

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 one "Grace Westhaver" went down off Sable Island with ten of her crew and her skipper. This has the desired effect upon Frank. He finishes school with credit to himself and spends the summer as an apprentice to "Long Dick" Jennings. In August his uncle takes him on a fishing trip as spare hand aboard the Kastalia which has now reached the Great Banks.

CHAPTER FIVE—(Cont'd.)

The successive dories were prepared and launched in a similar manner, but when they swept astern the first dory painter was handed down to them and made fast to their stern becket, while theirs was belayed to the vessel's taffrail until another dory was launched. Thus in twenty minutes there were two strings of five dories each towing from the port and starboard quarters of the vessel, and Frank was mopping the perspiration from his face. A man has to be sprightly on his feet and quick with fingers to handle dory painters with the schooner sailing at a five-knot clip.

"Let go!" cried the skipper. The last dory in the starboard string wore their buoy over, and while the line was running out made one end of the baited trawl fast to the anchor. When the anchor and buoy-line had run its length, the dory-mate tending the trawl sung out, "Cast off!" And the dory painter was unfastened from the stern of the dory ahead of them, while the schooner towed the rest of the string on.

In this manner—a flying set—the whole string of ten dories were scattered over some four miles of sea and left to set their baited trawls into the waters of the Bank. When the last dory had been left, the schooner was put about, the tail-rope belayed to windward, and the vessel jogged to leeward of the string.

"Now, Frank," said his uncle when the cook had left the deck to attend to his culinary duties below, "ship th' penboards an' git th' pews out. Then ye'd better give th' cook a hand 'n' fill his lamps. Lots o' work for spare hand aboard a fisherman." And while his uncle steered up and down the line of dories Shorty busied himself shipping the penboards, which form the divisions on deck into which the fish are pitched; getting out the forks or "pews," cleaning up the remains of the herring-bait cutting, and filling and cleaning the cook's lamps fore and aft.

Thus the days passed as they wandered from berth to berth and Bank to Bank. It was good fishing weather; fish were striking good, and evenings saw the pens piled with gleaming cod and a sprinkling of haddock, hake, and pollock. Sometimes they fished in "flying sets" as described, and at other times they anchored with the big eight-inch manila fishing hawser over the bows, and the dories rowed out from the vessel and fished in positions with the schooner as a common centre. It was hard work. Roused out before sunrise to bait up the trawls, setting tub and tub all day long, pitching out the fish, and in the evenings "dressing down," "salting," and "kenching" by the light of lamp and kerosene torch until the wearied body almost dropped from sheer physical exhaustion.

Shorty took his share with the crowd. He tended dories, shipped pen-boards, cleared up decks, and oiled

lamps, and when the loaded boats came alongside he held the painters and helped hoist them aboard when the fish had been pitchforked out. In dressing down the fare he prepared the dress keelers or gutting tables, filled the wash-tubs, and saw to it that the gutting and shacking knives were sharp. He kept a tally of the "count"—all the dory-mates counted the fish they caught—and checked up the "kenched" or piled salt fish in the hold pens. Incidentally he learned the correct way to salt and stack the cleaned fish, and learned the evils of "slack" salting and bad piling. It was a hard daily grind, but the men were well fed, ate like horses, and slept like dead men, and the boy could feel his muscles hardening under the work.

Captain Clark was a "driver," and much of his success was due to this characteristic. While the fine weather lasted he turned his gang out at four in the morning and had them setting out all day long, and when they returned aboard at dusk it was to clean and salt the fish until midnight. Men snatched sleep when they could, wolfed food in "mug-ups," and lived their waking hours in oilskins and jack-boots, with the skipper in a bantering, but insistent way, driving them to the limit of human endurance. Unshaven, faces sunburnt, encrusted with salt, and smeared with torch smoke, the fishermen appeared a rough and desperate-looking crew, but in spite of their weary bodies they kept up an incessant round of chaff and jokes while they prosecuted their monotonous daily grind.

Then came a day when the "hold" man announced that the bait was done, and those who heard murmured their relief at the intelligence. "All right, bullies," cried the skipper. "Git the anchor aboard! Take in th' ridin' sail an' set th' patch! Swing her off sou'-west for Canso!" And when the sail was put on her the men, except the two on watch, retired to their bunks to catch up on sleep.

It was clear when they arrived off Cranberry Island and negotiated the channel into the harbor, tenanted, as usual, by a fleet of fishing vessels. There were many Gloucester men among them, and as the Kastalia swept in the crews shouted rough greetings and enquired of the prospects outside.

"What are all these vessels in here for?" enquired Shorty of a fisherman.

