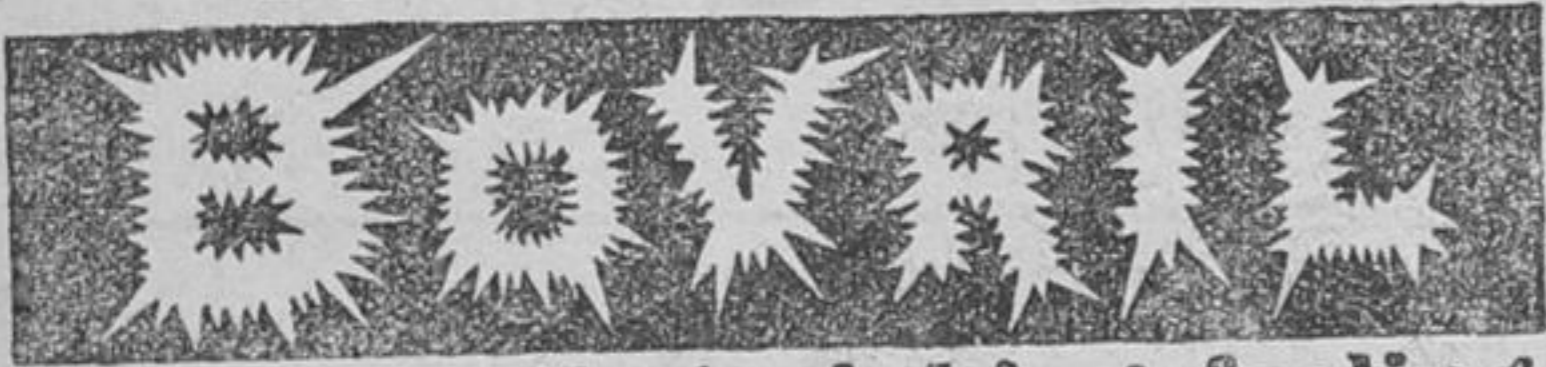


Be better nourished



prevents that sinking feeling

## BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP  
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN—Cont'd.

"Hey, you boulder!" coughed Frank as he turned. "What d'ye mean by thumpin' th' life out o' me like that?"

"What you thinkin' 'bout, Frankee?"

"Waal, until you come up with that heavy fist o' yours, I was thinkin' of a good many things."

Jules nodded. "So am I."

"Oh, an' what's botherin' you, Cap'tain Galarneau?"

The big Frenchman kicked at a splinter on the cap log. "I want to know when I can get holiday, Frankee?"

"A holiday?" ejaculated Westhaver in mock horror at the suggestion. "A holiday did ye say? An' what do you want a holiday for, you big loafer? Ain't it all holiday with you trawlers aboard th' vessel? Lay-offs an' mug-ups?"

The other laughed sheepishly. "I—I want to get married."

"Married!" shouted Frank. "So that's th' lay, is it? Waal, I callate we kin let ye take a day off t' git married."

"But I want two week for honeymoon," pleaded Jules. "One day no good."

Westhaver slapped his old dory-mate on the back. "Surely ye kin hev yer holiday, ol' trawler! When d'ye plan on goin'?"

"Now. Dis week."

"This week? You ain't in no hurry t' git yer head in a noose, are ye? Will th' gang take a lay-off for that length o' time?"

"Yes," replied Jules. "Two of dem want for get married as well."

The other laughed. "Kind o' catchin' this marryin' business, it seems. Go ahead, ol' man, take yer two weeks. I'd like t' give ye more, but we've got an awful busy summer ahead of us an' we need all hands. We'll give th' Lillian her overhaul while you're away."

So Jules Galarneau—the runaway Breton fisher-boy, and now master of a Canadian fishing schooner, a Canadian citizen, and more Canadian than French—got married. It was in proper fisherman fashion, with everybody for miles around invited, and with a big spread in the big barn; much firing of guns and ringing of cow bells, and a dance which lasted until the early morning hours, Jules took the blushing French Canadian lassie for better or worse.

