

COLUMBUS

We are now occupying the premises, 166 and 168, Water Street, where we are showing a full new line of Rubber Footwear, from the Columbus Rubber Co., including the well-known

"COLUMBUS VACQUE BOOT."

We are exclusive distributors in Newfoundland for the Columbus Rubber Co., Ltd., of Montreal

J. B. ORR CO., LIMITED

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OFF CAPE HORN.

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

One of the most remarkable adventures we have ever read. Even Captain Shaw has never before conveyed so vividly the grey desolation, the glooms, the tumultuous anger of deep waters.—Editor Cassell's.

It is no place for feather-bed sailors down here. There is nothing to be seen, save sea and sky and the long run of the world-encircling swell; these and an occasional lone albatross, soaring and swirling about the reeling trucks as they swing and jolt across the low-hung canopy of cloud. And the presence of that giant bird but adds an impression of loneliness to the outlook. It seems to typify the spirit of that region in its restless activity and its grey inevitableness.

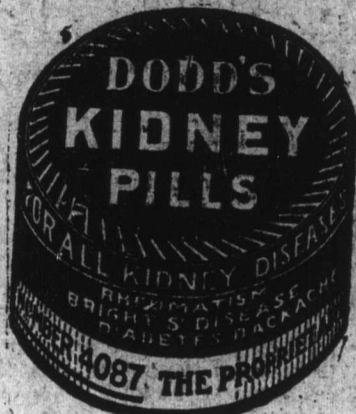
THE AGE-OLD BATTLE.

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will be possessed of a sentient soul. But none may deny her splendour as she rams and raves through the vicious welter of fractious water. She is imbued with life, she possesses an actual intelligence as she sinks away from the overwhelming rush of a grey-backed monster that has gathered impetus through a clear thousand miles of travel. Silks away, yes, but only to lessen the weight of the thudding blow, as a Japanese wrestler permits his opponent to expend his force and purpose against a limp and unresisting body. For the ship watches her chance; the comber expends its energy; it curls in watery spite, flinging high wreaths of spray into the tumultuous air, it loses its force in the strident clamour of victory, and over its screaming ruins the ship rises triumphantly and treads them underfoot; she crashes to the summit of another wave, and soars, giddily, her bowsprit stabbing at the sky; she drives down a lashing hillside, where the dirty foam veils the sleek sides in a thousand fantastic patterns, but she lives on, defiant and wonderful. It seems incredible that a mere man-made fabric can endure these bitter buffetings; but she does it a thousand times, and seems none the worse as the slow hours pass.

CREW'S CEASELESS FIGHTING.

She is stripped aloft; her gaunt spars throw a vague tracery against the clouds. Below, on deck, she is like a half-tide rock, white water breaks over with merciless persistence. To and fro, from poop-break to the main spar, to the forecastle head, she is fitted with stout life-lines that men, assaying the perilous journey, necessitated by a ship's routine, might find some hold, some support when big water roars aboard, tearing at them with compelling hands. There is no comfort anywhere; for this buffetings has endured for many days, and the iron of their ceaseless fighting has eaten into the very souls of her crew. Yet they labour on, because the safety of the ship lies in their horny, gashed hands. They have laboured for very many days, without much respite; they go about their duties almost mechanically; fighting a breathless way through battering water, tugging on to iron-hard ropes, scrambling aloft when the order is



given to furl some superfluous sail, or to make fast afresh some other sail that has forged itself adrift from its gaskets; and often enough, before they have reached the deck again, their work has been all undone by the feverish fingers of the storm. Comfort below is a thing impossible; for the white water that welters aboard at every sousing dive has burst its impetuous way into the forecastles, whose floors are awash with a foot of icy nastiness; the iron deck beams have "sweated" on account of the cold, and drips that resemble a shower-bath descend with irritating persistence on to the sodden blankets in the bunks. By some miracle of ingenuity a fire in the galley stove, and an occasional hot meal is possible, but there is no promise of certainty about the culinary arrangements; any minute the ship might launch a little more "wildly" might slip a heavier sea, and then—cook, stove, dishes and food together will probably come scuttering out of the lee door, and fetch up in a horrid tangle in the scuppers.

NO ROMANCE HERE.

There is ice in the drive of the sleet; ice coats itself on the shrouds, glazing them over. Icicles depend from every angle, and every rattling wisp of spindrift that is flung before the compelling drive of the wind helps to thicken the coating. Already the ice lifeboat resembles an ice-hammock—the weather boat was carried away by a crashing greyback an hour or so ago, just before the dawn; shattered wreckage lies wedged in a dozen unlikely places; the stripped davits swing gauntly to every sickening roll.

Come aboard this quivering, furious fabric for a little while, and gain some impression at first hand of how the Empire's shuttles do their weaving. Muffle yourself up in every article of warm clothing you possess, for the wind has the edge of a sothe and the unrelenting force of a steam hammer or a pile-driver as it steams away in ever-thickening squalls. Suit on suit of heavy underwear, stout pilot cloth and jerseys on top of these, then a towel or two about the shoulders, rubber sea-boots drawn to the thigh and belted about the waist; oilskin overalls over them, with "soul and body lashings" to prevent the water from intruding between "oilskin" and boots; a stout waterproof coat, a sou'-wester, lashed securely under

the chin; a belt about your waist to make all things secure, and leathern mittens on your hands—there you are; gridded for that everlasting fray which carries with it no glamour of romance, no heartening blare of trumpet.

THE SKIPPER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The ship is purely and simply a cargo-carrier; a floating warehouse, flat-floored, wall-sided; a vast girder, in a word, with a pointed end. She is laden to her marks with rich golden wheat—food for a kingdom; and it is an unkindly cargo, bringing undue stresses on certain parts of the labouring hull, causing plate-edges to leak and weep, giving the ship a lack of sea-kindliness, destroying her natural buoyancy. Perhaps, she is laden a bit over her marks, indeed, for port officials are prone to wink at slight infringements of the sea-laws on occasion; and every ton measurement of space is required if the ship is going to pay her way and put dividends in the pockets of her owners. You may search her carefully for any indications of beauty. There is no carved taskwood, no gilding about her upperworks; she is constructed on utilitarian lines; and fancy work means extra work for the scanty crew, who have been cut down to the irreducible minimum already. She has some four thousand tons of wheat in her holds, and it is very necessary that that food should be carefully safeguarded, lest the ever-present water percolates below, and set up heat and rotteness down below. Since there is so much water about, this in itself is no slight matter; and if there should be some fault, if the cargo should be damped, the ship's captain will not be held blameless by the assessors who sit at home in snug offices, and know really nothing of the conditions through which these tons of grain have been hurred.

Consider the skipper for a little while. He is a small man, bearded, bowed of shoulder; in his diaks he is shapeless. Ashore you would pass him unnoticed; a quiet man, shy to a degree, whose main ambition in life is to settle down ashore on a small farm and breed pigs and poultry; far away from the tireless fret of the sea that gives him his daily bread. But here at sea, on his own poop, he is different; a man of cunning and courage, not easily daunted by adversity or the piling up of formidable obstacles. He has made in his life's work to understand the way of a

The pronounced air of distinction, and fine quality of Three E.E.E.'s Footwear reflect the personality of the Ladies who wear them.

Three E.E.E.'s Footwear has a correct model for every occasion.

Made by Archibald Bros. Harbor Grace

ship upon the sea, his brain is packed with wisdom concerning all manner of storms, their idiosyncrasies, their permanent laws; for even ravaging Cape Horn gales obey certain crude rules. By the set of his jaw and the fearless shine of his eyes, you realize that here is a man with a mission in life; to outwit the crafty sea that lacks all sense of sportsmanship, that hammers a man to the ropes and slogs at him again mercilessly as he essays to rise, gasping, all but spent; that smashes him back again and again in cumulative spite; that deludes him into a moment's incaution by a feigned lessening of the onslaught, only to strike him afresh un-

aware as he draws a much-needed breath. He is red about the eyes, this skipper, from much staring through flying sprays; his beard is frosted with icicles, there is the grime of the sea on his face. He is tired, for in addition to the physical strain which he is compelled to undergo—and there is no fatigue quite like the fatigue bred up of the incessant motion of the frenzied ship and the best of spindrift; the savage attack of whole water, and the amazing weight of the wind itself—he bears a weight of responsibility that is no light matter. On him alone depends the safety of ship and crew; he has no higher authority on whom to throw responsibility; he has no one with whom to discuss the constant problems that arise. If he brings ship, cargo and crew safely into the haven where they would be, he will receive no plaudits, no thanks worth the mentioning; he will merely receive a meagre pittance such as is deemed fit remuneration for what is, perhaps, one of the most arduous services that can be performed. If he fails to win success out of his striving, he earns a sailor's death; and the chances are strongly against his dependents; for by the law of the sea a sailor's pay stops when he leaves his ship, no matter under what circumstances. If he should lose his ship

and miraculously escape with bare life, he will be required to stand a trial to account for his every action and manoeuvre, to prove the steps he took for his command's safety; if, in the opinion of experts, he neglected a single sailorly device, he is professionally damned by the enforcement of his certificate of competency for varying periods; and no one will offer him a command again.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS

"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative



Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again. Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Cre... of cheese soup is "different" and delicious. As for white sauce, cook four tablespoons each of butter, flour and a quart of milk. Tie in a cheesecloth bag a spoonful of poultry seasoning and cook this in the soup of fine grated cheese and stir well. Next add a beaten egg and beat soup until frothy.

Winnar's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

The Morning Dish

Here's a morning dish which is luscious and effective. Food that doctors in great numbers prescribe for ailments, tried people.

Stewed Raisins
The package Sun-Maid Seed Raisins, 1 slice orange or one pint, 2 cups cold water. Soak raisins and water in saucepan and bring to boiling point. Cook for 30 minutes.

Ask merchants for "Sun-Maid Raisins"

AND JEFF

MUTT PULLS OFF A DIRTY TRICK.

By Bud Fisher

THIS IS LADIES' DAY AT THE LION TAMERS' CLUB AND I'VE ASKED MISS SCHULTZ TO DINE WITH ME. SHE'S TO MEET ME AT TWELVE-THIRTY.

I'M WAY EARLY BUT I WANT TO BE RIGHT ON THE SPOT WHEN SHE SHOWS UP.

MUTT'S THE CHEF IN THE CLUB NOW! WON'T HE THROW A FIT WHEN HE HEARS I'M IN THE DINING ROOM WITH MISS SCHULTZ?

THE ME!

WHAT TH?

IS THIS THE MAD? LISTEN! THIS IS JEFF! PLEASE TELL MISS SCHULTZ I GOT A WIFE AND HAVE TO LEAVE FOR YONKERS AT ONCE!

YES, JEFF.

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...

Worry will go...