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The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

CHAPTER I.

Items Not in the Manifest.

"I think I shall enjoy this trip," purred Isobel Baring, nestling comfortably among the cushions of her deck chair. A steward was arranging tea for two at a small table. The Kansas, with placid hum of engines, was speeding evenly through an azure sea.

"I agree with that opinion most heartily, though, to be sure, so much depends on the weather," replied her friend, Elsie Maxwell, rising to pour out the tea. Already the brisk sea-breeze had kissed the Chilean pallor from Elsie's face, which had regained its English peach-bloom. Isobel Baring's complexion was tinged with the warmth of a pomegranate. At sea, even in the blue Pacific she carried with her the suggestion of a tropical garden.

"I never gave thought to the weather," purred Isobel again, as she subsided more deeply into the cushions.

"Let us hope such a blissful state of mind may be justified. But you know, dear, we may run into a dreadful gale before we reach the Straits."

Isobel laughed. "All the better!" she cried. "People tell me I am a most fascinating invalid. I look like a creamy orchid. And what luck to have a chum so disinterested as you where a lot of nice men are concerned! What have I done to deserve it? Because you are really charming, you know."

"Does that mean that you have already discovered a lot of nice men on board?" Elsie handed her friend a cup of tea and a plate of toast.

"Naturally. While we were mooning over the lights and tints of the Andes, I kept an eye, both eyes in fact, on our compulsory acquaintances of the next three weeks. To begin with, there's the captain."

"He is good-looking, certainly. Some what reserved, I fancied."

"Reserved!" Isobel showed all her fine teeth in a smile. Incidentally, she took a satisfactory bite out of a square of toast. "I'll soon shake the reserve out of him. He is mine. You will see him play pet dog long before we meet that terrible gale of yours."

"Isobel, you promised your father—" "To look after my health during the voyage. Do you think that I intend only to sleep and eat, and read novels all the way to London? Then, indeed, I shall be ill. But there is a French Count on the ship. He is mine, too."

"You meant to find safety in numbers?" "Oh, there are others. Of course, I am sure of my little Count. He twisted his moustache with such an air when I skidded past him in the companionway."

Elsie bent forward to give the chatterer another cup of tea.

"And you promised to read Moliere at least two hours daily!" she sighed good-humoredly. Even the most sensible people, and Elsie was very sensible, begin a long voyage with idiotic programmes of work to be done.

"I mean to substitute a live Frenchman for a dead one—that is all. And I am sure Monsieur le Comte Edouard de Poincillit will out French far more good than 'Les Fourberies de Scapin.'"

"Am I to be included in the lessons? And you actually know the man's name already?"

"Read it on his luggage, dear girl. He has such a lot. See if he doesn't wear three different colored shirts for breakfast, lunch and tea. And, if you refuse to help, who is to take care of le petit Edouard while I give the captain a p'tit

invalid ladies this is for you.

There are thousands of females who suffer untold miseries common to their sex. This is largely due to the peculiar habits of life and fashion, and the improper training of girlhood. Then, too, the physical changes that mark the three eras of womanhood (the maiden, the wife, and the mother) have much to do with her sufferings, most of which are endured in silence, unknown by even the family physician and most intimate friends.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE DINNER DRESS MAY BE OF VELVETEEN.

Velveteen if rightly developed makes a costume quite as handsome as that of silk or velvet, equally as fashionable, and at half the cost. This costume, appropriate for afternoon receptions, luncheons, informal dinners, the theatre, and such occasions, is in black velveteen of that lustrous quality which bespeaks it the product of English dyers and weavers. The very plain skirt is a circular model with centre front bias seam, finished at the bottom with a deep hem. The yoke portion of the finely

tucked white batiste guimpe is inset with square medallions of duchesse lace, of which material the high collar is made. The sleeves of velveteen are tucked crosswise and inset with lace entre-deux, and finished with a double lace trim. The cut out front of the velvet bodice is filled in over the bustline with a wide band of gold fillet. Cords and whorls of the velveteen finish the lower edge of this band, and trim the front of the plain girde.

ship, Miss Baring. We are always wide-awake here. My quarters are farther aft. I think I can find a chair for you if you care to sit down while I have my tea."

The captain led the way to a spacious cabin behind the chart-house.

"I hope you don't mind the chairs being secured to the deck," he said, taking off his hat. "So far above sea level, you know, everything that is loose comes to grief when the ship rolls."

"Then what becomes of your photographs?" demanded Isobel, promptly, her quick eyes having discovered the pictures of two ladies in silver frames on a writing table.

