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George Knowling

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 100 lb. bags. \$2.30 a bag
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ENGLISH CHICKEN MIXTURE
 10 lbs. for 28c.

GEORGE KNOWLING.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER VII.

Aileen's Guardians.

(Continued)

He thanked the shipowners for their consideration, and went down to their docks. The Zoroaster was being got ready for sea; those were the days when ships were less numerous than freights, where cargoes were left lying for shipment while careful consignees besought their arrogant shipowners to take their goods at almost any rate of carriage.

Curzon eyed the Zoroaster kindly—if she had stolen a life, she had given a life—and then, catching sight of a roundbacked form on the poop, he made his way aboard.

"Why did you do it, Steadman?" he asked reproachfully, one hand on the elder man's shoulder.

"Do what, sir? You riggers, handle that new topsail a bit more careful. You've stripped the paint off the companionway. Did what, sir?"

"You know, Steadman. I thought you wanted a command all your life."

"Well!" The mate was defiant now. "Why shouldn't I please myself? The children are grown up, they've got work, my wife's been dead this many a year. What's the good of a command anyway? Only a lot more responsibility for a bit more pay. No, sir, I'm going mate here, unless you kick me out. That is, of course—How's the child, sir?"

"She's not doing well, Steadman. . . . What's the matter, man; you've gone as white as a sheet?"

LIGHT

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MACLAREN & Co.
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 Sole Agents for Newfoundland,
 137 Water Street.

"I thought that clumsy brute on the mainyard was coming down by the run," lied Steadman. "You don't mean to say, sir, that Aileen's—"

"No, not so bad as that. But she pines away from the sea, and so I've got the owners' permission to carry her and the nurse as long as I like." And he was barely thirty, remember—Captain Curzon flung his hat high in the air, caught it, and danced two steps of a hornpipe.

Later, when signing on day came round, Mr. Steadman and Fraser—a full-fledged second mate, this last—went to the shipping office to engage a crew. The first man they saw was Simms; he was half drunk and wholly repulsive. Mr. Steadman, remembering a certain night down the Easting, took him aside.

"Wanting to ship, Simms?" he asked.

"Is the nipper goin', sir?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I signs, an' no man won't stop me. There's most o' the old crowd about, too, sir. Rhys and 'Sails' an' the bosun, they're all here. An' they'll sign, too, sir." Mr. Steadman uttered a devout prayer of thankfulness. In the course of a conversation with a fellow chief mate some days before he had listened to a long complaint that good British sailormen were almost impossible to find.

"I went to the shipping office," said the mate of the Bonaventure, "and the mate of the Bonaventure, "and the child, sir?"

"She's not doing well, Steadman. . . . What's the matter, man; you've gone as white as a sheet?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Growth of the Storm-Child.

Ten years slipped by uneventfully; uneventfully, that is, so far as Aileen's history is concerned. To read the record of that ten years would be, for a layman, a long story of trial and tribulation, of heroic encounters with massed powers of darkness, of treacherous rocks that lay half-hidden beneath boiling surf, luring the good-ship towards them by means of devilish currents; of privation and suffering, of joy and the strife of life. Aileen grew up with the sound of the sea in her ears, until, on her tenth birthday, she was a tall, lissom slip

of a girl, as pretty as a sailor's dream, agile, swift, with a keen intelligence, and a soul that knew no fear.

A veritable child of the storm-wind she was; she betrayed it in every gesture, every word. The calm, memory haunted Tropics appealed to her in vain, they bored her. But when the chill western gales blew, in their world-encircling course down the southern seas she was happy as a lark. They could not keep her from the deck then, clad in a cut-down oil-skin coat of her father's, she stood beside the wheel, her young, bright eyes dancing, her whole body vibrant with the splendid joy of living. No matter that the seas ripped and slashed a-stern over her shoulders, no matter board in a succession of outraged might, no matter that the deck lurched jiggly beneath her feet—she balanced herself with the deftness of a chamois, and her clear young voice rose even above the cry of the wind, as she lifted it gaily in some rollicking old sea-chanty, the words of which, fortunately for her, had been carefully bowdlerised.

Aileen spoke her first word in a storm, even as she had cut her first tooth. It was not a choice word, it was checked at the outset, but it was spoken nevertheless. It happened in this fashion. Mrs. Merrilees had been holding forth to the steward—a decent young fellow enough had been found to take Fraser's place—on the quality of the milk supplied for Aileen's last meal. The steward was angry, he was not to blame. As he turned away he muttered a vicious "Damn it all!"

