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BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

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CHAPTER SEVEN.

They were driving her! Cape Sable had blinked at them in the dark of October night, and when it had flickered into nothingness astern Captain Clark turned the gangs out fore and aft to hang the whole patch upon her. "Jig up an' sheet down!" he commanded. "This old gal never made a slow trip from the east'ard in her life. Give that lee balloon sheet a pull! Start that stays'l a grind! Take up th' slack in them two tops'l halliards! Sol Now, drive her!"

Storming along on the wings of the wind, with all her sail set, the Kastalia pointed her long bowsprit for Cape Ann and sheared through the black waters with a dull, sonorous foarfling at her forefoot. The fore-castle resounded to the low thunder of racing seas, and the timbers of the staunch schooner creaked and groaned with the load of canvas she was lugging along. It was grand! A very poem of motion! Not a listless, sentimental idyll, but a shouting, surging, storming song—a booming anthem accompanied by the whine and snore of a breeze of wind in the taut rigging and the crashing, bellowing, deep-toned shout of resisting, outflung sea. Rising grandly to a full-bodied wave, the Kastalia drove down the succeeding trough with a creaming yeast of foam which bubbled and hissed clean to the rail. Up she would go again; bowsprit soaring sky-high and copper-painted underbody showing clear aft to the heel of the foremast. It was an ocean see-saw, when vessel and elements played and flirted with each other, but, despite the waltzing and curtseying, the sharp bows were held to a defined seapath, and the trailing log astern was clicking up the traverse of watery miles.

Jules and Shorty lounged over the weather dories and watched the scenes around them. "Waal, Sabot, ol' man, we're hoofin' it for home. Homeward bound—d'ye know? D'ye understand?"

The little French lad stared hard at the sea for a space. "I have no home," he said sadly. "Wen we git to Glo'ster, I no know w'at to do—"

Shorty raised a threatening hand. "Jules Sabot!" he said severely. "As sure as my name is Frank Westhaver, I'll bat ye on the ear if I hear ye talkin' thataways ag'in! When I'm goin' home, you're goin' home, see? You ain't a Frenchy any longer, are ye?"

"No, no," replied the youngster emphatically. "Me no French no more. No want go back. No like France or Frenchy peoples—cept Johnny Le-blanc."

"He's a Canadian—a Nova Scotian," interrupted Shorty.

"Oui! Nova Scozian—dat's what I be!"

"That's just what you are, Sabot. You're a Nova Scotian—a Bluenose—an' you'n me's goin' dory-mates next year. You keep pickin' up English th' way you're doin' an' ye'll pass for a white man any day." Shorty spat deftly over the rail, and the little

Breton fisher-boy regarded him with eyes of admiration.

"You dam' fine fellow, Shortee," he said. "Bah, Sabot! Cut out th' soft soap. Let's go'n hev a mug-up. Cook's bin makin' doughnuts. I'll talk to him, an' you hook a few."

Into Gloucester harbor they shot in the dark of a late October morning, and the old New England fishing town was scarce awake before the news went around the breakfast tables that the Kastalia was in with a high-line trip. They discharged their fish—Frank acting as tally-man—and the out-turn was better than they expected, and with good prices the gang each drew a share check for a respectable sum.

"Now," said Captain Clark when the men had been paid, "I suppose my spare hand'll be wantin' his wages? Waal, ye've bin a very handy, useful boy, an' I'm very pleased with ye—very pleased indeed. Here's fifty dollars t' ye. Now, call your dory-mate."

Jules came down at the hail and stood apprehensively before the skipper. Though Shorty had assured him that he would never be cast adrift, yet the lad was afraid that the Captain would send him on shore.

"Waal, sonny. I cal'late you need a riggin' o' new clothes. Here's twenty dollars. Go with Frank here, an' he'll see t' ye. You kin stay by th' vessel—we'll be makin' another trip fresh-fishin' in a week after we git them topmasts down—an' I reckon you'll go along with us. Clear out now, th' pair o' ye, an' don't go out on a time like some o' yer shipmates."

