

BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

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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. 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. While at anchor in Canso after the first fishing trip, Frank rescues a French boy from ill-treatment by his fellow-sailors. The two boys try their hand at dory fishing with success. A storm bursts with sudden fury. Frank's presence of mind saved the vessel from collision with a steamer. They arrive home for Christmas.

CHAPTER SEVEN—(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Westhaver was standing in the porch when uncle, nephew, and Jules trudged through the snow up to the door. Who can express the motherly admiration which filled the good lady's eyes as she greeted her boy back from his first voyage deep water; the hug-gings and kissings, the incoherent greetings and laughter, and the joy of the home-coming. Shorty felt that it was worth while, felt that it was good to be alive and to be home again. He surveyed the old familiar furnishings of the cosy house with a sense of pleasure he had never felt before, and in the ecstasy of the greetings he forgot the little sea-waif lingering in the hall.

"Ho, mother!" he cried after the first flush of the salutations were past. "I most forgot little Sabot! Here, Jules—come an' meet ma! This is the little chap I was tellin' you about in my letter. Jules Galarneau is his name."

The tears came into the French boy's brown eyes when he received a kiss and a hug from the sympathetic Mrs. Westhaver. "You poor child," she said in a voice tender with compassion for the little foreign orphan. "Come up an' set ye by th' fire. I'm glad Frankie brought ye with him—"

"Why, t' be sure, ma," interrupted Shorty. "I wouldn't leave Sabot behind in Gloucester not for anythin'. Me'n Sabot's goin' dory-mates later on—"

"Aye, an' 'tis a handful any skipper'll have with you two in his gang," laughed Uncle Jerry. "But never mind, boys, you ain't so very bad. Draw to, Jules an' Frank! Here's some grub that wants punishin', an' I callate we're th' boys what kin do it. Eh, Jules?"

And Jules, the runaway Breton fisher-boy, hospitably treated on every hand, and solicitously waited upon by the kindly widow, felt that his cup of joy was overflowing. "Merci, merci, madame," he murmured. "Je suis tres heureux—ver' happy, ver' please!—t'ank you ver' kind."

Christmas morning broke clear, cold and sunny, and the boys were astir early overhauling their presents—little Jules especially being in transports of delight with the little things he received. Dancing around the bedroom in his bare feet, he produced each article with whoops of pleasure—leather wool-lined mittens, a pair of fancy braces, a silk muffler, and a box of maple-syrup candy giving him as much gratification as if they had been worth twenty times their value. "Ohe, le bon Noel!" he cried. "Frankie, I am please. Regardez le grant—il est tres bon—nest ce pas? No, I mus' speak Engleesh—no more Francais. I say Merree Chris'mas, Frankie!" And with shouts and yells the two boys scampered all over the house until Uncle Jerry, disturbed from his slumbers, drove them back to their room.

The week passed in a round of visits

and festivities, and every house from Port Stanton to Long Cove was an open "Liberty Hall" to all who entered. Jules was introduced to Lem Ring and as a friend of the redoubtable Shorty the French lad was a friend of Lem's also. And Carrie Dexter? Well, she constituted the prime reason for the various occasions on which Jules had to look after himself. When Shorty brushed his hair with extra care, donned his best tie, and scrubbed his hands, then Jules knew that he was bound off upon a visit, when he—Jules—was invariably told "to knock aroun' an' enjoy himself for a spell." These were daily occasions, too, and Sabot wondered if they were part of some religious rite until he stumbled upon the pair one evening while walking up from the Ring's house.

Shorty blushed very red and he shuffled under Jules' open-eyed stare. "Er—Sabot—I mean Jules—low me t' make ye acquainted with Miss Dexter—Mister Galarneau."

Jules—always the Frenchman in politeness—bowed. "I have ze plaisir de votre connaissance, Mees Dexter." And the trio strolled and chatted together on their way to the Dexter home.

"What d'ye think o' my girl, Sabot?" queried Shorty after they left.

