

BROKE! OUT OF LUCK! most of us have asked—

"Is Life Worth Living?"**SEE EUGENE O'BRIEN'S**

Whimsically Entertaining Answer To A Question Most Of Us Have Asked. SEE IT—It's a SELZNICK PICTURE

MAJESTICWEDNESDAY—
THURSDAY.

TO-DAY'S BIG HOLIDAY PROGRAM—

Nothing Escapes It—

FOX NEWS1,008 Cameramen
Always On the Job.

Eugene O'Brien

— IN —

"Is Life Worth Living."

— A RIOT —

'Landlord'IT'S A
FOX SUNSHINE
COMEDY.**OFF CAPE HORN.**

(By CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW, in Cassell's Magazine.)

This is one of the most remarkable articles we have ever read. Even Captain Shaw has never before conveyed so vividly the great desolation, the restless moods, the tumultuous anger of the deep waters.—Editor Cassell's.

A LONELY WATCHER.

He has a lot to think of whilst he stands there beside the binnacle; balancing himself cunningly to the erratic play of the close-bitted ship. The wind beats upon him, the spindly rattles on his clothing, the solid sea boil about his knees; but he stands there with the solid impassivity of a granite breakwater; staring reflectively at the narrow arching top-sails that appear as though likely to start from their bolt-ropes every minute; twisting his neck a little to stare into the eye of the wind, endeavouring to learn from this scrutiny something of what the coming hours might bring; watching the ragged run of the seas, casting an occasional glance at the circling albatross above the stripped mizen truck.

When he gives an order it is rapped out in a commanding voice, leaving no opportunity for questioning; it is compelling, like the drive of a gun's propelling charge. To windward the sky is a frowning horror; vast black clouds are piling at the sea's rim; ragged streamers depend from the main bulk to swing downward to the upward springing sea, so that sea and sky appear as one blood-chilling terror that only the pencil of a Dore could do justice to. And under the sullen hang of the clouds it is just possible to see the roaring wave-tops sliced off and whirled high in spray; to see a livid unnatural gleaming which marks where the storm is flinging in its heaviest reserves to overwhelm this puny fabric that dares to question its resistless might.

DOGGED FIGHTERS.

"Stand by fore topsail clewlines!"

It beats through the din like the rattle of machine-gun fire; it quickens the crouching, shivering lump of chilled humanity that are lying about the poop in readiness for some such summons, wearied men who are slung about in water, who are clinging to such handhold as they can find when they cannot wedge themselves between harness casks, or some of the hamper that litters a ship's decks. They scramble to their feet; you see their blue hands busy tightening the fastenings of their garments as they make preparation for a fresh grapple with destruction.

One thing about it: the race aloft, the fighting on the jolting yard, the tearing struggle with the canvas that is frozen into the likeness of armour-plating, serve to set the blood flowing strongly in the veins, and breed up a recrudescence of that sterling fighting spirit that has dropped momentarily into abeyance. There is a dogged quality about these unpicturesque seamen which refuses to consider the possibility of defeat; though the ship is borne down with the arrayed forces of that storm, they never for a moment lose faith in her ability to rise again from the depths into which she plunges. So they curse and toil and curse afresh, their arms welling from their sockets by the drag of the snarling, slanting sail; inch by inch they quell the protesting canvas, they stow it beneath their heaving chests until the securing gaskets are passed; they poise dizzily on jerking, unstable foot-ropes; their fingers spout blood at the nails as they retain a vice-like grip on the agitated stuff that is trying with might and main to free itself from their control; but they conquer just as the yelling fury of the squall hurls down upon them, with a force that carens the ship wild, so that solid ocean uprears itself above her lee rails, and poised there as though about to fall in one crashing Niagara of destruction, under which no fabric constructed by human hands might live.

The ship slugs away from that onslaught, quivering into inertness; a mighty whirl of water cascades over the weather bulwarks, a tearing, resistless force that drives all movable things and not a few immovable things before it. Those still aloft can see nothing of the hull; it is enveloped in high white whirls; only three denuded masts poke upward through the unbelievable smother. Aft on the poop, you have scuttled for safety; climbing high into the mizen rigging, to avoid the drive of that fury-lashed water; but as though disdaining the offered shelter, the skipper waves stolidly beside the wheel, with waist-high combers tearing at him, encouraging the helmsman with strong-voiced words; ay, even hurling himself to the lee wheel to bear a hand in bringing the staggered ship under control.

