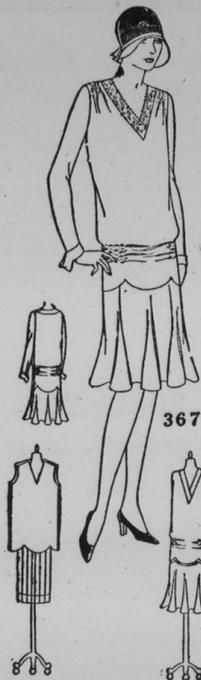


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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.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

Not Forgotten

They apparently had not met for some time. They were sitting in the gloaming, listening to the languorous roll of the sparkling sea below. "And just fancy you being in the town where I lived last week," she murmured softly. "Yes," replied the young man, a commercial traveller; "it was odd, wasn't it?" "Did you think of me?" asked the girl more softly still. "I did," answered the youth gallantly. "I said to myself, 'Why, isn't this where What's-her-name lives?'"



BABY BOOKS
Borden Co., Limited, Dept. 4, 101 St. W., Montreal
by Welfare Books.

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Sallortown, where he meets Joe Bunting, a seaman, with whom he drinks himself off his feet in a barroom. Awakening next morning Drake hears Captain Stevens of the Orontes denounce him as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew. He is discovered by the captain and thrown overboard. Drake boards the vessel a second time, however, and manages to pass muster as "Peter Finch," one of the signed members of the crew. Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, is a passenger on the Orontes. In the forecabin, Joe Bunting makes an enemy of Tony, one of the sailors, by kicking him out of his bunk to make room for Drake.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)
Drake mustered at the break of the poop with the watch. As the mate called the names over, the skipper came to the rail. As the men responded to their names, and moved aside, the skipper played the beam of a flashlight over their faces, looking for the likely helmsman. Tomorrow the men themselves would arrange wheel tricks and lookouts; tonight a man would be chosen by the watch officer, and approved by Captain Stevens.

"You, Bunting, relieve the wheel," said Mister Twining. The flashlight flickered over Joe's placid face. "And you, there—" Mister Twining pointed out to the darkness, at a momentary loss for the name; and the skipper's flashlight, seeking out the new lookout, fell upon the startled face of Alden Talbot Drake.

CHAPTER VII.

"YOU DIRTY BOY."
"Mister, send another man on lookout," the skipper said grimly. "Come here, you dude!"
Drake stood before the big blond man with a curious feeling of elation.



ONE SNAPPY PUNCH LANDED ON THE SKIPPER'S JAW.

He expected to hear an interesting opinion of himself, expressed in vivid sallores. "Come here, you!" growled Stevens, and aimed a grip like a steel trap on Drake's jacket. "A dress suit gentleman, are you? Went sailing and got drunk, hey? What did you steal, that drove you to my ship, you putty faced whelp?"

Drake suddenly wrenched free, leaving some buttons in Steven's grasp, and forgot all considerations of discipline and rank in the glorious thrill of one solid, snappy punch that landed on the skipper's square jaw and set him on his heels. Surprise had a second effect. Drake struck, and might left-hand jab to the man's nose drew blood. He knew it drew blood; he felt the grinning lips but he knew little after that. A terrible, white, snorting face came close to his own, two triphammer fists drove through the defence he put up as if he were a ten-year-old boy, and after one agonizing moment when he

believed his breastbone was cracked, he felt exquisite agony stealing over him and relinquished himself to it gladly.

It was early in the forenoon. Drake sweated behind the hot stove on which bubbled the soup and beef for the men's dinner. He had been put on the ship's Articles as Boy. Every now and then he carried out a bucket of soot and clinker to dump over the lee rail.

He had felt that he was getting a bit grimy. He hurried to finish the job. He would have a chance to wash before he had his last bucket of soot, an apprentice climbed up from the standard compass with his tin of brass cleaning gear. The lad grinned in Drake's face, but before he could utter a remark the second mate sang out from the poop:

"You, Sammy!" The apprentice turned aft, his mouth open. "Give your brass rags to the boy—Yes, that black fellow. Who d'ye think? You, Drake, come aft and get busy on the poop brasswork!"

Drake hesitated. He had seen the flutter of a white skirt aft. He felt as if he simply dared not obey. If he refused to go aft, it would be insubordination. He would probably be confined to the forepeak.

