

Look Them Over!

WHEN buying, what you suppose are Maple Buds, examine them and see that they are stamped with the name "COWAN."

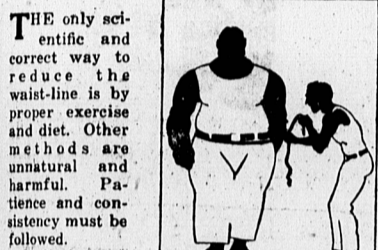
IF THEY'RE NOT COWANS THEY'RE NOT MAPLE BUDS

Hand the Dealer back his substitutes



"Proper Food and Exercise," by ARTHUR A. McGOVERN Former physical director, Cornell Medical College.

Reducing your waist an inch a week



THE RIGHT WAY IS SLOW BUT SAFE AND SURE

THE only scientific and correct way to reduce the waist-line is by proper exercise and diet. Other methods are unnatural and harmful. Patience and consistency must be followed.

diaphragm. The following suggestions should decrease the girth one inch a week, and while the process is slow, it is a safe and effective method.

Radical treatments and quick reductions are injurious to health, and rigid diets are not advisable except under the expert advice and supervision of your family physician. The main reason why so many people gain superfluous flesh around the waist-line, though their arms and legs are apparently all right, is because of lack of activity of the abdominal muscles.

During the average day's routine we use our arms and legs considerably but very rarely have an opportunity to exercise the muscles of the lower

- BREAKFAST:** Orange juice or grape-fruit, two soft boiled or poached eggs, two slices of gluten bread toasted dry. Coffee substitute or weak tea without sugar but with a little cream may be added. Between breakfast and lunch two glasses of water.
- LUNCH:** For lunch a clear soup, thin vegetable luncheon consisting of any of the following: Spinach, string beans, carrots, beets, onions, celery, lettuce, tomatoes. Dessert, raw fruit. If bananas are taken they should be exceptionally ripe. Two glasses of water to be taken between lunch and dinner.
- DINNER:** Broiled lean meat, chicken or fish, one or two vegetables as mentioned for lunch, dark bread without butter, weak tea or coffee substitute without sugar. For dessert, stewed fruit unsweetened.

Mr. McGovern will answer your questions. © A. A. McGovern

CAPTAIN BLOOD

(Continued from Page 10)

"I'd not willingly be rude to a lady, even in my thoughts," said he. "But that you should bestow gifts on them, considering that if your uncle came to hear of it—" He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished. "Ah, well; there it is!" he concluded.

"First you impute to me inhumanity, and then cowardice. Faith, for a man who would not willingly be made a lady even in his thoughts, it's none so bad." Her boyish laugh trilled out, but the note of it jarred his ears this time. He saw her now, it seemed to him, for the first time, and saw how he had misjudged her.

"Sure, now, how was I to guess that that Colonel Bishop could have an angel for his niece?" said he recklessly, for he was reckless, as men often are in sudden penitence.

"You wouldn't of course, I shouldn't think you often guess aright."

Without another word, or so much as another glance at Peter Blood, she swept out of the place. Peter fetched a sigh.

CHAPTER VII PIRATES

There was, too, a new hope. There were two doctors in Bridgetown, both freemen, and they were feeling the rivalry of this new rebel convict slave, to her, laughing and cursing in a breath. Colonel Bishop, to rid themselves of his rivalry, they proposed to Peter Blood to finance his escape from the island. He enlisted his good friends, including Jeremy Pitt, whose skillful seaman's knowledge must be needed to guide the sloop which they were to purchase. But the plan miscarried in that Kent the overseer, suspected Pitt, and Colonel Bishop ordered Pitt to the stocks, where, he had him flogged soundly.

Even while Jeremy was being prepared for the lash, the colonel looked seaward and saw in the roads, standing in for the shore before a gentle breeze that scarcely ruffled the surface, a stately red-bellied frigate, flying the English ensign. So leisurely an advance argued a master indifferently acquainted with these waters. The colonel with a shiver when his passion had been satisfied by Pitt's punishment, and there in the stocks Peter found him, and set about giving him sugar as a doctor and as a friend, Pitt's pillow seemed to end all hope of escape. It was now Peter's hope to save his friend from death. And while he stanchoned the flow of blood, his thoughts, grim and hopeless as they were, were interrupted. He felt the shadow of Colonel Bishop upon him.

