

# BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP  
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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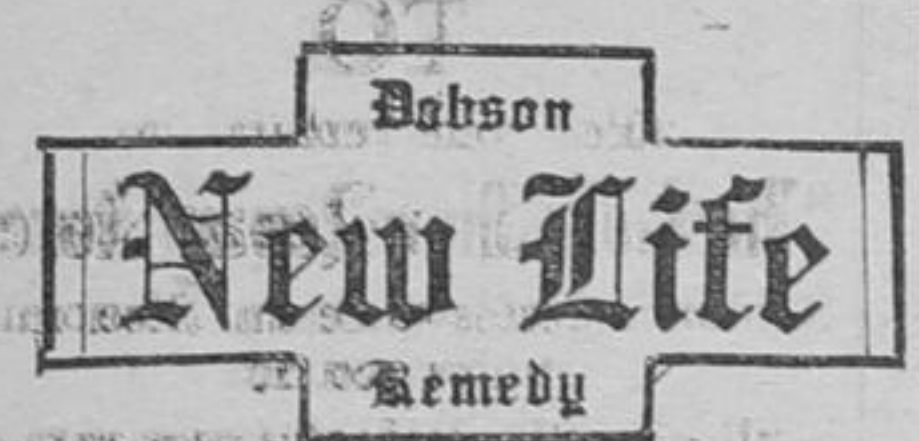
## CHAPTER FIFTEEN—(Cont'd.)

Frank reached out and clasped Jules' hand. "Say, ol' Sabot, I owe you an awf' lot, and I'm a-goin' t' try an' pay it back. You're my best friend, an' I want ye t' stick by me. I've got some big work ahead o' me afore I kin call that little girl my own, an' you're goin' t' help me out, an' I'm goin' t' help you as well. How about it, ol' dady-mate?"

"I'm de man, Frank," replied the other gleefully. "I'll stick with you till de 'enfer' freeze over for skate on." "Frank lost no time in getting down to business. He was unable to use his arm—it was still in the sling—but he could use his head, and having plenty of ideas he planned out schemes for the future. Taking his mother and Uncle Jerry into his confidence, he told them of his engagement to Miss Denton and the conditions attached to the engagement by her father. Mrs. Westhaver thought the desire of the old captain was only right. She was a sailor's wife herself, and understood, but Uncle Jerry thought the stipulations were a little harsh. "I was plannin' on you takin' th' vessel while I'd dry th' fish down on th' beach below here, an' ship it inter Anchorville or Bayport, but maybe you kin suggest a better scheme." "I can," replied Frank decisively, "but I'll need money t' carry it out. If I'm goin' into a fish business, I'm goin' th' whole hog, an' not mess around with a small, one-horse affair." Mrs. Westhaver nodded over her spectacles. "If your ideas are good, Frank, you can use my money for it, if it'll keep you at home. It'll be yours some day, an' you might as well use it now." Uncle Jerry grunted. "What's your plan, Frank?" "The young fisherman procured paper and pencil before replying. "Now," he said, "we'll sum up our assets. You hev a good vessel in good condition. She's worth, we'll say, five thousand dollars. "She's an American vessel," interrupted the uncle, "an' for gittin' her register changed t' Canadian in order t' land fish here 'twill cost quite a sum in duty." "Aye, I know," answered the other, "but she ain't a new craft, an' they'll value her very low, so I callate th' value I've put on her'll about cover her under th' new register. Now, for th' shore plant, we hev no place as yet." "Waal, I was callatin' t' use th' beach alongside the wharf," said Uncle Jerry. "It'll be handy for un-loadin' an' loadin', an' 'twon't cost nawthin' for rent." Frank tapped the paper with his pencil. "That's all very well in a way, but that won't do for th' future. That bit o' beach really belongs to Cap'n Asa Crawford, as well as does th' land to the south side o' th' wharf. Everything 'ud be all right s'long as Cap'n Asa's alive, but we don't know who may git that place when he's gone. S'pose someone was t' come along here an' start a business like ours. What's t' hinder them buyin' Asa's place an' shovin' us out? Nawthin' at all."