"Ver' nice, ver' pretty girl, Frankee," replied the other. "Dat girl you goin' marry sometime?"

Frank blushed. "No, con'ound you, Sabot! Who said anythin' 'bout gittin' married?"

Jules pondered. "Well," he said slowly, "I hear men 'board vessel say dat Shortee git married to Carrie Dexter soon—"

"Aw, they're only jawin', Sabot," interrupted the other. "She's my friend, same as you'n Lem Ring."

"Yes?" Jules spoke quietly. "S'pose some oder boy come an' be ver' great frien' wit' Mees Dexter—you lak dat, eh?"

Frank's brows wrinkled. "No," he said. "I wouldn't like that—"

"Den you love her ver' much—"

"Waal—"

"You love her, Shortee?"

"Waal—"

Jules laughed. "Oh course you do! I see dat right away. You love her ver' much. I love you, Shortee, but I no t'ink dat girl for you—"

"What?" growled the other.

Jules repeated. "I no t'ink dat girl for you, Shortee—"

Shorty was indignant. "Oh, shut up, Sabot. What do you know about it? Let's run for home. Mother made some lemon pies to-day, an' callate I know whar' she hid them."

They left for Gloucester again during the first week of the new year, and after a couple more haddocking trips they fitted out for the long spring salt banking trip. On this voyage they only carried an eight-dory gang—sixteen men, cook, skipper, and the two boys. Nine dories were taken along, and during the fine, smooth days upon the grounds Shorty and Jules manned the extra dory and made the set, and by the time they had "wet the salt" and swung off for home both lads were competent to go in the dory and haul the gear the same as graduated fishermen. With a record trip of twenty-four hundred quintals they shot into Gloucester one blowy July morning after five months out from port. They did not keep the sea all that time, as many days were spent lying to anchor in the bait ports of Canso, Souris, the Magdalen Islands, St. Pierre in Miquelon, and various coves on the Treaty Coast of Newfoundland, but the long spell from home had the effect of making a man out of Frank; his muscles hardened, and his stocky frame kni' solidly, until at sixteen years of age he was as strong as an ox. His books traveled with him, and his young mind absorbed and pondered over the printed thoughts of clever men, and the cultivation of his intellect was unspoiled by the trash of newspaper supplements, light novels, wishy-washy flim-flam dissipation and distractions of shore life in a city. Out on the broad waters of the Atlantic in the lay-offs between the work of fishing a brainy man thinks, while a stupid one sleeps. There are always the two types to be met with upon the vessels of the fishing fleets, and belonging to the former class one may meet quiet-spoken, horny-handed trawlers who, though blessed with very little education, are able to converse in an intelligent manner upon many subjects, and in their level-headed, even conversations one can detect the well-balanced thoughts and reasonings of the thinking man. The sea gets very near to the heart of the pensive toiler upon its breast; he becomes impressed by its immensity, by its power and beauty in storm and calm, by the myriad life it contains and the strange natural laws by which it is controlled. Such impressions leave their mark upon a man, he welcomes the silent hours of his watch on deck to commun' with his thoughts; he can lighten the monotonous labor of the fishery by retrospection and reflection, and in the "lay-offs" or watch below he is invariably the one who, with pipe and book, can pleasantly while away the hours when

others of his shipmates will be drowsing or indulging in loud-voiced, useless argument and altercation.

Of such a meditative turn of mind was Washhaver. Not that he was unsocial, serious, or a dreamer of dreams, for a man can be a reader and thinker without losing all the attributes of a good shipmate. Washhaver was a good shipmate and a good fisherman. He sang, laughed and joked more than any of them, yet, as his uncle said, he had "more brains than th' whole ship's company."

The years passed rapidly for the boy, and before he was fully aware of it he reached man's estate—small in stature, but broad, strong of muscle and will, and good-looking in features. Under his uncle, his education had been a thorough one both as regards his chosen vocation and his intellectual accomplishments, and at twenty-one years of age Frank Westhaver was a man singularly endowed.