But she lies like a log; there is no suggestion of resiliency about her; ah! not dead yet. See her, her spirit still undaunted, shake herself pettishly like a to closely bitted horse. See the single topsail that still remains set, shake with a thin rattling of chains; see the tentative upward lift of the hull, the recoil as the ship realizes that the opportune moment has not yet come; the fresh attempt, the glorious upward soaring—the ship is a living entity, no less; possessed of a soul as fine as a man's! She throws aside the downpressing torrent that has momentarily stunned her; through clanging washport and surging scupper she rids herself of the weighty encumbrance; she staggers to the crest of a grey-headed monster that was poised to fall; for a glorious moment she hangs there, with the screaming inferno of the gale all about her, then she dives sidgily, shaking and fuming; she flings it carelessly along her decks; she is fighting still, undefeated. A refreshing sight enough she is for the eyes of a sailor; she has taken upon herself some of that fighting sea-spirit that belonged of rights to her predecessors, the famous clippers, which were things of beauty, built by sterling craftsmen.

WATERLOGGED.

The hands drop warily down from aloft now, watching their chance; they fight a breathless way aft, as best they might, rushing for a stanchion or belaying pin as the ship leans to take aboard fresh avalanches; running clumsily as the water clears; cut in the teeth by wave-edges, slammed and rattled by spindrift, flattened by the monstrous force of the wind alone.

"That'll do the watch below—keep handy!" There is as yet no telling what the coming hours might bring; maybe death, certainly fresh battling; the men must snatch their well-earned rest as best they may, without doffing their dripping clothing, without even kicking off their heavy boots; for when the call does come it will be an urgent one when every minute counts of more value than an ordinary hour. They scramble along forward, dodging the seas; they watch their chance to enter the forecabin without bringing half the wet Pacific with them; they fall headlong into slinking gloominess. Then, without troubling to light the lamps, they fall into their sodden bunks. In a minute the majority of them are snoring heavily, utterly careless of what might be happening on deck. Only in one corner does a match splutter and glow and dim down again, and then glow afresh, as some inveterate smoker sacrifices a few moments of his rest to indulgence in the weed.

On deck there is now no let-up in the slogging bitterness of the attacks that hurl on the ship. The dense cloudiness have broken, to give a glimpse of a lurid, horrifying sky; steel-grey and unnatural, fringed

with ragged cloud-streamers that tell of unchained forces amassing to follow up the present onslaughts. The noise is deafening; there is the monstrous main rumbling roar of storm, but hundreds of other sounds blend into the main theme; the riotous flapping of every loosened rope, the boom of wind from the cavern of the topsail's belly, the screaming note of triumph in the squalls, the thunder of heavy water breaking aboard; the rattle of high-thrown spray; the Aeolian humming of the wind in the standing rigging; all these sounds weld themselves together into one defiant, unbelievable chorus that bemuses the staggered brain, that stuns the senses, but cramps the heart-beats. And grim fatigue closes down on the fighters; a listless heaviness of mind and body that only those who have experienced it can understand.

Very quickly and persistently the combers follow one another over the rails now; the ship is waterlogged; her decks present no single touch of safety. Everywhere is whirling spray, so that from even a little distance the fabric is visible as a mere cloud. She labours wildly, tearing this way and that, as though resolved to rush headlong on to destruction, but iron-hard hands on the wheel spokes bridle her antics and reduce her to shuddering control.

A MAD FANTASY.

Comes now another yelling fury of wind from out of that livid brightness to windward. It strikes suddenly, overwhelmingly; the ship bears away, careening over and over until her lower yardarms are in the water. She is going—it is impossible that anything humanly constructed can withstand that frantic strain. The skipper makes a staggering run to windward and clings to the weather rail, staring aloft at the narrowed topsail. Even that attenuated rag is more than the ship can carry; she is over-canvassed. But—without such a fragment of steadying sail she would be out of control; it must remain so long as the gods of the winds will permit it. The deck-watch are clinging to whatsoever holding they can find; their apprehensive glances, too, are all for the sail.

"Something's got to go!" they shout. But the loudest voice fails to carry to a near-by ear.

Something does go; the tension increases under imagination; men's nerves tauten in sympathy. Then, as shrieks are to salt-caked lips, there is a sudden single snapping roar that clips through the clamour unmistakably, the ship throws herself back against the wind; a chain rattles viciously. Follows a slatting thud, then a series of reports like the discharge of a pom-pom. The topsail has carried away at the sheet. No possibility of attempting to save the sail: it is counting death to venture on that wildly jerking yard, where the ripped cloths are flapping like stock-whip lashes as they tear themselves free from the parent mass and whirl savagely to leeward like scared seabirds. Gradually the bitter noise ceases, the volleying gale secures pre-dominance. The ship riots in a mad fantasy; she is utterly lacking in

steadiness now; she rolls her masts across the sky in sick area; she shudders and writhes. The captain wars himself along to where the mate is clinging to the mizen back-stays, throws an arm about his shoulder to bring his ear within audible distance of his mouth.