Frank drove the happy couple over

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Child's Best Laxative



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the souring food and nasty bile out of the stomach and bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

to the Anchorville depot, and when they entrained for Boston, he sighed. "Thar's ol' Sabot happy now with th' girl of his heart. Two years yet for me. . . ."

### CHAPTER NINETEEN.

On a beautiful August morning, Frank, rigged out in colkar and tie and a neat blue suit, was driving along the hill road to Anchorville. The buggy, the best double-seated team in Long Cove, was polished and washed until it shone again, while the horse did credit to Frank's pre-breakfast grooming and curry-combing. Before he swung around the Anchorville road, which led up over the mountain, he pulled up the horse and gazed over the vista of village and Bay.

"Waal," he murmured with satisfaction, "I callate Lily an' the ol' Cap'en will like th' place. It's lookin' pretty nice now. Giddap, Jess! Twelve miles t' go an' little time t' do it in."

He trotted into Anchorville depot a few minutes before the Yarmouth train pulled in, and his eager scrutiny was rewarded by the sight of the persons whom he sought. The old skipper was the first to hail him.

"Hullo, thar, Westhaver! Lay alongside with that four-wheeled craft of yours 'til I get some of this dunnage stowed!"

And Frank swung the team to the platform and greeted his guests.

"Howdy, Cap'en! Hullo, Lily! Let me see a-hold o' your grips. Cap'en, you won't mind sittin' in th' back seat? Lil and I will drive in front. All aboard! Giddap, Jess!" And with as much skill in driving a horse as he had in driving a schooner, Frank swept down the station road with the dust flying in their wake.

"Oh, Frank, but isn't it just a glorious day?" exclaimed Miss Denton—her sun-browned cheeks glowing with excitement and pleasure. "And what a fine horse you have—"

"Take th' reins an' drive, Lil," suggested Frank, handing them over.

"Naow you jest be careful with that there animal," cautioned the old skipper, "an' see'n don't capsize us into a ditch. She's pluggin' along at quite a clip an' th' least sheer to port or starb'd might have us turnin' turtle—"

"Try one o' my cigars, Cap'en," interrupted Frank, opening his case; and having diplomatically given the father something to occupy his attention, he proceeded to give his fiancée a lesson in driving. The lesson seemed to be greatly enjoyed by both, and considering that it necessitated two pairs of hands on the reins, the horse must have been an unusually frisky quadruped.

The drive over the mountain through the pass opened up some magnificent views of crags and whispering spruce forests, and Miss Denton appreciated the beauties of the scenery to the full. "And just look at that Micmac wigwam in the clearing over there! Look at that old Indian, and the squaws and the little papoose!"

"That's old John the Rain Maker. Him an' his family are makin' baskets an' sweet grass souvenirs t' sell the Anchorville tourists. He's very old—'most ninety, I callate. Wait, an' I'll hail him. Hey, John!"

The old Indian came smiling to the halted team. Westhaver pulled out a cigar. "Say, John, show th' lady th' medals th' King an' Queen gave you?"

The Micmac pulled a deerskin pouch from out his pocket and handed the huge medallions over. "Dat one is from King William to my grand-father. The others are from Queen Victoria an' King Edward to me."

Miss Denton looked the relics over with delight. Here was romance! And while her practical parent gave the silver plaques but a cursory glance, she examined them with the reverence of a lover of unusual things.

John was very willing to talk, and after he had crumpled the cigar up and put some of it into his pipe, he told her many things. Yes, he was the last chief of his tribe; he had been across the Big Water to the White Queen's tepee in London, and she had spoken to him; he was ninety-three and still able to carry a guide's pack and paddle a canoe, and he expected to be able to do so for many more years. It was with regret that he bade the royal old Indian good-bye.

As they turned into the Bay Shore road the vista of mountain and sea charmed her eye, and Westhaver felt happy in her delighted remarks. "We'll soon be at th' Cove," he said; "an' I think you'll find it even prettier than any of these places."

