

BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

[Copyright by the Musson Book Company]

How the Story Started.

Frank Westhaver, known as "Shorty," lives at Long Cove on Bay of Fundy coast with his mother and his uncle, Captain Jerry Clark. He and his chum Lemuel Ring, drink a bottle of rum, whereupon Frank's uncle tells him the story of his father's fondness for drink and how the "Grace Westhaver" went down off Sable Island with ten of her crew and her skipper. This has the desired effect upon Frank. The two boys pilot an Italian vessel into Anchorville to the astonishment of Captain Spinney, harbor-master. Frank finishes school with credit to himself and spends the summer as an apprentice to "Long Dick" Jennings.

CHAPTER THREE—(Cont'd.)

There were other days too, and every bit as grand, when under a strong breeze, sunshine, and fleecy clouds the Fundy combers would race in foam-laced battalions and burst in acres of white water upon the rock-girt shore. These were the days when the big ships whirled down the Bay in all their pride of billowy canvas; when, with top-gallantsails and royals drawing, they careened to the breeze and displayed their lumber-laden decks with lee water sluicing over the high-to-gallant rail. Many a time Shorty watched them as they passed him in the dory, and as they stormed along he sighed for the romance of blue-water and the storied lands to which they were bound.

The fall fitting-out season came in due time. The haying was over once more, and the men began to get ready to join their vessels. Shorty had put in a good summer with Long Dick, and though he was hardly big enough or strong enough to do his full share in a dory, yet he "was worth his salt," as Long Dick expressed it. He could rig the trawl gear, hitch gangins, and hook up as nimbly as the most expert, as well as bait and overhaul the lines after a set. For his size and weight he handled a dory as good as the best, and could take his stand at the dress tables and "dress down" either as a throater, gutter, or splitter.

"Now, son," said Dick, "you kin go a-bankin' naow as good as any o' them. I've l'arned ye all I know 'cept sailin' a vessel an' findin' fish. Ye kin splice an' knot; ye kin rig trawl gear an' make tubs outer flour barrels; ye kin rig a buoy kag in proper Bank fashion an' heave a trawl 'thout snarl-in' it all up. Ye kin hook an' bait up, overhaul an' comb, throat, gut, an' split like any ol' shacker, an' all ye've got t' l'arn now in th' fishin' line is to stand in the bow an' haul a four-tub set on a hard bottom, snarled up an' tide settin' agin ye; git adrift for a week in a dory with nawthin' to ett; swear in three langwidges—Portygee, Judique, an' T Dock Irish; an' pick up a skipper what is a high-liner. When ye kin do that, ye're a blooded Banker an' ready t' become a second Clayton Morrissey. You git along with yer uncle for a spell an' I'll guarantee ye'll be runnin' a vessel o' yer own afore ye're a man's age."

At supper that night his uncle spoke the long-hoped-for words. "Frank, git yer duds ready. Ye'll ship as spare hand with me this fall." And Shorty felt that he had at last crossed the rubicon of his dearest desire.

CHAPTER FOUR.

There's th' men who set on Georges, On th' Channel an' Cape Shore, From th' Quero down to Cashes, An' th' Peak to Labrador; There's seiners, shackers, salters, But where'er a vessel steers, They'll tell you fishin's hardest In th' first hundred years.

Shorty and his uncle boarded the little packet schooner on a misty August morning, and, in company with many other Long Covers bound for the Bank fishing, they waved their farewells to the little knot of women on the wharf. While his uncle and the other men were assisting Cap'en Bill Daley to "hang out th' patch," Frank Westhaver stood on the schooner's quarter and listened dutifully to his mother's advice. His feelings were varied by pleasurable anticipation at the life before him and regret at leaving home. A boy's leave-taking sorrow does not last long, however, and Shorty nodded gravely to his mother's admonitions, while his eyes roved up on the brow of the hill where a white-frocked figure was waving a handkerchief.

Shorty had gone through a valedictory hour with Carrie Dexter the evening previous, and in his canvas dunnage bag there reposed a little token of her friendship in the shape of a pair of red woollen wristlets.

