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"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Talbot Drake possesses characteristics which fit all three of his names. The large which took him to sea on leaving school has never left him. He quit the sea. That, he now believes was a mistake. The sea is in his blood.

Drake is contemptuous of the idle life he is leading in his luxurious home. One day, when he is in a particularly angry mood, he swings the gate to with a loud clang, startling a copper-bronzed old gentleman and a pretty girl who are riding in an old-fashioned low chaise. The old man calls down an abuse of deep water language on Drake's head, but Drake has eyes only for the girl.

Drake hates "parties." There is one going on now at his house. So he slips away into the dank fog, smoking his pipe, and revelling in the breezes that float to him from the sea.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

He had taken down his master's certificate from beside his picture, because it always stung him to violent rebellion. At such moments he was ready to hurl every consideration to the four winds, and ship to anywhere in the Seven Seas. Of course he knew how absurd the impulse was. That was why he had fought it. He had made two long cruises in the yacht; but that was a futile sort of seafaring, he thought. Auntie was there, and auntie's party. It was much like being at home, except that she could not accuse him of making the wide free spaces reek like Noah's ark with his cherished pipe.

He had fought against that urge until he was sore with the conflict. He had never even surrendered to the longing to spend just one day in Sailortown, among the docks, among the men who sailed the ships. That longing was easier to combat. He could hop into his car, get somewhere outside city limits, and burn up the roads in a mad whirl of speed. But all the while he was breathing dust and gasoline fumes, his mind would roam seaward to the tall clippers and the blue of the Indian Ocean.

His pipe went out. He raised his head and sniffed at the thick fog now blotting out everything.

Muttering while he knocked out the cold dottle of his pipe, he raced back to the house, sneaking in by a servant's entrance. The lower part of the house was bright with lights, alive with people. He ran up to his rooms, snatched up more tobacco and a light overcoat, and with a cap tucked in the pocket he crept down to the entrance again.

He plunged into the fog, lost himself in the by streets until well away from the house, then lit his pipe afresh, buttoned his coat, and set out at a swinging pace, regardless of fog or more cautious pedestrians, following his nose towards the river side.

CHAPTER II.

THROUGH THE FOG.

Halted suddenly by a congestion of

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"Yes, West India Docks," he said, and laid hand on the cab door. Then he laughed again, in fine contempt of himself. "No thanks, old chap. I'll walk," he said. "Here, though, buy yourself a pint of rum and wait till the fog rolls by."

He crossed the road and whistled his way toward, still following his nose toward aromas which had tenfold intensified. He recognized the smell of ship chandleries. There was



"C'm alonga me. I'll show yer."

the richness of oakum, of pitch, of tarpaulins. There was the sizzling greasy reek of fried fish and 'taters. Nearer than before tugboats blared.

He pushed in through the glass doors of a pretentious pub he had known years ago. As soon as he entered he knew the old time atmosphere was gone. True, the few men standing at the bar, or sitting down in the private cubby holes, had the mark of the sea upon them, but they were steeper men. Their hands were white, and their clothes cut with scrupulous avoidance of nautical pattern. As he stepped to the bar and called for a drink, he heard no subdued rumble of men discussing his strange attire. In any real sailortown bar somebody would have howled at his dinner clothes.

Drake stayed half an hour, and left full of amazement at the change that had come over Sailortown in a few short years. He felt it would be useless to proceed by gradations. He hurriedly raked over his memory for directions, unwilling to ask, and plunged off through the dipping fog again. Now the street he traversed was blighted with sound, garish with flaming kerosene torches. Pub doors swung with a regularity that kept a shaft of yellow light stabbing across the fog blinded pavement. A happy sailor cruised by, a large-hatted lady lovingly draped on each arm.

Drake laughed contentedly. This was Sailortown, as of old.

By a winding traverse that had taken him into half a dozen colorful resorts, Drake arrived, just before midnight, right in the thick of the life his heart craved for.

A fat man wheezed after him. "Me too, matey. That ain't no place for a sailor no more. Hoss racin' an' chukkin' fish about! Wot's th' world comin' to I dunno," puffed the friendly stranger, heaving alongside and keeping step. Drake glanced at him as they passed against a lighted window. It was a fat little man. A roly-poly

little red man. A battered cheese-cutter cap squatted him down solidly upon gray-shot red curls above a rufous and gray eyed face. The battered cap looked as if it were new, battered by design for better comfort: which it was.

"I was looking for The Chain Locker," said Drake, glad of the company proffered. The man looked all a sailor, anyhow. He did seem fat and overfed, perhaps, for a deep-waterman; no doubt he had been getting rid of a thumping payday; maybe he got a bit soft, like Drake.

