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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

Enough Said.

There had been a row in the works, and Pat and Mike were discussing it. "And what did Hogan call Murphy?" asked Pat.

"Shure, he called him a liar," was the answer.

"And then what did Murphy say?"

"Not much."

"Why, that's funny," said Pat. "Murphy used to be a mighty hot-tempered fellow."

"Well, he nefer said a word except 'Have ye had enough yet?'"

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.

A Puzzle.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the teller politely asked the man presenting the cheque.

"Name," echoed the indignant customer, "don't you see my signature on the cheque?"

"I do," answered the teller. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

Prizes in Pawn.

Micky Bryan and Patsy Kelly met one day, and the conversation turned on athletics.

"Did ye ivr meet my bruther Dennis?" asked Pat. "He has just won a gold medal in a race."

"Bedad," replied Mike. "Sure, an' that's foine. But did I ivr tell ye about my uncle at Ballycluna?"

"I don't remember," replied Pat.

"Well," said Mike, "he's got a gold medal for five miles an' one for ten miles; two sets of carvers for cycling, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling, an' badges for boxing an' rowing!"

"Begorra," said Pat, "he must be a wonderful athlete, indade!"

"Shure, an' he's no athlete at all at all," came the reply. "He kapes a pawnshop!"

What Are Parties For?"

"Well, Frank, so you went to your first party to-day," said the boy's father, drawing his young son to him. "Where was it; at Billy Mason's? I suppose you had a great time, didn't you?"

Frank nodded vigorously.

"What games did you play?"

Frank gave a detailed account.

"What did you have to eat?"

The boy looked at his father in amazement. "What did I have to eat?" he replied. "Why, dad, I didn't have to eat anything. I wanted to!"

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BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN—(Cont'd.)

"Then ye kain't git that engine a-goin'?" interrupted Westhaver. "No," the other shook his head and glanced at the nearing rock. "It's dead an' so'll w. be."

Frank fully realized the desperate position they were in, but he was not one of the kind to sit down and wait for death, no matter how near it was. "Come on," he yelled. "Paddle her out o' this!" And as he spoke, he ripped up two of the bottom boards of the flooring. Tossing one of the planks to his companion, he said, "Lay to it now! We'll weather it yet. Now, bust yer heart out! Sock it to her! Now! Now!" And while the surf was thundering in their ears, he shouted encouraging words to the frightened lobsterman, and both paddled with all their strength.

The rock was very near now, and as they rose on the summit of a mighty swell Frank could see the great black bulk glistening in the faint sunlight for a fleeting moment, then a giant upheaval of green water hurled itself upon the adamantine pile, blotting it from view for a few seconds, and with a thunderous roar which caused the very air to vibrate the black fangs of the rock appeared through the welter of froth and white water streaming from it. It was an awe-inspiring sight, even when viewed from the safety of a steamer's deck, but to the frantically toiling men in the motor-boat it appeared as the portals to Eternity.

Frank, with his left arm still weak from his accident, began to feel all in, but to falter in his stroke would be to lose everything. Life seemed very dear just then, and, gasping with his exertions, he snapped huskily, "Keep it up, Matheson! We're slipping' it by! Sock it to her! Now! Now!"

The rock spoke again and the boat seemed to swirl in the backwash of hissing froth which swept from the ponderous bulk. It seemed to loom almost overhead, but as Frank looked he saw that they were clearing the danger. One minute more—Frank's heart was pumping like a steam-engine now, and his breath hissed through his shut teeth in rasping gasps. "Keep a-goin'!" he croaked. "Keep a-goin'!" Once more the rock was blotted out. Once more it appeared blacker against the froth of its victims, and then it roared again there seemed to be a note of ineffectual rage in the boom of the conflicting elements of stone and water.

Matheson collapsed in a panting heap. "Lord! what a shave! What a shave!"

"Come on! Lay to it," snarled the other, still paddling. "We've got t' shoot her up on that strip o' beach afore we're out o' th' muddle. Go to it!"

The lighthouse people had seen them and were running down to the shore, and with the swell driving them in, they neared the breakers rapidly. "Steady now!" panted Westhaver. "Look out we don't git rolled over in the surf—"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the plank in his hands broke in halves. The boat swung round; a curling comber caught her and rolled her completely over, and the two men were thrown out into the frothing water. Luckily, the light-keeper and his men had brought a rope with them, and, grasping it as it was thrown to them, Westhaver and Matheson were hauled out spluttering, gasping, and almost half-suffocated. The dory was grasped as she came in on the crest of the next wave, and, none the worse, it was hauled above high-water.

"Waal, ef you two ain't had a session!" remarked the keeper. "I sure thought ye'd git smashed on th' rock out thar, an' we hadn't a boat or a thing 'round here this mornin'—"

Westhaver looked over his sodden clothing. "Lend me a hat an' a dry coat," he said after he had recovered his breath. "I got to git over to Yarmouth right away. Good, that'll do fine, thank you! I'll bring 'em back to ye later—"

"Won't ye come up to th' house an' git dry?" enquired the keeper.

"No," answered Frank. "Can't stop a minute. Thank ye kindly. I must go now. I'll see ye later, Bill. I'm awful sorry I got ye into sich a mess, but I'll fix it up." And he ran along the rough rock road to the Markland ferry.

Matheson turned to the keeper. "I've been in some tight corners in my day," he remarked as he walked up to the keeper's cottage, "an' I've bin with some all-nation tough skipers a-Bankin', but, by the ol' Judas, that Westhaver has 'em all skun a mile for downright toughness. He ain't got no nerves at all, but, believe me, he's a terrier an' a mighty fine man to sail with. Aye, he's th' man what come in here all stove up after luggin' his vessel through th' Lurcher in a sou'-wester—dories, mains'l, an' mainm'st gone. A holy terror!"