"What the devil are you doing here?" Mr. Blood turned to face him, and over that swarthy countenance (which, indeed, by now was tanned to the golden brown of a half-caste Indian) a mask descended.

"Doing?" said he blandly. "Why, the duties of my office."

"I said he was to have neither meat nor drink until I ordered it."

"Sure, now, I never heard ye."

"For an instant the colonel was too amazed at his impudence to speak. Then—"

"If you're alive when my blacks have done with you, perhaps you'll come to your senses."

He swung to his negroes to issue an order. But it was never issued. At that moment a terrific rolling thunderclap drowned his voice and shook the very air. Colonel Bishop jumped; his negroes jumped with him, and so did even the apparently imperturbable Mr. Blood. Then the four of them stared together seawards.

As those men started from the eminence on which they stood, not yet understanding what had taken place, they saw the British jack dip from the main truck and, to replace the flag of England soared the gold and crimson banner of Castile.

"Pirates!" roared the colonel, and again "Pirates!"

CHAPTER VIII SPANIARDS

The stately ship that had been allowed to sail so leisurely into Carleisle Bay under her false colours was a Spanish privateer, coming to pay off some of the heavy debt piled up by the precaceous Brethren of the Coast, and the recent defeat by the Pride of Devon of two treasure galleons bound for Cadiz. It happened that the galleon which escaped in a more or less crippled condition was commanded by Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdes, who was own brother to the Spanish Admiral Don Miguel de Espinosa, and who was also very hasty, proud and hot-tempered gentleman.

He had succeeded so well in his intentions that he had aroused no suspicion until he saluted the fort at short range with a broadside of twenty guns.

And now the gaping watchers in the stocks on the headland beheld the great ship creep forward under the rising cloud of smoke, her mastsail unfurled to increase her steering way, and go about close-hauled to bring her larboard guns to bear upon the unready fort.

With the crashing roar of that second broadside, Colonel Bishop went off at the double, despite his bulk and the heat, his negroes trotting after him.

And then into the stockade, panting and sweating, came Kent followed by the great part of a score of plantation workers, armed with muskets and hangars, and some of them equipped with handlovers. By this time the rebel-convict was coming in in twos and threes, having abandoned their work upon finding themselves unguarded and upon scenting the general dismay.

Kent paused to fling an order to those slaves.

"To the woods!" he bade them. "Take to the woods, and lie close there, until this is over, and we've gutted these Spanish swine."

The slaves would have obeyed him on the instant but for Mr. Blood.

"What need for haste, and in this heat?" quoth he. He was surprisingly cool they thought. "Maybe there'll be no flowing from the narrow gallery and

need to take to the woods at all, and, anyway, it will be time enough to do so when the Spaniards are masters of the town."

The landing was contested by the militia and by every islander capable of bearing arms with the fierce resolution of men who know that no quarter was to be expected in defeat. This Spanish commander knew his business. Having gained the advantage of a surprise blow, his guns turned now upon the open space behind the mole, where the incompetent Bishop had marshalled his men, tore the militia into bloody rags, and covered the landing parties which were making the shore in their own boats.

By sunset two hundred and fifty Spaniards were masters of Bridgetown, the islanders were disarmed, and at Government House, Governor Steed, supported by Colonel Bishop and some lesser officers, was being informed by Don Diego, of the sum that would be required in ransom. For a hundred thousand pieces of eight and fifty head of cattle, Don Diego would forbear from reducing the place to ashes. And what time that suave and courtly commander was settling these details with the apologetic British Governor, the Spaniards, were smashing and looting, feasting, drinking and ravaging after the hideous manner of their kind.

Mr. Blood, greatly daring, ventured down at dusk into the town. What he saw was fetching him in haste and white-faced out of that hell again, when in a narrow street a girl hurried into him, wild-eyed, her unbound hair streaming behind her as she ran. After her, laughing and cursing in a breath, came a heavy-footed Spaniard. Almost he was upon her, when suddenly Mr. Blood got in his way. The doctor had taken a sword from a dead man's side some little time before and armed himself with it against an emergency.

As the Spaniard checked in anger and surprise, he caught in the dusk the livid gleam of that sword which Mr. Blood had quickly unsheathed.

"Ah, perro ingles!" he shouted, and lunged forward to his death. "It's hoping I am ye're in a fit state to meet your Maker," said Mr. Blood, and ran him through the body. He did the thing skillfully with the combined skill of swordsman and surgeon. The man sank in a hideous heap without so much as a groan.