Before the boys went up-town Frank opened a bundle of letters. One was from his mother—a proper motherly epistle, cautioning the youngster against wearing wet clothes and eating too much. "Change your clothes every time you get wet or damp," it read, "and do not stand around in the rain. Stay in the cabin when the storms come, etc." Shorty smiled. What would his mother have thought if she had seen him hanging on to the main-rigging and being deluged in the seas and soaked to the skin; of being "run under" on a bowsprit; of living continually in wet clothing? Poor mothers! What they don't know won't hurt them, and it is just as well for their peace of mind. A number of short letters from Carrie Dexter occupied his attention next—letters full of girlish chatter: of the minister, of teas, dances, weddings, and dress, and concluding with a line of crosses which made the boy smack reminiscent lips. The last was an ill-written scrawl from Lem Ring—unpunctuated, uncapitalized, and bristling with "Well Shorty's." In it Long Dick sent his regards, and wanted to know how his "Depitty" fared a-Banking; Jud Morrell wished to be kindly remembered; and the epistle ended with a mournful hope that Shorty would come back soon.

With the roll of bills in their pockets and feeling at peace with the world, the boys swaggered into a Fisherman's Emporium and Jules invested his money in a new rig-out of clothes. With all the eagerness of a child he scurried back aboard the vessel to put them on, and ready-made and ill-fitting as they were, the boy strutted around the fo'c's'le, showing off to the laughing fishermen, as proud as a dog with two tails.

Within ten days of their return from the salt Banking trip the Kastalia, denuded of her long topmasts, and rigged with her winter backstays and gear, poked her long horn outside Ten Pound Island bound on a fresh-fishing, or "haddocking," voyage to the Nova Scotia coast. They carried no salt this time—the hold pens being filled with some twenty-five tons of ice—and with frozen herring bait aboard they made a fast "run-off" to the Seal Island, and made their first set some twelve miles south of Cape Forchu.

The weather continued fine, and working over the grounds from the Cape to the Lurcher Lightship, they had a trip of eighty thousand prime haddock, cod, hake, pollock, and cusk on the ice within eight days of leaving port. The method of fishing was practically the same: Shorty and Jules tended dories and worked around the deck, but while the former learned little from his physical labor, yet he acquired hard muscles and began to grow.

Uncle Jerry, with consummate skill, kept the boy under his lee, and taught him many things without letting his nephew know that he was being instructed. He kept him at the wheel for many hours steering by the wind

and by compass; he had him keeping an unceasing tab upon the rise and fall of the barometer, and practically all the casting of the lead was done by Shorty. Every move of the vessel from berth to berth was traced upon the chart by the boy; he kept the "count," or fish tally; as "hold boss" he reported daily upon the supply of ice and bait left after each set; and while his stocky frame was toughening and stretching his brain was expanding also. Among the men he was a great favorite. He read to them in the short hour before turning in, and while he was improving the intellectual side of his mind by the reading of good, instructive literature he was making many staunch friends. There was no denying it. The fishermen sailed with adored the boy and would have done anything for him in their rough, simple, kindly way, and when they left for their homes at Christmas it was their entreaties which prevailed upon the skipper to bring his nephew back fishing for the balance of the season.

They marketed their fresh fish in Boston, running into T. Dock and herding with the crowd of able marketmen which ranked two and three deep at the wharf. Here Frank met many men and learned many things. He kept tally of the "out-turn" when unloading their catch, and saw how the fish were graded by the eagle-eyed cullers standing by the scales on the dock. He learned to distinguish the various grades of fish—the large-sized cod and hake classed as "steak" and put upon the market for the purpose of slicing; the fat, full-fleshed "mediums"; the smaller "snappers" and "scrod." He also saw the difference in the class of fish caught by the "hand-liners," who fish from the schooners with hand-lines upon Georges Bank; he talked with the crews of "rip fishermen," who fished by hand-lines from the deck of their vessel while she drifted among the whirling tide eddies of Nantucket Shoals; and a visit aboard of a newly arrived "halibuter" from the Labrador coast opened his eyes to a new and fascinating phase of the fishing business.