The other nodded slowly. "What's your plan, Frank?" "Waal, in th' first place, we'll start a company. You'll put in so much capital, an' mother kin lend me some o' her money at interest. Then we'll buy out Cap'n Asa's land, longside th' wharf an' th' wharf road. On that land we'll build our fish sheds. Now, thar's Cap'n Ring with a business on the other side of us. We'll git him t' come in along with our company, an' then we'll make contracts with Long Dick, Jud Morrell, an' the other fishin' shore fishin' 'bout

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here to sell their fish to us. We'll pay them cash on delivery, an' in order t' do that we need ready money. Now, with Cap'n Ring in partners with us, we won't be competin' with one another, an' we'll have all th' land on both sides of the Government wharf, which'll stop anybody else from comin' into Long Cove an' settin' up. Seein' that th' Government is makin' a harbor for us here with them new additions to th' wharves, we've got th' best place for a fish business anywhere along this coast from Anchorville to Port Stanton—most forty mile." "How much money d'ye callate this is a-goin' to cost?" "It ain't so much th' cost, but what are we a-goin' t' put into it? I'll borrow five thousand dollars from mother an' pay her a good rate of interest for the use of it, an' I'll buy that strip from Cap'n Asa. That'll count as my share o' th' business. You'll put in th' schooner, an' ef ye like, some cash as well. Then we'll git Cap'n Ring to value his place around th' wharf, an' we kin take that into th' company. Whatever amount we put in, we'll divide th' profits in proportion to them every year. You an' me an' Cap'n Ring an' Lem an' Zeke kin go on wages for th' work we do. That'll be arranged later. Now we'll start makin' up th' company." Uncle Jerry lit up his pipe, gazing the while through the smoke at his nephew's face. The scrutiny pleased him mightily. "Now, Uncle, we'll call ourselves th' Long Cove Fish Company—that's a good-soundin' name, eh?" "A good name," assented the person addressed. "That's settled," continued Frank, writing it down to see how it looked. "Now I'll buy Asa's land first. We can't do anything without it, an' when I've got that, we'll work out the other details later. I'll go'n see Cap'n Ring after I buy th' land—" "D'ye think he'll come in?" interrupted the uncle. "Waal, I'm not sure, but I think he will. It'll be better for him, though ye kin never tell how he looks at it. I'll put it to him, anyway, an' ef he don't want t' go partners with us, we kin go ahead ourselves." "Who's a-goin' t' run th' schooner, Frank?" queried Captain Clark. "You say you ain't a-goin' t' handle that end." Young Westhaver looked across into his uncle's eyes. "No, I'm not a-goin' t' handle that end. I'm a-goin' t' run th' office part o' this company, if you'll agree—" The old skipper laughed. "Waal, Frank, I callate you're the only one in th' comp'ny what kin. I can't, nor Cap'n Ring can't, so I reckon you're th' one t' run th' writin' an' figurin' part. But who'll take th' vessel? I don't want t' go vessel-fishin' any more. I've had my share of it, an' I'm hungry for th' shore now." "Uncle, th' man I propose t' make skipper o' th' Kinsella—I'm a-goin' t' change that name with your permission—is a feller what has a good long head on him, and a man what has proved himself as true as steel—Jules Galarneau." The other whistled. "Jules?" he said. "But Jules knows nawthin' about navigatin' a vessel." "No," answered Frank, "he never had a chanst t' learn, but I callate it won't take th' same boy long t' pick it up. He's got lots of nerve; he's a bird at steerin' an' handlin' a vessel, an' I'll bet ef you take him out a couple o' trips an' learn him th' chart an' how t' lay a course he'll soon be able t' take th' vessel anywhere. Try him, anyway."

"I will," replied the other. "An' I believe you're right. He's a fine feller, an' he sh'd git a chanst. I'll take her out an' show him th' ropes. Er—by th' by, ye said somethin' 'bout changin' th' vessel's name. What d'ye want her called?" The young fisherman blushed a little. "Waal, I was thinkin' that 'Lillian' 'ud be a mighty good name—" "Ha, ha!" guffawed the uncle. "'Lillian,' eh? That's her name, ain't it? Waal, I reckon we'll hev t' do that for ye, Frank. The original Mabel Kinsella don't signify anythin' to us, so when we take out th' new register we'll change th' name. 'Lillian,' ha!" And the stout skipper winked over at his smiling sister. Next day Shorty—though he had really grown to be an average-sized man he was still called by the boyhood nickname—went and called upon old Captain Asa Crawford. The ancient shipmaster was still pretty hale, in spite of his years, and he greeted Westhaver cordially, and bawled for the housekeeper to bring a chair out to the gallery in pretty much the same manner as he would have sung out to a sailor to bring him a ball of spun-yarn. "An' they tell me ye hed a tough trick out in th' Bay a while ago." "Yes, I did hev quite a time, Cap'n."