"Me too, matey," the fat sailor wheezed. "C'm alonga me. I'll show yer." He gripped Drake's elbow with his fat, short fingers; and Drake felt as if his arm had been seized in a rat trap. That grip surely had been developed on many a wet halliard and frozen brace. As if he had noticed Drake's appraisal of himself, and meant to return the compliment, the sailor looked over the light overcoat, the spattered dress trousers, and the fine shoes in one swift glance.

"Gother ticket, hin't yer?" he wheezed. As they passed under a lamp he took another rapid glance. "Secon' mate?" he suggested. Nobody belonging in Sailortown, except a new second mate, would wear clothes like that.

"Not quite," Drake laughed. "Just visiting."

"Ho! Mission bloke!" grunted the fat man, and puffed along in silence for awhile until he looked up just long enough to wheeze:

"Thought you might be a noo-secon' mate. I ook some'at like a sailorman, too."

Alden Drake warned to the little man. Here was a sailorman of discernment! The night promised well. In a minute more they thrust through smudged glass doors, beyond which was music, and stood together at a shadowed bar in a blue-hazy room that shook to the tramping of many capered feet. All the soft, lazy years dropped from him. This was Life! The music was lilting, blood tingling, even though it came from nothing better than a German accordion and a fiddle of no ancestry. Sailors danced. Sailors sang. Men shouted to men of sky's-yarders, or running down the Easting, of Cape Stiff. The tobacco smoke stung his eyes, made him want to cough. A sailor wearing earrings danced decorously with a woman who smoked a cigar and capered with utter abandon.

Alden Talbot Drake was a long, long way from home. He forgot that he had ever lived in a world of Aunt Angelinas, of perfumed Pattys, of chemical Celestes, of dinner parties and deadly decency.

CHAPTER III.

SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

"My name's Buntin', Joe Buntin'," wheezed the fat little sailorman at Drake's side.

"Thanks, Buntin. My name's Drake," grinned Alden, taking a fat, short-fingered fist and wincing at the grip it gave him.

"Not Buntin, matey, Buntin'," corrected the little man. "I ain't strong enough to shout f'r all hands. Let's you an' me lower one, just f'r luck. Then I'll introduce you to Mag Parrot. A hot 'un, she is!"

(To be continued.)

"A safety match is the only kind that interests a girl with money to burn."

Keep Minard's in the Medicine chest.

The Health Budget

La Presse (Ind.): Our legislators at Ottawa have just voted a sum of fifty millions to defray the cost of the different Federal services which have the task of supervising the public health of the Dominion. This sum may not be as large as those devoted to the same purpose in other countries, but it seems to be large enough to give a reasonable measure of protection to the Canadian people. Furthermore, the success of the struggle against the illnesses themselves, depends very largely on the manner in which the health budget is administered. Every day this is proved to be the case by our experience.

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Lions, in a social sense, are usually very meek; afraid to roar, lest their animal status be taken from them.—Lady Eleanor Smith.

Sun God's Temple Found In Britain

First Century Ruin at Colchester Attracts Great Interest

London, Eng.—The discovery of a temple to Mithras, the Sun God of the Persians, at Colchester, reported recently, sheds a new light upon first century customs.

Some months ago a mysterious building was unearthed, which was believed to be a Roman tank. Some authorities thought it the site of a Roman tannery or fulling place.

Further clearances, however, have revealed a plan which, in the opinion of Professor Drexel, of the German Archaeological Institute, definitely establishes its identity.

In Mithraic temples of old, Mithras was worshipped by small, secret bodies. When the Christians attained power they made ferocious attacks upon such temples in England.

Two similar examples have been found, one imperfect at Housesteads, on Hadrian's Wall, and the other, since destroyed, at Burham, Kent.

In Germany, there are others, and Colchester Mithraeum is declared to be exactly similar to the second Mithraeum in Germany.

The remains represent a chamber built to hold about 100 persons.

These temples were always built in hills or caves, and where no caves were available they were built underground, as in this instance.

The discovery is regarded by Essex archaeologists as of great interest and importance.

A Scottish Problem

Spectator (London): Persons of Irish birth or Irish descent now form a very substantial section of the Scottish population, and, as most of them are Roman Catholics, attach supreme importance, has already excited much controversy and is by no means settled. It is hardly surprising that the Presbyterians should have drawn closer together in view of the marked growth of the Roman Catholic body and the emergence of religious issues in municipal elections. The reunited Church should be better able to cope with the situation than the two separate churches have been.

Use Minard's for the rub down.

NURSES WANTED

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The New Era in Britain

J. L. Garvin in the London Observer (Ind.): The struggle at bottom is between the old-minded and the young-minded in this country. This has nothing to do with years reckoned by the calendar. Some people are born old; others die young. The young-minded will win out and out. We are going to be done for ever and ever with the correct Treasury Idea of a bed-ridden Britannia dreading the least risk of catching cold.

"Is there anything more pleasing than to turn the dial of a wireless set and listen to all the latest songs?" asks an essayist. Has he tried turning the dial the other way and shutting them off?—Punch.

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