"But what could be lovelier than

this?" she exclaimed. "Look at those orchards! Look at those pretty houses in among the trees! Who lives in them, Frank?"

"Mostly all fishermen."

"Fishermen?" she ejaculated. "Not the men who go to sea on the schooners?"

Frank laughed. "Sure they do! Some fish off the shore here, but a good many of them go away in th' vessels. Some sail in Anchorville craft and others go to Gloucester. Some nice places, eh?"

"Why, they're simply ideal. I can't understand why they should want to leave such nice homes for the rough, hard life at sea. What are those white things strung on the fences, Frank?"

"Those are hake sounds hung out to dry. They're used for makin' glue, gelatine, and isinglass, an' worth quite a bit. Now, Lily, we're comin' into Long Cove."

"Why, look at the fish, papa!" cried Miss Denton as the flake-yards came into view. "Good gracious! there must be thousands of them drying in the sun!"

Frank pulled the horse up. "That's all ours, Lily. See, thar's our big fish house near the wharf—"

The old shipmaster in the rear seat was becoming interested now.

"Is that your plant?" he interrupted, pointing to the big red-painted building standing in the midst of acres of drying fish.

"Yes," replied Frank; "an' we own that building an' flake-yard to the other side of the road as well. Thar's that barquentine you chartered for us, Cap'en. We're loadin' her now, an' ye kin see th' topm'sts o' th' new Lillian—th' gasolene auxiliary knock-about we bought after we sold the old vessel. Th' little shed near th' wharf is the ice-house an' bait storage for th' boats an' vessels. Th' low buildin' at th' head of th' wharf road is th' Company's store an' my office—but we'll git home an' have dinner first, then I'll show you 'round."

Miss Denton looked forward to meeting "Frank's folks" with some little trepidation, but her nervousness was speedily dispelled with Mrs. Westhaver's cordial hug and kiss and Captain Jerry's hearty welcome. Within an hour, the young lady's winning ways and sunny smile had so captivated the widow's heart that she could hardly contain her pleasure at her son's good judgment, and the mother felt that she had found a daughter whom she could love.

(To be continued.)



**MUST HAVE BEEN ABSENT**  
1st High-School Girl: I don't suppose any school was ever so diverted as by Mary's little lamb.  
2nd Ditto: You must have been absent when Gladys entered class the other day in knickerbockers.

### After the Old Man.

"What's your little girl's name?" asked the colored parson of the lady who was enrolling her daughter in his Sunday school.

"Her name am Opium Bryant," was the reply.

"Opium? That's rather an odd name for a girl," ventured the parson. "How did you ever come to pick that name?"

"Y' see, pahson, 'twas dissaway. Dey say opium comes from wild poppy, an' so when dis chile was born, Ah decides to name her Opium 'cause her poppy suah am wild."

### Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains 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, silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

One pound of pure saccharine has the sweetness of a quarter of a ton of sugar.

The picturesque jinrikisha, or kuruma, is going out of use in Japan. Other vehicles are taking its place; coolies are rising above the "status of draft animals"; the chief manufacturer of jinrikishas is now making baby carriages.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

### Editorial Troubles.

The troubles of an editor in a small town are many. Besides the difficulties inherent in making up his paper satisfactorily, he often has to live up to a reputation for limitless knowledge. For many persons he is an oracle, and the column headed "Notes and Queries," or something similar, is his mouthpiece. A Western paper received a communication bearing pertinently on this matter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Editor: Will you kindly inform me by return mail what number of seeds are contained in a seventy-three to seventy-five-pound pumpkin, as I wish to settle an argument."

A parallel to this request lies in an unhappy experience of an editor who one morning received two letters from subscribers. The first, an anxious father, wrote to find out the best way to bring up his twin babies in health and happiness, while the other, a farmer, wanted to know the quickest method of getting rid of grasshoppers.

The editor hesitated; then, out of the fullness of his knowledge, he wrote two letters in reply. But in the haste of business he put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

The next morning the father of the twins received this interesting answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it. After jumping in the flames a few moments the little pests will be speedily done for."