"Waal, some are waitin' for bait. I call 'em, an' others are laid up, an' others are jest spendin' their time loafin' here 'til th' cod comes crawlin' aboard."

"How is it that we kin git our bait 'thout waitin' like these fellers for it?"

"How? Waal, sonny, it's cause you hev an uncle what hez a long head on him, an' makes his arrangements t' git a supply long before. Yer uncle hez a good name among th' trap fellers ashore here, an' they'll oblige him afore anyone else—sides that he allus pays a little more'n the other feller, an' it pays in th' long run."

Shorty nodded. "Tell me," he asked after a pause, "how is it that an American vessel like we are kin come inter a Canadian port an' git supplies? I thought American vessels couldn't enter a Canadian port unless it was for shelter or water, or to refit after damages."

The orate bit off a quid before replying. "Neither they can, son. An American vessel hez no right t' enter a Canadian port unless, as you say, to git necessary supplies or shelter, but an American vessel kin git bait, ice, an' stores of she takes out a Mody Veevendy (Modus Vivendi) license by payin' th' Canadian Government a dollar'n half a ton on th' vessel's

\$2,000 in cash prizes

Many people have discovered that 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are good for other things than for shining shoes. For example:—

- 2 in 1 BLACK—Good for polishing motor cars; refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers, hats, etc.
- 2 in 1 WHITE—cake or liquid—Good for cleaning hats, stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, auto tires, etc.
- 2 in 1 TAN PASTE—Good for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, etc.

For the Best List of New Uses for 2 in 1, We are Awarding Cash Prizes as Follows:

1st award \$500.00—for the most acceptable list	20 Prizes of \$15.00—for the next twenty
2nd " 300.00—for next best list	50 " 5.00—for the next fifty
3rd " 200.00—for third best list	50 " 2.00—for the next fifty
10 Prizes of 25.00—for the next ten	100 " 1.00—for the next 100 lists

Try to find new uses for any of the 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes, either black, tan, oxblood, or brown paste, white cake or white liquid, black or tan combination. Write on one side of paper only. List uses according to colors. Awards will be made according to decision of special committee, and payment made on or before October 1st, 1922. All lists submitted to become our property. Address:



Prize Editor,
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

registered tonnage every year. She's entitled to them special privileges of she takes out th' Mody Veevendy, an' this craft hez one o' them things."

When they came to an anchor Shorty went ashore with his uncle in a dory, and while the skipper was arranging for a supply of ice and bait the boy wandered off to look at a dingy-looking French brigantine lying at the end of the wharf. She was a wonderfully ancient craft, seemingly manned by a huge crowd of swart-skinned Breton fishermen. Her masts seemed stayed anyhow, the foremast had a decided rake over the bows, while the mainmast canted aft, and both spars were hung with rigging which looked positively ragged with frayed Irish pennants and chafing gear. Upon the foremast there hung four scandalized yards with the sails tied slovenly upon them, while the shrouds sagged for want of setting up, and the braces and running rigging streamed from aloft in unsightly bights. A line of ragged washing was strung across the deck between the masts, a few dried cod hung in the rigging, while over the stern depended a string of what Shorty deduced were skate fins. Rust and dirt predominated, and the boy contrasted this lumbering French hulk with the trim, yacht-like American fisherman upon which he was sailing.

While he was staring down upon the dory-littered main-deck there was a sound of someone shrieking in the forecastle, and a little boy came running out on deck hotly pursued by a man, who beat him unmercifully about the body with a rope. The lad covered down in a corner endeavoring to shield his face with his arms, while the great brute beating him threw down the rope and started in to use his sea-booted feet. The sickening thuds as the man drove his heavy boots into the little body roused all Shorty's anger, and before he was aware of it he found himself on the deck of the brigantine and rushing for the tormentor.

"You big swab!" yelled Shorty, and picking up a belaying pin from the rail, he caught the astonished Frenchman a stunning blow on the side of the head which dropped him to the deck.

"Come on, kid!" he shouted to the boy cowering and crying on the deck. "Cut an' run!" And grasping the lad by the arm, he hauled him to his feet and hustled him over on to the wharf.

An excited jabber arose from the brigantine as the boys jumped on to the dock, and in a trice a mob of tatterdemalion St. Malo toughs came running up the wharf after them.

"Run, Frenchy, run!" cried Frank, dragging his frightened companion by the arm, and both lads legged it up the wharf as hard as they could go. The French boy was too sick, or too frightened, to run fast, and when Shorty glanced behind he could see the pursuers gaining upon them. "Go to it, Frenchy," he panted. "They're hard after us! 'Round th' corner here, quick!"

