

NEVER COOK UP COLD MEAT WITHOUT IT

· BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

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CHAPTER ONE.

exertion, two barefooted boys ran of twelve years, had gained a reputadown the dusty Bay Shore road and tion. ly existence, was the first to speak. "Got the pipe, Lem?"

wiping his face wi'll the sleeve of his "dead spit" of Captain Frank Westblouse.

knife an' I'll cut it up."

over the article called for.

"Found it---"

"Where?"

of his tousled head.

an' ca'tridges away from me las' time crew years agone. naow. I got a fill cut up."

connoisseur. "Good pipe that," he re- ing proximity. marked after a critical examination. At the time this chapter opens it

well?" out two days ago with some tea. Tea use for school anyway, and infinitely makes good smokin', but pow'ful preferred the firm shacks and the soher out first-"

hev th' first shot--"

I I ain't sure that I like that kind o' saw but little of the two worthies. terbacker.

"Huh! Make ye sick, I cal'late. 'Member how sick you was las' time I give ye a pull o' my cigar?"

answered Lem. " 'Twas th' green apples I was eatin' afore. Takes more'n a cigar t' make me sick."

Lying flat on his stomach, Shorty pulled away at the pipe while his sharply, he reached out with a dusty, companion regarded him with admira- sunburned foot and kicked Lem in the tion in his eyes. Shorty Westhaver side. was something of a character-a veritable Napoleon among the boys of Long Cove, and Lemuel Ring ranked the command with a grunt. as his trusty lieutenant. Though young in years, both were old and steeped in juvenile crimes. When raided of their best and most luscious boots." fruits he immediately made but one deduction. "Shorty Westhaver an' Lem Ring!" When Deacon Elisha ye?" Small missed the best of his apple and cherries he used long-forgotten oaths and levelled them at the touseled head of the Widow Westhaver's kid. Even the parson wasn't spared, and many a time the worthy cleric was disturbed in his studies by the shouts of an enthusiastic crowd of Long Cove youngsters applauding the equestrian ability of Shorty as he careered around the field as a cowboy on the bare back of the clergyman's old horse. Tom Crosby, a cranky, crossgrained old fisherman, and the terror of the Long Cove boys, once fell foul of Shorty and next day found his dory gone from the beach and floating bottom-up in the mill dam a quarter in amazement. "Why we're an hour or a mile away. How the youngster got it up there is a mystery to this day, but some folks say that Captain Crawford's yoke of oxen had been pur- Shorty, rising. Lem followed, grumblloined for the purpose.

capades there was nothing spiteful or absent this mornin'- Then a light vicious. The inhabitants of the tiny dawned upon Lemuel and he smiled Nova Scotian settlement characterized knowingly. "I cal'late I know why him as being "sassy an' bold," and ye wan to git back to school nlow. liked him in spite of his impish qual- You want to see that Dexter girl, ities, while the school-teacher, to hey?" whom he was a sharp thorn, regarded him as one of her most promising maybe I don't," he replied.

lit suited him to be so-and at times The broad waters of the Bay of her most incorrigible and unruly. He Fundy shimmered as a vast steel-blue was truthful and plain-spoken to a expanse in the glare of the hot June truly remarkable degree-traits which sun and merged into the azure of the redeemed many of his mischievous Anglican church, but teachers and cloudless sky with but a streak of pranks-and being fearless, pugnafaint mistiness at the horizon. Ap- cious, and determined, Master Francis parently oblivious of the heat and the James Westhaver, at the tender age

threw themselves upon a patch of He wasn't a big boy for his age, bush-shaded grass fringing the high- being short and stocky, but when he way. The older of the pair, a stocky, had his tousled sandy hair brushed propositions and hard to butt against, sandy-haired youngster endowed with and his clean Sunday collar and suit all the aggressive cocksure manner on he looked a fine, smart little fel- very little religion, he was no author- cells are in a constant state of ex- Hermit's Friend Rheumatic Remedy Co. which goes with twelve years of earth- low. Round-faced, eyes of clear, cool ity. grey with just a hint of blue in them, and freckled as all fair-skinned boys "Yep!" replied the younger boy, are, men said the youngster was the haver, drowned these ten years in the "Here's th' terbacker. Gimme a chill waters off Sable Island Bar. "An' he's like the ol' man in every way," Lem fished in his rocket and handed they said. "Reg'lar devil he was with his tricks an' games. Allus jokin' an' "Cal'late that's good American stringin' a man, but a great favorite plug," he remarked, regarding his with th' gangs what shipped with him, hard cake of Mayo's with an expectant him for what he done. Let's hope th' eye. "Whar did yet git it, Shorty?" young 'un don't imitate his father in The stocky youngster closed a keen that respect." Whatever men said of grey eye and answered gravely, the boy's father, they never clearly elucidated the veiled hope which invariably ended their remarks. What down to Anchorville an' he's a-callin' "In my Uucle Jerry's coat pocket." it was, many men knew; the Widow "That's stealin', Shorty!" murmur- Westhaver knew and locked the se- daygin a prod, Lem. Giddap! Gee!" ed the other, with an ominous shake cret in her bosom; but the majority of Long Cove and Bay Shore folks ed, and opening the schoolhouse door "No 'tain't! Leastways not from were familiar only with Captain Uncle Jerry," asserted Shorty in ex- Frank Westhaver as the man who had tenuation. "Fair exchange ain't no gone down on Sable Island Bar with robbery. Uncle Jerry took my pistol the Grace Westhaver and half his