"You won't forget me, Frankie?" he had asked, and Shorty swore by all his boyhood gods that it was impossible.

"There's lots of girls in Gloucester, I hear," she ventured.

"There may be," replied Shorty emphatically, "but they ain't up to your class, Carrie, so don't worry. I'll write you whenever I git a chanst, an' don't you forgit t' do th' same."

The schooner's sails filled to the

light breeze and swung the little craft out from the wharf. "Good-bye, Frankie," cried Mrs. Westhaver, with a quaver in her voice. "Don't forget to say your prayers and change your clothes when they're wet."

"So long, Shorty," rumbled Long Dick. "Show them Glo'ster townies that ye're a Novy what kin bait small an' catch large. Th' first hundred years o' fishin' is th' hardest, son!" And with their farewells echoing in his ears, he waved his cap until the morning fog blotted the wharf and schooner from each other's sight.

As they glided down the coast in the mist he began to feel very forlorn and lonely. Joe Small was at the wheel steering, and his Uncle Jerry and the other passengers were seated around the main hatch gossiping and smoking. It was only then that Shorty realized the heart-gripping sensations of leaving home for the first time, but, boy-like he soon forgot his feelings when the fog lifted and the glorious August sunshine flooded the sea and landscape with golden effulgence.

By noon they shot alongside Anchorville pier, and, shouldering his bag, he trailed in his uncle's wake and boarded the train for Yarmouth. It was Shorty's first time on a train, and the journey to the seaport was a wonderful revelation to the boy, who feasted his eyes on the panorama of farms, forests, and rivers which flashed past. And what a man the brass-bound conductor seemed! Shorty felt that such a position might well be envied, and he regarded the pompous dignity of the uniformed official with reverential awe. As he collected the tickets from the trawlers and drummers who crowded the smoking-car he carried such an air of dignity with him that almost caused the boy to gasp when his uncle addressed the conductor with the familiarity of old acquaintance.

"Hullo, thar, Ben Simpson! How's she headin' this trip?"

The conductor's official mask relaxed into a beaming smile. "Howdy, Cap'en Clark. Off for th' fishin' agin? More high-line trips an' big stocks to ye! Two tickets, eh? Your boy, Cap'en? Your nephew, eh? Not Cap'en Frank Westhaver's youngster, is he? You don't say! Goin' a-fishin' are ye, son? Waal, here's hopin' ye steer a close wake to yer uncle, sonny." And while Shorty acknowledged the advice in blushing pleasure, the man of tickets passed down the aisle.

The train journey opened Frank's eyes as to his uncle's importance. Everybody appeared to know him, and the smoking-car seemed to have become Jerry Clark's reception-room. Sun-bronzed trawlers lurched up the aisle and respectfully begged for "a chance" to sail with him; old shipmates flopped into the seat alongside and exchanged yarns and notes, and all who passed through the car seemed to have a hail for Cap'en Clark. Shorty divided his attention between the passing scenery and the boisterous gossip of his uncle's friends, and by the time the train pulled into Yarmouth, Frank had a new conception of his Uncle Jerry's importance, and the conductor's job began to pale into insignificance beside that of the "high-line" Bank skipper.

They disembarked at the flourishing Nova Scotian town—then in the zenith of its greatness as a mighty shipbuilding and shipowning port—and boarded the waiting Boston steamer. The voyage across the Gulf of Maine to the big American city constituted another memorable experience to Shorty, and it was late that night ere he turned into his state-room bunk. While his uncle yarned and gossiped in the smoking-room the boy paced the steamship's deck and watched the loom of the Nova Scotia coast sinking into the evening mist until the whirling flash of Cape Forchu light alone remained to mark the existence of the land. The second engineer—a friend of his uncle—took him in hand then and conducted him down to view the racing arms of steel which whirled in their guides with hissings, and clankings, and purrings as they drove the steamer through the sea at a twelve-knot gait. Altogether it had been a day of days to the boy, and when he turned in at last it was but to dream over the memory of the things he had seen.

