

*Booril  
makes you  
enjoy life*

## BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP  
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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### CHAPTER TWELVE—(Cont'd.)

Landing at the North Station, Shorty immediately proceeded to a jeweller's, where he bought a magnificent diamond solitaire ring. As he gazed at the glittering bauble, he remarked to the smiling clerk who waited upon him, "Ye think that'll be a good one, eh? Good for an engagement ring, eh? I don't know nawthin' 'bout them gadgets an' I'll hev t' take your word for it."

The clerk laughed. "Captain," he said, "that is a mighty fine stone, and any girl, no matter who she is, would go crazy over a ring like that. Besides, in buying a diamond, you can always get value for it if the girl should go back on you."

Shorty smiled. "No fear o' that," he said confidently; and counting out the money, he put the ring into his pocket, while the salesman, who was a philosopher in his own way, wondered what there would be in the jewelry business without the tender passion and the vanity of women.

With a light step and a heart fluttering with expectant joy, Frank walked into the hospital and found himself in the same severe waiting-room. It was a Friday evening—Carrie's off night—and Frank pictured her surprise at his unexpected visit.

"Tis nigh eight weeks sence I saw her last an' I'm most crazy t' see th' rosy cheeks an' blue eyes of her once more. An' this ring! Wait 'til I spring that on her. Wonder how she'll take it?" And he communed with pleasant thoughts until the door opened and the matron, Mrs. Kenealy, entered.

"Why, how do you do, Captain?" she greeted him. "It's such a long time since you've been here."

Frank acknowledged the salutation with a confused murmur. He had expected Carrie and not the garrulous old matron.

"Miss Dexter?" he asked. "Is she around?"

"No," answered the other with some little hesitation. "She's out to-night."

Westhaver's heart fell. "Oh?" he managed to ejaculate. "Hez she gone t' visit friends? I call'te she didn't expect me?"

The matron flopped down in a chair before replying. "Well," she said slowly, "I don't know whether she went to visit friends or not, but a cousin of hers called, and she's gone somewhere with him."

"Him?" exclaimed Frank. "A cousin? From Lynn, was he?"

"N—no," answered the lady doubtfully. "He is a seafaring man—"

"What was his name?"

"Morris, I think—"

Frank almost jumped in his seat. "Morris?" he growled in surprise. "A cousin? She ain't got no Morris relations o' hers." Then a thought struck him. "Twarn't Morrissey, was it? Surely not!"

The matron smiled. "That's the

name—Morrissey—Captain Morrissey! She introduced him to me as her cousin—"

"That's a lie!" quietly returned the young fisherman. "He's absolutely no relation. An' how often hez Captain Morrissey bin callin'?"

The matron felt that she had hit upon something which was likely to prove interesting, and being a woman with a very enquiring turn of mind and with a penchant for anything approaching scandal, she made no bones about answering the perplexed Westhaver's questions. It would, at least, be something to gossip over in the dormitories.

"Well, now," she replied, "I don't rightly know. He's been in Boston for a long time—his ship is being overhauled—and I've seen him here twice or three times. Once he came on one of her on-duty nights, and they sat in here for quite a while. She's been getting flowers and presents from him, I know. She's an awfully pretty girl, y'know, and she's got lots of admirers. Some of the students who come here are most crazy over her, and she's an awful little flirt"—Frank grunted, while the matron continued—"and she has a host of admirers among the patients who have been here."

Shorty listened in a daze and fingered the brim of his hat nervously. "Gone out with Bob Morrissey, had she? A great hulking slob with nothing to recommend him but his bounce and fancy airs!" He gripped the hat in his fingers and almost wrenched the brim off with the emotion of the thought.

The matron watched him, and there was something of sympathy in her voice when she asked him a little hesitantly, "Are you engaged to Miss Dexter, Captain? Excuse me for asking such a question, but I'm a kind of mother to all the girls here, and I generally keep tab on them as a mother should."