Clad in a lobsterman's oil hat, a coat too large for him, trousers which shrank on his muscular legs, and tan shoes which squelched water at every step, Frank strode into the rotunda

of the Grand Hotel at precisely one o'clock in the afternoon. With a trail of water in his wake soaking into the carpet, he walked up to the hotel clerk.

"I want t' see these Brazilian gentlemen stayin' here," he said shortly.

The clerk looked hard at him. "What name please?"

"Tell them Captain Westhaver of th' Long Cove Fish Company wants a few minutes."

While a bell boy ran off to deliver the message, Frank was the object for a great deal of astonished scrutiny from the guests lounging around.

Captain Ring and some other men were talking and smoking over in a corner, and the former stared at Westhaver with eyes open wide in surprise. "Waal, I be darned!" he ejaculated.

"Who's that? What's th' matter?" enquired one of the others.

"Oh, nawthin'," replied Ring hastily. "I was wonderin' how that feller came here."

The page returned in a minute. "Step this way, Captain," he said, and Frank was piloted along the corridor to a room in which two well-dressed gentlemen were seated at a table smoking cigars and looking over some papers. One of the Brazilians was an undeniably handsome man of forty-five or fifty, with a swarthy skin, black, grey-streaked hair, and a heavy black moustache. The other was fat, clean-shaven, and very yellow as to skin, and his age would about rank with his handsome companion's. They looked up when Frank entered and surveyed him with an expression of astonishment on their faces.

"Good day, gentlemen," said Frank. "My name is Westhaver—Captain Frank Westhaver, and I am representin' th' Long Cove Fish Company. I understand you gentlemen are here with a view to receivin' tenders for supplies o' dried fish for th' Brazilian Government?"

The yellow man nodded courteously. "We are, sir."

"Waal, ef ye'd be good enough t' tell me what ye want, I will be able t' give ye a price."

The gentleman made a gesture of regret. "I'm sorry, Captain, but all de tenders were to be receive by noon. Eet ces now one of de clock, and we have nearly given de contracts out."

Frank dropped dejectedly into a chair. After all he had gone through it was hard—very hard—to have lost the chances of the venture by the narrow margin of an hour. The swarthy man seemed sympathetic, and he spoke quietly to the disheartened young fisherman twirling the oil hat in his hands.

"Senhor! you are wet? What has happened to keep you from arriving here in time?"

Westhaver looked up at the other's face—it was a strong, yet kindly countenance, and to Frank it seemed to be strangely familiar. "I did not know that you gentlemen would be here until late last night," answered Frank slowly. "I live a hundred miles from here—up above Anchorville—an' I was too late to catch a train, so my uncle an' me took a small schooner an' tried t' make th' passage. It come on t' blow a bit an' we lost one of our sails an' had to run into Brier Island—"

"Yes, Brier Island, I know it," interrupted the gentleman encouragingly.

Frank was a little astonished, but continued. "We got there 'bout five this mornin', then I got a motor dory an' came down here as hard as we could, but the engine stopped when we got off Cat Rock, an' we were nearly hove up on it with th' swell. We got clear, but capsized in the surf at th' Cape. That's how I got wet."

"And it blew verree hard last night, and you were out in it?" said the other. "And your engine stopped off Cat Rock in this southerly swell?"

The gentleman spoke English with a very slight foreign accent, and Frank's eyes were riveted upon his face. "Where had he seen this man before?" The tone of the voice and the eyes were strangely familiar. Frank replied, "Yes, sir. We had a tough night in gittin' down here." He paused and stared hard at the swarthy Brazilian in front of him. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I can't help thinkin' I've seen you somewhere before. I've never bin in your country, but I'll swear that I've met you years ago."

The other laughed, showing a mouth of regular white teeth. "That may be, senhor. I am no stranger to this country. I have been a sailor in ships coming into Yarmouth and into Anchorville—"

"Now I have it!" cried Frank delightedly. "Now I know who you are! Sir! Do you remember two little boys comin' off to an Italian barque one winter's day 'bout ten years ago an' pilotin' her in to Anchorville?"

The other rose to his feet. "Why, to be sure I do," he replied, smiling. "And you were the pilot, were you not? West-haver! West-haver! Yes, yes, I know you now. You wrote your name down in my book, an' gave me a

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little souvenir for my lady—" "Margarheta in Spateclea!" interrupted Shorty.

"Yes, yes! Margarheta of Spezzial! She's my wife now. Well, well, this is curious!" Turning to his wondering companion, he said, "An old friend of mine—Captain Westhaver—Senhor Ruez. My name is Castromento—Capitan Castromento, of the Republican Navy."

The ice was broken at once, and over the cigars, the one-time Italian sailor and Westhaver went over the incident of the piloting, while Ruez listened with a smile on his gamboge countenance. "Yes, Capitan," continued the naval officer, "I left that old tub in Rio Janiero the voyage after, and entered the navy. I had done naval service in Italy before I went in merchant ships, and having rendered a little service to Admiral Roberto during one of the revolutions, I soon got on to commissioned positions through his influence. Ha, ha! I laugh when I think of that pig of a capitan on the barque. How frightened he was! And how he hated to pay the pilotage money until your Anchorville harbor-master came aboard, and made him pay. It was very funny." (To be continued.)

No, Indeed.

"I am sorry to inform you that your son James has been playing truant," said the teacher to the boy's mother. "I don't believe it," cried the indignant parent; "if he has, he didn't learn it at home. We never play cards."

Not Exclusively His.

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