

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. When Frank is twenty-one and Jules nineteen, they engage for a season with Capt. Watson. Frank calls on his boyhood sweetheart, Carrie Dexter, now nurse in training in a Boston hospital, who introduces him to the matron as Captain Westhaver.

CHAPTER EIGHT—(Cont'd.)

"Captain of a double-trawl dory 'ud be more like it, Carrie," laughed Frank. "But ef it pleases you, why clap on th' handle, though I'd sooner you wouldn't."

"Why?" Miss Dexter was not pleased at his attitude in regard to the matter. Most men would have been highly flattered, but Frank Westhaver was too open-minded and honest to masquerade under false colors. "You should be a captain by now, anyway. You've been a common fisherman long enough. Why don't you get a vessel? You don't expect me to tell my friends that my gentleman friend is a common fisherman?"

"And why not?" remonstrated the other gently. "A fisherman earns his living honestly and by the sweat of his brow."

"Oh, Frank," interrupted the girl, "do leave out that 'sweat of the brow' business. It's not genteel; it's common and seems like talking about laborers—no gentleman earns his living by the 'sweat of his brow,' as you call it."

"Oh, they don't, eh?" returned Frank, slightly nettled. "Then God save me from being a gentleman, if that's th' way they're rated. I'd far sooner bunk in with Jack Muck an' share his quit an' his pipe than pal-aver an' truck around with any lily-fingered swab what thinks hard work's beneath him. But here, girlie! Let's step inside an' git a box o' chocolates. That's a fine-lookin' box in th' winder for two dollars. Let's go'n git it."

Forgetting her annoyance with the present, the pretty little Nova Scotia lassie made herself agreeable and entertaining during their walk to the theatre; the play was a good one, which both enjoyed mightily; and when they came out at the conclusion of the piece, Frank piloted his young lady to an exclusive after-theatre restaurant for supper. Here they chatted and talked upon subjects of absolutely no interest to any person but themselves, and the young fisherman, drinking in the pretty features of the girl with his eyes alight with admiration, felt that he was indeed a lucky man.

When they left the cafe for the hospital, Frank's attention was arrested for a moment by the sight of a big, loudly dressed fellow who swaggered past him with a showy-looking girl hanging to his arm. The man had his hand hat cocked over his head at a rakish angle, and a cigar protruded from between his lips. As he passed them he whisked his hat off with an elaborate bow. Shorty thought the face looked familiar.

"Who th' dickens is that, Carrie?" he enquired. "Looks as if he knew us, an' I know him too. Who is he, d'ye know?"

The girl hesitated. "Why, surely, Frank, you remember him? That was Bob Morrissey!"

Shorty grunted. "Huh! that's him sure enough. Might ha' known it too, for I saw him last trip aboard a three-master. Now, how d'ye like this hospital work?"

Miss Dexter's face was suspiciously red when she entered her dormitory, and the great bronze figures which guarded the hospital gates might have told a little tale were they but endowed with human attributes. Well, Frank had insisted on a kiss—one it was to be—but Frank was too good a fisherman and too much of a sailor to be content with a single osculatory embrace—and Miss Dexter was just as much of a girl to make no really

strenuous objection to the caresses of such a strapping, well-built, handsome young man as Frank Westhaver.

Whistling happily, Shorty caught an elevated car, which landed him at Rowe's Wharf on Atlantic Avenue, and stepping out briskly, he soon swung down to the odoriferous confines of T Dock. The Carson was lying outside of another vessel, and Frank no sooner put his foot on her rail before he was aware of a "shine" in the fore-castle. "Drunk as pigs, I cal'late, an' raisin' sulphur all night. Lordy, I don't wonder at Carrie tarrin' me with a full brush when Boston folks draw their judgments o' fishermen on them Atlantic Avenue rot-gut soakers." And he clattered down into the fore-castle.

It was just as he surmised. The gang had drawn their money and were having the worth of it. A quarrelling, cursing card game was in progress, and a number of the men lolling around on the lockers were full to the bang and argumentative. Jules, with others of the quieter men, were sleeping, or trying to, in their bunks, but the din—the singing, shouting, and swearing—made a perfect bedlam.

