but it was exciting beyond expectation. Besides the power that belongs to all great walls, the sense of fortitude and stability, there is an impression of active energy; as though soldiers were hardy needed to defend it, and its many watch-towers were for its own use only. It is an inspiration to stand on a Tower and see the Wall travelling determinedly as far as the eye can reach in either direction, up hill and down dale, discovering even in the valleys ridges on which to perch itself, a breathless impetus carrying it to the top of the highest hills.

Puffing up the pass by train the Wall had impressed me merely as a magnificent enclosure. The first hint of its livingness was at the station where we stopped. Here it fled from the mechanical monster which had cut it through, a headlong flight up precipitous hillsides leaving its stairway wrecked behind it. We joined it by a gentler slope, and found it broad as a lane and generally in wonderful preservation.

My visit was in July and the hills, obviously never very green, were completely bare. In the crannies of the Wall itself were hints of what wild flowers there might be, strange varieties generally of things well known at home: salvia, campanula, morning glory, etc. There were also Mongolian lying in wait for the innocent sightseers, with stalls of lemonade and other refreshments.

My last trip in the Western Hills was in late October, to the great pilgrimage temple of Miao Feng Shan—the Mountain of the Marvelous Peak. To go there we followed the Pilgrims' Way. This, while not much more than a path in width, is one of the very few made roads in North China, paved in its length. In the first stage my vivid recollection is of persimmon orchards. The trees, far larger and more bushy than any to be seen in an English orchard, were laden with large golden fruit, brilliant as oranges among sparse crimson leaves—the sight of the orchards alone would have been well worth the journey. The stage ended at the house of our host, Lo Ching Shan Chai, so christened by the late Emperor. In English the name sounds elaborate, though it is certainly appropriate, the Nature Lover's Mountain Lodge. It was situated in Ming Tao Kow, Cherry Glen by interpretation, the leaves, autumn-tinted, still made the foreground brilliant as it fell rapidly from us.

Below a mountain stream rushed, tearing its way between trees and boulders, with here and there a smooth sheet of water. . . . The view from the dwelling house itself was broad, enclosed by fine outlines of ordered hills, blue and purple at sunset against a primrose sky. Half a mile up a steep glen on the other side of the stream, the temple of our host was dedicated "To all great men who loved nature." The tablets of Keats, Shelley, Walt Whitman and Shakespeare, among English-speaking nature-lovers, and many another great one from every nation, were there in company with two fine old Buddhas who, when the village temple was

COOL AND SUMMERY.

A flowered dimity the choice of smart women for warm days, the all-around box-plated skirt is liked because of its youthfulness. A dingle that swatches the hips makes it doubly attractive and becoming to the woman with a mature figure. Style No. 175 can be made sleeveless or with long dart-fitted sleeves, and is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Tucks at shoulders, furnish sufficient fullness to bodice. It's charming in printed pique, pastel silk crepe, georgette, shantung, printed rajah, silk pique or linen. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting. rice 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

Usefulness

In youth you must lay in a stock of knowledge which may carry you through life, whatever your after pursuits may be, with usefulness and honor. But recollect, this is not to be done without exertion, without the frequent sacrifice of momentary pleasure and gratification. Self-denial is a virtue of the highest quality, and he who has it not, and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything. Conybear.

The newest car on the market is The Roosevelt, but it is so cinch that no ad will refer to it as The Rough Rider.—Birmingham News.

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three year Course of Training for young women, having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Western Hills

overtaken by destruction, had found a refuge here.—Rachel Wheatcroft, in "Siam and Cambodia in Pen and Pastel."

Mouse Flavorings

Chestnut: Mash three cupfuls of cooked French chestnuts and add one tablespoonful of vanilla.

Grapejuice: For water in the recipe substitute one cupful of grapejuice and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Maple: Use maple sugar instead of white sugar.

Strawberry or raspberry: Mash one quart of ripe prepared strawberries, or from three to four cupfuls of red raspberries, mix with the sugar in the recipe and leave standing one hour.

Peach: Two cupfuls of peaches, minced or crushed, used as directed for strawberries.

Pineapple: One cupful of pineapple syrup and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Peanut: Omit sugar from the recipe and add as favoring three-quarters of a pound of peanut brittle put through the food chopper.

Macaroon: One cupful of dried, powdered macaroons and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

For sunburn, apply Minard's Liniment

Being and Thinking

Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Living is a total act; thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection, cheer his lowly roof. The scholar loses no hour that the man lives. Emerson.

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