As they turned a shed they almost collided with a number of fishermen leisurely strolling down to the dock. "Hey thar, Frank!" cried someone in astonishment as the boy cannoned into a bulky figure. "Where'n tophet are ye goin'?" Shorty looked up, panting, and recognized Jud Haskins with four of the Kastalia's gang and two strange American fishermen.

"Frenchies—knockin' this kid about—kickin' him. I—laid out th' feller an' told—kid—t' run. Frenchies a-comin' after us!"

He had barely gasped the words out before the St. Malo men came swinging around the corner and into the group. Instantly Haskins dropped his parcel, and with a growling "Who th' t'arnal blazes are ye shovin'?" he hauled off and smashed a Frenchman between the eyes with his fist. This was the signal for a general mix-up.

and with whoops of delight the other American fishermen sailed in. It was not long before the sounds of battle attracted a crowd, while the excited yells of the Frenchmen brought the whole crew of the brigantine to the scene. "Trawlers! trawlers!" roared a voice. "A scrap! a scrap!"

Upon the hail every American, Canadian, and Newfoundland fisherman upon Canso wharves rushed hot-foot to the fray, and the fight developed into a proper beach battle between some forty of the brigantine's crew and a good twenty or thirty Anglo-Saxons, who, carried away by the excitement of the melee, shouted and roared with deep-water oaths and kicked and smashed their opponents with hairy fist and heavy sea-booted feet. "Look out for their knives!" bawled a man whose hand was dripping blood from an ugly slash, and Shorty saw him drive his boot into the face of the man who had cut him. "Take that, ye dirty, knifin' swine!" he growled, and turning, he smashed another Frenchman on the mouth with his bleeding fist.

The little French boy covered into the doorway of a shed and looked on with frightened eyes, while Shorty ducked in and out of the tussling mob and struck wherever he could see a swarthy face.

(To be continued.)

Electric Flypaper.

The struggles of a fly caught on a sheet of aanglefoot paper are painful to witness. Perhaps, however, the insect undergoes no worse sufferings than when poisoned.

Why not kill the flies by electricity? A simple little machine for the purpose has been invented. You hang it on the wall and it does the rest. Bait, of any kind suitable, attracts the insects to a slot through which it is exposed to view and smell. The slot is a narrow elongated opening between two metal plates. When a fly crawls across from one of the plates to the other, it is instantly killed and falls into a little trough beneath. This happens because the plates are attached by binding posts to a couple of copper wires which pass through an electric cord connected to an ordinary plug, which is inserted in an electric socket.

The cost of living went up enormously in Berlin on April 1st, rents being increased by 90 per cent., while numerous taxes also became much heavier.

The people of Amsterdam, Holland, have been taught, by means of an official movie film, how to behave in public—on which side of the pavement to walk, how to hold a cane, an umbrella,



SPRYWHEEL

A Single Wheel Tractor and Cultivator Combined.

Sprywheel does any work for which a wheel or hand hoe can be used.

—Does Five Times As Much.

Small enough for the half acre home gardener—a labor saver and money maker for every market gardener, nurseryman and farmer, insuring Uniformly Thorough and Economical Cultivation.

For full information and Descriptive Literature

Agents Write Now

SPRYWHEEL 52 COLBORNE ST., Dept. "C" TORONTO

A Hospital for Plants.

A hospital for plants is the latest device, designed by an ingenious Englishman, for the aid and comfort of lovers of flowers, who are often distressed at sight of their favorite plants ailing and dying from maladies for which they know no cure. When a sick plant is brought to the hospital, it is immediately examined and sent to the room prepared for its case. If it is suffering from a cold it is tended with heat; if it has become anaemic from an excess of solar rays, it goes through a freezing treatment. The unwholesome branches are removed, while those that are anaemic are fed. It seems that certain plants are very nervous. Some easily get neurasthenic, while their neighbors show undeniable symptoms of hysteria. But special managements permit the application to each of them of the treatment it requires.

"When you are hungry, keep still," says a doctor; "movement will only make your hunger grow."

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Three great Asiatic rivers, the Yangtze Kiang, the Mekong, and the Salween, which at one point in China are only a few miles apart, discharge through mouths 2,000 miles apart.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then 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.

You Can Stand on this Wash Board



Our SMP Pearl Ware Wash Board is so strong, tough and durable that a full-grown man or woman can stand on it without doing the rubbing surface or any

part of it the least harm! The enameled surface won't chip, flake or peel off. Think of the wear there is in such a wash board! There is the same wearing qualities in all articles in SMP Pearl Ware. Try out the wash board and be convinced.



Ask for SMP Pearl Ware

MADE BY THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY



Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.