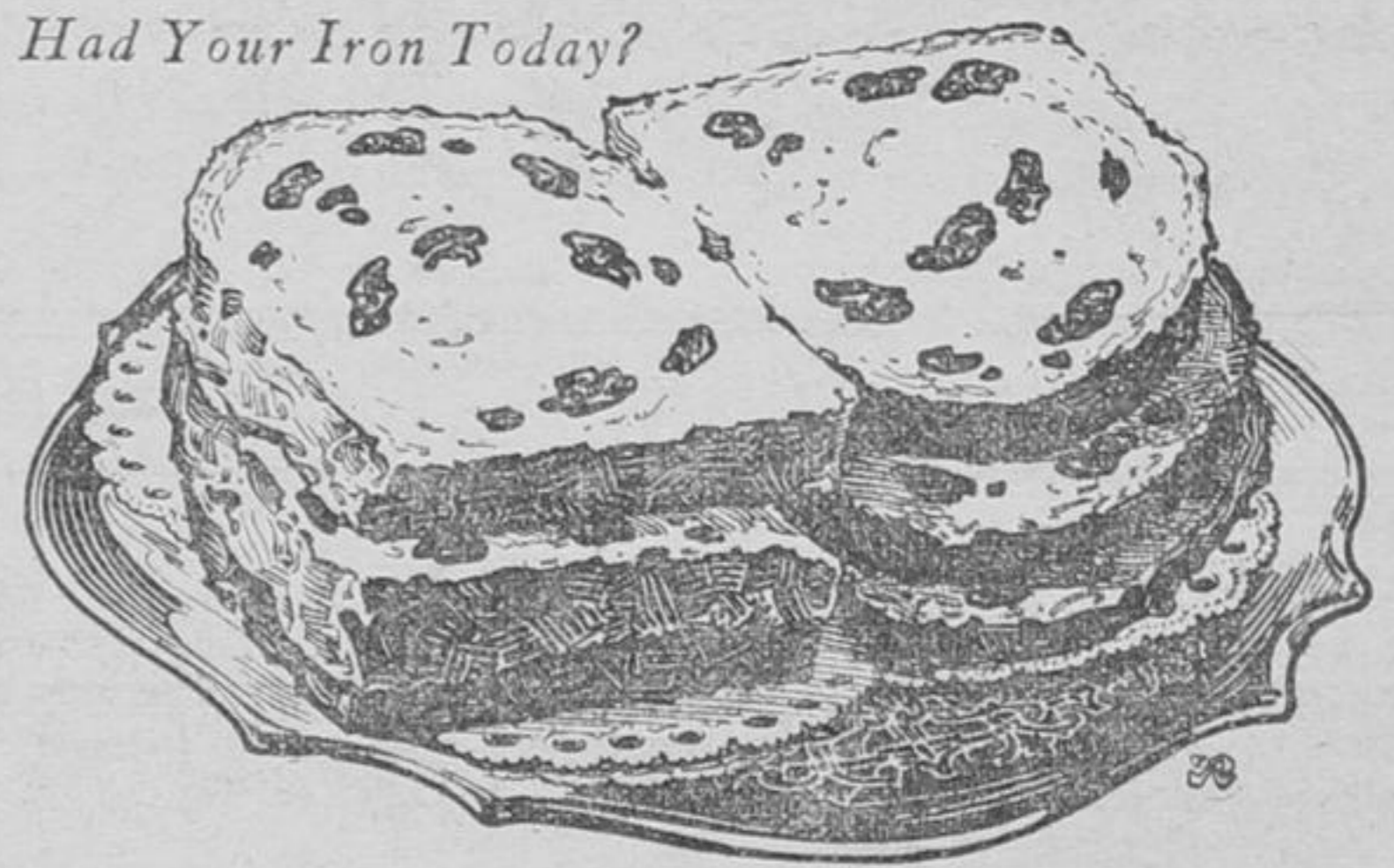
They were upon Grand Bank when Frank's birthday came along, and the uncle, pacing the quarter, glanced proudly over the manly form of his nephew steering. "Thar's nawthin' mean about that boy," he murmured. "Look at th' shoulders on him! Short he may be, but height don't allus make a man, an' Frank ain't so short either. So he's twenty-one to-day! Eh, eh, but th' time passes quick. It seems but a year or so ago when he was runnin' aroun' th' Bay Shore gittin' inter trouble an' raisin' a rumpus gen'ly. Eh, eh, but th' year's soon go!" Back in Gloucester again, Uncle Jerry spoke what had been on his mind for many weeks, aye, months. They were sitting upon an old topmast lying on the sunny side of the wharf—Frank, cool of eye, healthy-skinned and powerful, with life before him, and the uncle, stout, grey-haired, and jogging easily down the shady side of earthly existence. "Now, Frank, you're a man!" Uncle Jerry paused for a moment to gaze into his nephew's clear eyes. "Aye, you're a man now, boy, an' it's drawin' away on yer own course ye'll have t' be after this, for I have no hold upon ye now. I've brought ye up as a father. I've trained ye up as a fisherman and a sailor. You kin handle a vessel an' navigate better'n I kin, and in th' dory there are none can show ye anythin'. Now I must leave ye t' work out yer own traverse. You can make or break yerself from now on—I have no say in th' matter, but I kin still advise ef ye care t' listen. Now ye've bin sailin' with me for six years, but I don't want men t' say that Frank Westhaver was his uncle's pet an' only worth his salt while his uncle was behind him. No! that would never do, an' I callate you wouldn't like t' hev sich things said, so I want t' give ye my advice. Leave me for a season—you an' Jules—an' ship with another skipper. Make a trip or so with a driver so that men can say that Westhaver hez gone through th' mill an' come out ground. They can't scare you, Frank, for you kin keep yer end up with any o' them. What d'ye think? Will you an' Jules ship with Tom Watson in th' Fannie B. Carson this next trp?"