Mr. Blood swung to the girl, who leaned panting and sobbing against a wall. He caught her by the wrist.

"They sped down an alley, and white-faced, physically sick, Mr. Blood dragged her almost at a run up the hill towards Colonel Bishop's house. He knocked, but had to knock again and yet again before he was answered.

"Who is there?" The voice was Miss Bishop's, a little tremulous, but unmistakably her own.

"It is I—Peter Blood," he gasped.

"What do you want?"

"At the sound of her voice, the girl Mr. Blood had rescued peered up through the gloom.

"Arabella!" she called. "It is I, Mary Trull."

After a brief pause the door opened wide. Mr. Blood strode in followed by his distraught companion, who, falling upon Arabella's slender bosom, surrendered herself to a passion of tears.

"Whom have you here with you? What servants?" he demanded sharply. The only male was James, an old negro grocer.

"The very man," said Blood. "Bid him get out the horses. Then away with you to Speightstown, or even farther north, where you will be safe. Here you are in danger—in dreadful danger. The devil's only beginning."

"Who's name, madam, take my word for it, and do as I bid you."

"He... he saved me," sobbed Miss Trull.

"Let that wait," snapped Mr. Blood almost angrily. "Will you please call James, and do as I say—and at once!"

"You are very peremptory..."

"Yes, yes," the girl cried, shuddering. "Do as he says—Oh, for pity's sake, Arabella."

The horses came at last—four of them, for in addition to James who was to act as her guide, Miss Bishop had her woman, who was not to be left behind.

CHAPTER IX THE REBELS-CONVICT

There were, when the purple gloom of the tropical night descended upon the Carleisle, not more than ten men on board the Spanish galleon, so confident were the Spaniards of the complete subjection of the islanders. As a matter of fact, what the main body of the Spaniards feasted and rioted ashore, the Spanish galleon and his crew were feasting on the gun-deck upon the wine and the fresh meats fetched to them from ashore. Above, two sentinels only kept vigil, as stem and stern. Nor were they as vigilant as they should have been, or else they must have observed the two wherries that under cover of the darkness came gliding from the wharf, with well-greased rowlocks, to bring up in silence under the great ship's quarter.

From the gallery 'till still hung the ladder by which Don Diego had descended to the boat that had taken him ashore. The sentry on guard in the black shadow of a man standing before him at the head of the ladder. It was Peter Blood.

The warden (african was a low one, and the Spaniard was taken completely by surprise. Save for the splash he made as he struck the water, narrowly missing under the crowded boats that waited at his misadventure. Armed as he was with corset, cut-throat and headpiece, he sank to trouble them no more. Within five minutes they had swarmed the entire twenty of them over.

With Colonel Bishop at their head dressed in the Spanish fashion, all in black with silver lace, a gold-kilted



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Mr. Blood's absence was brief. When he rejoined his comrades there was no watch above the Spaniards' decks. Meanwhile the revellers below continued to make merry at their ease in the conviction of complete security. Suddenly out of an unceasing pack of savages that beset them, stepped a slim, tall fellow with light-blue eyes in a tawny face, eyes in which glinted the light of a wicked humour. He addressed them in the purest Castilian.

"You will save yourselves pain and trouble by regarding yourselves to be quietly bestowed out of harm's way."

"Name of God!" swore the gunner, which did not justice at all to an amazement beyond expression.

"If you please," said Mr. Blood, and thereupon those gentlemen of Spain were induced without further trouble beyond a musket prod or two to drop through a scuttle to the deck below.

It was soon after sunrise that the rebel-convict who paced the quarter-deck in Spanish corset and headpiece, announced the approach of a boat. It was Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdes coming aboard with four great treasure-chests, containing each twenty-five thousand pieces of eight, the ransom delivered to him at dawn by Governor Steel. He was accompanied by his son, Don Esteban, and by six men who took the oars.

Don Diego mounted the ladder and stepped upon the deck, alone and entirely unsuspecting. Before he could even look round, and survey this guard drawn up to receive him, a tap over the head with a capstan bar efficiently handled by Hagthorpe put him to sleep without the least fuss. He was carried away to his cabin, whilst the treasure-chests, handled by the men he had left in the boat, were being hauled to the deck. That being satisfactorily accomplished, Don Esteban and the fellows who had manned the boat came up the ladder, one by one, to be handled with the same quiet efficiency.