he was to home. It cost me a dollar, Shorty's companion in most of his an' I cal'late I'm due a good many plots and tricks was Lemuel Ring-a plugs o' terbacker for that weppin. youngster six months his junior. Lem He took my pistol away 'thou' askin', was the son of another fishing skipper me, an' I'm jest takin' his terbacker who, having a fine house and a large 'thout askin' him. Gimme th' pipe farm, was regarded as one of the "big" men of Long Cove. Lem trailed The pipe-a cirty malodorous clay after the redoubtable Shorty in all of the commonest variety-was pro- his escapades, and whenever the sandy duced reverently by Lem, and his com- thatch of young Westhaver was bent themselves grasped by the horny finpanion fingered the blackened article in outlining a plot the black mop of with the appreciation of a would-be Lean Ring would be een in whisper-

"Colored up dandy. Does she draw was summer, and the idea of attending school at such a season proved "Yep!" answered Lem. "I tried her distasteful to Shorty. He had little strong. Here's a match. You kin try ciety of the boat fishermen and lobstermen along the beach to the Shorty made a negative gesture, gloomy schoolhouse and the severe "No, Lem. I ain't no hog. You kin and staid teacher. Whatever Shorty thought was right, Lem accepted, and "No, no! You smoke her, Shorty, ever since the snow went the school

As he lay upon the grass at the The other sniffed disdainfully, side of the road jaws working as he dust and profanity. puffed assiduously at the feeble spark in the bowl of the pipe and a seraphic smile on his freckled face, an observer "That warn't th' cigar," indignantly would have said that Shorty was at Women Can Dye Old peace with the world. So he was -- but lengthy contemplation on Shorty's part usually meant mischief-the calm before the storm as it were. Turning

"Lem!" "Ouch!" Master Ring acknowledged

jacks o' yours on this winter?"

"Yep!" growled Lem suspiciously. Hank Garvey found his berry patches "What about them? They was good

" 'Member what teacher said about

The other grunted. "Uh-huh! Said was clumsy on my feet."

"Yep, an' so ye were, Lem, an' ye'll cotton or mixed goods. remember when ye fell down an' knocked her desk over she said you was worse'n a bull in a china shop."

ued after a pause: "I've often wonder- centrate on their worries success ed jest what a bull in a china shop would be assured .- Mr. Eustace Miles, 'ud be like. It 'ud be lots o' fun,

Huh?" Master Ring's eyebrows arched questioningly and he showed interest. "What's th' game, Shorty?" "Let's git along to school, Lem," proposed the other.

"To school?' cried the younger boy late already. What's th' use o' goin' back now?"

"Jest you wait an' see," answered ing at the senselessness of such a sug-But in all the boy's tricks and es- gestion. "We'll git a lickin' for being

Shorty blushed. "Maybe I do an

kinder strong with that kid, Shorty. I reckon you ain't got no chance while

got a good game on." "What? Let's hear it."

he's around-" "Shut up," snapped the other. "That ain't what I'm goin' back for. I've

gin inter th' schoolroom." tion. "Drive that old ox o' Tom's inter the schoolroom?" he reiterated, and the humor of the thing caught his boyish fancy. "Bully idear! Let's git along an' do it. Gee! won't teacher be scared!" And chuckling with mischievous delight the plotters ran along the road to the little pasture constantly working under a great where Tom Phinney's old ox Beauty strain.

under the shade of a giant spruce. Shorty rapidly cast the halter adrift from the tree, and with many a "Haw, Beauty! Gee, Beauty!" he steered the lumbering animal out and along the dusty road in the direction of the

schoolhouse.

This was a plain one-storey building, shingled and whitewashed, sit- lagging and is compelled to force it to uated upon a knoll of bare rock which | yield by pressure. There must be seemed to heave itself suddenly out of the earth at the roadside. It seemed strange that the only rocky land in Long Cove should have been relegated to the schoolhouse and the clergymen were wont to apologize education and religion being founded on a rock. Long Dick Jennings-a local fisherman and a character—used to affirm that both were rock-bottom

itself to view Shorty fetched the ox excellence of which many are really up with a jerk when he caught sight capable. of a horse and buggy tied up outside the door. "Whose is that?" hissed Lem apprehensively. " 'Tain't th' minister, is it?"

