

GAP'N' ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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There were lively times the next morning when the note was found. Captain Perez was for harnessing up immediately and starting off to find the lost one, but Mrs. M. said that she would go with him. Captain Perez proceeded and instead hurried to the railway station and sent a telegram describing the fugitive to the conductor of the Boston train. It caught the conductor at Sandwich, and the local constable at Buzzards Bay caught the boy. Josiah was luxuriously puffing a five cent cigar in the smoking car, and it was a crestfallen and humiliated prodigal that, accompanied by the aforementioned constable, returned to Orham that night.

But the stibnons remained, and the next day Mrs. M. sought Captain Eri in a troubled frame of mind. "Eri," he said dejectedly, "I don't know what I'm going to do with that boy. He's too many for me, that boy is. Seems he's been plannin' this runnin' away business for months. A month he's done errands and odd jobs round town and savin' up his money on purpose. Says he won't go back to school again no matter what we do to him and that he's going to get into the navy if it takes ten years."

"Humph!" exclaimed his friend. "Stuff as all that, is he? You don't say! He ain't a bad boy—that is, a real bad boy, either."

"No, that's just it. He ain't real bad—yit. But he will be if he ain't fetched up pretty sudden. Course I know what he needs is to be made to mind his own business and to afterwards. And I know that naturally I'm the one that ought to do it, but I just can't—there! If I should start out to give him the dressin' down he needs I'd be thinkin' of his mother every minute and how I promised to treat him gentle and not to cross to him. But somethin's got to be done and if you can help me out any way I'll never forget it, Eri."

"Captain Eri scratched his chin. "Humph!" he grunted reflectively. "He couldn't get into the navy; he's too young. More likely to be a stow-away on a merchantman, and then rouabout on a cattle boat or some such thing. Even if he lied 'bout his age and did get to be a sort of a ship's boy on a sailing vessel, you and me know what that means nowadays. I presume likely 'twould end in his bein' killed in some rashup scrimmage later on. Let-me-see. Bound to be a sailor, is he?"

"More fool he. Comes from readin' them ridiculous story books, I s'pose. He ain't been on the water much since he's been down here, but he's got a notion. Not more'n once or twice, except in a dory gull to the beach or somethin' like that."

"That's so; that's what I thought. Well, Perez, I'll tell you. The boy does need breakin' in, that's a fact, and I think maybe I could do it. I could use a young feller on my boat, and me and did' with me, I mean. Let me have the boy under me—no meddlin' from anybody—for a couple of months. Let him sign regular articles and ship 'long for me for that time. Maybe I could make a white man of him."

"I don't believe he'd do it."

"I'll go with you, cap."

as you can with him, won't you?" The captain answered in the very words of his crew. "You bet!" he said fervently and went away whistling. Captain Perez slept better that night.

CHAPTER XIV. PROMPTLY at a quarter to 4 the next morning Captain Eri rapped on the parlor door. Josiah, who had been dressed since 3, appeared almost instantly. They walked down to the shore together, and the captain's eyes twinkled as he noted the elaborate roll in the boy's walk.

The Mary Ellen was anchored between the beaches, and they rowed out to her in a dory. It was pitch dark and cold and raw. Lanterns showed two or three of the cabin crew standing by, and as Josiah and the captain pulled up the eelgrass covered anchor a dim shape glided past in the blackness. It was the You and I, bound out. Ira Sparrow was at the helm, and he hailed the Mary Ellen, saying something about the weather.

"It'll be kind of calm for a spell," replied Captain Eri, "but I wouldn't wonder if we had some wind 'fore night. Here, you, to-mast hand," he added, turning to Josiah, "stand by to get the canvas on her."

It was after sunrise when they reached the ledge where coffee had been doled out. The land was a mere yellow streak on the horizon. The stiff easterly blow of the day before had left a smooth, heavy swell that, tripping over the submerged ledge, alternately tossed the Mary Ellen high in air and dropped her toward the bottom. It was cold, and the newly risen December sun did not seem to have much warmth in it. Anchor over the side, the captain proposed breakfast.