The young skipper's eyes fell and he blushed. "Waal—I ain't quite prepared t' say, though I call'te some 'ud say I was. Ye see, we've known each other sence we were kids an'—yes, we kinder hev an understandin'—"

The old lady nodded. "Well, Captain, I'll tell her you called. Will you be in Boston long?"

"I'll be here all day to-morrow. I was plannin' t' leave for Portland th' nex' mornin'."

Mrs. Kenealy rose as a bell rang. "I'll tell you what to do. Ring her up to-morrow morning, and if you want to go out with her to-morrow night, I'll let her off to go with you. You'll have to excuse me—that's my bell. Good-night, Captain."

Outside the hospital gates Shorty crammed his hat on his head savagely. "Bob Morrissey, eh? Awful little flirt—lots o' presents an' flowers—humph!" And striding to his hotel, he went to his room and threw himself fully dressed upon the bed to commune with his thoughts. After deliberating over things, his fit of resentment passed, and he began to look at things in a more favorable light. "I'm jealous, that's what I am," he murmured. "Why shouldn't she hev a good time? I wouldn't want her t' tie herself up from havin' any fun 'cause o' me. She's only a girl an' girls like t' hev a good time, while I'm only an ol' fish trawler what takes no pleasure out o' life but chewing th' rag with a gang o' roughnecks what swear a lot an' spin nasty yarns. Yes, I'm no judge o' women, that's evident—but what gits me, is why she sh'd call that slob Morrissey her cousin? Call'te she's tryin' t' bluff them at th' hospital. However, I'll sleep on it, an' ring her up fust thing in th' mornin'." And, like the hearty, clear-minded young blood that he was, Frank slept like a log.

After breakfast he went into a telephone booth and rang up the hospital. "Nurse Dexter there?"

"Who's speaking?" queried a voice at the other end of the line.

"Er—Cap'en Westhaver."

There was a silence for a few seconds, and the voice replied.

"Sorry, Captain. She's busy just now!"

"Well, when'll she be through?"

"Don't know—may be all day. Important case, y'know."

"I'll ring up again." Shorty hung the receiver up with a perplexed face.

"Didn't know them probationers hed anythin' t' do with important cases," he muttered, "onless scrubbin' floors an' washin' folks be called important

cases. However, I'll take a round turn an' ring up again later."

Three times he got the hospital on the 'phone, and in each case Miss Dexter was engaged. The last time Frank began to suspect something which greatly disturbed his equanimity, and after a moment's thought he went to a telegraph office and wrote out a telegram.

"Miss Carrie Dexter,  
Hospital,  
Boston.

Can I see you to-night and where? reply care Lomax Hotel.—Frank."

"An' I'll prepay a reply t' make sure," he said to the operator as he handed the form over.

All afternoon he remained in the rotunda of the hotel smoking and keeping a vigilant eye upon the desk and the messenger boys who scurried around. There were bell boys with telegrams, who called various names, but no falsetto shout of "Westhaver!" greeted his ears, and the desk clerk looked hard at the stocky, sun-bronzed young man who came to him every half-hour with the question, "Any wire for Westhaver—Cap'en Westhaver?"

When five o'clock came and no answer, Frank strode down to the telegraph office and saw the operator.

"Say!" he said anxiously, "ye remember that prepaid wire I sent this afternoon? Kin ye tell if it was delivered? Will ye find out?"

The girl rang up the suburban office and Frank loafed around impatiently awaiting her reply.

"Yes," she said. "It was delivered at four-fifteen and the messenger's slip is signed 'C. Dexter.' He said that the reply was not given to him."

"Thank ye kindly," answered Frank, and he went out into the street like a dazed man.

"What'll I do now?" he pondered. And he stood on the pavement while the hurrying crowds jostled him as they passed. "Humph!" He squared his shoulders and strode back to the hotel. "Anythin' for me yet?" he asked the clerk.

"Nothing, Cap'en!"

