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The Trask 4 Cycle Kerosene Engine!

For work as reliable as steam, not a motor rating but an engine rating, requires a 100 horse power reverse gear to hold our 25 H.P. engine which means we have 4 times the power of the engines on which these gears are usually supplied.

What our customers say:

FOGO, NEWFOUNDLAND, DECEMBER 8th, 1913.

MESSRS. L. M. TRASK CO., Halifax:

Dear Sir—Having installed Three of your Heavy Duty Trask Engines, 2-40 h.p. and 1-16 h.p. in our collecting schooners this past year, we take this opportunity at the close of the season to express our entire satisfaction with your engines and to congratulate you on having built what we consider the finest Kerosene Engine on the market.

Viewing the engine from three most important points, that of durability, workmanship and economy, we say without hesitation, that you have succeeded in putting on the market a most efficient Engine, and one for which we predict First Place among the marine engines that will be purchased in this country during the years to come.

The 2-40 h.p. Engines that we had from you we installed in the Schooners "Etrae" and "Undine," both of which schooners are over 40 tons. We cannot say too much in favor of the splendid work done by these Engines, which have enabled us to reduce the cost of our fish collecting to practically half the cost we were put to under the old conditions of sail. These 40 h.p. Engines, we find, consume barely 3% gallons of Kerosene Oil an hour, the actual cost of fuel and lubricant not being in excess of seventy-five cents an hour. These 40 h.p. Engines have given these schooners a speed of 7 miles an hour, and when we say this, we think it speaks volumes for your engine.

The success of these engines has encouraged us to go further into the motor boat business, and it is our intention to fit any boats that we might in the future employ in our business of fish collecting with Heavy Duty Trask Engines.

We especially recommend to our Fishermen friends your 6 h.p. Heavy Duty Engine—in purchasing this engine they will get the very best possible value for their money.

Once again expressing our high appreciation of the efficiency of your Engine.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"N. C."

(Continued)

"I'll find 'em," grunted Curzon; and set off on a tour of exploration. His outstretched foot touched an inert body; he kicked it gently, but no moan or protest came to tell him whether the man still lived.

"A drop of brandy might do him good," he thought; and releasing his hold of the vang he had clutched he was waded along to the door of the chart-room without the need to use his own limbs. Here he stumbled over a moaning figure, that protested when kicked. Curzon snatched a hurricane lamp from the hook where it hung in the chart-room and made an examination. He had seen signs of blue funk before, and he was quick to discern that the sailor was unhurt.

"Get back to the wheel, you dog!" he snarled, and help the man thither in spite of his protests. Once at the wheel the man clung to the spokes like a limpet, and was more of a hindrance than a help; but he was at his post, and Curzon was satisfied.

"Watch her!" he thundered; and once more vanished towards the chart house. He reappeared, bearing a bottle, and the stench of brandy dominated the salt reek of the sea for one moment. The injured man groaned and stirred; Curzon administered another dose, and the helmsman sat up, rubbing his head forlornly. Without another word Curzon corked the bottle and thrust it into the pocket of his coat; then, stooping, he lifted up the slim figure of the Spaniard as if it were a doll, and staggered towards the door of the chart-house. There he laid the man down on a wet velvet-covered settee, eyed him thoughtfully, and once more went back to the deck.

For the rest of that night horror succeeded horror. Various crashes from forward indicated that damage was being done, but there was none to lend a hand in salvation. Where the crew were neither Curzon nor Leigh could tell. Once, indeed, the captain left the poop and endeavoured to force his way forward, but the wave lifted him bodily, played with him for a moment, and then flung him, gasping and soaked, on top of the fore-house, whence he managed, at the loss of several inches of skin, to regain the poop. And just as he gained that place of precarious safety another wave caught him, dashed him like a falling shell against the rail, injured his back, and left him there, suffering excruciating pain, but still indomitable. On hands and knees, dragging his legs after him painfully, he managed to reach Leigh, and clung to the stanchions of the wheel-grating, biting his lips to keep back the groans. He was hurt some where in the back, he said, but after an hour's agony the pain fled as suddenly as it had come, and he rose to his feet without effort. He knew his feet were sadly benumbed with cold, but they served him well enough, and he managed to obtain a seat abaft Leigh, who still stood, a mountain of self-reliance, at the weather helm.

"I've got pins and needles all over my legs," said the captain in a lull. "Funnest feeling I've ever had."

Leigh answered nothing; his every faculty was required to keep the ship above water. He flung the wheel over and over, he threw himself upon the spokes and bore them down by sheer brute strength, pitting his youth and virility against the might of the storm, and proving himself a man with every minute that passed. And so at length the g.m. dawn broke. Steadman came on deck at four; he had slept like a child through the dire clamour, and only awakened by instinct at the time for change of watch. He volunteered to relieve Leigh at the wheel, but the second mate shook his head and laughed, as a man might laugh who is leading a forlorn hope into the very jaws of death. After a little Steadman endeavoured to light a way forward, but was defeated, and came back to

the poop dripping and spent. The three Englishmen and the Spaniard clustered about the wheel, seldom speaking, leaning on each other, knowing that the very life of the ship depended on their smartness and resource.

"That's a rocket," panted Steadman, shaking his salt-filled eyes with a sea bleached hand, just as the first dim grey of the coming day showed along the edge of a bank of blackish grey. "Or is it lightning?"

"A rocket," said Leigh, peering. "A ship in distress. There's another." A streak of yellow fire had careered largely towards the black sky, and breaking there, descended in gorgeous sparks that were caught up by the wind and blown out of existence almost before they could be seen. Before the rocket had vanished another showed, then another, then a whirling mass of brightness spun upwards like a shell, broke, and descended in golden radiance.

"Rocket signals," grunted Curzon, dragging himself erect and peering. "God help them; we can't!"

They searched the slowly appearing sea for signs and symbols, but nothing could be seen for the time. Therefore they allowed their eyes to roam inward, and saw more than enough to give them material for careful consideration. The Zoroaster had suffered heavily. Of all her four boats—two large life-boats and two smaller craft—nothing but a few shattered fragments remained. The davits were bent and twisted; one rope fall, becoming unrove, floated ahead like a long whip lash; the wether doors of the fore-house were broken in, and water poured over the door-sills at every weather roll the staggering ship gave. Fortunately for all her crew, the canvas aloft had endured the terrific strain nobly, and not even a rope-yarn was started there. But Steadman saw before him enough work to keep all hands employed until the ship reached Sydney, and even then the toll would hardly be commenced. He left the poop, for the growing day enabled him to dodge the constant pouring seas, and wormed his way to the fore-castle. Here he found the shivering, miserable crew, and turned them out to restore some semblance of order about the wreckage-strewn decks. The men came grumblingly, all save Long Jake, who was openly mutinous and refused to stir hand or foot. The fore-castle had been washed out, their effects were ruined, there was no coffee for the galley were in ruins, and Jake recapitulated a score more discomforts as reasons for his idleness. Steadman wasted no words on him, but with one dark threat, of consequences still to come, drove the foreigners aft and set them to work to clear the sea-swept decks.

"There she is!" cried Leigh from his post at the wheel; and Curzon followed his point with straining eyes. There she was, indeed. A large ship, dismasted, with her lower spars in disorderly confusion lay at a distance of a couple of miles ahead, and to leeward. In spite of the sea-wrack they could see the precarious nature of her plight. The seas were making a clean breach of her. As Curzon secured his binoculars and brought her into the field of vision, he saw she floated low, and very low, whilst not a single boat remained.

"Can't live two hours," was his verdict. "She's doomed." Leigh eyed the craft strainingly, his heart beating with a steady fierceness that surprised him. A half-formed thought was at work in his brain; but, as he surveyed the howling, raging sea, he thrust the notion back into the farthest recesses of his brain. On the face of it the meditated thing was totally impossible.

"We can't do anything," reiterated Captain Curzon, with a note of irritation in his voice. It was not his pleasure that perishing men should be left helplessly in the lurch, but he knew from one practised glance over the whirling void that no boat could live a minute.

Even if it could there were no men

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