"Goin' back a-fishin' again soon?" "No, Cap'n, I'm plannin' t' stay

'round home now. Mother wants me here, an' Uncle Jerry an' me's tryin' t' start a bit of a business in dried fish in th' Cove. That's what I've come t' see ye about, Cap'n. Would ye be for sellin' me that field o' yours what runs up from th' head o' th' wharf to th' road?"

The old man looked at him sharply. "What d'ye want it for?" "To put my fish sheds up, an' use for a flake-yard. I'd want all th' field ye've got fenced off, ef ye'd see yer way t' sell it to me." The other nodded, and seemed lost in thought, and suddenly he changed the subject. "You're th' man what pulled ol' Denton off that barque o' his, ain't ye?" "Yes, Cap'n," answered Frank wonderingly. "Um!" Captain Crawford grunted. "Jest got a letter from a nevyv o' mine. Morrissey—my sister's child—ye'll remember him. Say's he's marryin' that Dexter girl what used t' live this ways."

Frank reddened. "Yes?" "Aye!" replied the old man. Then, with one of his sudden motions, he barked out, "Warn't you goin' with that young woman?" "Er—yes, I was at one time," stammered Frank, "but I'm engaged to Captain Denton's daughter now." "I know it," replied the old sailor brusquely. "You know it?" gasped Shorty in astonishment. "Yes—condemn it—yes!" snapped the other. "Saw ol' Denton day afore yesterday. He was askin' me 'bout you. I was down to Yarmouth on some business. I told him you use ter be th' damndest imp aroun' th' place—" "Nice character," murmured Frank, at a loss to know how to take the old skipper. "But," continued the other, "I said you had more sand in ye than anyone I know. What kind o' girl is this Dexter?" "Very nice girl," answered Westhaver quietly. "How'd ye come t' break away from her?" "She threw me down," replied Frank slowly and without emotion. "I didn't break away."

(To be continued.)

### A Drop of Ink.

I spilled a drop of ink upon  
A little crystal pool,  
And watched the tiny ringlets run  
Adown its shallows cool—  
The dark rings, fine and finer spun—  
That slipped down in the pool.

"They drift apart, now here, now there,"  
I said: "There is no rule;  
They float with unseem currents there  
Within the tiny pool,  
And fade away, each separately,  
Without design or rule."

And then I turned revealing glass  
On the marvel I had found,  
And saw a slender cable pass  
Through every circling round;  
As beads upon a silken cord,  
Each spinning disk was bound.

I said: "There is no separate bead  
In all the little pool,  
But, strung upon one axial thread,  
They circle by one rule;  
And, round and round, each bound  
with each,  
They drift within the pool."  
I went . . . And came again. A blot  
Lay in the crystal pool—  
One indistinguishable mass  
Without design or rule.  
Again I went . . . And came; and found  
Only a clouded pool.

O Life, that falleth from above  
In heavy drop of sin!  
How long shall we, thy coiling rings,  
All bound and futile spin?  
Let go—that we be gathered up  
And melt the Pool within!  
—M. E. Buhler.



CLEMENCEAU LIFTS THE CURTAIN  
—Or, in the Chicago Tribune.

# 105th Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal

Sir Vincent Meredith, President, Takes View That on the Whole Trade Conditions More Satisfactory than a Year Ago.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Shows Necessity for Bringing Down Cost of Living in Canada—Reviews Features of Annual Statement.

At the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the president, in his address, gave a comprehensive review of Canadian and foreign conditions, and said the outlook was for reasonably profitable operations in most lines of business.

**Year's Developments.**  
Referring to some of the developments of the year, Sir Vincent said in part:

"Statements have been made in the public press by uninformed people that debtors, especially in the West, are being subjected to undue pressure by the Banks, Loan Companies and other creditors. So far as this Bank is concerned, every consideration and great latitude have been given to debtors who, through bad harvests or other mischance, have been unable to meet their obligations. This is and at all times has been the policy of the Bank, and never has that policy been more forcibly impressed upon our managers than during recent critical years.

**Bank Act.**  
"Banks are business, not benevolent institutions. They are expected to pay their shareholders a reasonable return on their investment, which includes the Rest Account—the accumulation of many years—as well as the Capital of the Bank. The rate of dividend is not disproportionate to that investment and certainly has not proved so lavish as to encourage capital to seek the banking field. As a matter of fact, the distributions to shareholders in Canadian Banks is substantially less than that made by banking institutions in Great Britain or the United States."

**Cost of Living.**  
Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, in dealing more particularly with domestic conditions, said that if Canada were to make the progress which they all hoped for it was

imperative that taxation and the cost of living should be reduced to the level, at any rate, of that obtaining in the United States.