A lumbering Newfoundland—quiet enough when sober, but noisy and dangerous when drunk—was evidently trying to "boss" the fore-castle, and when Shorty came down the ladder he became offensively rude and maudlinly hospitable.

"Here you, Westhaver—you sawed-off, shore-rangin' dude! Hev a touch on me! Bes' drink y'ever put yer tongue to, I cal'late—" and he broke off to sing:

"Oh, blow ye winds, heigh ho!
Blow down from old Inceaur!
For thar fish an' gold, so I've bin told,
On th' Banks off th' Baccalhao!
Good song that, m'son. Hev a drink,
Westhaver, you ol' dog! You bin
shore somewheres lally-gaggin' an'
gum-suckin' wit' some blame' Blue-
nose slavey up t' East Boston, I cal-
late. Hev a drink, I say!"

Shorty took no notice of him, but busied himself folding his clothes and putting them away in his suit-case. The other became more offensive, and the drunks around knocked off arguing to watch developments. Westhaver was a "kid" to them; he wasn't in their class and never fraternized with them ashore, and they resented it in their simple, touchy way.

"Ain't you goin' t' hev a nip, son?" The man proffered a bottle of Kentucky red-eye, and on Frank's negative, he drew back as if offended. "Oh!" he grunted. "Ye kinsider yerself too good t' drink with honest fish'man! Ain't fancy 'nough for you eh? Ye won't drink, maybe ye won't fight, eh?"

"Aw, stow yer jaw!" growled a man from a peak bunk. "Go'n turn in, you crazy cod-hauler, an' give people a chanst t' sleep."

The other took no notice. He was spoiling for a fight, and wouldn't be satisfied until he had started something. Shorty knew what was coming and calmly unbuttoned his collar and shirt.

The Newfoundland returned to the charge. "Say, Westhaver, you're a damned stuck-up long-shore pup! Ye won't drink with honest fish'man. . . . Say, I'd lick ye out yer boot-straps!"

Frank had his collar, tie, and shirt folded and stowed away in the suit-case, and quickly divested himself of his shore trousers. Pulling on his old fearnough pants, he buckled his belt and waited for what he knew was going to happen. The men lounging around sensed something, and they watched quietly without interfering. The bellicose one straightened up to his full height—he was a big man of thirty, hairy, bewhiskered, and stupid. "Say, you Westhaver, y'ain't lis'nin' t' what I'm tellin' ye! I'm sayin' ye're a sneakin', oil-an'-shine, Novy—a dam!"

Frank hove the suit-case into his bunk. "Go'n turn in, Jake," he said quietly. "I don't drink with ye 'cause I don't tech liquor."

"Naw, ye don't," sneered the other, lurching forward aggressively. "Tis a little milk ye want—"

"Go'n turn in!"

"I'll see you in blazes first!" growled the fellow, raising a huge fist. It was a bad move on his part, for as quick as a flash, Frank caught him on the peak of the jaw—a tremendous drive with all the strength of his arm and the weight of his stocky body—behind it, and the Newfoundland crashed back among his shipmates completely knocked out.

"I cal'late that jarred him some!" commented Frank calmly as the men lifted the inert body up. "Heave him inter his bunk, fellers. He'll come to in a little while."

The men were very much impressed, and Frank saw it. It was a good punch—a punch which Long Dick had taught him and which his instructor had said "would knock a man cold with one drive." And Shorty knew it; knew that a heavy lunge on the chin would jar a man's vertebrae and numb the brain. The occasion was a good one to define his standing with this rough and tough crowd, and with the fearless intuition which makes born leaders out of very few men, he spoke. "I'm a-goin' t' turn in now an' I

don't want t' sp'ile yer fun. Go ahead an' raise all th' rumpus ye like, but steer clear o' me, for by th' Great Trawl Hook, I'll finish any man what tries t' take a shine out-a this chicken!" And he tumbled into his bunk with the crowd visibly respectful.