Aileen, safe held in her nurse's arms, was listening intently to the blunder without. But this sound seemed to have a peculiar attraction for her. She eyed the steward's back thoughtfully, then she smiled into Mrs. Merrilees' face like a Cupid fresh from Venus's bosom.

"Damn!" she said solemnly, and very clearly. "Damn, damn!"

Horrified, Mrs. Merrilees strove to teach her the error of her ways, but Aileen handled that word, her first, as if it were a toy. She rang changes on it, she sang it, she whispered it—

from her lips, the word became almost a blessing. Curzon was taken

A SERIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT

In the mind of the immortal Burns there must have been some suggestion of the "City of Sydney" disaster when he referred to the reversal of "best laid plans." Little did we folk think that our many well laid plans would "gang aglee" when we ordered shipment of our early spring necessities.

The news that this costly cargo is now but flotsam and jetsam among the Sambro breakers means a serious disappointment to many but to none more so than to those busy office people whose "Globe-Wernicke" steel filing cabinets and special filing devices, selected with much thought and care, are now beneath the Atlantic. There were twenty-three cases of "Globe" products on board the lost vessel.

It is some satisfaction however to learn that the "Globe-Wernicke Co." in reply to Mr. Percie Johnson's wired news of this disaster, have informed him that the cabinets and other goods were re-shipped without delay.

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ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY MAIL.

to task at once, and strove to minimise the evil. He passed the word about the decks that no cursing was to be heard in Aileen's presence, and the men fell in with the suggestion heartily enough. Thereafter Aileen heard no more profanity, and forgot the "damn" within a month.

At three she could speak artistically, using sea-terms in their proper

significance, and more than once they discovered her sitting in rapt admiration on the fore-hatch, listening to the cheery old bosun as he rumbled out a sea-song. But shortly after this a cloud of darkness settled down upon the Zoroaster, as it was spread about from man to man that the child was down in the grip of deadly disease. For four weary days and four miserable nights they grappled with pneumonia, wrestling with it fiercely, bringing all their forces to bear. But for Mrs. Merrilees Aileen would never have survived, but the old woman laboured valiantly, and brought her past the opening door in safety.

Five-year-old Aileen ventured aloft, was brought down and reprimanded, but ascended again as far as the main top that same day. After which, since nothing would keep her on deck, she was handed over to the senior apprentice, a lad named Wilson, and left to his care. They clad her in stout garments, made by the bleary-eyed sailmaker and Mrs. Merrilees in conjunction, and Curzon, seeing some of the stitching, looked at "Sails" and thought deeply. No matter who it was that came in contact with the girl, it seemed that the very best of them was brought out. Shock-headed ruffians, whose own mothers would not have known them, forgot their oaths, and became as gentle as sailors well could be. From each and all Aileen learned something, and to all she taught something—not in words, perhaps, but in some mysterious exhalation that seemed to impregnate the very atmosphere surrounding her.

At the end of ten years Aileen held an authority aboard the Zoroaster beside which that of her father was babbling senility. Her lightest wish was that of greater power than Curzon's most vehement command; but the years had brought changes into her life. Fraser, boyishly gallant, faithful as a dog, had gone—called

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50 only Ladies' Tailored Costumes in Tweed, Serge and Cloth, at \$5.50 and \$7.50.

These in the regular way would be \$7.50 to \$12.00

40 only Ladies' Shower-proof Raglans at \$5.50, worth \$7.50 or \$8.00.

A charming lot of one-piece Dresses in Serge, Poplin, Cashmere and Linen. Latest models, newest shades, from \$1.75 to \$8.00.

New Dress Goods, Hosiery, Cloths, Laces, Hats and Neckwear.

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A Job Lot 20 dozen Men's Soft Felt Hats at 85c.

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- A-1494. While the rivers of love flow on. As long as the world goes round.
- A-1498. Good night, Dearie. Who will be with you when I'm away?
- A-1499. Che-Que-Corte. (El Camamba.)

The very latest thing in dancing, the Maxixe or Mateliche

65c. each!

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away from sail by the need to maintain an impoverished mother; Simms was gone too, washed overboard in a violent typhoon in the China seas, when seeing Aileen on the point of being raced hurtfully against a spar, he had dashed madly to the rescue, had flung her bodily clear, and had paid the price of his devotion with his life.

Steadman still remained, defiantly immovable when Curzon spoke to him of opportunities lost. Curzon noticed the old mate's hair was white in splashes here and there, the drooping moustache was thinning and growing grey, the eyes, always wrinkled by long gazing over sun-kissed seas and storm-tossed chaos alike, were still more deeply wrinkled. Mrs. Merrilees, as keen of eye and shrill of tongue as ever, reigned in the saloon, a terror to young and inexperienced stewards, but as gentle as a dove with the child of her heart. Rhys remained, too, but "Sails" had gone to his place. A holystone-weighted canvas shroud a thousand fathoms deep held all that was left of him, and Aileen had mourned him long.

"Aileen," said Curzon one day, as the Zoroaster scented the English land and trudged hot-foot through the crisp green waters of the Channel, "would you like to take a run ashore when we get home?"

"Yes," said the girl, but without any great enthusiasm.

"Yes—what?"

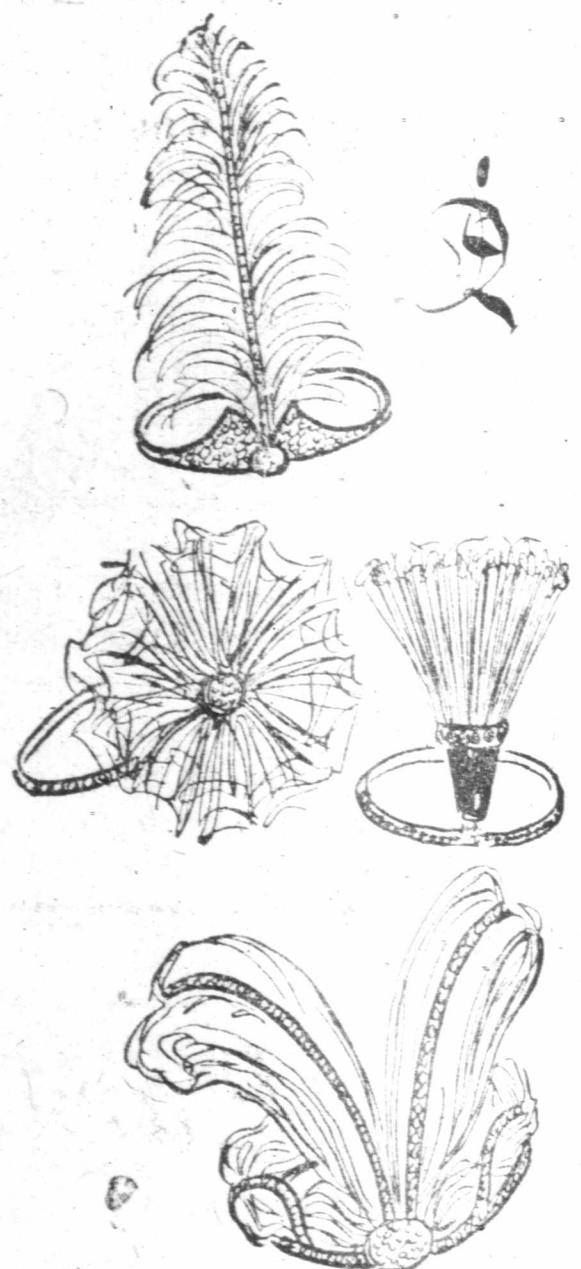
"Why, yes, of course, if you like."

Captain Curzon sighed. He saw the time had come for making a definite break with the old fashion of life. Aileen could not always remain the half-wild child of the sea she was now. A time would come—he felt his heart beat thickly—when Nature would assert herself, and demand the girl should seek her ordained mate.

How could he let her go to any man—he numbly cursed the unknown one—ignorant of the inner niceties of life? How dare he leave her on the world, untutored, save as he had taught her, unskilled in the graces, half-fellow-well-met with every man who crossed her horizon, so that the man was what she designated a good fellow, who performed the offices of good fellow by tendering her a slavish devotion?

(To be continued)

"The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.



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All aglitter with rhinestones and jet are these evening bandeaus. Or-trich feathers and aigrettes—those whose consciousness trouble them not—add beauty to many, but maline is the most favored addition to the jeweled auds. At the top of this group is a band of silver encrusted with brilliants with a slim black aigrette standing erect at the center front. A band of the jewels formed the stem of the aigrette. The chou on the side of the narrow rhinestone band on the left is of white maline and held by a ball of rhinestones. On the right is a jet bandeau which supports at the center front a cone of black velvet rimmed with jet, out of which springs an "aigrette" of black maline. A frame work of rhinestones supports loops and twists of pink maline in the beautiful ornament at the bottom of the group.

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