

**MAKING GOOD; A
STORY OF
NORTHWEST CANADA**

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Making Good; A Story of Northwest Canada by G. B. M'Kean

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G. B. M'KEAN

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MAKING GOOD

A STORY OF NORTH WEST CANADA

BY

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CHAPTER I

ON BOARD THE SCHOONER *JERSEY*

JACK YOUNG stood contemplating the sailing schooner *Jersey* as it lay in dock at Bristol. The name appealed to him, for *Jersey* had been his home for the sixteen years of his life. He had not run away from home; the old homestead had been sold a few weeks ago on the death of his father, and his mother had gone to make her home with an older brother, so Jack, with an inborn love of the sea, had decided to seek adventure and a living on its wide, rolling spaces. He walked over to the *Jersey* and found it agog with life—it was going out on the tide that night. Presently the huge figure of a man came down the gangway, and as he stepped on to the dock Jack walked over to him.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, “but is there any chance of a job on your boat?”

The man stopped, turned suddenly, and stood looking down at Jack for several seconds, then slowly removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Who are you?" he jerked out in gruff tones.

"Jack Young, sir, from Jersey."

"H'm," growled out the man, who happened to be the captain of the *Jersey*, "so you want to go to sea, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, "that's why I came to Bristol, and seeing that your boat was named the *Jersey*, I thought I'd like to start my life as a sailor on her."

"Well, my lad, I do want a cabin boy as it happens. If your mind's made up, just follow me;" saying which the captain turned and walked back up the gangway. Jack followed him, his heart palpitating with excitement, for now he was fairly launched on the big adventure of life and in the career that he had dreamed of from his earliest years.

Let us take a good look at Jack Young as he stood in the captain's cabin listening to the details of his duties as cabin boy. He was tall for his age, clean-limbed, and with a healthy complexion, the result of an active outdoor life on his father's old homestead in Jersey. His hair was fair, and there was always a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. His confident bearing gave the impression of a boy accustomed to responsibility and ready to deal with any emer-