"The 'ble seaman' did not feel very hungry, but he managed to swallow a hard boiled egg and a sandwich and then, just to show that he had reached the dignity of manhood, leaned back against the side of the cockpit, lit a cigarette and observed cheerfully, "This is hot stuff, ain't it, cap?"

Captain Eri wiped the crumbs from his mouth, leisurely produced his pipe and proceeded to fill it with tobacco shaved from a chunky plug. "What'd you smoke them things 'fore?" he asked contemptuously, referring to the cigarette. "Nobody but duffers and sissies smoke that kind of truck. Here, take this pipe and smoke like a man."

Josiah looked askance at the proffered pipe. "Oh, no," he said magnanimously, "you'll want it yourself, I'll get along with these things till I get ashore, then I'll buy a pipe of my own."

"Never you mind 'bout me. I've got two or three more below there somewhere. Take it and light up."

"You—you—I'll kill you!" he shrieked. "You promised not to touch me, you linn' old!"

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"He tried to get out of the way, but didn't succeed, and the pipe went straight at him and sizzled as it struck his nose. He sat up and sobbed as Captain Eri said in even tones: "No, I'm not linn'. I promised not to lay a hand on you in anger, that's all. First place, I don't kick with my hands, and second place, I ain't angry. Now, then, pick up that pipe."

"The 'ble seaman' was frightened. This sort of treatment was new to him. He judged it best to obey now and 'get ashore' later on. He sulkily picked up the cod lines and threw the hook overboard. Captain Eri, calmly resuming his fishing, went on to say: "The first thing a sailor has to learn is to obey orders. I see you've stopped smokin', Light up."

"I don't want to."

"Well, I want you to. Light up."

"I won't. Oh, yes, I will!"

His eyes the threatening look fearfully and lit the awful pipe with shaking fingers. But he had taken only a few puffs when it went over the side, and it seemed to Josiah that the larger half of himself went with it.

Well, 'twas a dreadful forenoon for Josiah, one not to be forgotten. The boat rolled unmercifully, and pulling the heavy cod made his back and shoulders lame; also he was wet and cold. The other boats scattered about the fishing grounds pulled up their anchors and started for home, but Captain Eri did not budge. A moon he opened his lunch bucket again and munched serenely. The sight of the greasy ham sandwiches was too much for the 'ble seaman.' He suffered a relapse and when it was over

tumbled on the seat which encircled the cockpit and, being completely worn out, went fast asleep. The captain watched him for a minute or two, smiled in a not unkindly way and, going into the cabin, brought out an old pea jacket and some other wraps which he covered the sleeper. Then he went back to his fishing.

When Josiah awoke the Mary Ellen was heeled over on her side, her sails as tight as a drumhead. The wind was blowing through the rigging, and the boat was racing through a sea of whitecaps over her crests. The sun was hidden by tumbling, dust colored clouds. The boy felt weak and strangely humble. The dreadful nausea was gone. Captain Eri, standing at the tiller, regarded him sternly, but there was the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

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Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

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White Strawberries.

A grower, of Berkeley, England, has, after twenty years of experimental work, produced two new strawberries, one of which is quite white. The fruit is studded with fine seeds upon the outside, as are ordinary strawberries. Otherwise it is totally different from them. The plant bears throughout the winter in a congenial climate, similar to that which exists in the south of England, and when set in frames during the winter, will bear freely till Christmas. The berries are large and of excellent flavor, equalling in this respect the Paxton and Royal Sovereign.

Glass Eye For Dog.

Having lost an eye in a scrimmage, one of the hounds of the Essex (Eng.) Harriers has been supplied with glass one.

Unshaven Person (entering barber shop)—

do not want a hair-razor, shampoo, electric massage, dandruff cure or head-wash.

Barber—Well, what do you want?

U. P.—I want a shave.

Barber (to assistant)—Shave him, Bill. There's no law to prevent these chaps wasting our time.—Puck.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.

Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parnelle's Vegetable Pills is recommended as a sure and speedy way to regain health. These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

Doctor—

What a healthy-looking boy you have, Mrs. Gooley? His cheeks are as fat as butter!

Mrs. Gooley—It ain't 'em, 'em! 'em! healthy that makes them two chaps 'shlick out. He do be havin' 't' toothache on both sides.—New York Tribune.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

It will help actors in gesturing correctly," said a playwright, "to remember that all gesticulation is an inheritance from our simian ancestors. We show abhorrence of the same movements with which we would receive a loved physical object. We move our heads from side to side to signify 'no' because that was the way our monkey ancestors avoided a proffered and undesirable morsel of food. We nod for 'yes' because that was the way our monkey forebears reached for an acceptable morsel."

Backwoods Justice—

Will ye, Betsy, take this pie man present for letter or worse?

Backwoods Bride—Law sakes, judge, everybody knows I gotta take Bill for wuss, but he's the best I kin do.—Baltimore American.

They Took First.

Visitor—Which one of your parents do you take after, Harold?

Small Harold—Both of them—when we have company.

Visitor—Why, how's that?

Small Harold—Then I have to eat at the second table.—Detroit Tribune.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY AFFECTIONS BRIGHTON'S REMEDY CO. 100 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Ind

The clear, flexible Cylinder Ring popularity. But it's a fine matter how care wear out, no matter how 45 cents. A splendid adding to it right SPECIAL OFFER will be mailed free to you on this advertisement from whom it was purchased.

The Talker

2215 S. PREPARING CROP IN

How to Break and Mer Followings Done--Only 0 Years--Necess

(By Angus Mackay, Superintendent Experimental Farm, Head, Sask.)

During the growing season almost the entire western provinces suffered from drought, and the majority of farmers, either from unfamiliarity with the methods of cultivation, or from a desire to bring the greater area under cultivation, suffered a severe disappointment. In some districts where years of moisture had been enjoyed, and proper cultivation had been neglected, the result was to "get rich quick" the result of the crop proved a lesson.

For many years come 1898, the methods of conservation by breaking and back Summer-fallowing, now Farming for a change, have been recommended by the old settlers, but to the new settlers they are the latter, I trust, may be by the following explanation, which, for a few years, have been untried at the Experimental Farm, may with confidence be tried for every district in the Saskatchewan.

BREAKING PRAIRIE

The success or failure of the often depends on the method employed in the preparation for his first crop, and it is of the utmost importance question of breaking or backsetting be given the attention it deserves.

For some year past practice throughout the been to continue breaking four inches deep so long as can turn over the sod, and the fall to also the top-soil grain the spring following, breaking so done before June, a good crop of winter barley is usually obtained on a fair crop on this next succeeding year. After crop has been cut the soil in a perfect dry state, so in spite of any known cultivation, until the rain the spring following, if sufficient or late, as is frequently the case, failure of the crop is the result.

BREAKING AND BACK

Breaking and backsetting true way of laying the foundation for future success in the great districts throughout the and while this method does permit of large amount of cultivation, it does permit of more work and ensures better the long run. The anxious all settlers to sow early, regardless of how cold work on hand has been done, may be given as the reason for this, and in superseding the older, better plan.

Breaking and backsetting blowing of the prairie soil is as possible before June

USING PURGATIVES INJURES THE HEALTH

In the Spring a Tonic is Needed--But Not Harsh, Drastic Medicines.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated during the winter months. But unfortunately thousands of people who recognize the necessity for a spring medicine do not know what is best to take, and dose themselves with harsh gripping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this; they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—no purgative can do this. What is needed in the spring is a tonic, and the best tonic medicine science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve, and every part of the body. This is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor watery blood. That is why men and women who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat and sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you. Sold by all druggists, dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. From The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TONY MARATT

Tony Maratt's song "Merican, Born an' raise up see does beautiful lan' from Genoa, made from Rome," Lang's song to do our country, see com'.