They did not bother him after that, and next morning the Newfoundland, sober and quiet, reached across the fo'c's'ie table with a hairy paw. "By th' Lord, son, that was an awful wipe ye guv me last night. Shake, Westhaver; I'm sorry t' ha' bothered ye, but ye know what th' rum is." And Shorty grasped the man's hand and respected him accordingly.

The dock tug shoved them out that morning, and hoisting the patch of four lowers, they shot across Massachusetts Bay and dropped Race Point light astern in the evening as they steered an E.S.E. course for Georges Shoals. After clearing the low, sandy spit of Cape Cod, the Fannie B. Carson smashed into a breeze of wind from the south'ard, and during the night the vessel performed some wild antics in the sea running, flooding her decks full to the rail with every dive and shooting cataracts of chilly green sea down into fore-castle and cabin.

They made the grounds without putting a tack in a sail—Skipper Watson never reefed or took a sail in if he could possibly help it—and on a bitter, unless February morning the skipper passed the word to get ready and lower away dories for the set. Jules and Frank had their trawl all baited up, but when they came to hoist their dory out—she was the bottom dory on the starboard nest—they found that her side was stove in.

"Look at dat, Frank!" said Sabot in disgust. "Some feller have brought one o' dem big meat rock for slinging aboard an' she's bin drive against de bilge of doree las' night!" And he exhibited a large stone with a fleshy sea-growth adhering to it and which often attack themselves to the trawl. (To be continued.)

The Lost Land.

We question of the Captains
Each morning on the quay,
"Good Masters, have you ne'er a ship
That sails to Arcady?"
"North and East and South and West,
Our white sails take the wind,
But never port o' Arcady,
May skipper touch or find."

O lost land and lovely land, across the
leagues of foam,
Across the sea, across the sand it's
we'd be winning home,
For that we chose to wander once in
quest of golden gain
Is never ship upon the sea can take
us back again?

We question of the Wise Men;
"Fair Sirs, of courtesy,
Now show us where the glad star lies
That shines o'er Arcady?"
"North and East and South and West.
We call the stars by name,
But never land o' Arcady,
Is lighted by their flame."

O lost land, of faith and truth, not all
our useless tears,
May bring us back the dreams of youth
across the crowded years,
Nor merchants in the market place,
nor skippers on the sea,
Nor craft, nor skill, nor wish nor will
lead back to Arcady.
—Theodosia Garrison.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fisherman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much, replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival in a Baltimore woman.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"No; we wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."

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I Will.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try and find contentment in the paths that I must tread,
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Procession of Bottles.

A singular custom is that observed in Boulbon-en-Provence, a village in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhone, near the town of Aramon, so famous for its red wines.

Every year, on St. Marcellin's Day, that is on the first of June, there is a procession of bottles. About 7 o'clock in the evening, while the bells are ringing at full pitch, the men—the men alone—assemble and in a procession march to a distant chapel, every one carrying a bottle of his best wine.

The cure blesses these bottles after which the participants drink a gulp of this wine while the priest chants psalms.

At the end of the ceremony the cortege returns to the village, this time following the banner of St. Marcellin. And then every one goes home with the precious flask which is only opened in case of fever, stomach trouble or other indispositions.

St. Marcellin, in Boudon-en-Provence, is as favorable to water as he is to wine. In periods of drought his bust is carried across the vineyards, whereupon the carriers sing, and immediately it rains.

Very Sorry.

Little Michael had been on a visit to his grandmother, who had not been very well.

His father had come to fetch him home, and Michael, as he was leaving, felt that he must be polite.

So he looked up at his grandmother and said:

"Good-bye, granny. I am so sorry you have been ill!"

"And I'm sorry, too!" his father put in.

Michael felt that this lessened the merit of his remark. So he continued:

"But my sorry is much bigger than his sorry, granny!"

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"Why is it taking you so long, dear," asked the young wife, "to put up that clock?"

"I can't get it plumb," he replied. "Then why don't you send for the plumber?" she asked in perfect sincerity.

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