Frank kicked the planking of the wharf. "Ship with Tom Watson?" he repeated slowly. "Waal, he's got a kinder hard name, but I callate he kin't eat me. Yes! I reckon me'n Jules'll ship, Uncle. Now suppose you'n me git rigged out in our shore rags an' take a shoot up to Boston. We'll take in a good show at a theater an' sit down to a white man's meal afterwards. Even though we hev t' live like hogs at sea, we kin live like gentlemen ashore. What d'ye say, Uncle?"

The stout skipper laughed. "Loudy, Frank! I'm afraid this book-readin' o' yours is a-goin' t' kill ye as a fisherman. Ye'll be allus hankerin' t' git clear o' th' stink o' gurry an' bilge. Theyaters an' resterongs ain't exactly in my line, Frank, but I will admit—yes—that your way o' livin' 'ull shape up th' best in th' long run. Rum an' th' dance hall was good enough for th' ol' trawlers o' my day, but I callate things are different now, an' 'tis better 'o-aye, far better."

(To be continued.)

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Colored Monarchs From African Wilds.

Two dozen colored kings have gone to Paris and Parisians, with their ever-fresh love of the exotic, have thrilled at the spectacle.

Dressed in faultlessly-fitting black clothes, top hats, and with uniformly ebony features, these dusky rulers of French possessions in Senegal, Dahomey, Ivory and the New Guinea coasts and Mauretania, when they lined up on the platform at Gare De Lyon, made one think of that old ditty, "Ten little nigger boys all in a row."

It is not quite clear whether the Government brought them to see the sights or whether they are a sight for Paris, but their reception was quite official, with representatives of the Ministers of Colonies, deputies and officers to meet them.

One huge African potentate, blissfully unconscious of the picturesque anomaly of the combination, carried, instead of a walking stick, a scimitar. It helped to explain why some children took refuge behind their mothers' skirts.

Another jungle chieftain escorted his three wives, whom Parisians voted quite charming. Nearly all speak French fluently, having received excellent educations. One proudly announced he is a subscriber to a Paris paper, which he has read in the jungle for ten years.

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