Heva mind dat! Look at heen now! From da tola hee see.

Do da toyla hee see! From da tola hee see.

Moos' ewarhere dat you walk een da street.

Here da moos' stylesah yong man you can meet—

Tony Maratt.

Strong ees dees Tony Maratt' like hee see pa.

Ab, hee hee hee hee see see see like hee see ma.

So hee see las' year 'e'en hee see padre ees die.

Tony Maratt' ain't do notheeng but cry.

"Padre, you be hard for love, pay, An' jus see wat hee call."

My, ees see hee hee should go deena way! Spok, I'm de madra, see say.

Tony Maratt.

Madre Maratt', now da padre ees dead, Gotta work harda for make da bread.

"Padre, you be hard for love, pay, Jus' for da madra hee tryin' to fool."

Happy an' fat.

"Don't be so, my ma, madre," say hee "I no die lika dat."

I ain't gon' work in' at all, for you see. You ain't nothin' but me—

Tony Maratt.

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Argus.

W. S. Gilbert does not retain all of his humor for use in his librettos. In the early days of his success, when Gilbert and Sullivan were considered the managers of the "four writers" in the comic opera field, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies wrote to Gilbert telling him of her approaching marriage with a young man of good position and family. Gilbert congratulated the young woman, and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and happy.

Only a little more than a month passed, and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken, and that she had accepted another suitor.

He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment, and again expressed his hearty wishes for her welfare.

It was almost two months after that Gilbert received a third letter from the same girl, who informed him that young Lord had proposed, and that she had accepted him, after breaking her engagement with No. 9.

Gilbert's humor could no longer withstand the temptation, and he wrote, "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with your former suitor."

Here he placed an asterisk, and in a footnote added: "Here insert the name of the happy man."

Brother Artists.

Mr. George Scott, the well-known theatrical and music hall manager, whose tragic death is mourned generally by the profession, was a splendid story-teller. One of the best anecdotes relating to himself is associated with a tour during which he visited Leicester. One evening, when he was in "front" of the house, two seedy-looking individuals came forward and asked to be admitted. "We want two passes," said the spokesman. "Are you connected with the profession?" asked Mr. Scott. "Of course," was the reply. "We are running a Punch and Judy show round the corner, and you have taken all the seats," said the spokesman. "Pass two for artists," said Mr. Scott, with a smile, to the doorkeeper.

Triplets Live to Sixty.

News has reached Trowbridge of triplets born in that town who have lived to celebrate their sixtieth birthday. They are Mrs. Aaron Albert White, Mr. Moses Henry White, and Mrs. Miriam Lenora Lewis. The three emigrated to Australia many years ago, and all are in excellent health.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Wing—They lead a regular cat and dog life, don't they, Josiah?

Wagg—How foolish! doesn't he realize that a cat has nine lives to a dog's one?—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The Good Old Days.

A Leicester man, who is believed to be 70 years of age, remembers taking the service of a young man for 41 days and a little milk in the mornings, sometimes paying out of his wages 8d. a week for his lodgings elsewhere, and his own washing and clothes. He says the poor of those days did not eat so much as they do now. He had bought tea in London at 14s. a pound.

How is a Cold to be Cured

When it has reached the chest, is dangerous, and may become chronic and threatens to become pneumonia. There's no time for delay or experimenting—it's time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Inosid and Turpentine. So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler forms of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them. Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously. Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Inosid and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you? So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler forms of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them. Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously. Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Inosid and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you? So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler forms of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

It does more than this. It cures the cold as well as the cough. It is direct, positive and almost specific in action. By the time the name of Toronto's oldest and most reliable firm, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, is mentioned in connection with this medicine, it is with pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Inosid and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest treatment for coughs and colds that have ever been devised, and is sold by all druggists, or by mail to Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It will be seen that the demand for Shiloh's Cough Cure, when a respiratory crisis occurs, is a bit irregular.

W. N. O. No. 734.



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