

Partners of the Tide

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN Author of "Cap'n Ed"

CHAPTER V

FOR a moment Miss Tempy made no reply to her sister's speech. Instead she sat there with her eyes fixed upon Miss Prissy's face and her thin fingers picking nervously at her dress. "Haven't got any money?" she repeated after a pause. "Haven't got any money left? Why, then—why, then, we'll have to take it out of the savings bank up to Boston. Of course, Bradley must go to college. You know he must, Prissy."

thought and thought till my poor head is nearly worn through. We might sell the place here, but 'twould be like sellin' our everlastin' souls—if 'tain't unreligious to say it—and, besides, property at Orham is so low now that we'd only get half what it's worth, and when that money's spent there wouldn't be anything left. "Sell the place! Father's place! Why, Prissy Allen, how can you talk so! Where would we live?"

here's got somethin' to say. revere ahead, Brad." The boy, too, was embarrassed, but as the two looked at him expectantly he fidgeted with a button on his jacket and said: "Miss Prissy, I didn't mean to listen, but the door wasn't shut tight, and I couldn't help hearing what you and Miss Tempy were saying a little while ago."

The mate had a man like a ham covered with red sole leather, and Bradley shook it fearfully. That night Bradley slept in the second mate's room of the cabin, but it was understood that hereafter he was to bunk forward with the crew. The next morning the captain took him up to a store on Commercial street, where a sailor's bag was purchased, for so the skipper said, nobody but a land-lubber took a trunk to sea. It must be either a chest or a bag, and the chest would come later on. Bradley transferred such of his belongings as the captain deemed necessary from the trunk to the bag, and the trunk itself was stored in the wardroom's office until its owner should call for it some time in the future.

LINEN WAR PRICES TO HOLD IF the expectations of linen goods importers and manufacturers' representatives are borne out, the housewife will be obliged to continue paying high prices for her household linens as well as for fancy fabrics—the dress goods varieties for some little time to come. The linen market in New York sees no possibility of a decline to lower price levels for the present. Opinions as to when more reasonable prices are likely to make their appearance vary from six to nine months to a year, and even longer.

Wisdom Whispers "A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION, FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS" JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT (Internal as well as External use) Stops Suffering

une satisfaction and pleasure than at Farnborough, the little village in Surrey where the Ex-Empress Eugenie has made her home since 1881. Since the commencement of the war the one-time Empress of the French, whose title and position were lost to the Germans in the war of the early '70s, has followed every detail of the conflict with an interest that at times became so intense as to rouse anxiety among the members of her household, who feared that the daily poring over of newspapers and maps might have an injurious effect on the health of the aged Empress, who is now past her 90th year.

SPAIN NOW JOINS IN London, Nov. 16.—Enthusiastic manifestations are taking place throughout Spain in celebration of the triumph of the Allies. Victory meetings are being held everywhere and the King and Government have sent telegrams of congratulations to the heads of the Allied Governments.

THE C. P. R. AND THE VICTORY LOAN The C. P. R. has always supported national and imperial movements; but in buying \$17,000,000 worth of Victory Bonds, it gave an immense filip to the goose cause. That action synchronized with the advent to the supreme place of a young man, who has the courage of the hopeful and inspiring years. Of course, there was no more thought of that sort in the mind, but it was fine that the new president should do that notable thing—give a disinction to the C. P. R. in the connexion. There was a certain psychology in it, though possibly unconscious.

LOOK FOR EDDY'S NAME ON THE BOX Whenever you buy matches, see that the name "EDDY" is on the box. It is your best guarantee of safety and satisfaction. More than sixty years of manufacturing experience is back of it. EDDY'S MATCHES keep the fires burning in millions of Canadian homes. There is a match for every purpose among the 30 to 40 different Eddy brands. Now that the tax on matches practically doubles their cost, it is more than ever a real economy to use that Eddy's name is on the box. The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited Hull, Canada Also Makers of Industrial Fibreware and Paper Specialties

LIVE STOCK CONFERENCE

To formulate national plans for meeting the new and critical conditions in the live stock industry accompanying restoration of peace, some of the leading Canadian live stock men and representative meat packers are being called to a conference by Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Agriculture. Those who have been watching the situation realize that Canada has the opportunity of placing her live stock industry on a broader and a sounder basis than ever before.

CANADA'S WAR EXPORTS

In the twelve months ending September 1918, Canada exported \$163,183,382 worth of animal products and \$440,742,430 worth of agricultural products, a total of \$604,230,792. In addition to the farm products she exported over \$33,000,000 worth of fish. In the first 37 months of the war Canada exported \$1,874,701,900 worth of foodstuffs. This effort has helped to maintain the Allies, and it has helped Canada maintain her war efforts.

EMPIRE VERSE ADDED TO NATIONAL ANTHEM

London, Nov. 15.—Four hundred competitors sent in verses to the Royal Colonial Institute, which invited suggestions for an "Empire Verse" to the National Anthem. The adjudicators, Sir Herbert Warren, Sir Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Lawrence Binyon, decided in favor of the following verse: Wide o'er the linking seas, Polar and tropic breeze, Our song shall ring, Brothers of each domain Bound but by Freedom's chain, Shout, as your sirens, again— "God Save the King!"

THE Thomas Doane, seen from the wharf in the faint light of the street lamp, was a mere shape of blackness, with masts like charcoal marks against the sky and a tangle of ropes running up to meet them. The windows of the after deckhouse were illuminated, however, and as Bradley and the captain stepped from the wharf to the rail and from that to the deck a man came up the companionway from the cabin and touched his hat. "Howdy, cap'n?" he said. "Glad to see you back. Everything runnin' smooth down home?"

Bradley Nickerson, where've you been?" exclaimed Miss Tempy, running to meet him. "We've been pretty nigh worried to death. Why don't you shut the door? Who's that out there? Why—why, Cap'n Titcomb!" "What's that?" cried Miss Prissy, hurrying in. "You don't mean—Well! Good evenin', Cap'n Titcomb. Won't you step in?"

He was as much embarrassed as the old maids, even more so than Miss Prissy, who immediately after a swift sidelong glance of disapproval at her agitated sister, assumed an air of dignified calmness. "How d'ye do, Prissy?" stammered the captain. "Tempy, I hope you're well. Yes, I'm feelin' fair to middlin'. No, thanks. I ain't goin' to stop long. It's pretty late for calls. Fact is, Brad