"Boy!" roared Mr. Adams. "Get a move on you!" A grin of good natured amusement played at the second mate's eye corners. Drake suddenly made up his mind to face it, and walked aft with his brass rags and tin of brickdust and oil with his head up and his sooty face turned squarely upon the world.

He started with the brass plate that held the patent log. His back was toward the two deckchairs that stood by the saloon skylight. Then he had to come to the wheel, to polish the brass boss and the inset brass rim. Stealing a glance at the deckchairs,

do it, and a few others aboard the Orontes, but it was not a general accomplishment, and the ability to turn out work of that sort hinted at a real apprenticeship to the sailing ship.

"We learned to do little jobs for ourselves when I was a boy at sea," Drake smiled. "Nothing much in it. Sails gave me a bit of canvas and lent me his sailmaker's bag. I asked like Sainly for a pair of scissors, and he borrowed these from Miss Manning."

Joe was thoughtful. He glanced aft. The skipper and Mary Manning, walked the poop together, along the weather side from taffrail to the break. The skipper seemed happy. The girl was laughing and full of pleasant chatter.

"Well, matey," said Joe, "there ain't a bloke in this ship as can turn out clobber like that, an' you may lay to that. I never cut out a pair of bags to ekal them, not in all my goin' fishin'. I ain't makin' no remarks, me son, an' I ain't arskin' no questions wot ain't none o' my business. If so be as you wants to ship boy in this packet, boy you kin be for all Joe Bunting 'il bother yuh. But if you does other jobs same as you're a-doin' this, I'll gamble my donkey's breakfast you won't stay boy long. What yer doin' it for, anyhow?"

"Fun!" said Drake, thinking Joe referred to his being in the ship at all. "Fun! Why don't yuh git yer things outa the slop chest? You can't make 'ave no stand easy."
(To be continued.)

The "Selfishness" of Britain

Quebec Soleil (Lib.): In business, Britain and its politicians have no sentiment. Britain is always out for the main chance and takes it where it can find it. Still, nations are like people; sometimes it pays them to give up a moderate or immediate profit if there are serious grounds for believing that by doing so a better profit or one lasting longer may be obtained. London has never been able to see this. Nor yet has London learnt how to behave with strict loyalty in its dealings with the British Dominions. London has not ceased to preach to us the doctrine of imperial solidarity whenever it was a question of expenses to pay or responsibilities to take, but has always forgotten to practice what it preached when it was a question of getting benefits out of the British Commonwealth. The United Kingdom demands as its due the British preference, but makes no bones of refusing it to its partners.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Just As Good

There was no gainsaying the fact that P.C. Roberts was an outside. His feet covered quite a large area when placed together, and they left deep impressions where he stood.

So perhaps the little girl who was spreading sandy gravel over the garden path may be forgiven, for, as the worthy officer passed the gate for the second time in five minutes, she ran across to him.

"May I ask you something?" she inquired. "Ask away, missie," beamed the constable, and tucked his thumbs into his belt. "Then would you mind walking up and down my path a bit; it's so uneven, and I haven't got a garden roller."

Later Years

Old friends are the great blessing of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, but my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends?—Horace Walpole.

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Proof Positive

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most indignant that he should suffer the humiliation of his present condition.

"The constable seems very certain about all the facts connected with my case," he sneered. "But, if I may make so bold to point out a certain weakness, why doesn't he call his fellow officer to corroborate his evidence?"

"There is only one constable stationed in the village," said the magistrate sharply.

"Excuse me, but I saw two last night," protested the offender. "Exactly," grinned the policeman. "That's the charge against yer."

My wife is a wonderful woman. As clever and sweet as they come; Her views are remote, but she now has the vote.

And she's happy to stay in the home; You'll think me somewhat pessimistic And soft to be grouching and blue. When I have a spouse who'll stay in the house,

But—she thinks I should stay in it too.

NURSES WANTED

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 adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive the uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.



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Work

Let me but do my work from day to day.
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When variant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to love and play and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Van Dyke, in "Forbes."

Monarch of Hedjaz Is Facing Revolt

Jerusalem.—Reports have been received here that Ibn Saud, king of the Hedjaz, faces a serious revolt in the Hedjaz and possibly in the Arab tribes, the Ajmann, Ateba and Mutair have combined against him.

The rebels have already taken Taraba, an important strategic point. British quarters here admitted the gravity of the situation but were confident that Ibn Saud would put down the rebellion.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.



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ISSUE No. 30—29

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