Frank turned away, and there was a determined gleam in his grey-blue eyes and an ominous set to lips and jaw. "Up to the hospital I'll go this night, an' know th' reason of all this."

With his determination strong in mind, he strode up to the porter's office. "Kin I see Nurse Dexter—Probationer Dexter?"

The uniformed official glanced up quickly at Westhaver's set face gazing at him through the glass partition.

Pretending to glance at a book, he replied, "Er—Miss Dexter's engaged t'night. She's on duty—"

"That don't matter," returned Frank harshly. "Kain't I see her in th' waitin'-room for a minute?"

The man was perplexed. He was evidently making a "bluff" and Westhaver knew it—sensed it instantly with the acute perception of a jealous lover.

"Get her on yer phone!" commanded Frank, with something of the Banking skipper ring in his voice, and the man obeyed.

"Hullo! Miss Dexter? Gen'lman—Cap'en Westhaver—want's t' see you a moment. Can't, eh? Busy? Oh, ah, I see! All right!"

Shorty was at him ere he put the receiver up. "What's that? What did she say?" he snapped.

"Very busy to-night, Cap'en," answered the man glibly. "Can't possibly leave the ward to-night—"

"Is that all she said?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Humph!" Frank leaned through the wicket. "Say!" he said quietly, and fixing the man with his eyes, "is it usual for probationers to be kept on duty like this. Ain't it possible to see them?"

The porter shook his head. "The laws of a hospital are very strict," he said assertively. "Nurses can't do as they like, and if you want to see Miss Dexter, you'll have to come around on her off-night—"

But th' matron, Mrs. Kenealy, told me that I c'd see her t'night ef I wanted to. She said she'd arrange t' let her off. Get her down here an' I'll talk to her. Go ahead, now!"

(To be continued.)

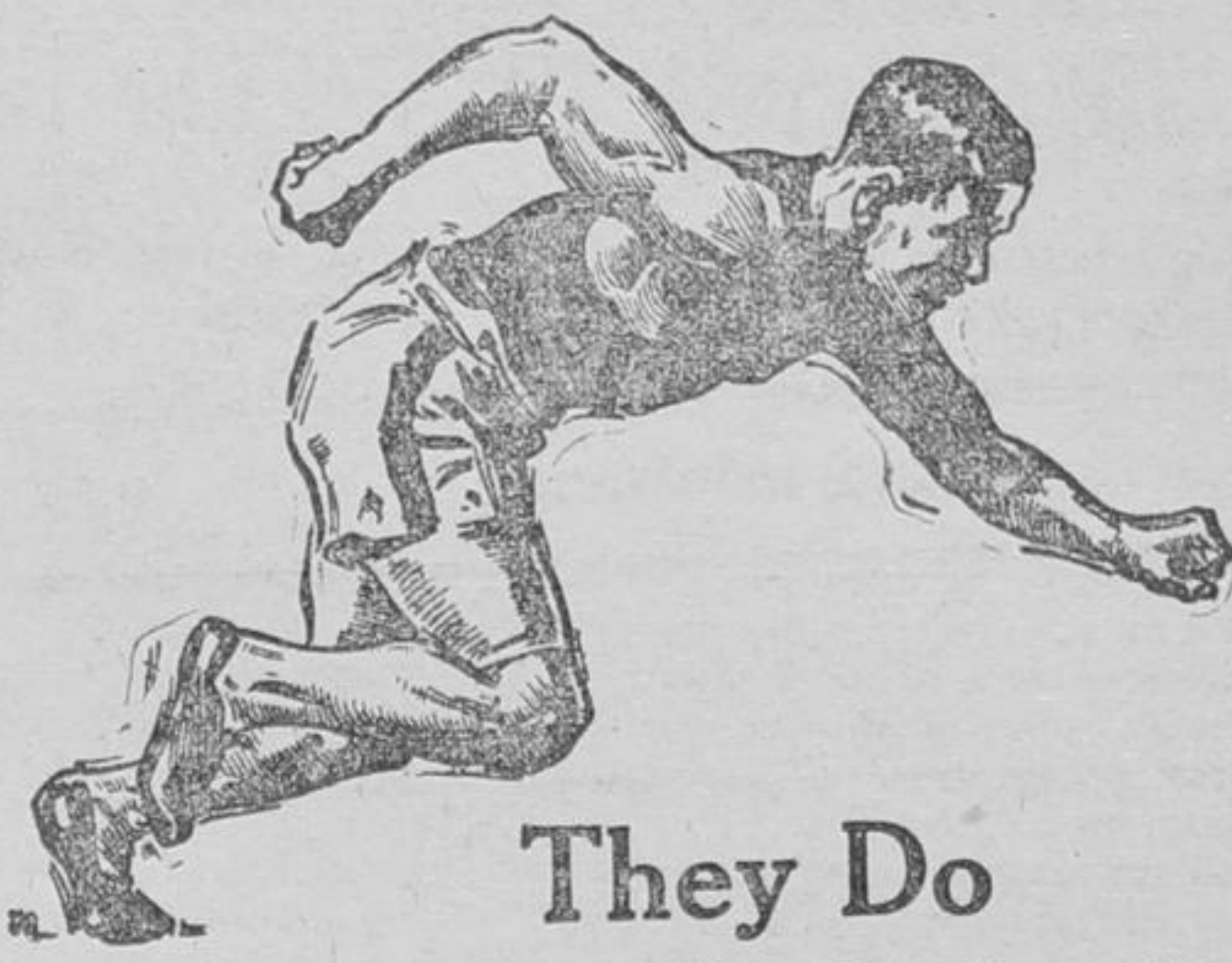
### The Paradise of Long Life.