Next morning his uncle roused him. "Look through th' port, Frankie," he said, his newly washed face shining like the sun in a Bank fog. "Thar's ol' Cape Ann away off thar." Ye'll see it often after this, I hope. Glo'ster's jest inside thar, an' by th' week-end we sh'd hev the ol' Kastalia a-pokin' her horn outside o' Ten Pound Island. Eastern P'int lays a little t' th' west'ard o' th' Cape, an' I call'ate afore ye're much older ye'll git t' love th' sight o' them ol' rocks." Breakfast was over when they passed the Lightship, and through a sea smooth as glass and glittering in the sun they swung up Boston Bay. What a morning it was! To Shorty, the steamer trip had the train ride beaten hollow, and the passage up to Boston on that glorious August morning was a perfect delight. Off the Lightship they passed a Yankee man-o'-war—

yacht-like in white and buff, with brass-a-glitter and the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from the stern pole. Near the Graves they saw a splendid clipper ship towing out to sea—a black-hulled dream of a ship with sky-raking masts and yards braced faultlessly square. Shorty was absorbed in the contemplation of her nautical loveliness when his uncle leaned over the rail. "What a beautiful vessel," said Frank in admiration of the deep-laden windjammer.

His uncle was not so enthusiastic. "Yankee hell-ship," he growled. "Cape Horner, with bullies aft and an all-nation gang o' Shanghaied scrubs for'ard. Ye'll notice there ain't none o' her crew on deck. Riggers a-takin' her out—crew in their bunks sleepin' off th' knock-out rum they swigged last night. Aye Frankie—they're beautiful ships t' look at, but floatin' hells t' sail in. That's th' Martha Starbuck—a proper Cape Horn blood boat—three skys-ls an' monkey's allowance for th' foremast crowd. Now look over t' port here an' see what I call a vessel. She's a T Dock market-man from Georges with a trip o' fish. Ain't that a beauty for ye now?"

On their beam lay a beautiful schooner under all sail, and making but bare steerage-way in the light breeze. The gang of men lounging around her quarter stared at the Boston steamer with a sort of contempt, although it must have annoyed them exceedingly to see the advantage of steam over sail on such a morning.

"She's th' Mannie G. Irving—a Burgess model. There's her skipper at th' wheel—Stormalong Joe Evans—a pow'ful hard driver an' a mighty good fisherman. But wait, Frankie, till ye see th' Kastalia. Smartest vessel out o' Glo'ster—sails like a steamboat. Now we're comin' in among the islands. Boston's dead ahead. D'ye see th' smoke of it? Here's a big Atlantic liner a-comin'—boun' for Liverpool, I call'ate. Some size vessel, sonny, eh?"

(To be continued.)

Spring and Summer Forest Fires.

There are usually two periods of fire-hazard in the Canadian forests, in early spring just after the snow disappears, and in late summer, when the vegetation has begun to get dry. Exceptional seasons vary these periods but the two classes of "spring fires" and "summer fires" remain. Many people understand why the dry, hot period of late summer is likely to be favorable to the starting of forest fires but they think that, after the heavy snowfall of winter, the woods ought to be safe till early summer at least. A little reflection, however, will show why the early spring period is particularly dangerous. In early spring there is often a short period of hot, bright days. The leaves have not yet come out and the sun shines down through the leafless branches directly on the forest floor. The snow disappears as if by magic and the dead twigs and last year's leaves become dry as tinder. If a glowing match or cigarette stub is dropped among this material the forest floor is ablaze over a space of many yards in a moment. A few days at this period are always most critical. After the first spring rain the ground vegetation becomes green and damp, and the leaves come out and shade the forest floor. The worst danger is then over, until the hot days of late summer cause the vegetation to dry out, when a danger period ensues which lasts till the first autumn rains. The moral of it all is that Canadians ought always to be careful with fire in the forest and doubly careful during these danger periods.

No Friend.

Mistress: "When I engaged you, Susan, you told me that you had no man-friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there."

Susan: "Bless you, um, he ain't no friend of mine!"
"Then who is he?"
"My husband."

"Every little helps" is all right for those with little, and all wrong for those who have much.