And the man who was troubled with grasshoppers was bidden to "Give castor-oil regularly in moderate doses and rub their gums with a bone."

### Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

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After Every Meal

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It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat



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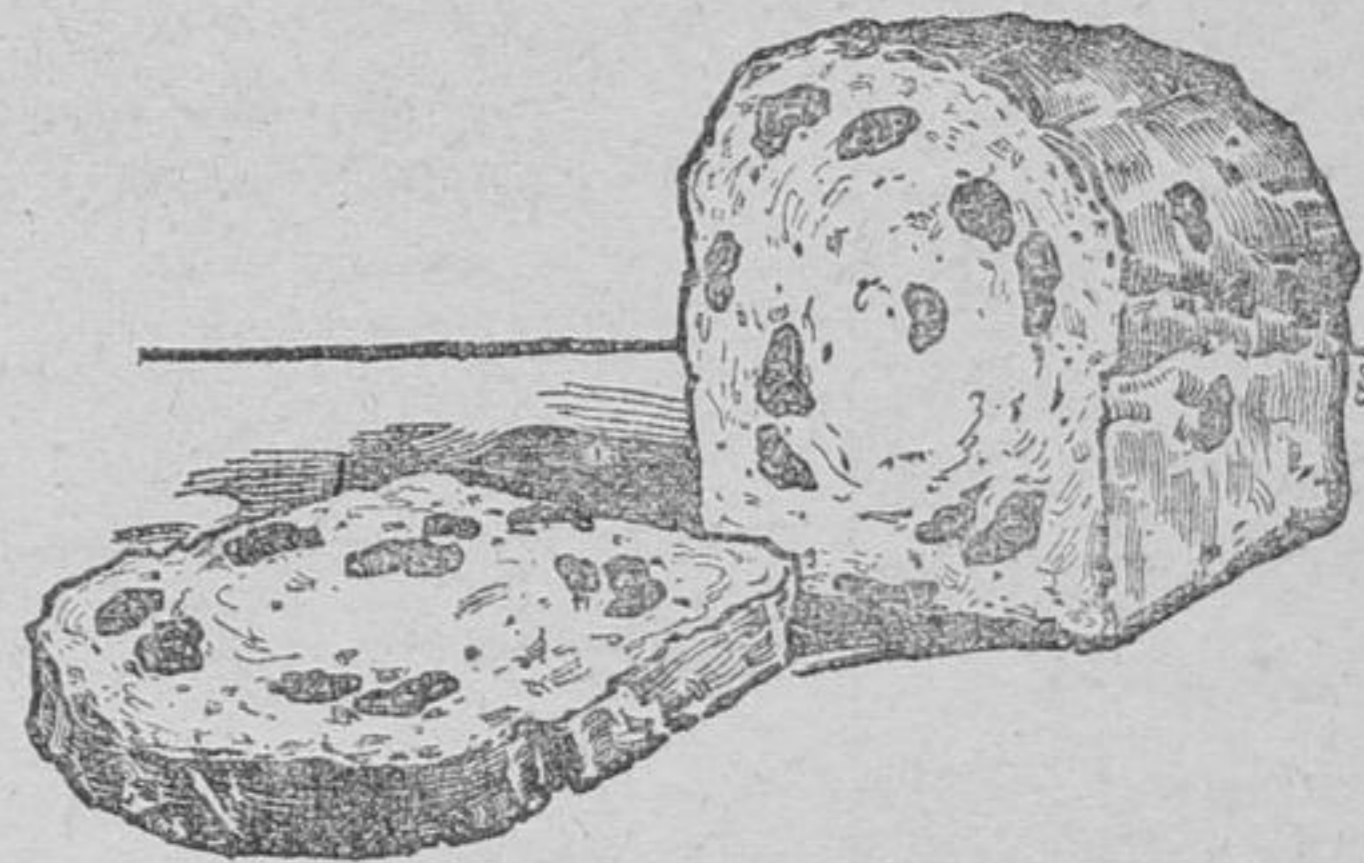
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