"Must heave-to—cloth in rigging—can't stand anything else. See to it." The mate nods, and looks about to catch the eyes of his watch. He beckons them, points to the cover of the sail-locker; they crawl thither and knock out wedges warily, steadying themselves to the procession of combers that is pouring down. The hatch is lifted, a man slips down; the cover is replaced. Presently comes a knocking; but a big sea towers and falls; the men are torn from the spot and hurled like chaff to leeward. Gasping and spluttering, they fight a way back and watch their chance. Presently it comes; a bolt of stout canvas is passed to them.

There is no need to carry it aloft; all that is necessary is to lay it above the sheepole, after seining fast one end; the wind does the rest. It flicks that heavy roll up the shrouds as if it were a fragment of paper; it pins it in place; a narrow strip less than three feet wide; but sufficient to bring the ship's head to wind and sea.

There is little more to do, save to tend the helm, to ease the fabric's agonies by every means experience can devise. When her labour becomes most poignant, men stagger forward and pour a tiny trickle of oil through the scuppers. For a while the wave-crests are sleeked; they still lower monstrously, and there is more threat in their mighty bulk than in the crashing sprays of aforesaid; but the ship is given a breathing space. The vicious motion tears loose great objects that have been secured with many a turn of stout rope; men must wallow neck-deep in water to secure them, risking swift death, mutilation—many perils. It passes the time of waiting. But there is so little that can be done to aid the ship; the issue is in the hands of the God of Storms.

Throughout the day the assaults are levelled and combated; night draws down blackly, to add horror to gathered horror. The worst will come between midnight and 2 a.m.; it be-

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hoves all hands to do everything that lies in each individual's power, to give the ship an added chance. But the darkness baffles them, adds terror to fear; for in daylight they could see the fashion of the peril that menaced; now they can only imagine it, and imagination, quickened by experience, paints dreadful pictures of the waiting fate.

So midnight comes; bringing with it a magnification of all that has gone before. A dictionary full of words would fail to do justice to the terrible grandeur of the gallant heroism of that clumsy fabric. Men retain no clear impression of the bitter hours, when all the elements are conspiring to do their worst. It is a nightmare of falling water, of slamming wind; of incessant motion. All is blackness, and spite; no ray of light penetrates

the Stygian gloom. The crew cluster at numbly; instinct taking them into the near company of the single man who stands at the binnacle, staring into blackness, his brain accepting and discarding automatically; the one man in whose hands their lives are held.

Thus it continues, until all sense of time is lost, until the overwrought bodies grow lax, until indifference takes the place of fighting determination. Men do fitfully, with green water washing over them. Until someone emits a croaking cry, stabbing with an unseen finger to windward. There the ship's head has parted to reveal a single glowing star—a message of hope when hope was most needed.

The gale is breaking; it has done its worst. Already a lessening in the vicious onslaught is perceptible; there are lulls which, while the wind still blows with hurricane ferocity, are markedly milder than the solid gale has been for hours past. The watch-officer stumbles aft, swings round the binnacle as the ship rolls, catches at the captain's arm, points to that steady star.

"All right, Mister; it's letting up a bit. Wind's freeing a bit, too. Fair wind coming—ugh! but I'm tired!"

By daylight they are piling the canvas on her; they are looking out undamaged sails to replace those carried away; with a half-gale hurrying on the quarter, the ship, stripped bare, washed clean as a tidal rock, is tramping down the seas with her bow notched on the course that will take her clear of old Cape Stiff.

Nothing to worry about now. Somewhere ahead lie the south-east Trades and smooth sailing, when men can recover from the fatigue of the striving, as the tropical sun purges the fog from their marrow. Get at it—pile on the masts! We're round the Horn again, and there's nothing sea and wind can do that shall frighten us now. We've danced through the gates of the Pit, and waltzed clean across its floors—that's what windjamming means. And at the appointed time we shall do it all over again, because we are sailors, to whom the sea brings bitter fighting and scant recompense.

STOP THAT COUGH.

No cough remedy has ever been discovered that will cure every cough, but we think we have one that comes a little nearer to doing it than most of them. We have prepared it the last ten years; it has been tried in all manner of cases and given satisfaction. We ask you to remember and try this—

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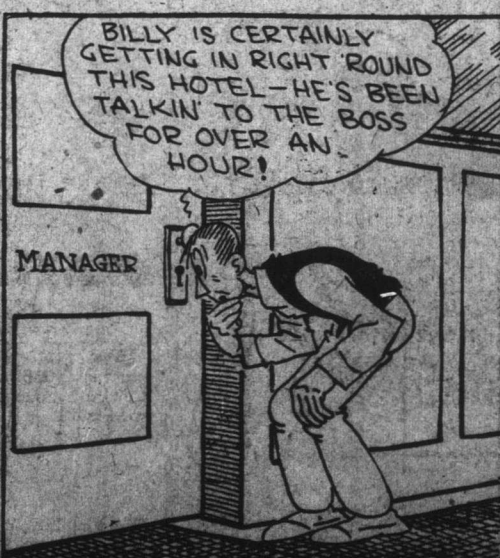
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