



Remarkable Escape from Starvation.
Off Cape Horn.
 Extract of letter from DAVID JAMES (Master), of the late barque "Colorado," of Glasgow.
 "Having lost our ship on Staten Island, on the 5th of July, and having saved neither effects nor provisions, we were then compelled to travel over the island for ten days, subsisting on nothing but shell-fish and seaweed. On the 20th of July we came across another shipwrecked party of seventeen, the surviving part of the crew of the British ship "Dunstable," of Glasgow, fourteen having perished through exposure. Now, the ship was lost on the 22nd of June, and the cargo, consisting of Epps's Cocoa, was washed ashore on the wreck. There was nothing saved except the Cocoa, and we, numbering twenty-five men, were kept alive on it up to the 20th of August, when we were rescued by the steamer "Mercurio," of Buenos Aires.
 "Too much praise cannot be given to this Cocoa. We had a good stock of it there; we used it in a liquid state for drink, we also baked it on the fire, which kept us alive and warm for six weeks on this barren island, situated in a region of perpetual ice and snow."

EPPS'S COCOA
 GRATEFUL COMFORTING

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XI.

"I see. Been cheering yourself up with a fit of the 'blues.' And very wise that is. By the way, she looks less 'blue' than she did a while ago, doesn't she?"

"Virtue?"—and this time she roused herself to look at me languidly. "Oh, yes—I am glad of that! Poor girl—it was a most dreadful thing for her."

"Well, it was rather rough, I admit; but, as madame means to fix up her brother and his wife comfortably by way of recompense, I don't think that in the end Virtue will be very sorry. For the sake of her sister, I shall be glad if there is really some good in Ben Dent. By the way, Nat, I've often wanted to ask you—how was it you were so certain that it was not Virtue who took the jewels?"

"I thought it was Valla," she returned, quietly.

"Valla?" I echoed, staring.

"Yes—to spite Virtue. That is what I thought."

"Well, to be sure!" I said, turning over the idea, and not finding it by any means easy of digestion. "You really believed that?"

Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mde. N. Massey.
 Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.
 But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.
 Mrs. Nettie Massey, Concession, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough."
 The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and sores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers find Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby eczema.
 Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

for only five minutes, and yet I dare not! But I do wish that I could just hear him say that he forgave me, and that he wasn't as miserable as I am!"

We were both silent upon that. It grew dark in the great room. I had got stiff with sitting so still, and Nat lay with closed eyes, though I know she was not asleep, when the door opened softly to admit Roger Yorke. I moved from my chair to get out of his way, and he paused at the head of the couch and stood looking down at her. His footfall had made no sound on the thick carpet, and the little lady lying there with closed eyes was all unconscious of his entrance. Indeed, she must have thought it was I who stood by her, for she said, without moving:

"Ned!"

"Well?" I responded, from the other side of the rug.

"Ned, when I have gone right away from Chavasse, and am shut up somewhere where it is quite certain that I sha'n't see him any more, if he should ever ask you, you'll tell him that I did love him, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, cheerfully—"I'll tell him right enough!"

"And, if I should die, Ned—you laughed at me when I said that, but I don't think I am strong enough to live to be as old as old Batterbin and be so miserable—if I should die there—where it is, you know—you'll tell him the same thing, won't you? And tell him that I kept his flowers, and that they are going to be buried with me." This with a tone and manner as though the funeral ceremony were fixed for some early day in the following week.

"Well, for my part, I'd see some reasonable chance of being dead before I began to arrange my funeral, but never mind; it's quite as well to be prepared, of course! Oh, yes, I'll tell him—don't you be afraid! I'll tell him how you used to read that letter he wrote you until you knew it backward and forward and crossways and upside down, and used to say it over in your sleep, and carry it about tucked under your chin. I'll tell him how you kissed those blessed flowers until it was a mercy you weren't poisoned. Oh I won't forget anything! He shall know all about it."

"Thank you," she said, heaving a deep sigh. "It won't matter then—I sha'n't mind his knowing."

"Oh!"—and, despite the undoubted ethos of the tone of conversation, the situation was so comical that I nearly pulled my reply by giving abrupt vent to the laugh which I had been holding down all this time. "You couldn't like him to know it now, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, with a tart—"not now! You must not tell him a syllable!"

"Oh, dear, no—certainly not!"—and 'tis time I laughed outright as I moved off to the door. "I won't tell him! But if I were you, my dear, I wouldn't whisper my confidences out so loud without being quite sure first who's listening."

Nat started up with a little scream, saw Roger Yorke standing there, and forthwith proved the unflinching strength of her resolution and her unswerving consistency by throwing herself into his arms and bursting, without the least preparation in the

world, into a tremendous storm of sobs and tears.

Having seen things out so far, I stopped a moment to hear what they would say. But it was not worth the trouble. They were talking, to be sure, but their conversation was about the most complicated, incoherent, involved, and generally rapturous piece of business that I ever had the pleasure of listening to. I got to the door without their noticing me, and slipped away to tell madame.

CHAPTER XII.
 But to tell madame I found was to be a more difficult task than I expected. Not that my courage failed me at the critical moment, but that, when, after a search, I found her in the morning-room she was not alone. With her were Major Constable and the rector; and on the faces of all three, as I came in abruptly, there was so odd an expression that I was conscious of receiving an uncomfortable check, and almost involuntarily asked if anything was wrong.

Yes; it appeared there was something wrong at Holmedean, although what it was some time before I grasped clearly. It is a hard task at all times, or should be, to speak ill of the dead, more especially when the death has been such as that of Fraser Froude; and I will put into as few words as possible the news which was now flying through the length and breadth of Whittlesford, and which

The World Knows
 the best preventive and corrective of disorders of the digestive organs is the gentle, harmless, vegetable, always effective family remedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS
 Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

the rector and Major Constable had brought to Chavasse.

In plain English, Fraser Froude was a swindler. He, the master of Holmedean, whose stately funeral had taken place but the day before, with half of curious Daleshire following it was, and had been for years, a mere speculating adventurer. His fortune, of which he had been so fond of talking, and which Whittlesford had generally taken on trust, had no real existence—did not appear ever to have had any existence. His tenacity of Holmedean had been a speculation, like everything else, and he had not paid one farthing of the purchase-money. He had paid nobody, but had lately quieted his more clamorous creditors by the announcement of his engagement, or his approaching engagement to the heiress Miss Orme, whose fortune his account had trebled and quadrupled. Now his sudden tragic death had burst the bubble, and the 'balliffs were at Holmedean. The village was all agog with this fresh bit of sensation, and the rector, loving gossip as well as ever did any old woman, had come in to enlighten madame. He was bubbling over with almost childish excitement, and rose as soon as he had retold the story for my benefit, saying that he must go over to Redpots and tell Dizarte, and with that the two left my mother and myself together.

Madame's face of mingled chagrin and astonishment, as the door closed behind them, was a sight to see. She looked at me quite helplessly.

"A complete adventurer, my dear! Who would have thought it possible?"

(To be continued.)

Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe
 No Better Remedy at Any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative and food to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough and croup.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Hom-Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9520.—A PRACTICAL AND PLEASING HOUSE DRESS.



Ladies' House Dress with Two Styles of Collar, with Long or Shorter Sleeves, and with or without Pockets.

Blue and white striped gingham was used for this model. It is equally suitable for percale, chambray, seersucker, galatea, flannellette, or lawn. The closing is at the side in front, and the waist has deep tucks over the shoulders. The sleeve may be made in waist length, or finished short with a turn over cuff. The skirt is a five-gore model with inverted back plait. The ample pocket is a convenience, but may be omitted if not desired. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9528.—A SMART AND BECOMING FROCK.



Ladies' Dress with or without Yoke Facing and Chemisette.

This design will make a charming afternoon dress for early Spring. If developed in fine serge, sponge cloth, chambray, voile, or panna, or for warmer days, it could be developed in cotton crepe, linen, gingham, or lawn. The deep collar outlines a chemisette that may be of lace. As here shown blue serge with facings of green satin, and chemisette of tuck net, was combined. The skirt is a three piece model, with plaited extensions at the sides and tucks at the centre front, to correspond with the tucks in the waist. At the back the skirt has tiny gathers. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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