With Colonel Bishop at their head dressed in the Spanish fashion, all in black with silver lace, a gold-kilted

on the ruins of a wall beside him, survivors on shore glumly watched the departure of the eight boats containing the weary Spanish ruffians who had glutted themselves with rapine, murder and violence unspeakable.

The boats pulled away from the shore, with their loads of laughing, jeering Spaniards, who were still flinging taunts across the water at their surviving victims. They had come midway between the wharf and the ship, when suddenly the air was shaken by the boom of a gun. A round shot struck the water within a fathom of the foremost boat, sending a shower of spray over its occupants. A second shot came to crumple one of the boats into splinters, flinging its crew dead and living into the water.

The resolute Ogle was making excellent practice, and fully justifying his claims to know something of gunnery. In their consternation the Spaniards had simplified his task by bundling their boats together.

If the Spaniards understood nothing of all this, the foreloin islanders ashore understood still less, until to help their wits they saw the flag of Spain come down from the masts of the "Cinco Lagas, and the flag of England soar to its empty place. Ogle, however, continued to give proof that his knowledge of gunnery was not of yesterday. After the fleeing Spaniards went his shots. The last of their boats flew into splinters as it touched the wharf, and its remains were buried under a shower of loosened masonry.

The mystery of the succour that had come at the eleventh hour to wreak vengeance upon the Spaniards, and to preserve for the island the extortionate ransom of a hundred thousand pieces of eight, remained yet to be probed. That the Cinco Lagas was now in friendly hands could no longer be doubted after the proofs it had given. It remained to ascertain the precise identity of these mysterious saviours and to do them fitting honor. Upon this errand went Colonel Bishop as the Governor's deputy, attended by two officers.

As he stepped from the ladder into the vessel's waist, the Colonel beheld underfoot, beside the main hatch, the four treasure-chests, the contents of one of which had been contributed almost entirely by himself, langed on either side, athwart the deck, stood a score of men in two well-ordered files, with breasts and backs of steel, polished Spanish morions on their heads, overshadowing their faces, and muskets ordered at their sides.

A courtly gentleman advanced to greet him—a lean, graceful gentleman, dressed in the Spanish fashion, all in black with silver lace, a gold-kilted

sword dangling beside him from a gold-embroidered baldric, a broad cut-throat with a sweeping plume set above carefully curled ringlets of deepest black.

"Be welcome aboard the Cinco Lagas, Colonel, darling," a voice vaguely familiar addressed the planter.

"Peter Blood! Was it you then who shot at me?"

"Myself it was—myself and these, my good friends and yours."

"God's my life!" he crowed on a note of foolish jubilation. "And it was with these fellows that you took the Spaniards and turned the tables on those dogs! As God's my life, you deserve well for this."

"I am entirely of your opinion," said Mr. Blood. "The question is how well we deserve and how grateful shall we find you?"

"Why his excellency shall write home an account of your exploit, and maybe some portion of your sentences shall be remitted."

"The generosity of King James is well known," sneered Nathaniel Hagthorpe, who was standing by, and amongst the ranged rebels-convict some one ventured to laugh.

"String him up from the yard-arm," he cried. Mr. Blood turned.

"If you please, Wolverstone," said he. "I conduct affairs in my own way. That is the pact. You'll please to remember it!" His eyes looked along the ranks, making it plain that he addressed them all. "I desire that Colonel Bishop should have his life. One reason is that I require him as a hostage. If he insist on hanging him, ye'll have to hang me with him, or in the alternative I'll go ashore."

To Be Continued

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is chiefly interesting to the psychologist as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—acquisition or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Morbid states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvelous as anything in nature. There are about 8,000,000 nerve cells in the surface of the human brain. They never die in health, and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.



CAUSE AND EFFECT Harry: "Until this evening my life has been a desert." Carrie: "Oh, that accounts for it—ever since we started dancing I've been thinking of camels and things."

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU? On the kitchen side of the door use Gingham. To make a candy container out of a tin coffee-can by enameling it black and adding a design in color? Lined with waxed paper and filled with candy, topped with a paper doily, this makes an attractive gift.

His Mirror Told Him of Exhausted Condition Mr. R. Paulin, Toutes Aides, Man., writes: "I became so run down and weak that my heart became affected, and I would sometimes have to remain in bed for several days. Some one advised me to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so I did, and soon began to gain in weight and feel better. I have taken a great many boxes of these wonderful pills, and am feeling ten years younger. Dr. Chase's Medicines, as well as his Receipt Book, are a great help to us, for we live 40 miles from doctors and railroads."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto