

EVERY MALE
who reads
"THE DAILY
MAIL"
should have an
**ACCIDENT
POLICY.**
"Costs you a FIVE Spot
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137 Water Street
PHONE 60.

**King George the Fifth
SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE,**

St. John's, Newfoundland.
PATRON:—His Majesty the King.
Bedrooms can be booked at all
hours; night porter in attendance.
Small rooms 20 cents, and large
rooms 35 cents per night, including
bath.
Meals are served at moderate
prices.
Girls' department (under the charge
of a matron), with separate entrance.

**The Right Place
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**Provisions, Groceries,
Oats, Feeds, Wines
and Liquors**
—is at—

P. J. Shea's,
Corner George and Prince's Sts.
or at 314 Water Street.

Outport Orders
promptly attended to.

**NORTH SYDNEY
COAL.**

Due to arrive on Wednesday,
January 14th, ex BEATRICE
a small cargo of SCREENED.

W. H. HYNES,
East End Coal Dealer.

"Is it true," said Sallie, "that the
blind can determine color by the
sense of touch?"
"Sure," said James. "I once knew
a blind man who could tell a red-hot
stove just by putting his finger on
it."

**THE CRUISE
—OF THE—
"WILLING MIND"**

BY A. E. W. MASON
The cruise happened before the
steam trawler ousted the smack
from the North Sea. A few news-
papers recorded it in half a dozen
lines of small print which nobody
read. But it became and—though
nowadays the "Willing Mind" rots
from month to month by the quay—
remains staple talk at Gorleston ale-
houses on winter nights.

The crew consisted of Weeks, three
fairly competent hands, and a baker's
assistant, when the "Willing Mind"
slipped out of Yarmouth. Alexander
Duncan, the photographer from Derby
joined the smack afterwards under
peculiar circumstances. Duncan was
a timid person, but aware of his
timidity. He was quite clear that his
paramount business was to be a man;
and he was equally clear that he was
not successful in his paramount busi-
ness. Meanwhile he pretended to be,
hoping that on some miraculous day
a sudden test would prove the straw
man he was to have become real flesh
and blood. A visit to a surgeon and
the flick of a knife quite shat-
tered that illusion. He went down
to Yarmouth afterwards fairly dis-
heartened. The test had been applied
and he had failed.

Now Weeks was a particular friend
of Duncan's. They had chummed to-
gether on Gorleston Quay some years
before, perhaps because they were so
dissimilar. Weeks had taught Dun-
can to sail a boat, and had once or
twice taken him for a short trip on
his smack; so that the first thing that
Duncan did on his arrival at Yar-
mouth was to take the tram to Gorles-
ton and to make inquiries.

A fisherman lounging against a
winch replied to them:
"If Weeks is a friend o' yours I
should get used to missin' 'im, as I
tell his wife."

There was at that time an ingenious
system by which the skipper might
buy his smack from the owner on the
instalment plan—as people buy their
furniture—only with a difference: for
people sometimes get their furniture.
The instalments had to be completed
within a certain period. The skipper
could do it—he could just do it; but
he couldn't do it without running up
one little bill here for stores, and an-
other little bill there for sail-mend-
ing. The owner worked in with the
sail-maker, and just as the skipper
was putting out to earn his last in-
stalment he would find the bailiffs on
board, his cruise would be delayed, he
would be consequently behindhand
with his instalment, and back would
go the smack to the owner with a
present of four-fifths of its price.
Weeks had still to pay two hundred
pounds, and had eight weeks to earn
it. The time was sufficient. But he
got the straight tip that his sail-
maker would stop him; and getting
together any sort of crew he could
be slipped out at night with half his
stores.

"Now the No'th Sea," concluded the
fisherman, "in November and Decem-
ber ain't a bobby's job."

Duncan walked forward to the pier-
head. He looked out at a gray
tumbled sky shutting down on a gray
tumbled sea. There were flecks of
white cloud in the sky, flecks of
white breakers on the sea, and it was
all most dreary. He stood at the end
of the jetty, and his great possibili-

ty came out of the gray to him.
Weeks was short-handed. Cribbed
within a few feet of the smack's
deck, there would be no chance for
any man to shirk. Duncan acted on
the impulse. He bought a fisher-
man's outfit at Gorleston, travelled up
to London, got a passage the next
morning on a Billingsgate fish-carrier
and that night when throbbing down
the great water street of the Swin,
past the green globes of the Mouse,
the four flashes of the Outer Gabbard
winked him good-bye away on the
starboard, and at eleven o'clock the
next night, far out in the North Sea
he saw the little city of lights swing-
ing on the Dogger.

The "Willing Mind's" boat came
aboard the next morning, and Captain
Weeks with it, who smiled grimly
while Duncan explained how he had
learned that the smack was short-
handed.

"I can't put you ashore in Den-
mark," said Weeks knowingly.
"There'll be seven weeks, it's true,
for things to blow over; but I'll have
to take you back to Yarmouth. And
I can't afford a passenger. If you
come, you come as a hand. I mean
to own my smack at the end of this
voyage."

Duncan climbed after him into the
boat. The "Willing Mind" had now
six of her crew: Weeks; his son
Willie, a lad of sixteen; Upton, the
first hand; Deakin, the decky; Rall,
the baker's assistant; and Alexander
Duncan. And of these six four were
almost competent. Deakin, it is true,
was making only his second voyage;
but Willie Weeks, though young, had
begun early; and Upton, a man of
forty, knew the banks and currents
of the North Sea as well as Weeks.

"It's all right," said the skipper,
"if the weather holds." And for a
month the weather did hold, and the
catches were good, and Duncan learn-
ed a great deal. He learned how to
keep a night watch from midnight till
eight in the morning, and then stay
on deck till noon; how to put his
tiller up and down when the tiller
was a wheel, and how to vary the
order according as his skipper stood
to windward or to lee; he learned to
box a compass and to steer by it; to
gauge the leeway he was making by
the angle of his wake and the black
line in the compass; above all, he
learned to love the boat like a live
thing, as a man loves his horse, and
to want every scanty inch of brass on
her to shine.

But it was not for this that Duncan
had come down to the sea. He gazed
out at night across the rippling star-
lit water and the smacks nestling up
on it, and asked of his God, "Is this
all?" And his God answered him.
The beginning of it was the sudden
looming of ships upon the horizon,
very clear, till they looked like carved
toys. The skipper got out his ac-
counts and totted up his catches and
the prices they had fetched in Bil-
lingsgate market. Then he went on
deck and watched the sun set. There
were no cloud banks in the west, and
he shook his head.

"It'll blow a bit from the east to-
morrow," said he, and he tapped
upon the barometer. Then he returned
to his accounts and added them up
again. After a little he looked up,
and saw the first hand watching him
with comprehension.

"Two or three really good hauls
would do the trick," suggested Weeks.
Upton nodded. "It was my boat
I should chance it to-morrow before
the weather blows up."

Weeks drummed his fists on the
table and agreed.

On the morrow the Admiral headed
north for the Great Fisker Bank, and
the fleet followed, with the exception
of the "Willing Mind." The "Willing
Mind" lagged along in the rear with-
out her topsails till about half-past
two in the afternoon, when Captain
Weeks became suddenly alert. He
bore away till he was right before
the wind, hoisted every scrap of sail
he could carry, rigged out a spin-
naker with his balloon foresail, and
made a clean run for the coast of
Denmark. Deakin explained the
manoeuvre to Duncan. "The old
man's goin' poachin'. He's after
soles."

"Keep a lookout, lads!" cried
Weeks. "It's not the Danish gunboat
I'm afraid of; it's the fatherly Eng-
lish cruiser a-turning of us back."
Darkness, however, found them un-
molested. They crossed the three-
mile limit at eight o'clock, and crept
close in under the Danish headlands
without a glimmer of light showing.

"I want all hands all night," said
Weeks; "and there's a couple of
pounds for him as first sees the
bogey-man."

"Meaning the Danish gunboat," ex-
plained Deakin.

The trawl was down before nine.
The skipper stood by his lead, Upton
took the wheel, and all night they
trawled in the shallows, creep-
ing silently beneath the dark head-
lands, bumping on the grounds, with
a sharp eye forward and aft for the
Danish gunboat. The wind veered
round from the west. They hauled in
at twelve, and again at three, and
again at six, and they had just got
their last catch on deck when Dun-
can saw by the first gray of the
morning a dun-colored trail of smoke
hanging over a projected knob.

"There she is!" he cried.

"Yes, that's the gunboat," answered
Weeks. "She has waited too long.
We can laugh at her with this wind."

He put his smack about, and be-
fore the gunboat puffed round the
headland, three miles away, was
reaching northward with his sails
free. He rejoined the fleet that after-
noon. "Fifty-two boxes of soles!"
said Weeks. And every one of them
worth two pound ten in Billingsgate
Market. "This smack's mine!" he
added. "There's a no'th-easterly gale
blowin' up, and I don't know any-
thing worse in the No'th Sea. The
sea piles in upon you from Noofound-
land, piles in till it strikes the banks.
Then it breaks. You were right, Upton;
we'll be lying hove-to in the
morning."

They were lying hove-to before the
morning. Duncan, tossing about in
his canvas cot, heard the skipper
stamping overhead, and in an interval
of the wind caught a snatch of song
bawled out in a high voice. The song
which Duncan caught ran as follows:

Ye never can tell when your death-
bells are ringing,
You never can know when you're go-
ing to die.

Duncan tumbled on to the floor, fell
about the cabin as he pulled on his
seaboots and climbed up the com-
panion. He clung to the mizzen run-
ners in a night of extraordinary
blackness. To port and to starboard
the lights of the smacks rose on the
crests and sank in the troughs with
such violence they had the air of be-
ing tossed up into the sky and then
extinguished in the water; while all
round him there flashed little points
of white which suddenly lengthened

out into a horizontal line. There was
one quite close to the quarter of the
"Willing Mind." It stretched about the
height of the main-gaff in a line of
white. This line suddenly descended
towards him and became a sheet; and
then a voice bawled, "Water! Jump!
Down the companion! Jump!" The
line of white was a breaking wave.

There was a scamper of heavy
boots, and a roar of water plunging
over the bulwarks, as though so many
loads of wood had been dropped on
the deck. Duncan jumped for the
cabin, Weeks and the mate jumped
the next second, and the water sluiced
down after them, put out the fire, and
washed them, choking and wrestling,
about on the cabin floor. Weeks was
the first to disentangle himself, and
he turned fiercely on Duncan.

"What were you doing on deck?
Upton and I kept the watch to-night.
You stay below, and by God, I'll see
you do it! I have fifty-two boxes of
soles to put aboard the fish-cutter in
the morning, and I'm not going to lose
lives before I do that! This smack's
mine."

Captain Weeks was transformed in-
to a savage animal fighting for his
own. All night he and the mate stood
on the deck and plunged down the
open companion with a torrent of
water to hurry them. All night Dun-
can lay in his bunk listening to the
bellowing of the wind, the great thuds
of solid green wave on the deck, the
horrid rush and roaring of the seas
as they broke lose to leeward from
under the smack's keel. And he
listened to something more—the whim-
pering of the baker's assistant in the
next bunk. "Three liches of deck!
What's the use of it! Lord ha' mercy
on me, what's the use of it? No more
than an egg-shell! We'll be broken
in afore morning; broke in like a
man's skull under a bludgeon. I'm
no sailor, I'm not; I'm a baker.
It isn't right I should die at sea!"
(To be continued)

**FOOD PRICES ADVANCE
MUCH IN TWENTY YEARS.**

Some Articles Have Trebled in
Price and There is a Big All-
Round Increase in Charges for
Household Necessities.

Everyone realises the enormous
cost of living, but few know that the
cost of the daily necessities of life
have more than doubled and in some
cases trebled during the last twenty
years in Montreal says The Montreal
Star.

The following statement of the
prices on December 9, 1893, is taken
from the columns of The Star of that
date:

Amongst the market quotations are
the following: Egg receipts have im-
proved within the last week. Fresh
boiling eggs bring twenty cents, and
limes stock range from 16 to 17
cents. There is a good jobbing
trade reported in poultry with the
exception of geese, which more isow-
ly. Turkeys per lb. are 9½ to 10
cents, geese 6 to 7c, ducks 8½c. to
9½c, chickens 7½c. to 8½c.

Take the contrasting prices of to-
day. Fresh eggs are seventy cents a
dozen, and limes stock, which are
very often bought only to be thrown
away, are forty and fifty cents a
dozen. Turkeys were 22 cents a
pound a few days ago, in compari-
son to 10 cents twenty years ago, but
have now risen to 25c. to 28c. Geese
cannot be obtained less than from 18
to 20 cents a pound. Ducks in
twenty years have trebled in price
are now twenty-five cents, and
chickens are 22c. to 24c.

FOR SALE!

NEW 18 H.P. ENGINE.

THIS MOTOR WHICH WAS NEVER INSTALLED, IS
WORTH \$650.00 BUT WILL BE SOLD AT LESS THAN
HALF PRICE IF PURCHASED SOON.

Good Bargain For Quick Sale.

Apply **H. M. MOSDELL,**
ADVOCATE OFFICE.

**THRILLING FIGHT
WITH AN OCTOPUS.**

Diver Has a Dreadful Struggle
Under Water With a Huge
Devil Fish.

Fighting furiously for forty-five
minutes against an octopus eighty-
feet below the surface of the water,
at the same time talking over the
telephone to his attendants in a scow
on the surface of the water, giving
them accounts of the remarkable bat-
tle as it progressed, and finally,
practically unharmed but in fainting
condition, escaping, was the remark-
able experience of Walter McRay, a
deep sea diver, at Alben banks, near
Anacortes, Puget Sound, Washington,
U.S.A.

Seized By Octopus

McRay was engaged by the Apex
Fishing Company to examine one of
its fish traps on Alden banks, and on
the third trip to the bottom he ran
afoul of the fish most dreaded by
divers. He had followed the lead for
some distance when his foot was
seized in the deadly grasp of the giant
octopus. At the same time the big
fish emitted a large amount of "ink,"
turning the water in the vicinity ab-
solutely black, and making it im-
possible for the diver to see his assail-
ant.

James E. Hill, who was on the sur-
face in charge of the assistants to
McRay, stood with the telephone re-
ceiver at his ear. He heard a slight
exclamation from the man below,
followed by a violent pull at the life
line as the diver was thrown off his
feet. A few seconds later McRay said
over the telephone:
"Now, keep cool. Don't get excited.
A devil fish has got me."

Wonderful Battle

The rest of the battle, as told by
McRay and described by Hill, was
as follows:
"When I heard those words, spoken
by McRay as calmly as though he
were greeting a friend on the street,
my hair stood on end.

"The octopus, immediately after
tripping McRay, had thrown two more
tentacles about the prostrate man,
one around his body, binding his left
arm tightly to his side, and the other
between his legs and reaching up his
back. The head of the fish was on
McRay's chest.

"Almost helpless, yet with his right
arm free, he was able to draw his
knife from his belt and defend him-
self. Fighting at the great depth of
water and under heavy pressure the
strain soon told on the diver and
several times he nearly collapsed.

ALFRED B. MORINE, K.C.,
BARRISTER,
SOLICITOR & NOTARY PUBLIC.
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING,
Water Street.
ROOM 34. PHONE 312.

F. A. MEWS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
and NOTARY.
ADDRESS:
Law Chambers Building,
Duckworth Street,
St. John's, N.F.
(Offices opposite Crosbie Hotel.)

"At no time, however, did he ap-
pear to get excited or lose his head.
For the entire forty-five minutes
which he struggled he gave me fre-
quent bulletins as to how the fight
was progressing.

"After McRay had succeeded in sub-
duing the octopus he proceeded to
free himself from the fire wash in
which he had become entangled.
"When he had reached the top of
the water the big fish still held a
death grip on his left arm, and it
was not until he was half out of the
water that it let go and fell back into
the water, from which it was dragged
with a pike pole. McRay was com-
pletely exhausted when we brought
him to the top."

When examined by the crew of the
scow the octopus was found to have
eleven wounds in its body. It
measured nine feet in diameter.

BE UP-TO-DATE.

Every Fisherman using a FRASER
ENGINE this season where he had
half a chance doubled his voyage, with
half the labor. We are living in a
progressive age and the man who
does not own a FRASER ENGINE can
make up his mind that he is "SLOW"
and must get a "MOVE ON" or re-
math behind in the race for SUCCESS.
Who will win our \$20.00 GOLD
PIECE? See our ADVERTISEMENT.
FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES LTD.,
Jan 14, 1914. ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

"THERE IS A REASON"

Reward of \$20.00 in Gold, Competition Open to All, Will be Paid the Party Best Answering the Following Simple Question:

Why were there more FRASER ENGINES with the famous FRASER KEROSENE ADAPTER sold in NEWFOUNDLAND for delivery in 1913 and 1914 than any other make of MOTOR ENGINE where the FRASER sells for more money than mostly any other engine, the price being for the 4 h.p. \$170.00, the 6 h.p. \$195.00 and the 9 h.p. \$245.00?

As an example of one reason we may say MR. STRONG of STRONG & MURCELL, LITTLE BAY ISLANDS, informed us a few days ago that he sold four leading makes of engines last year, and that the FRASER only consumed one-third as much fuel as some of the other makes. For this and many other reasons we sold MR. STRONG a large bunch of FRASER ENGINES for delivery next Spring.

To-day we received a letter from one of our agents enclosing orders for fifteen engines with cash payments on all—the result of one week's work. He wrote as follows: "I was the last engine agent to visit this territory, agents for the 'F,' the 'A,' the 'F.M.,' the 'B,' the 'B.' and others were all ahead of me—about a dozen in fact. However, not one of them sold a single engine, everybody wants the 'FRASER.' THERE IS A REASON! The above letter we showed MR. COAKER of the F.P.U.

WHY PAY \$100.00 FOR A SEASON'S GASOLENE WHEN \$20.00 WILL RUN A FRASER MORE SATISFACTORY ON KEROSENE THAN ON GASOLENE?

Address your answers to FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., St. John's Advertising Department. Competent Judges will decide who is entitled to the \$20.00 GOLD PIECE.

FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES LIMITED,

Agents for the "FRASER MACHINE & MOTOR CO.," New Glasgow. St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE DAILY MAIL COUPON.
Sign this and attach to your reply.