Shorty, with the pipe still in his mouth, scrutinized the buggy and horse closely before replying.

chum's awkward efforts to slice the an' even his last crowd 'ud forgive ally. "Tis a hired team, an' I reckon I knows whose it is." "Not th' inspector's?" queried Lem

in a half-panic at the thought. "Naw! It's Cal Jenkins. He's a-goin' away second mate o' that three-master on teacher afore he sails. Give th'

Up the bare rock path they scramblwith a bang, they leaped behind the bewildered ox and drove him through with thumps and wild yells of encouragement. There was a chorus of girlish shrieks from the interior of the room as poor Beauty, frightened out of his bovine senses, crashed through the narrow doorway and into the apartment, with the framework of the knobbed horns.

imps!" Shorty and Lem turned on gers of Beauty's master, Tom Phinney. Inside the schoolroom the ox was bellowing thunderously; girls were screaming in fright, and as Tom Phinney lugged them up to the door, both boys heard a familiar voice—a man's voice-driving the animal out of the room. "Uncle Jerry!" gasped Shorty, and while he squirmed in the farmer's clutch, the ox came lumbering out of the exit with horns down and tail upraised, and with the red-faced Uncle Jerry thwacking it with a wooden pointer the bewildered quadruped drove head first into Mr. Phinney and the two culprits, and ox, boys, and man rolled to the earth in a cloud of

(To be continued.)

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If people would concentrate on their Lem frowned, and the other contin- work as wholeheartedly as they con-

> Mascots are popular among airmen, one famous pilot pinning his faith to the tail of a fox.

Beauty is from within. If every human being would cultivate a gracious mentality, not only would what he expressed be artistically beautiful, but also his body. There would indeed be grace and charm, a superiority about him, which would be even greater than mere physical beauty.

pupils-when he attended school and Lem sniffed. "Bob Morrissey is Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

Don't Go Stale!

"I went stale," would be a fitting epitaph for multitudes of failures. Stale brains are responsible for a large part of the failures in the world, and stale brains are not only caused by "Let's drive Tom Phinney's ol' day- overwork, but by idleness, inaction, and solvenly, slipshod use of the Lem stood appalled at the sugges- brain. These things will make the most promising brains go stale.

I know a business man who has tremendous brain power, but much of his work is exceedingly ordinary and tame, because he does it when his brain is paded and fagged. He is

was meditatively chewing the cud The result is that his judgment, which is very remarkable when he is rested, is much of the time poor; and he is frequently irritated because he makes foolish, unaccountable blunders.

No man can do his best work when he is obliged to spur on his jaded faculties; when he feels his mentality spontaneity in the thought or there will be no vividness of imagination, no certainty of memory.

Thousands of employees go to their thing good is got by worry. work in the morning so completely used up, their faculties so jaded, their for the ruggedness of their respective spirits so low, that they are incapable territories by Lundry references to of accuracy or efficient effort. They have no enthusiasm in their work; their minds wander; they make all sorts of mistakes because they are in no condition to focus their powers but, as Dick had no education and upon their tasks. In fact their brain ont., through your home drug store. haustion, and the result is mediocrity As soon as the schoolhouse opened in work instead of a high standard of

The average brain is capable of susstained effort and great efficiency when all the physical standards are up when all the tissues are wholesomely nourished; but, the moment there is an accumulation of poisonous material in the blood, efficiency is immediately lowered.

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The Country of Mothersin-Law.

China until recently was the country of mothers-in-law, where they reigned and used their power to make martyrs of their daughters-in-law. One cannot imagine to what point this ferocious summer door entangled on his brass- authority was carried. But their good time is nearing an end; the young "Aha! I've got ye, ye consarned wives have liberated themselves in the Chinese Republic.

The feminists of Canton have won a "glorious victory":

First-There is no longer any marriage code.

Second-The wife has the right to

keep all she has earned. Third-The divorce laws are the

same for the two sexes It would be interesting to know what is thought of all this by the old mandarins with crystal or mother of

pearl buttons.

the past year.

The demand for goat milk in B.C. Truly! still exceeds the supply in spite of a 40 per cent. increase in yield in

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Look for Virtues.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind.

And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudiest night has a hint of

Somewhere in its shadows hiding; It is better by far to hunt for a star Than the spots on the sun abiding.

It is only a glad "good-morning" As she passed along the way, But is spread the morning's glory

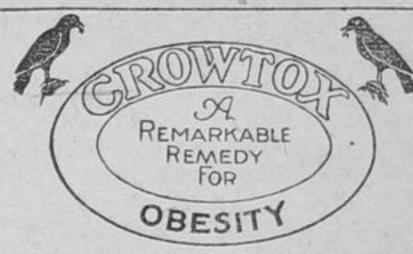
Over the livelong day. -Carlotta Perry.

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