It was a great college for the boy, this rollicking sea town collected for a short space from the various shoal-water "spots" of the Western Ocean. From the ice-piled beaches of the desolate, rockbound Labrador they came; from the traffic-ploughed waters of the "Channel" and the tide-rips of Nantucket Shoals; the treacherous Banks of Georges; the ledge-strewn Cape Shore of Nova Scotia; and the misty, tide-ruled waters of the Bay of Fundy. With Newfoundlanders, silent, rough, and hairy; Portuguese from Lisbon and the Azores, swarthy, ear-ringed, black-haired, and volatile; Boston Irish, ruddy, ready-tongued, and strong with the burr of the Galway and Connemara brogue; and a strong sprinkling of Nova Scotians from Shelburne, Yarmouth, and Digby counties, the various crews constituted a cosmopolitan gang who talked and yarned in their varied dialects upon one common topic—the forty-fathom gossip of the great sea-world of fish.

The city of Boston held a mighty attraction for the country-bred Nova Scotia boy, and uncle and nephew strolled around the thronged, bustling streets viewing the wonders displayed in the store windows, watching the traffic and admiring the tall buildings, with little Sabot trotting open-eyed and silent in their wake.

They spent Christmas at home up on the Bay Shore—a genuine, Christ-massy Christmas with frost in the air and snow on the ground. And what a time Shorty had! The little packet schooner had scarce ranged alongside the Long Cove wharf before Long Dick, Lem Ring, and Jud Morrell had sprung aboard and were ringing the boy's hand off and slapping him upon the back until he coughed again. Can anyone describe Dick Jennings's pleasure when he surveyed the stocky, sea-bronzed youngster he had trained, noted the erect breadth of the boy's shoulders, felt the grip of his hardened hand, and gazed into the cool grey-blue confidence of his eyes. "You're a dog, Shorty!" he ejaculated. "Yep!—a proper rip-roarin' dog! An' this is th' little French kid ye started th' scrap up in Canso over, eh? Shake a mitt, son! 'Tis a Novy we'll be makin' of ye afore long, an' ye'll soon forget ye ever were a blame' parley-voo! Tell us of that fight, Shorty! Tell me about that close call ye hed with th' liner—th' tearin' vessel-sinkin' scum!" And the worthy fisherman volleyed questions and made comments in the same breath, while little Jules opened his brown eyes wide and gazed in pleasure upon the hearty greetings showered upon his friend.

(To be continued.)

Not Canny Enough.

An expedition was moving through reputedly unexplored African bush. They emerged one day from the dense tropical undergrowth into a small clearing, where they were astonished to see a pile of empty whisky bottles.

"There's been a Scotsman here," remarked one of the party, himself a Scot, and proud to think that one of his nation had been first in this lonely spot. His pride was soon turned to anger, for another voice broke in:

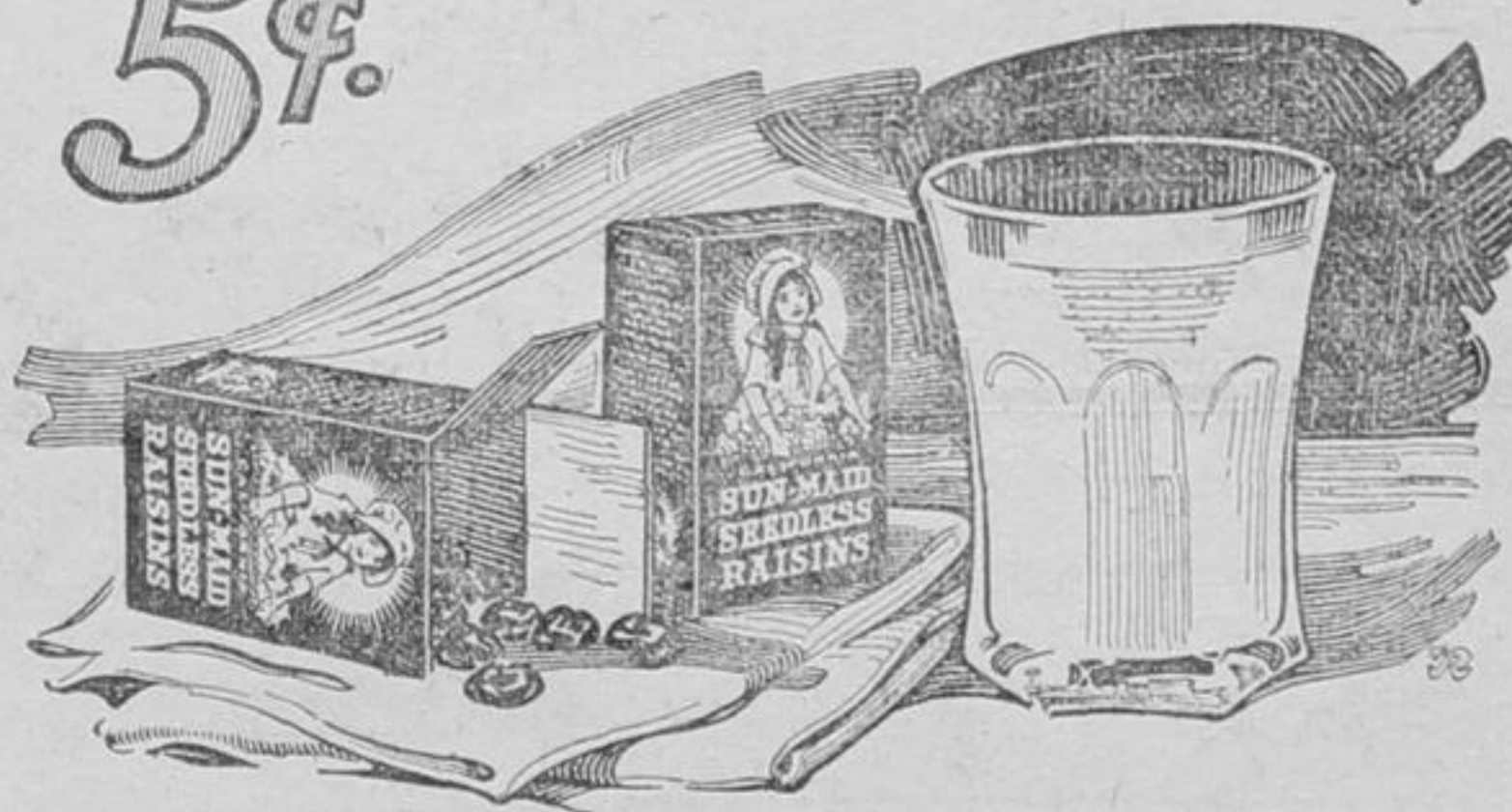
"Nonsense! If that had been a Scotsman he'd have taken the bottles back!"

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As a Man Thinketh.

If a man thinks every one is against him, he will soon begin to treat them so they will be. If he thinks every one is his friend, he will treat them right, unconsciously, and they soon will be his friends. The man who lives his daily life according to this formula has in his make-up a spark of sound and true philosophy that will make his life brighter. If we put into all the relations with our fellows a full measure of friendliness and good will, we are pretty sure to get it back, full and overflowing. On the other hand, if a man is suspicious of everybody, every one will be suspicious of him. The man who goes about looking for a fight is sure to get licked some day, good and plenty.

True friendliness is founded on sincerity. And sincerity is about the only thing in the world that can't be counterfeited. The impulse toward friendliness springs from the very soul of a man.

The world needs friendliness, and kindness, and good will. Not Sundays only, but every day in the week, and every hour of the day. Think friendly thoughts. If you've got a soul, don't be ashamed of it. Bring it into the office with you. For the soul is the source and fountain-head of every

good and worthy impulse. Put your faith in men. Believe they are your friends, and they will be.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

What is it that is invisible yet is never out of sight? The letter "I."

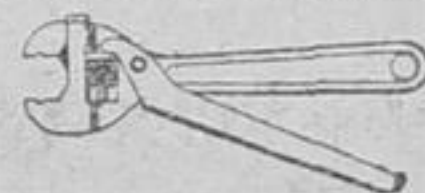
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