That which Ponce de Leon vainly sought seems to exist at Horchies, in Hainaut, four miles from Mons, in the midst of the coal and metallurgical region of Belgium. It is a village of 3,000 inhabitants, where almost everybody reaches the age of the patriarchs.

They have just been celebrating, one after another, two diamond weddings (sixty, sometimes seventy-five, years of married life), five golden weddings (fifty years of married life), and the 101st birthday anniversary of a man, Francois Colin. But even this centenarian does not constitute a phenomenon in this privileged community, for there was born, in the last year of the eighteenth century, a woman who saw the end of the nineteenth century and died only at the end of the first lustrum of the twentieth century.

It is noteworthy that the Methuselahs of Horchies are all former workmen and workingwomen, who knew neither the benefits of the eight-hour day nor those of the anti-liquor laws. Will Horchies, under the new regime of the least effort and of the uttermost obstinence, remain the paradise of long life? Some doubt it. In some fifteen or twenty lustrums we shall know if they are right.

The first machine-gun was invented in 1775.



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## Little Sun-Maids

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Had Your  
Iron Today?

### Taking the Bun.

Dean Inge, the gloomy dean of St. Paul's, is said to have met with an adventure lately that made him laugh.

Feeling hungry in a train, he beckoned a paper-boy at a station, gave him sixpence, and asked him to fetch a Bath bun, adding that he might have one for himself.

The boy departed, and presently returned munching a bun.

"Here's your change sir" he said; "there was only one bun left."

### 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.

### Mr. Nixon "Listens In."

Hon. H. C. Nixon was in his 27th year when he became provincial secretary of Ontario. And he doesn't look any older than his actual age, either. On one of his first visits to Toronto, after the election of 1919, Mr. Nixon entered a downtown barber shop. The barber who attended him was holding forth upon the fallacies and perils of the Farmer government.

"These fellows are absolutely inexperienced," he assured Mr. Nixon. "And they're a bunch of youngsters; two or three of 'em no older than you or me, sir—and a fine pair of fools we'd look, trying to run a government, wouldn't we?"

History does not record the provincial secretary's rejoinder.

### No Reduction.

Teacher—"Don't you know that when you take something from something less will remain?"

Bright Pupil—"How about the two ends of a stick? Cut them off and it still has two ends left."

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