There is some one who is actually doing the thing that you are dreaming of doing—some one who is not better equipped than you are but who has the will to make dreams come true. There is some one not very far from you, who would make a big thing out of the chance you are throwing away because you see nothing in it. There are thousands of young men who would think they were "made" if they only had your chance for an education, your chance to make good, where you think there is no chance at all. Are you going to make use of your opportunities? What are you doing with your chance?

Tree-Line Advancing Westward.

What has happened in the United States middle west is also happening on the Canadian prairies, namely, the tree-line, which fifty years ago was located a comparatively short distance west of the Mississippi and Red rivers, has advanced several hundred miles into what was formerly the bald prairie. The line has not moved forward bodily but "islands" and groves of trees are to-day to be found like outposts in districts, where there were formerly no trees. This is believed to be due to the fact that the progress of settlement has stopped, more or less completely, prairie fires and given the trees a chance. Progress westward has been slow because the prevailing winds are from the west, and tree seeds are carried largely by wind. In the last fifteen years, however, the rate of advance has been more rapid largely because of the more determined fight against prairie fires. Trees are now spreading southward from the well established forest along the Saskatchewan. In addition to this natural process of forest growth individuals and communities have planted groves all over the west. The Dominion forest nursery station at Indian Head has sent out over sixty million trees to forty thousand farmers in the last twenty years, and this with civic and school planting is helping to change the appearance of the prairies.

She Knew.

A Philadelphia school teacher was quoting to her pupils the sayings of various wise men touching the value of silence on certain occasions, when she gave them the proverb to the effect that we have one mouth and two ears, in order that we may listen twice as much as we speak.

A day or so after the instruction, the teacher, to see how well the lesson had been learned, asked a girl pupil the question, as above.

Little Lulu had forgotten the philosopher's maxim; but the question did not seem a difficult one to answer.

"Because," she said, "we should not have room in our face for two mouths, and we should look too crooked if we had only one ear."

"No, Lulu," said the teacher, "that is not the reason. Perhaps Marie can tell us."

"Yessum," said Marie, "it's that way so we can let what we hear go in at one ear and out at the other!"

Women Can Dye Old Faded Things New in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Love of Home.

This fond attachment to the well-known place Whence first we started into life's long race, Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway, We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

—William Cowper.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

A New Serial.

Authoress—"My new novel has its scenes laid in the wheat fields."
Editor—"Then I suppose you are going to run it in cereal form."

It's no good to "keep on trying" if you are doing it the wrong way.

Cleaning

THE postman and expressman will bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send—whether it be household draperies or the most delicate fabrics—will be speedily returned to their original freshness. When you think of cleaning or dyeing think of PARKER'S.

Parker's Dye Works Limited
Cleaners and Dyers
791 Yonge St.
Toronto

Keep Your Shoes Neat

2 IN 1

WHITE

Shoe Dressing

CAKE OR LIQUID

314 Pilots Guide 44,000 Ships to London Each Year.

Three hundred and fourteen pilots are employed to guide the more than 44,000 ships which pass in and out of the port of London every year. The profession is a most lucrative one, the average yearly earnings of the pilots being between five and six thousand dollars.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Some complain because of poor health, but many more have poor health because they complain.

The Britannia (B.C.) Mining and Smelting Co. is erecting a new crushing mill with a capacity of 2,500 tons of ore per day.

FOR CONSTIPATION and SICK HEADACHE

Take Dr. Ross' Kidney and Liver Pills

Price 25c.

Sold by all druggists or ROSS MEDICINE COMPANY
75 Jarvis Street, Toronto

Will not scratch or tear

Made with polished glass or metal surface without screws or sockets, the

Onward

SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE

slides smoothly and cannot injure the finest rugs or highly-polished floors. Easily put on and, once on, stays on.

Tell your dealer you must have Onward Sliding Furniture Shoes on your new furniture. It will make your housework easier.

Onward Mfg. Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Trade Mark

Vaseline

CARBOLATED

PETROLEUM JELLY

A VERY efficient antiseptic when used as a first-aid dressing for cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, etc. Keep a tube in the house for emergencies.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, taken shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toe, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, taken shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toe, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.