"I take care to put them away. There is always plenty of warning. No ordinary sea can trouble a big hulk like the Kansas."

"Is that your mother, the dear old lady in the lace cap?" "Yes, and the other is my sister."

"Oh, really! Is she married?" "No. Like me, she is wedded to her profession."

"Will you think it rude if I ask what that is?" "She is a hospital nurse; the matron, indeed, of a public institution in the suburbs of London."

"How wonderful! I do admire hospital nurses so much. They are so clever and self-sacrificing, and they always have a smile on their sweet faces. Only dad wouldn't hear of such a thing. I should love to be a nurse myself."

And Isobel sighed, dropped her long eyelashes, and examined the toe of a smart brown shoe with a wistful resignation. A courtesy was politely incredulous, but the arrival of the steward with the replenished tea-tray created a diversion.

"I make lovely tea, don't I, Elsie?" Elsie laughed so cheerfully that Isobel flashed an interrogatory glance at her. Certainly, the notion of Isobel Baring claiming the domestic virtues was amusing. But Elsie answered at once:

"I know few things that you cannot do admirably, dear."

So Isobel filled a cup, asked if Captain Courtenay took milk and sugar, and said demurely, with a sip of a spoonful:

"Let me see if I can guess your tastes. Men might like that kind of thing. Elsie's blue eyes assumed a deeper shade, but she felt that her face and neck would be poppy red in another moment. Thus far she had not addressed a word to Courtenay, though by his manner he had included her in the conversation. She now resolved to break in on the attack which Isobel was beginning with the adroitness of a skilled campaigner. And she, too, could use her eyes to advantage when she chose.

"What a curious library you have, Captain Courtenay," she said, looking not at him, but at a row of books fitting closely into a small case over the writing-table. Instantly the sailor was interested.

"Why 'curious,' Miss Maxwell?" he asked. "First, in their assortment; secondly, in the similarity of their binding. I have never before seen the Bible, Walt Whitman, and Dumas in covers exactly alike."

"That is easily explained. They are bound to order. My real trouble was to secure editions of equal size—an essential, you see—otherwise they would not pack into their shelf."

"But what a gathering! Shakespeare, the Pilgrim's Progress, Montaigne's Essays, Herbert Spencer, Goethe's Life, by Lewes, Marcus Aurelius, Martial, Wordsworth, The Egoist, Thoreau, Hazlitt, and Mitford's Tales of Old Japan! Where

the White Indian

A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument. "Pale-face" is the name they gave us.

Pale faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a rich blood food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from which the red blood springs. All Druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

LOST BOTH. Grouch—I'm tired of reading of these bank failures. I've lost all interest in them. Hardhitt—So have I, and capital, too.

DYNAMITE ACCIDENT

Three Men Badly Hurt at Tiner's Point on Saturday Morning.

Three men were painfully injured by an explosion of dynamite at Tiner's Point, near Lorneville, on Saturday morning and it seems wonderful that they escaped being killed. Those injured are:

James R. Johnson, of Halifax, foreman in the submarine bell department.

Michael Driscoll, Lorneville.

William Steeves, Lorneville.

None was seriously injured though all received bad cuts on the face and Mr. Johnson a bad gash on his leg.

For some days a crew of men have been engaged at Tiner's Point in doing preparatory work for the new submarine bell, as told in The Telegraph some time ago. Mr. Johnson was in charge of this work and was assisted by Messrs. Driscoll and Steeves and two other men—George Splane and a man named McGuire. About 9 o'clock Saturday morning they were digging the trench for the laying of the cable which carries the power, and had occasion to use dynamite for the removing of some rocks. The proper way to thaw frozen dynamite is to place the can in a large vessel filled with water and the explosive was laid by the fire while Mr. Johnson was preparing to fill the outer can with water. The heat reached the dangerous substance, however, and there was a terrific explosion. The men were but three feet away and it is marvellous they escaped as well as they did.

A large hole was blown in the beach and flying gravel struck the men in the face. Steeves was given a bad cut under the eye and Driscoll also had his cheek torn open. Johnson, who was nearest, was struck by a piece of the can which cut a gash four inches long in his leg and lodged in the flesh. Not a foot away from the stick which exploded were nine packages of dynamite, and if this had been reached, which danger was imminent, little would have been left of the six men.

Splane and McGuire escaped with a few scratches.

Dr. L. M. Curren, of Fairville, was summoned, and did all he could for the sufferers. Two stitches were taken in the cut on Driscoll's face, while Steeves required a great deal of attention. Dr. Curren thought it advisable to remove Johnson to Fairville where the operation necessary to extract the piece of tin from his leg could be performed. He was taken to the Barmhill Hotel, where the doctor subsequently took a piece of tin an inch and a half in length from the injured leg. He was reported to be resting comfortably yesterday. The other men are still under the doctor's care.

The work of installing the bell it seems will be suspended for some days at least. Louis Cote, the government engineer, and F. J. Harding, the marine agent, who are in Halifax, have been notified and will probably come here to see to the matter.

THE SECRET OF CRISP PASTRY.

Keep three things in view, if you want unvarying success with your pastry—cold water, good shortening, and Blended Flour.

Ice water and butter are preferable, but it may be more convenient to use cold water and some other good shortening. But stick to the Blended Flour. It will never fail to give a light, flaky crust—so tender, it will break with a breath, and as easy to digest as it is delicious.

The wholesomeness of pie crust depends on the lightness of the flour—that is the crisp flakiness that you look for in pie crust must be made of flour having a large percentage of starch. Ontario fall wheat contains all the requisites for light pastry, cake and biscuits, while Manitoba wheat has the heavier properties required in a strictly bread flour.

Combine the two, and you will get a perfect flour, that has the full rich flavor and delicacy of Ontario fall wheat, and the strength of Manitoba spring wheat—an ideal combination.

With ordinary care in mixing and rolling the dough, Blended Flour will give you the most delicious pastry you ever ate. Many millers are now blending these two grades of flour scientifically, so do not attempt to do the blending yourself—it is no easy thing to get just the right proportions.

I tremble with each breath of air, And yet can heaviest burdens bear; 'Tis known that I destroyed the world, And all things in confusion hurled; And yet I do preserve all the it, Through each revolving hour and minute. (Water.)

WOULD SEEM SO.

Hook—No matter what you go to see a doctor about, he is bound to end on your lungs.

Cook—How is that?

Hook—Well, he always makes you cough up.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences by CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

Invalid Ladies This Is For You.

There are thousands of females who suffer untold miseries common to their sex.

This is largely due to the peculiar habits of life and fashion, and the improper training of girlhood. Then, too, the physical changes that mark the three eras of womanhood (the maiden, the wife, and the mother) have much to do with her sufferings, most of which are endured in silence, unknown by even the family physician and most intimate friends.

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The Skin in Winter.

The condition of the skin during the cold weather has an important bearing on the general health. The skin is more than a mere covering for the body. By means of tiny pores it helps to purify the system, and unless cared for, the damp, raw days of winter will impair its functions, cause cracking and chaps, and sow the first seeds of skin disease.

Zam-Buk is a marvellous healer. It kills diseased germs, prevents inflammation and suppuration and then it heals. It acts upon both young and old with soothing and healing effect.

Winter Face Sores.—Thomas Robinson, Deer Wood (Man) was troubled for three months with bad face sores caused by catching cold. He tried many remedies which did no good. Zam-Buk's turn came and it cured before two boxes were used. Says he would not be without Zam-Buk.

Eczema, Hands and Feet.—In two weeks Zam-Buk cured the hands and feet of Mrs. Robert Lewis, Shawville, P.Q. She suffered from Eczema. No matter where you are afflicted Zam-Buk will heal you. Cut out coupon and send it to us for a FREE TRIAL BOX.

ZAM-BUK CURES Cuts, Burns, Chapped Hands, Cold Sores, Itch, Chills, Eczema, Running Sores, Poisoned Wounds, Sore Throat, Bad Cuts, Bruises, Piles (blind or bleeding), Bad Legs, Inflamed Patches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Abscesses and all diseased, injured and irritated conditions of the skin. Prices 50 cents per box, obtainable from all stores, Druggists and Medicine Vendors, or post free upon receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co. Toronto, Ont.

Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

FREE BOX

Mail coupon to Zam-Buk Co., 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. I want a free trial box of Zam-Buk.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

Country _____

Send this coupon to Zam-Buk Co., 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

DROWNING THE MUSIC.

Miss Bronson—Miss Tongue says it's her proud boast that she has never heard an opera in her life.

Miss Woodson—You must be mistaken. She's a society girl and she frequently attends the opera during the season.

Miss Bronson—Yes, but she never goes except as one of a box party.

Evolutions of a Pear

Hook—No matter what you go to see a doctor about, he is bound to end on your lungs.

Cook—How is that?

Hook—Well, he always makes you cough up.

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