Sir Frederick said in part: "Canada's economic position is not satisfactory. How could it be satisfactory, with the whole financial world out of joint? As everyone is aware, our troubles have partly been the result of this universal condition; partly the result of the war. It is well, however, to bear in mind that our problems are largely of our own creation. "Readjustment will come in time, for this is a country of virility and untold resources; yet one thing stands out signally, in my opinion, namely, that Canada cannot go ahead again as she should while taxation and the cost of living are higher in this country than they are in the United States of America.

**Soundness of Banking System.**  
"Canada is one of the best countries in the world to live in, to work in, to play in—in point of stability, security and comfort it is an earthly paradise as compared with Europe—but we must not stand still, and in order to progress the cost of living and taxation must be diminished; otherwise we will fail to attract immigration; and improved conditions are largely dependent upon increased population.

"As to ways and means they are obvious to all who reflect, and the necessity thereof is now being brought home to the heedless by that pitiless but unerring teacher, necessity."

In conclusion, Sir Frederick stated that the manner in which Canadian banks generally had come through the agitating times since 1914 must be taken as evidence of the fundamental soundness of the Canadian banking system. There was reason to be thankful that no great commercial breakdown had occurred.

## Worst-Behaved Island.

Falcon Island, in the South Pacific, is the most restive and changeable piece of land in the world. It has a knack of disappearing below the waves and then suddenly bobbing up again.

It was first seen and charted by H. M. S. Falcon in 1865. But in 1877 another ship found that the land had disappeared, though smoke was issuing from the sea. The charts were altered accordingly.

Then, in 1885, the island returned quite jauntily, and remained so long that the steamer Egeria, in October, 1889, charted it again, showing it to be just over a mile long, a mile broad, and 153 feet above sea-level at its highest point. Early in 1894, however, a survey ship found that the island consisted of only a low stretch of narrow rock, less than 1,000 feet in length.

By December of the same year the island had bobbed up again, and was over three miles long and nearly two broad. As if exhausted by such an effort to increase in area, it vanished once more in 1898.

No further signs of ambition were noted until 1900, when the island again began to grow. Since then it has undergone many changes. To-day it is covered with palm trees and vegetables, but its reputation for misbehaviour is such that no one will settle upon it.

## Chance of His Career.

A young reporter was sent out by the city editor of one of the Toronto papers to report a meeting.

About two hours after the assignment was made the young reporter returned with a sad countenance.

The city editor told him to get the report up immediately, as it was nearly time to go to press.

"There will not be any report on that meeting," was the answer.

"Why not?" queried the city editor. "There was no meeting," replied the young reporter. "It broke up in a big row and the chairman was chucked under the table."

A third of the whole length of a whale is taken up by its head.

A silkworm produces as much silk as twenty-four spiders.

## "Nice Doggie."

The revenue cutter Acadia, the old sailor said, was coaling at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. As it was harvest time, the captain was having hard work to get men to carry the coal aboard. To help out and to earn some extra money several of us among the crew offered to do the work, and the captain was glad to have us.

I was just picking up my loaded basket to go aboard when I noticed a small black animal crouching between two timbers and looking at me. After I had emptied the basket I went back and, picking the little fellow up, carried him aboard. As I was going up the gangplank I met the old boatswain, Bill Henson.

"Hello, Tom," he said; "what ye got there?"

"A little black dog," I replied. "I found him down on the wharf."

"Isn't he cute," said Bill, patting the little fellow on the head with his big hand.

I went below and, finding a cracker box, put the animal inside it and nailed some cleats across the top. Not long afterwards, the captain came aboard. His nose was high in the air, and his first question was, "Where's the skunk around here?"

"I dunno," replied the boatswain. "Tom's got a little black dog in the box up forward."

"Let me see him," said the captain and went to look. "Dog!" he said after one glance. "That's a skunk!"

Indeed it was; by that time almost anybody would know it, although some of us from Newfoundland had never seen a skunk before.

"Have it overboard," ordered the captain, and, after loosening one of the slats, I threw the box over the rail.

The box landed fair on its bottom, and up popped the small black head of Mr. Skunk. With a catlike dislike for getting wet he glanced once at the water and then settled down again. The box drifted rapidly away from shore.

After a little while the skunk popped his head up again. Then, realizing apparently that he was getting farther and farther away from land, he leaped overboard and swam to shore.

That was the first time either Bill or I had ever seen a skunk! To those of the crew who were acquainted with the animal our experience was a source of much delight.

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